

HENRY DARGER -

"THE REALMS OF
THE UNREAL"

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WAR RACES OF

MEMBERS OF THE AMERICAN

BY H. J. DANCER

AMERICAN

CHAPTER ONE/
WHAT GERTRUDE ANGELINE INTENDS TO DO,
AND ENTERTAINING ANGELS' VISIONS.

ONE OF THE GILSCOUTS IS MORTALLY WOUNDED DURING AN
ADVENTURE....."

As regards the Gertrude Angeline family of girls, everything was as before in the chapter just past. The children noticed the flood growing in size and depth, and AngelineNiches because of dangers lurking in flood, fire, uncertain conditions of the land and because of the enemy roving around became the model head of the whole column, she was employed to do most of the directing and commanding, and actually started plans of her own. Early that morning AngelineNiches being up before any one of the whole camp aroused Gertrude and with shining eyes told her how her leaders had worked hard to secure the raft, and that there was ninety nine of the leaders willing to do anything, and how she was thinking that day of moving to some more secure place by means of the raft, where the surroundings would be healthier and better, and where they might find a better means to getting to the army under Emperor Vivian. Angeline had set her heart on moving by water first for the direction of Phalantunburg which she believed was only ten miles away.

"It's so near Cedernine Creek," she said, "and then you lead the way after reaching Communion which we do every day having always a priest with us. It seems a short way but a trip in which we'll have to keep our eyes open."

Before breakfast she made a tour of the neighborhood, and during breakfast said to Gertrude with dancing eyes:

"Oh Gertrude I've found the very place we could set off to with our raft. You know where the flood takes an enterly bend?"

"Very well Angeline!"

"We can move out for Phalantunburg from that location by tomorrow. I'm going to bring Miss Turner there to scout, and I'm sure she'll take that rout. Then we'll head for the city, hoping of course it is not flooded, and nearly all our girl leaders will agree to the same. There are no nicer girls anywhere than in our squadron."

But way after breakfast, the morning which had been so full of good promise, brought its heavy disappointment. The flood broke through some obstruction unseen by them, and swept away all their hopes, and they had a desperate battle to save their swamped camp, and prevent their raft from getting away on them, yet through the efforts of AngelineNiches and all the bravely armed squad squadron, evening was brought on, and they all went on sooner than they expected upon the flood by raft. AngelineNiches with saddened face said that all her hopes for her plans were abandoned.

"The old story?"

"Yes," said Angeline as she watched the boys paddle their end of the raft. "The flood broke through somewhere and no wonder we were swamped. It's a wonder all of us were not drowned. But nevertheless it is not so bad. Gertrude, we saved our camp, supplies and the raft, and Gertrude do you know what?"

"What is it?"

"Can't you guess?"

"We'll arrive at Phalantunburg after all!"

"Phalantunburg," Angeline laughed, for she was now sufficiently advanced in her thoughts to understand the situation. "I'm afraid our plan for reaching that city is heading for the breakers now. But it is almost as good as heading for that city. Gertrude, I believe we can reach a land of hills far from the fires, and by no to night."

"Thank God and His Blessed Mother if we do," Gertrude said, scanning the sea of waters full of floating debris.

"Ameh," murmured Angeline. "And Gertrude Jean wants to go to Calverine as soon as she can get her furlough."

"But why Angeline. The girls here are kindness themselves to her, she couldn't get better treatment anywhere, and besides to go to Calverine now is impossible. All communications are cut off."

"Yes Gertrude, she says so herself. But you see also we need her," he knows how to guide us too, and she thinks if she is with her she can get us all to reach our destination before the end of August this being now the middle of July. The situation of the flood here is not so awful bad you know and with this powerful raft we ought to be able to make it till we get out of range of the fires, but I guess it'll be a more thrilling trip than trip than we'll ever expect."

"An didn't them think of it."

After consulting with the other girls' scout leaders, and assuring themselves that Phalantunburg was not in danger from the flood, they decided to make

for the first place proposed by Angelina Riches. On looking through her glasses Angelina found out also from others, that the flood was more swift than usual, and that there was no further thought of moving to that section of the land. The good plan seemed to be of no avail. And no matter how far the raft went they could not see anything on land but smoke, smoke, and more of it, and in perfect rolling walls. They wondered if the fire was racing them, or were they following it.

It was then by reason of this unlooked for disaster, that Angelina Riches again came to the rescue proving she was a good guide at that. There was in her own girlscout troop an organization of girlscouts which she felt she could rely on more. She held a council with them, and gave an account of the case to all of them with an energy of an orator, and they all took up the matter with a cleverness which even their young years did not hinder.

They had many trained girlscouts among them, and one was sent on the eastern side of the raft to keep a close watch on the shore, and this girl scout herself, Mary Stanek watched everything, and reported that she believed by night fall they might be able to make a landing. So far they had not encountered any dangerous floats in the water, and the boys always kept the water in front of the raft clear of floating debris.

This trip indeed proved to be the most momentous in the history of christian girlscouts. It was also the year for them made illustrious by the great and unpeepable disasters of the war. Soon however they came to great obstructions in the water, such as floating plunks, trees, trunks and all floats and all the boys and many of the girls even the little ones from eight to nine and upwards— even the soldiers worked with picks and long poles and sticks to clear the way as their progress was now blocked. The men were excited. The horses were kept in the middle of the big raft, and the wagons too. Previously to the beginning of this second trip on the flood only the boys who were good at the paddle were allowed to do the work. There were many of this age, still not doing any work there being not enough paddlers and they were not able to do it. Fortunately the raft was immense in size and the array of boys and girls varying in age from six to fourteen years worked now like mad to clear the front of the raft so they could proceed. For a time it seemed in vain and after a prayer, Gertrude motioned the youngest of them to retire from the edge of the raft, and let the elders do the work.

Despite the adventure it was a pretty sight, all the girl and boy scouts were intensely interested and in earnest, especially the littler children of seven and eight, and not at all afraid.

Gertrude was to learn during this day of adventure on the raft, which adventure went on for some ten hours, that the smaller girl and boy scouts were quicker to take in the situation of their adventure and the nature of the flood, than the boy and girlscouts from thirteen to fifteen. They were even more careful of their uniforms, their uniforms were less spotted by splashes of muddy water, and in consequence, as Gertrude and her leaders believed they took in all that was going on about them, watching every floating object with an ease and simplicity not to be expected naturally from minds so young.

During all these hours of the trip on the flood, the attention of the smaller children was more perfect. Once it a while it was necessary for the girl leaders to say a word of warning to an overgrown boy paddler, but when he did not observe a big tree floating toward the raft, but the littler ones were perfect, and fought of the tree with sticks and pikes. The six hundred of them all, however were so quiet, that one if they had not seen it would have thought the raft was floating off with only wagons and horses and men on it. The pushing away of obstructions and wreckage proved of course a great help, and it was possible therefore for the raft to encounter any obstruction that might push it off its course or turn it bottom upward, as once already had been the case...

It was however an inspiring force of girlscouts. All were in dead earnest with their work save two or three bigger boy or girls especially Jane. The former had been a girlscout of long commission as a leader, and had contracted the taste of adventure of whatever the risk—or rather the want of it—she was not exactly rash or reckless but determined and desperate, will do a thing no matter what the cost—which comes of too much bravery—and she also had been led to conceive an exaggerated opinion of her own courage, and spent much of her time in wondering what would happen if all girls and boys did not become like her. This pitiful girlscout should have trained like she was being trained by her superior Mildred earlier. She would it seemed made a better candidate for the morgue than for girlscout work, and why she wasn't there now was only by a miracle. Thanks to the training of Mildred Maxwell Jane was becoming better, not so reckless and more watchful and now Mildred was with her all the time while they were on the raft.

Of all the girlscout leaders however on this great adventure the result which will be stated later, there was one who stood out prominently as leader, and that one was Angelina Riches.

Angelina never lost sight of anything before or beside her, nor lost no word her followers uttered whether it be a warning or advice about the logging, wreckage and floating trees and houses, and she could see it all at once. Even any question or proposal would find her when all else were strangely puzzled, ready to make answer. This was to prove that no kind of girlscout instruction had failed to touch the child scouts' hearts at the earliest convenience, while also training the heart to develop the intellect, than all scout duties, and also of Christian doctrine which girlscouts because of their dangerous commission as well as boys needed more than common school children. Even to be a girlscout or a boy scout the children must know their Arithmetic more than normal, they must be properly taught on it, as that is usually very necessary for the scout work too.

The same may be said of teaching them to know all kinds of signal flags, understand the signals, be able to answer, and this is usually successful as it does engage the interest of every boy or girl. But mainly they needed all the results of their instructions here on this raft, while not a thing of absorbing interest just now, was necessary as it did not only appeal both to reason and imagination, but that it was a perilous undertaking that takes the training of wits and cautiousness and especially good "Eye work" work not for near sighted persons.

Logic poetry, did not need to come in this share at this time, and any child teacher who knows how to be interesting, had discovered very early in his or her vocation that he or she can best gauge the intellectual gifts of his little soldier pupils in hearing them ask and answer questions about all their own kind of work, and of the nature of war, the works of the military, how to scout, spy, and reconnoitre and so forth during the time devoted to the study of these most important branches of the christian armies.

Other things being equal, the child scouts also who need to study Christian Doctrine more than the citizen child is far better equipped for the dangerous business of child scout life than the boy and girl who had outside the army been trained in the secular branches alone.

There is no trip on a flooded area, even by means of a big raft without its thorns and great difficulties. However, and this adventure had many difficulties. Every other minute or so, Gertrude was occupied in receiving discouraging information, from puzzled and more or less anxious scouts, about, the wreckage jam barring their way, or a big house coming down on them, and so forth and Gertrude had to see that everything was done to avoid these more or less dangerous objects and the paddlers had to work like mad.

"That house coming toward us is too big and will ram us." One would exclaim. "It's ten hundred yards long by appearance, and I and other boys made efforts to avoid a big tree. Ain't the trip too dangerous?"

"Oh—have you been going to Mass every day when you had the opportunity?"

"Oh yes."

"And is it possible that you haven't heard the priest with us say anything that we all must work and have faith in God and His Blessed Mother to aid us through our difficulties, and that they would?"

"I—I don't think so."

"Then you haven't been paying much attention to the instructions." Here she used these phrases and she would hand the boy a field glass case, and when you see big objects at a distance watch their progress carefully, and observe what it really is, what it is about to do, and if it is too dangerous come back and we'll talk over it intelligently before it comes upon us. Be sure to come back."

And he did, and prevented the disaster that would threaten. But there were some who had more serious difficulties to avoid these dangerous floating objects, and once it happened to be those of Riches boys. The raft had not been paddled along for only about three hundred yards, when Angelina Riches came over to Gertrude.

Gertrude I'm sorry to trouble you, but Jennie and Dolores have asked me so often to come to you about it that I really must..."

"About what Angelina?"

"About us being able to make our raft go through that immense wreckage jam we are approaching. You see there are only fourteen boys who are able to do the paddling, especially Frank George, and he's the strongest. That means that we too may become jammed. If all of us stronger girls could join in with long sticks we can fish from the water we may be able to clear the way but that may mean only one good paddle for each of us, and the wreckage coming our way in a combination of everything we can imagine. Then there's a number of houses floating down with it, and trees also, that means hard work, and we'll have to be careful we don't get rammed or tipped. Dolores thinks she can fit us out, and Margaret Johns is going to take care of the western edge of the jam, but Jennie and Gracelina would like some suggestion to avoid the floating houses, and the trees..."

"I'll take care of the situation," Gertrude said. "At least," she added, "I have a hint we'll have to avoid the jam or go back to land until it passes."

"Thank you Gertrude. I'm so ashamed of the situation, that we are not as it seems able to take care of the situation, but since this flood came and since we have to travel on it, Dolores had been out of sorts most of the time, and there, scarcely any room now to go through the water. Dolores doesn't see much clear space coming for miles at the least, she thinks or says all the towns of the world must be grounded into timber by this flood. Ho. Ho. about Jane's suggestion, he thinks we ought to ram the logs and fight our way through! She says it's only half a mile wide of timbers."

"We can try for a more open spot,"
"Thank you Gertrude," she paused a moment then added "But we won't make it. It'll hit us anyway."

"Indeed."
"Oh Gertrude, My girls' scout leaders are the most enthusiastic little scouts you ever saw about our adventures, they are talking about it more than any of us. Every minute one or the other of them looks over the wide expanse of this flood, works out what we have learned at our instructions, and goes ahead and asks the wisest questions, and when we are in danger you ought to see them pray. Jane herself works at the pole in pushing away obstructions, and she keeps desperately at the work till we bundle her away and make her take a rest."

Gertrude had often noticed Jane, the most reckless child scout of her whole six hundred. Her earnest eyes followed every motion of Gertrude's, and her enthusiasm was striking. In giving orders or instructions to her followers her voice rang out clear, sweet, redolent of such unusual courage as is seldom found in little boys even.

"By all means Angeline, we must first see Jane about this before taking any action."

Angeline left, but presently returned with Jane.

"Good morning Jane."

"Good morning Miss Aronburg."

"I hear you are in Miss Maxwell's Regiment."

"Yes Miss Aronburg."

"How old are you?"

"About eleven."

"Lovely. That's rather surprising. When were you eleven?"

"On the 8th of June this month."

Jane was standing before Gertrude, her shoulders squared, head erect, and her hands clasped behind her back. She bore a remarkable resemblance of her friend Penrod, as she had first seen him only Jane's pale face was rounder, fatter, her body stouter, and her hair decidedly more brown. "Why you are a great good scout at that child, but I hear you are often reckless at your work."

Jane's face changed, the smile left it, and grave inquiry took its place. She looked at Gertrude for several moments and then answered:

"Sometimes I am."

"Do you really understand your work and your position?" Asked Gertrude.

"I sure do."

"Do you know all your instructions?"

"Yes."

"She does corroborated Angeline, she knows everything as well as I do. Only if she could control herself and not be so rash she'd be better though I must confess I do sure admire her bravery and so does Mildred."

At this moment Dolores came up.
"Excuse me Gertrude," said the young girls' scout. "We are clearing our way through the jam. There is no danger."

Indeed Dolores Jennings bore the reputation not altogether dangerous to the enemy, excepting that like a tigress, yet who just kept within the speed limit. In other words, she was a very good girls' scout. "I understand Gertrude, that we have a tremendous undertaking here, and that we might have to remain on the raft all night. We can do it I believe. There's a full moon."

"That's precisely precisely the situation, Miss Jennings."
"Well I'm not much of a girls' scout leader Miss Aronburg, not what I ought to be, but I just now happened to be aiding the boys in clearing away the drift before our raftland, occurred to me that we might be able to cross a narrow neck of the flood at Abordonia, ten miles away and land on a square plateau out of range of fire and smoke."

"Was it your angel that whispered you the suggestion, or the angel angels of our own crews?" Gertrude asked.

"It must have been your angel, I fear mine didn't think of it in time. But Gertrude you don't mean to say that you are going to follow the suggestion?"

"The fact is," Gertrude answered, "that I thought I wasn't a moment ago, but I'm beginning to think again. When you just now announced your willingness to aid me I thought that the angels particularly yours—were taking a hand in the affair to bring us through safely. Miss Jennings you will be

good enough to see us through the debris as soon as possible."

"Gladly Gertrude. Who knows but that we may have a guardian angel on this trip and that we may be entertaining them unwares."

"Ah, who knows? There were as Gertrude felt, angels on the raft, angels who entertained by her and her followers unwares, had not a little to do with the shaping of all their adventure and its outcome in the future."

"Now Jane," Gertrude said presently, "you may do your work at poling, but be careful and do not take a bath."

Jane herself looked like an angel a few minutes before. She danced to the other end of the raft now—do angels dance—and Angeline Riches was dancing with her.

They had been traveling on for some short distance from this moment when one of the boys who was nearest Gertrude reported that a host of glandelinians were on shore. Gertrude saw they appeared to be caviary, or probably of the "Muscle type" and that the Glandelinians apparently were following the direction of the raft.

"Evidently they see us and are following us," said Gertrude. "Have the boys paddles further out so that we won't be in their range."

This order was obeyed, and the raft shot further out into the waters, the glandelinians observing this, and with a howl of rage at being so suddenly outwitted, opened fire with their rifles. Gertrude feared that the enemy might have artillery with them, and if so they would disable or sink their raft but fortunately, they didn't. The pursuit of this kind continued on for fully five hours, until it grew dark, and with a parting volley of shots the Glandelinians disappeared into the dark recesses of the woods. After the excitement was over, Gertrude and even all the rest missed one of their number. It was Jane. The youngest of the girls' scouts.

It had been otherwise almost impossible not to miss the little child scout, who in the front led all the miles of seven and eight, in doing all the scout work, impossible not to miss the little girl whose attention so caught Gertrude that often while being with the whole force, she had discovered herself unconsciously addressing herself to her, somehow that evening after the adventure with the enemy on shore dragged, and Gertrude missing this other Jane was worried and anxious, fearing she might have fallen off the raft and got drowned or was forced to save herself by swimming to shore and either risking capture, or that of being lost. Because of this, the six hundred because of the absence of the one child scout—of course all the others were present—seemed to have lost its savor.

Angeline came forward a little later when it grew darker, and when Gertrude was wondering whether she should take the chances of landing or not.

"Gertrude," she said, "you wouldn't believe it, but twenty of us were hit, when the enemy fired on us, and I'm also wounded in the leg a little. Little Jane was struck a little below the neck by a bullet, and she's in one of the wagons and has a high fever, she was talking of nothing all during this time but of Holy Holy Communion, and Extreme Unction and of you and of course Gertrude. Since she believes she is going to die, she wants to see you awfully bad. She made me promise her to ask you to come and see her to night, even before you land."

"Is she any better by now?"

"Miss Turner thought she would be, but she is very weak now and is suffering some pain. Jennie took care of her wound. When Jennie asked her whether she wanted any supper this evening, she said, no, and that she wanted to see you instead."

"Any of the others wounded very bad?"

"No."

"Well little Jane, my dear, that I'll be to see her the first chance I get. I must first see if we are safe first."

Accordingly when the raft was beached, but not landed, every one still betaying on, Gertrude came to the wagon indicated by Angeline. All the girls' scouts, save Jane, were gathered about the wagon praying, the elder scouts were busy at putting up the tents, but they all jumped up and stood at attention at Gertrude's arrival, and then when the command came "at rest" all of them in various language expressed a hearty welcome.

"Poor Jane will be so glad," said Jennie Turner, walking up to Gertrude, "she has been asking every five minutes of so whether you was coming."

"How is she?"

"She has been shot a little above the heart," answered Jennie, "and though she says now that she feels not much pain, she is so very weak. We fear she is dangerously wounded. This evening after the other wounded children were taken care of, she was the last one accidentally hit or probably hit by the bullets of the enemy. After she was brought here she begged me to let her get up, but of course I kept her in bed. Then she asked if she couldn't get up if she felt any better, so that she could do her duty. I told her to wait and see what our girls' scout doctor would say about it. Between that time I went off to get so a bandage. I was gone only a few minutes, but when I came back I found Jane holding one sticking in her hand, and lying on the wagon floor. He she had attempted to get up and dress. She was not unconscious, but she was so weak that she fell over, and could not get up and she was bleeding again."

"And Gertrude," supplemented Angelina Riches, "Then Miss Turner said 'Jane, why didn't you stay in your cot?' she answered 'I don't want to miss doing my duty, and I can't.' And when Miss Turner told her she'd have to stay in her bed, she turned her face toward the canvas covering of the wagon, and said not a single word. But Miss Turner could see she was crying." One said, "One of the boyscouts, I wish I was as anxious to make my last Communion as she is."

"Have you had a doctor for Jane?" asked Miss Turner.
"Yes, even though I didn't think at first it was necessary. This is the first time that we had such a happening, and if it had not been for the nature of her wounds I would never have thought of getting a doctor. I told her if she had no objections I'd have a special surgeon call to night, and she thanked me."

"I understand Jennie, but don't worry about the expense. The doctor may charge it to us, and now let me see Jane."

Jennie Turner and Gertrude got into the wagon together. Jane was evidently awaiting her, she was lying flat on a bed but on two pillows.

"Oh Gertrude," she said, and caught her hand, "I am so glad to see you."
"Well Jane, my little dear, how do you feel now?"

"All right only I have a pain where I was shot and sometimes cannot get my breath. I was hit here," she said putting her hand on the bandage a little below the neck. "But it isn't much though I have a choking feeling, and I'm afraid it won't stop bleeding. Gertrude, are you going to have a special doctor for me?"

"Why Jane."
"Because I was shot here. I'm afraid I am mortally wounded. It feels that way."

"Jane you may have a special doctor if you like, we'll all promise to pray for your speedy recovery if God wills it. You know that to day we had a bad affair, and every one of us are going to Receive Holy Communion to morrow for your recovery."

"And may I make it with them Gertrude, even if I am mortally wounded?"
"Yes my dear, every day, but I hope you'll improve and keep on improving, but here comes the Father, he wishes to see you too. I suppose you want to go to Confession."

"Yes Gertrude, I want to go to Confession."
When the priest that escorted the girls to the regiment on its adventure all this distance came, the two girls and their attendants retired, and the injured child told her Confession in perfect innocence, simplicity and love. At the end the priest gave her a special blessing, and expressed the hope that the special doctor now coming would give the good news that she would be all right. But indeed the hope was not realized. Just when all the tents were erected on shore near the raft, the doctor called at Gertrude's headquarters just as she was ready to go, and see Dolores.

"Miss Aronburg, that little girlscout Jane Carns is fear dangerously if not mortally wounded, a very sick girl indeed. She's all right if gangrene does not set in the wound. If it does she's gone."

"You don't say doctor?"
"I certainly do. From the effects of her wound wound, and she has bled a lot, her heart is weak—very weak. Unless matters take a turn for the better in three or four hours, I don't see how I can pull her through. I suppose you are rather surprised to see her, me coming in, when I could get you on the run, or on your camp wireless phone."

"You read my thoughts Doctor."
"Well the fact is I Jane insisted on my coming to see you personally just after I had finished cleaning and bandaging her wounds. She doesn't care a snap of her pretty little finger, what I think of her wound and its nature, but she cares everything for her cause alone, and what you think for the sake of serving her country longer she'll fight for life, but she wants to make her Holy Communion to morrow morning the same as she does daily. That would mean that the priest will have to Bring Our Lord to her."

"Very well then Our Lord will come."
"But Gertrude that surely will mean a miracle."
"Very well then Gertrude said" "We'll have a miracle."
"Just as you say Gertrude," said the doctor with his dry wise smile. "But one thing is certain no one is going to get her out of her cot till I say so. I'll see that no one disturbs her."

Gertrude then charged Dolores, to call up Gracelinda, and the Misses Joan and Alford, and let them know at once, that Jane Carns was dangerously wounded. Dolores did so and realizing that the enemy had done it every one was aroused, and decided to get even the first chance they had. As the night wore on, there came no improvement to the injured child, and ten of the others were considered growing bad too, and one of the others had died already. Jane grew quieter, said little, could not sleep, and lay on her cot, so arranged that her eyes could fall when she listed, upon her favorite Sacred Heart picture, he for the sake of her duties and so forth showed great anxiety to get well and hoped to be able to go to Holy Communion on the morrow.
At midnight Gertrude was aroused from her sleep, and the doctor had called her up by phone.

"I'm sorry to say Gertrude, you that poor sweet, charming, and patient little friend is not long for this world. There's no cure for a wound like hers. The bullet entered the upper part of her heart."

Gertrude at that was only in a few minutes again with her little sick friend. The flower was fainter than her little face—illness from her wound had made it much sweeter, and added to it another worldliness, the beauty of which is seen in the face of coming death is born of child like faith and innocence. The interior of the covered wagon, as usual, spotless, was bright and gay with costly flowers of all kinds, and their fragrance was good. The two Jennings girls, and others had been present, Gertrude could easily account for the flower and Angelina Riches had remained up with her all night.

"Gertrude," said Angelina Riches, speaking on Gertrude could read in the name of the whole camp. "All night Jane was badly worried and she cannot sleep for the pain. The doctor told her that positively she could not recover."

"And I told the Doctor a few hours ago, when he said that it might be necessary to administer the last sacraments if it were necessary, I would call the priest and have it done."

"Oh Gertrude," cried Angelina Riches, "Are you afraid she is going to die right now?"

"No my dear. But what greater miracle indeed is there in the world than four for Our Blessed Lord to come to those who are sick and in danger of dying, when they can't come to Him?"

Then she turned to Jane and asked:
"Jane my dear, how would you like Our Lord to come to you at midnight or sooner?"

Jane sat up in bed.
"I'd like to receive Him sooner if possible."

Of course all knew it was not necessary to examine her as she knew all and was a daily Communicant. But she needed questioning as to how she got her wound. Therefore Dr. Gertrude said:

"Would you like me to question you about your wound my dear. You know that over twenty of our comrades have been wounded beside you, and one died, but nevertheless I believe there are none who have so queerly wounded as you, so you needn't be afraid."

"I'm not afraid of anything," said Jane, making an endeavor to sit up and failing.

"Like as you are Jane or you'll hurt yourself worse. Now when the enemy started the firing upon us, how did you receive the wound?"

"I saw the Glandelinian soldier who hit me. He aimed before I could seek some object of protection."

"And when you received the wound what did you do?"

"Before I fell I tried to fire back."
"And when you received the wound, what did the Glandelinian soldier who shot you look like?"

"A Turmerannian."
"What did the rest look like?"

"The same. They were all Turmerannians."

"Were they all firing at the same time?"

"No they were not," and Jane shook her head with vigor.

"How did you know they were not firing at the same time?"

"I could tell by the numbers of flashes in the twilight darkness."

"And do you believe it firmly that they were all Turmerannians?"

Jane nodded her head with still greater vigor.

"Is the doctor very, very sure the wound is unusually dangerous?"

"I don't know I want to do my duty or die."

"Well Jane at eleven thirty, I'll have Our Regiment Priest come here with Our Blessed Lord, and you needn't fast, I'm sure."

"I should fast," she said decidedly.

"You do as the doctor tells you. You want to Receive Extreme Unction too to night?"

"Yes."

"Then I'll ask him if he thinks it necessary to anoint you, so that if it is God's will you may get well."

"Thank you Gertrude. Should I wear my Communion dress?"

"Yes pet," put in Angelina Riches. "And Miss Aronburg, if you have no objections Dolores and I will be here."

"Nothing would please me better. I will notify the priest."

The three young girlscout leaders were moved to tears.

The following hour, when the priest who had been notified entered the tent to which Jane had been brought, hallowed by the innocent and brave girls girlscout, the priest and Gertrude who accompanied him noticed at a glance the loving care of loving hands on every side. There were wild forest flowers in profusion. The table was covered with a snowy white cloth, and everything upon it, from crucifix to silver spoon, was immaculate and pure. Camp life, hand in hand with cleanliness has a beauty all its own. Upon the cot lay Jane in the white splendor of her Communion dress.

It appeared as she lay there, as if an angel had took her form, for love, devotion and faith gave her fair face the beauty that is beyond the gift of all power on earth.

Supported by Angelina Riches on one side, and Dolores on the other, Jane restored him, who still calls out—"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." Slowly she was allowed to sink back upon her pillow, where with closed eyes, she remained perfectly still. Only for a slight movement of the lips, one would have thought her dead... They tip toed out of the tent, a great reverence having come upon all who had been within and for several minutes they spoke in white perr-go low were their tones, that a faint voice within calling "Father" caused all to start.

"Well, Jane," the priest said in answer to her call.

"Father, may I go every day as long as I live?"

"My child, if you like yes."

A wave of beauty swept over her face, a beauty however that seemed not of this earth.

"Now Father, I am going to pray for you and all the rest."

"By the way Gertrude observed to Angelina Riches, as they picked their way out of the tent, "Four of our girlscouts who were shot are in danger of danger of death."

"Four Gertrude?"

"Yes, that is what the priest said, for he anointed them to and gave them Holy Communion. And then you know the others are seriously hurt."

"Why Gertrude I understood that they were not all seriously hurt."

"Yes, but at the time we were attacked as a result more of us were hit than at first thought. As a result four others were mortally wounded, Dolores and Jennie Turner too found out the circumstances, and brought the news to me. If I see the same Glandelinians again I'll order my cavalry to attack."

"Miss Riches observed Dolores, "While I have been probably wasting my time you have been doing good. I have heard now you and Miss Turner have brought so many other scouts safely through. I wish I had some more. Oh Gertrude, I've got a good guardian angel."

"Indeed?"

"Yes but its a different one. All my followers and Janes are the guardian angels. Every one of you have been praying for me, and I can actually feel it affecting me. Miss D Turner, any time you want a good companion to aid you in your work call on me."

The priest himself had when he administered the Holy Communion had noticed that Jane was somewhat weaker than usual. Before giving her Holy Communion he had heard her confession, at the end of which he had asked

"How are you feeling Jane?"

"The bullet wound pains me a little more here," she answered putting her hand over the spot where the bandage was. "It doesn't hurt so much though."

"Do you want the pain to go away and the wound to heal?"

"I only want to Receive Our Blessed Lord, and if He wills it to live so that I can do my duty I'll willing to accept."

"I see. And yet Jane dear, if Our Lord wants to take you away, are you willing to go?"

"Yes Father."

"Then tell Our Blessed Lord, that you are willing to give up your life, for the cause of His and our Country if He wants you to."

There was a short pause, Janes lips were moving feebly, then she said in a voice grown perceptibly weaker.

"I have told Him. The child looked up at me as she said these words, and smiled. After her Holy Communion, while the other scouts as many as possible as could kneel about her, the priest anointed her in her thanksgiving."

"Miss Riches," the priest said to his faithful friend and companion a little later. "I think that Jane is very near to Heaven. Probably she must know herself her self, for just now I took her hand before going she said; 'Good bye Father I have told Him, and when I get to Heaven I will pray for our Cause. Now if any change takes place whether it is good or bad, send for me at once.'"

"All Right Father, oh how I wish I was in Janes place."

"You will be some day."

Slowly the priest had went his way back to his own part of the camp. slowly up hill to be free from the flood. True he had seen the gleam of distant camp fire and he had paused, but he was not afraid. It had seemed to him that in this war devastated country, that in some sense he was walking with God, that angels, the angels of the Blessed Eucharist, the angels of little children, and the angels of those who fight for their country and its Holy Cause, were accompanying him, and therefore why should he fear, even though he did not like the looks of the distant camp fire. Even what if the fire should be of the camp of the enemy who recently had attacked the girls on the raft and who had caused the tragedy that was or had been already enacted. Slowly, slowly, but reluctantly, he resumed his way, suddenly out of the noise of the distant flood his ears picked out the sound of a horse coming his way rapidly behind him, finally he turned, and he was not at all surprised to discover Angelina Riches. She had as he surmised rode all the way from her own part of the camp, rode in that swift unusual manner he had observed in her so many times before.

"Father," she said as she stopped her horse, "I'm afraid she has taken the turn. She is in what Dolores thinks is her main agony. She called for you four times. Please come quick."

The priest wondered if he had heard the call. Indeed why had his steps become slower and slower, and what had he even paused and waited. Why had he listened for the sound of the coming of those horse hoofs, and caught them out the noise of a great flood... Indeed she and the priest hastened back. When they reached the tent Jane was gasping, and breathing laboriously laboriously. The priest took her hand.

"Jane," he called three times, with pauses between. Yet these gentle lips were never to move to speak again.

"Let us say the prayers for a departing soul," the priest said to those who were assembled, and forthwith he began the Litany for the dying. With every invocation the breathing became quieter, less labored. At the end of the litany, the priest paused, and bent over the senseless child, and he went on reading the prayer that follows the Litany:

Let us pray.

"Depart a Christian soul, out of this sinful war torn world, in the name of God, the Father Almighty, who created thee, in the Name of Jesus Christ, the Son of God who suffered and died for Thee, in the Name of the Holy Ghost, who sanctified thee, in the name of the Angel Angels, Archangels, Thrones, Dominions, Cherubim, and Seraphim—" the priest paused and bent down, the gentle breathing had not ceased, "in the name of Patriarchs, and Prophets, of the Holy Apostles, and Evangelists, of the Holy Martyrs, and Confessors of the Holy Monks and hermits, of the Holy Virgins, and of all the Saints of God, let peace come to thee this day—" a tiny sigh, as of one sinking to grateful rest brood in to the priest to put a pause. The girlscout had breathed, or her last. Then he finished—"and let thy abode be in Holy Zion, through Christ Our Lord Amen."

And there in that lonely tent, with everyone weeping silently, the priest was filled with the sense of invisible presences. It seemed to him not a place of death but of glory. The heaven that hung about this little girlscout had been in her infancy had reached her again, and of it for a moment all within the tent were partakers. And so the girlscout who had given her life for the Christian cause, having at the bidding of duty, had given her life that the cause might be won, and had departed out of this sinful world into peace, and into her abode in Holy Zion, she had kept her Baptism as to be without blame, she had observed the commandments of God, and now she had met Him together with all the Saints in the Heavenly Court, and now has eternal life and will live forever. There is any one may know and feel, a chosen band in heaven so like the Holy innocents, first flowers of Christs coming, yet so different. Jane was one of the first in the holy cause of Abbeism, their number will soon grow into the many thousands, and this beautiful band, which which follows not only the countrys cause, but also the Lamb wherever he goes is made up of the dear little brave child scouts, who give their lives that their holy Cause may be won.

ANGELINE RICHES MAKES UP SOME KIND OF PLAN.
SHE ALSO DAZZLES GERTRUDE WITH HER IDEAS OF A CAMP.
THE TWO GIRLSCOUT FAIRIES HIDE A SECRET OF THEIR PLAN.....".

A little later after this sorrowful event, the trip down the flood was the next day of the last week of July going on hour after hour with what appeared to be the most gratifying results. The boys and girls, especially the smaller ones, were quick and responsive to the work assigned them, and indeed it was a touching sight to see the little scouts of six and seven, both boys and girls, before setting out on the raft, attending the early morning Mass with the whole camp of their own intention, and without the guardianship of their elder scouts, or the cavalry escort. The girlscout leaders too, reported the marked change in the flood itself, for the better, which they observed in the slight if any decrease of the flood. Also for lessons and conduct among the smaller scouts nothing could be beat. Among those who were especially mentioned was Jane Melfort. The mantle of little Jane Carne seemed to have fallen upon her, in course of time she had come to rival many of the others, not only in conduct and attention and her activities, but also in quickness and grasp, and was losing most of her reckless ways.

During the onward progress down the raft on the raft, there came to Gertrude little Jean and her sister Minnie. Jean too had been wounded and her hand bandaged was held by a sling. Gertrude's heart sunk on seeing this. All that night she had not sleep because of the sad event that had occurred but it never came in her mind that Jean too had been hit by the shots from the Glandelinian cavalry on shore. Here she thought is another event showing what cowards the Glandelinians are.

"Good morning Miss Aronburg," said Minnie herself. "You didn't know little Jean was hit by the enemy."

"How do you do this morning Miss Aronburg," said the little girl, still in her dainty uniform of purple, and as strikingly pretty as before.

"The pleasure is mine, except I don't enjoy the fact that you too were wounded," said Gertrude.

"Miss Aronburg," continued Minnie, "I understand, that you are preparing to head for Cedernine Creek by way of this flood."

"So you've found it out at last, have you," Gertrude said. "The scouts who were just hearing of her intentions which she had told about two or three weeks ago was getting on her nerves."

"I just heard of it about two days ago, Miss Aronburg," said Minnie.

"Oh I beg your pardon-- but all the same it's too late for me or any one to suggest for me to alter my plans, that's been put through since last week."

"Perhaps it is," said Minnie, "but you'll not do it just the same. The nature of this flood will force you, you cannot approach any place but the town of Evangeline St. Claire. If you don't alter your plan we'll all play harps with the angels. I just received word through telegraph. There's no Cedernine Creek, it's all a raging sea."

"Oh," said Gertrude, beginning to realize that she was rather rash herself, and touched also by the evident dismay, which had come upon Jean's face. "Perhaps I have been hasty, and have your little sister any any good reliable information about that?"

"Oh yes Miss Aronburg," put in Jean. "I have plenty."

"Come into my tent," said Gertrude.

On questioning Jean, and Minnie Gertrude found that she was really well informed, more than her bigger sister.

"Why Miss Saunders," said Gertrude. "This child scout is fit for a good telegrapher herself."

"I know it, I know it," cried Jean with evident joy. Here comes Miss Riches. She wishes to talk to you too. And Dolores said all along that you would have to alter the plan."

"Hold on Gertrude said, "Where did you receive the telegram Miss Saunders?"

"It came to us by a messenger in a balloon," Minnie answered with a touching smile.

"Oh! And where do you think the flood is spreading now?"

"It has engulfed Dennison town."

"Very good information-- that's in the Cedernine Creek region. Well if we have to alter our course it will afford me great pleasure to informing all of you that we'll never find our way back to Emperor Vivian's army, so we'll have to for making the best course, take our way to Evangeline St. Claire. Thank you so much Miss Aronburg," it's a relief. It also takes a light off my mind. We really will have to change the plan from a plan of necessity. We ran into plenty of danger here, and we have had several narrow escapes already so to speak.

"Narrow escapes," Gertrude echoed. "May I ask what happened now?"

"We were nearly struck by a floating house a few minutes ago," put in Jean. "We are encountering all kinds of floating debris, dead animals, and trees, trees haven't we, in?"

"And how do you like this experience," Gertrude asked, looking at Jean with renewed interest.

"Oh, I've been going through flood experiences so long I'm tired of it," she said, with a gesture perfectly expressive of weariness.

"How long have you been meeting with so much debris?"

"Five hours."

"And how big are the floating houses, Jean?"

"I couldn't tell, but from their length they must be big."

"Good heavens," Gertrude exclaimed.

It was quickly settled, that both Jean and her elder sister should call on Gertrude on her chance of getting the opportunity during the ensuing hour of receiving a little private instruction of what should be done. However Gertrude cautioned the two girls not to speak to any one else, not even the other girls about her news-- a caution indeed very necessary-- and finally put her into the care of Mildred Maxwell, who was to be her guardian on all occasions as should arise.

To Angeline Riches alone, for all the girlscouts was confided the secret that there was no chance of reaching the territory of Cedernine Creek. The usually stolid George, Gertrude's Aide-de-camp, who paid no attention as a rule to any visitors, was all alive with interest on the occasion on the introduction from the two girls of the fact that Cedernine Creek was impassable, and that the Christian armies they were seeking, were not there.

Before the two girls retired to the other end of the huge raft, George had during the short conversation with them, kept his eye steadily on both, and listened to everything they said with the greatest intention or attention. There was a certain awe upon his features, indicated by an open mouth and a rigid stare. As Gertrude showed her two visitors out of her tent (which stood on the middle of the raft) George jumped from his chair-- a thing Gertrude had always observed him to do unbidden-- and hurrying to the tent entrance held the door open. Indeed he also held his mouth open, and his eyes followed with a rare constancy, every move of Jean Saunders. Jean caught his stare as she neared the door.

"Are you Gertrude's Quartermaster Sergeant?" she asked, smiling into the boys face.

George with a salute and a bow replied:

"I am Her Aide-de-camp Mr's Miss Jean."

"My name is Jean Saunders," said the little girlscout, moving a step nearer nearest to the smallest delight of the boy.

"I know it," he answered. "I have heard lots about you."

As the two went out, George, instead of closing the door on them, followed them out into the open and nearly as far as they went to the upper end of the raft, and again allowing his jaw to drop, and finally talked with them both for quite a while.

"George," Gertrude said, when he came back. "Perhaps you'd like to have their company for good, would you not?"

"Yes Miss Aronburg," said George re-entering the office with one last long, lingering look, "I would."

"Possibly that little girl is your long lost sister?"

"No Miss Aronburg," answered George in whose face still remained evidence of unusual excitement. "Miss Aronburg," he continued, "You can't lose my sisters and they are good scouts too. Miss Aronburg, that little girlscout is a great spy! I know her though she don't know me. I wish she would join the bands under the Vivian Girls, she's as great as they are she is."

"Oh she is a spy, is she? Who told you?"

"I heard her and her friends say so once, and besides she has done lots of spying work. The enemy would give anything to catch her."

"Miss Aronburg," George, to be singularly interested. "What's the matter?"

"Have you never been on a spying expedition with any one before. How about the Vivian Girl Princesses George?"

"Oh yes, Miss Aronburg, I saw them often. I saw Violet, and her sister Evangeline, and Jennie come back once with an important message in their possession."

"I thought you said you had never seen a Christian girl spy?"

"Oh I'm not meaning the Vivian Girls. But I didn't even know they were spies, and that they went around like other girlscouts being Princesses, as they were."

"Indeed, well George, I suppose you intend to tell the rest of our force what you overheard them say."

"Yes Miss Aronburg, but not if you don't want me to. If you want me to keep it a secret, and that she doesn't want no publicity about her news of our course being foiled I'll not say a word."

"Well don't," said Gertrude. "They'll become discouraged."

"I won't say a word."

Jean was punctual in everything she did while the raft was moving on its way. Besides directing her own followers as best as she could with her wounded hand, she and her sister were seen here and there at every moment and through her it seemed as well as her friend Mildred, nothing was happening to the raft. One thing struck Gertrude from the first, she was never alone, whether near the edge of the raft, directing some of the paddlers boys, or on some other portion, or near the wagons, Angeline Riches always vigilant, was beside her with Mildred. Angeline Riches and Mildred practiced what all girlscout leaders should do, they never left the child unattended. As a result, the little girl too was a good as she was innocent, as frank and as wise as any girlscout of Abbeville, and under the care of good superior leaders. Angeline Riches the main leader of all was however very unusually the same as she ever was. Time, perils, and adventure and the scenes of the great war did not appear to hang heavy on her hands.

She flitted about, like she always did, making no believe she might have changed into a butterfly if she had the chance to do so, going from one part of the raft to the other, alighting upon a wagon seat, to continue the directing of the others, now on the north end of the raft, where she directed the boys at the paddles very cleverly thus avoiding crashes with wreckage jams, now on the west end haling the boys there to push off a house that floated against the raft, and then on the east, where she examined the smoky shore, and now in the middle. All the boyscouts she kept in a state of petulant movement and excitement, especially George Gertrude's Boy Aide-de-camp. Not content with following her flight in a perpetual stare, he smiled on her now and then, as Gertrude noticed with great surprise. As for both Amb Angeline Riches, and Mildred Maxwell they made thms themselves at home with George, chattering at him, making him explain his own works and what he does for Gertrude, and once when a Mildred was paddling, he almost unceremoniously took the paddle from her and with grim determination took to the work himself, while Mildred stood by. So friendly were the two girls to George that even Gertrude sometimes raised her voice against the over great vivacity of Mildred especially, but it did not good.

During the receiving of Holy Communion, or all duties the girlscout leaders were quite different, all their vivacity were gone. They were as busy and as dignified as any of the other girlscout leaders under them, and demure, prim and sometimes stern—and that is saying a good deal—as could be, and it is doubtful whether a single boy or girlscout, did the wrong kind of work or directed the raft wrong without their noticing it. Once a boy and some of his helpers carelessly by mistake or misinformation did not direct the movement of the raft properly and crashed it into a floating house with such gait, that the house was torn asunder and in consequence Angeline Riches' preached "a perfect perfect sermon to those boys which any one else would not have desired to hear, and in consequence they seemed to have a hundred eyes after that, they were so watchful.

Once or a one of the boys was watching Dolores more than what he should be doing and Dolores cried out loud enough to be heard by all the six hundred on the raft despite the noise of the flood,

"Don't watch me, watch what you're doing. You're heading into a big tree you hawk."

And the crash came almost damaging that end of the raft, and my pin! both Mildred and Angeline Riches bawl him out. The case brought a cure for carelessness and after that no unusual thing would happen. Angeline Riches quite proud of being the head girlscout of the expedition, was though extremely attentive to all her followers nevertheless. Not content with only directing the boys at paddling, she explained to them the different things they should do to avoid such crashes, to move the raft through the different grades and divisions of floating wreckage, not impassable and impassable and so impressed Gertrude and all the others, that Gertrude was content to stay in the back background when so long as all the followers were in the hands of the dutiful and enthusiastic Angeline Riches. If it was not for her, they might have all been in "Swimming" long before.

Although there was quite a difference in the respective ages, these two main girlscout leaders had vowed eternal friendship. They always gave directions in chattering like Tennysons brook, and having exchanged with each other all the secrets they happened to possess proceeded each of them, to make up new ones, and thus kept the raft afloat without any mishap so far.

Before the third hour of their trip on the flood this day was passed, they were both wrapped in mystery, very now and then the two girls during a brisk and animated conversation would exchange dark looks and mysterious signs, and falling as was generally the case, to make themselves understood, would retire apart out of earshot of any one else, where they each would take turn in a whispering into each others ears. Not content with this form of converse, they in at times, within striking distance of each other, wrote notes, in which case George the mystified, was called upon first by Mildred, to carry these communications—with strict injunctions of care and secrecy—from one to the other.

Nor did this offensiveness of the affection of the two little girlscout leaders interfere in the least with their devotions and with their work. After the raft was partly caught in a jam of wreckage, the fl two having spent five or six minutes in directing the work of trying to get it out, sallied forth with great dignity to the most dangerous part of the raft and getting on the jam itself made a number of boys follow, and finally got it loose. Generally during the work they would be standing on the very jam, waiting for the boys to come. Gertrude, happening, to leave her tent on the raft, to go to one end of it, a little before they got the raft loose, and passing through the group of wagons, was surprised to observe, that each girl scout leader, working with long poles with hooks on the, and unconscious of each other, was really in re tremendous earnest.

When the raft was at last torn loose from the jam, the two girls held a special session of every boy belonging to the crew of Paddlers, telling the boys unless they want to go in "swimming," they must be careful, and not let this happen, and yet one boy did, a little later, cause the raft to be jammed between two big floating wooden houses, and it took two hours desperate work to finally get the houses shoved off, presides the boy getting a good scolding, by Gertrude herself, who said:

"After this watch what you are doing David. If you dare let such a thing happen again I'm going to demand your resignation from the scout service. We want real good workers here, not dumbbells."

"But I didn't see—"

"You didn't see, because you were watching every one else and not your work, and Dolores, Angeline and Mildred scolded you about it before. You have no excuse whatever, and because of your carelessness, I'm as wet as a rag doll. No answering back now or I'll duck you into the water. Watch yourself, and don't jam us up again. If you ain't able to do it right, then quit. I'm telling you once, and no more."

"But because of his carelessness they had lost one horse, two wagons, and six tents besides having to rescue six girls and one boy. Gertrude was sore, but she had to stand for it. During that time Mildred and Angeline Riches following some open chatter about the carelessness of the boyscout, seated themselves in one of the wagons, and as of them wrote a lengthy note. No one ever saw the note, nor could wild horses drag them from the two friends. Not even an inkling of their contents was told. The exchange of notes accomplished, the little girlscout leaders, after bestowing a word, on Gertrude, issued forth to the other part of the raft, and remained for half an hour with David, and it was evident they too were telling him plenty. Violent as their love for each other appeared to be, it must be said in justice to the girlscout heroines, that their love really did in "higher love endure". A little more and the girls, so it seemed would become angels—at least in innocence, and in a joy which found itself deeply rooted in the supernatural."

To Gertrude their work, and heart whole devotion to Our Lord and Country was unusually and inexpressibly touching, to George it was a source of unending amusement. Together now Mildred and Angeline, watched the work the boys were performing more attentively, especially they kept the eagle eye on David. Mildred was for taking the paddle away from him and letting some one else do the work, for fear he would dump the whole lot into the water yet, Angeline favored the use of the discipline, which in her ordinary conversation, she was pleased to call the "Awkward Squad". The difficulty of getting the raft through the flood waters swarming with wreckage, together with the carelessness of this and some other boys, together with some discouraging outcome of the trip so far, had aroused them so that these boys had brought to compromise to be careful especially David, as he feared Gertrude more than any, as Gertrude being the "Chief" of them all could carry the day. The two discussed their plans for carrying the raft on through the flood to Evangeline St. Claire City in Gertrude's presence with great freedom, encouraged to this, Gertrude took it—by the fact that worried over the outcome of the journey as she was—made as though she paid no attention to the words. Seated at her desk outside the tent, making pretense of writing, she listened to the discussions. Toward afternoon as the wreckage floats became thicker and the flood waters a little more swifter vigils were taken up, and old orders set aside, and every boy was given more instructions, and David a special warning. This time the two girls were quite serious on this point, and Angeline Riches was careful to point out to David, the difference between floating houses, and wreckage jams. Angeline Riches warned him that if he jammed up the raft again, he'll alone go and loosen it. Both girls resolved that with the approval of other girlscouts leaders they would head due northeast in general in order to try and avoid the wreckage. The photos of it all was that Angeline Riches without know I knowing it, was really heading for general vivians army who which was then starting to concentrate positions on the heights beyond that town.

Once one of the girlscouts was starting to go out a little ways on a wreckage jam but her purpose was sternly undone by Mildred Maxwell who said—

"Don't do it again."

At this moment David in an unguarded moment, through some more of his carelessness, gave Jennie Turner who was walking past at the moment a good shower by the way he swung his paddle, and you my reader should have seen the indignant looks, with which she stabbed the thoughtless offender. Mildred then said:

"Now you better look out. If you want trouble just start with her. I know her and you don't. She'll hustle you off of your uniform in a hurry believe me if you get her aroused. You sure aroused her, and she'll report you to Gertrude."

However this time she did not do so as she lost her anger too speedily. But she kept an eye on him nevertheless.

About an hour later, when everything now seemed to run smoothly, Gertrude was informed by George that Angeline and Mildred were outside her tent, and each wanted to see her privately.

"And Miss Aronburg" added George, "Angeline Riches says it's very important."

"Send in the nearest George."

Mildred Maxwell entered.

"Well my little friend" Gertrude said "sit down."

Mildred, sat on the cot, and turned to her a face as solemn as George's.

"Gertrude" she said "I've been watching everything, and the boys how they work, that is Angeline has been showing everything to me."

"So I noticed Mildred, and I trust it has done you much good..."

"I hope so Gertrude. We have both been thinking a good deal, and I've been

trying so hard to bring everything through to the good.

"But it is how are we going to get to Evangeline St. Claire that is worrying me," continued the girl scout, turning in her toes in a most extraordinary manner.

"How we are going to get to Evangeline St. Claire?" Gertrude gasped.

"Yes, I've been thinking we'll have to soon be forced to be leaving the raft tire tied ashore for a number of days. This life we are leading is about as bad as leading a life of what you call it,--of penance in a cave or desert."

"The way some of our great and famous women saints did?" Gertrude inquired with a straight face.

"Yes Gertrude. Glandelinia has been very wicked. Sometimes I myself won't give in to the feeling that she might be the winner yet--yet I do not stop praying. The news of so many of these disasters just shake me, there been many this month further west, especially in Mullencatt and other states, and our Governments are hurrying through it with the work of mobilizing our armies more and more, and then Gertrude, the way I used to feel, when I heard and saw of Abbeism. That was shocking, beyond comprehension, and Gertrude, I'm so discouraged and discouraged. I was thinking that if we don't see better success in this war soon I've been thinking of packing up and going home. I'm so discouraged and disheartened. I just love to see Glandelinia get the worst of it."

"But it is the war past that is most worrying me," continued Mildred.

"The war past," Gertrude gasped.

"Yes. Glandelinia has crowded our armies from the southwest, and is pushing them northward. I know we'll not find a general who can make Myltese retreat."

"No."

"I'm afraid so. I just love to see him also licked."

"So do I," said Gertrude in parenthesis.

"But who can do it?"

"Our Blessed Lord will find the generals."

"I see how dangerous Glandelinia is now," continued Mildred, crossing her knees and looking earnestly at the ceiling of the tent. "I never believed could ever think Glandelinia was so menacing, so strong and dangerous. Of course I didn't intend to mean anything," said, but I told Jane several times that Glandelinia will win, and she disputes me."

"I'm afraid so myself," said Gertrude. "It seems that way anyway. We are in grave danger and our Nations states especially Calvernia and Angelina is over the ropes. But we can keep on praying. See the monstrous armies that are mobilizing up north."

"Yes but it'll be months before they can do anything as the floods, and fires bar all progress southward. I am sore afraid, and oftentimes feel like packing up and going home. This big flood is doing what I dread. Wiping out so much property, and added by the fires doing more damage than I can even figure. I might bankrupt our nation, and then Glandelinia will have us."

"So you are afraid that Glandelinia is on the winning side, and that our country is like a sinner leading the life of a penitent?"

"Yes Gertrude."

"And you fear you may be discouraged and go home?"

"Yes Gertrude."

"What are you going to do for passage. No one can come to us from the north, and we can't go north or east. What are you going to do about that?"

"Oh I didn't think of that."

"What you should do, my friend, is to stick to it through thick and thin, and then if Glandelinia wins, and if I am still around, you may come to me for further advice."

"But Gertrude--about those Glandelinian victories of the past. I didn't really think that Glandelinia was wicked as her cause is, ever could win."

"And be sure Mildred, that you didn't. Think less about the past of the conflict, and more about Our Blessed Lord you are to relieve to Morrow, who was Himself a child as you are, and think what He can do. As regards penances, Glandelinia will be the one who'll need penance by and by. As to leaving, never do it, without asking the Vivian Girls, or your best advisers and teachers."

"Thank you Gertrude," and the girl scout leader breaking into smiles which expressed the passing away of a host of scruples, uncured herself, hopped to the floor, and skipped from the tent onto the raft outside. Then entered Angelina Riches. She looked as if she had fought with the lions and tigers of an African jungle.

"Gertrude, I've been looking over the past months of this tremendous conflict in the very bitterness of my soul."

"Good gracious Gertrude exclaimed, "and you I suppose have been making some choice extracts from some of your historical readings, haven't you Angelina?"

"I did see something like that in a book, a geographic one," admitted Angelina Riches, "and it fits Glandelinia's case perfectly. She is on the winning side. I know it. It is even proved."

"Good gracious Gertrude exclaimed once more.

"Gertrude Calvernia and the Bengall and other states are in a terrible situation all this time," went on the leader of the girl scout. "

"Atterrible situation," Gertrude echoed.

"Yes, and she is crucified. No country in the world, either from natural disasters, storms floods or fires or volcanic eruptions or earthquakes, or from scourges of war and revolutions, wasn't near so bad as Calvernia is, and Mildred once said to Jane Melfort as I overheard her, "So bad a disaster, so great our defeat. And Glandelinia is a hypocrite and a liar, he had notified the other nations that she would fight Abbeism fair, and she does not do it."

"I know the whole situation pretty well, Angelina, and I do see where Glandelinia can win even though she is a hypocrite and a liar."

"Aah that's just it Gertrude. Glandelinia has fooled the world. When I found out that Glandelinia was making all these disasters, and winning so many battles, Glandelinia by severing all communications with even the outside world, tried to keep its secret from all the other nations."

"She didn't though. Our correspondents and newspaper men from other nations managed to communicate the news to them somehow or other."

"Yes and when I found out Glandelinia's treachery I hated her as I would a snake."

"I don't blame you my dear."

"Neither does Mildred, Grace or any one else, she told me that Glandelinia did all this in her power not to let the world know what she does, and is doing."

"I'd pity the newspaper men if they got caught though Gertrude to her self, and then she said aloud, "The other nations are not sleeping. They have sent many correspondents, and newspaper men and so forth to learn all they can. Glandelinia thinks they are hypocrites for going about telling nations of her own sins."

"But that's true Gertrude. Glandelinia has always been dodging, so that the world would not know what was the matter over here in Calvernia and her other states. Look how kind P. Rotestentia and other good nations are to us, sending us aid in provisions, warships and supplies of all kinds, and forever so long we too had to keep back the truth of our situation as we had no means to communicate it, we were forced to keep back the truth, and then Gertrude, I'm just worried sick about all that Glandelinia may be able to do, and will do in the future. Gertrude I can't help it but I'm beginning to think Calvernia has suffered a mortal wound. Is it so Gertrude?"

"Then Gertrude thought to herself--the nearest thing to a mortal wound on these memorable occasions of these disasters was not the floods and the explosions and other horrors which Glandelinia is suspected of having caused but the ravaging forest fires, and her own occupancy of Calvernia, and the cruel and destructive massacres of so many children her armies have and are still committing."

"So my dear Gertrude answered, "To begin with you didn't think right at the time when Glandelinia was starting such a big disaster. Calvernia is large, as big as the flood is, only one third of her state is inundated. Bengall state and Angelina are the worst sufferers from the flood."

"But the fires."

"They are the worst. They are burning more valuable trees and property, and causing a bigger loss than all the floods combined and--"

"Gertrude broke in Anne Angelina niches, "I really do not know what to say or do. It is an awfully hard thing for me to have to say that we are going to be beaten --it humbles, and then even the last time I saw her two months ago when mama told me over and over, that if the war is won it'll take a long and most bloody struggle to accomplish our victory as Glandelinia is stronger. And she said the world did not know anything about what's going on here, or otherwise the nations would be coming over here on our side and there'd be the whole world against Glandelinia."

"It would take the wisdom of an older head than yours or mine," said Gertrude "for to think of how to get our states out of such a situation. Don't bother about that point any more G. Angelina."

"I'll not Gertrude, but that's not all. All my live life I've read of the child slavery, and Glandelinia has been pretending to other nations that children stolen from weaker countries were only used for adoption for families without children, and she was not. She deceived the world even then. Gertrude Glandelinia is full of falsehoods."

"Good gracious," Gertrude said for the third time, .

"Yes Gertrude. And I know Myltese and his fighting ways. If he cannot win he uses other means."

"Yes?"

"Yes Gertrude, He likes to play tricks."

"So do I."

"And he loves to have bigger armies than any of the others."

"And so does Violet, and her sisters."

"And he loves to be admired. He thinks he's a God."

"Maybe he is an idol."

"Suppose so. And he loves to tease our armies by outwitting us."

"He does."

"Yes it's terrible."

"Angelina to tell me, do you do anything foolish or do you think rank rank rashness by going into his lines to learn what kind of a man he is."

"I think not Gertrude, not just now--that is to be safe--Gertrude I'll say yes I did at Delight's junction after Myltese fought his first bloodiest battle of the war there, and Violet bewled a out for it too."

"Instead of trying such stunts, my dear, try always to do first what you think will be a wiser move for Our Lords sake, and then you needn't be sorry. You know the saying, "those who seek danger shall find it." Is there anything else, Angelina?"

"Yes Gertrude, how can we stop Glandelinia's murderous work. I've have prayed and prayed, and so have the whole country full of people, and we never know what's going to happen to even any of us yet."

"It's a desperate and anxious situation, Angelina, the horrors of this dreadful war, Glandelinia, I'm afraid can't be stopped entirely unless by miracle. There was a time when she could, if our Government had been on its guard, but that time seems to be past. Emperor Vivian feels the same very keenly. He has spoken to be several times to tell me how hard he is fighting."

Angeline was almost weeping. "Our poor country," she sobbed, "I'd give my life indeed to morrow if necessary to save our cause, and I'm always offering up My Holy Communion for our Holy Cause, and that ought to count sometime." He says Ask anything in My name and I'll grant it to you."

"He certainly would some time..." said Gertrude. "And to day, this afternoon," continued Angeline piteously growing suddenly radiant radiant, "I'm going to make my general attempt to bring the raft further on after we stop for dinner, and when I think of a general attempt, Gertrude do you know what I think of?"

"What Angeline?"

"That we and the whole nation are saints, and that we all have been washed by the Blood of the Lamb even in this war, by this baptism of fire water and horrors, and we have in our souls been made whiter than snow. This afternoon I hope to see some one else too have a soul think of it, whither than snow, and that will be mine."

And the Fairy of the Christian armies was gone back to her duties.....

"Good gracious Gertrude cried, for the fourth time, and would fain have lapsed into meditation over what she had heard, had not George interrupted her with the information that the boy David had scoured Jennie Turner carelessly with his way of splashing the paddle, and that Jago Mollfort had sent him direct to her.

The boy was ushered in to the tent and stood before Gertrude. This boyscout the reader may possibly remember, though not at all bad, was nevertheless a boy who in his earliest days never received the proper training of how to be careful. Though Jennie Turner had not reported it, Angeline Jennings had brought the matter to Jago who transferred the report to Gertrude who told Gertrude, and she was there desirous of speaking to him.

Gertrude couldn't understand how in such a hopeless situation of the country she should have one careless indifferent boyscout in the whole command. All the others in the time not given to sleeping, and the neglect of cleaning their weapons and horses and wagons, had loved to keep the raft going on with out mishap, and to that and even Mildred had tried to train David carefully into the safe carriage of how to use his paddle, how to direct the carefully and as forth, and not to jam up everything or splash others as he did. All during the trip the boy had been on the "list of careless ones" It was he who once caused the raft to be almost upset that night the raft crashed into the big floating tree, and as he was on that and of the raft, he couldn't say truthfully "He didn't see that tree. He But otherwise he was not irregular in coming to his duties, he went to Mass and Holy Communion freely, showed great interest in making himself ready for everything, but he was at fault at this one thing, and now when he was brought before her for splashing Jennie, she had been minded in miffing him off the paddle force, and have him content himself with doing some other kind of work. Yet the question still hung unsettled.

"Gertrude" Jago said "Jennie can't possibly get a new uniform for some time so she's been splashed to from head to foot with mud and water, and something like sea weed and polywogs. she didn't scold him but she's mad."

"So it appears" said Gertrude. "The fact is Miss Millfort I'm so darn disgusted with David that I've about made up my mind to put him out of the class as a boyscout. I have taken in the trouble to look into his ways and see that it is not good. George Mildred, Jean, and others have communicated their impressions to him on no uncertain terms, but he doesn't seem to follow their instructions. A night or so ago we crashed into the roots of a big tree through his carelessness, and come near all being ducked. I myself had laid down the law, but it seems of no use. I believe he's not interested in his work."

"What are you going to do?"

"I might have to put him out of the boy scout service as soon as we reach the Christian lines. I'm for bringing his case before Emperor Jivian."

"Poor boy, you surely wouldn't do that Gertrude. Maybe he is not trained well, and he has had no chance at all. Maybe someone can show him what to do that's right."

"I'm not thinking of David, so much Jane as of the others of his class. He has ducked one boy into the water, tipped us twice, soaked both me and Jennie by splashing us with his paddle, jammed the raft between a wreckage flow and then between two houses which threatened to crush the raft, and then of precipitating Jean and Jennie into the water too from his carelessness. Jean slapped him. He is giving such bad work that I'm afraid he'll dump us all into the flood yet, and make us lose everything if not our lives, since we are not far from shore and we are good swimmers."

"But Gertrude, he won't be paddling for these next days. I've arranged for that. Gertrude I asked his leader Mary Juncok to let him be with me until I can train him properly. He'll have plenty of time to learn to do things right, and I promise you I'll do everything for him in the line of training, as though he were of my own command, and Mildred will help me."

"Jane, shake hands. You've solved a question that has given me no end of annoyance."

And so during the future time to come Jane was to take David in hand, and make him into a wonderfully changed boy.

This fill dau of the trip on the raft in the midst of flood waters was always

a memorable, and unusual day for all the girlscouts in this adventure. Near the noon time those on the raft saw some sights that no one cared much to see. Bodies of human beings floating in the water, children even, in the shape of simple hearted boys, and modest little girls, and the waters was tenanted by floating boxes, trunks, broken sides of wooden houses going by like rafts, bodies of horses, and all the various followers of wreckage that we do always see in a great flood, and therefore who could forget the ugliness and the horrors of these flood scenes, though little souls who perished in the flood had no doubt grown bright in the "other world" to welcome the 8 ritual flowers of Christ in heaven to testify also there of how and why they died.

Down the flood in groups of twos and threes, and sometimes singly came floating houses, but with no one on their roof tops except sometimes some cat dog or chickens, but not the sight expected of persons in the upper windows or on the roofs, sometimes in the water floated close to the raft, little boys and girls, women or men covered with slime and mud which the water did not wash from them. Down the flood comes another host of floating houses, and toward the raft comes a house with a sign painted above the roof-

"Welcome to our Fair city of Abbeisann." It had floated all that distance and still was floating. As there was danger of a crash, the boys at the paddle had to change the course of the raft, and just got away by a narrow margin. From the north, and sometimes the northeast, and northwest the houses come, and it was a sight of unusual sombreness to those who witnessed it, and a sorrowful thing to him who loves children. Men and women, some who showed that they had been well to do, are floating on the flood, fathers, mothers, relations no doubt and friends, and animals of all kinds, hogs, cows, calves, sheep, and any kind of animal that is shy of water because they cannot swim, and one can see that tender memories of other days is a thing of the past, because the flood has and is sweeping everything away. After a time all this disappears within the distance, and again all is a vast stretch of muddy yellow water, and all is silence except the swish, swish of the waters.

Devoted girlscouts these are indeed—how devoted to their country's cause, no one dare attempt to express—are at hand to relieve and rescue if possible possible any one on a house top or a raft, and Angeline piteous and her leaders with several officers of their savorly squadron keeps an eye open for any one needing help, even an unfortunate sam animal if they can reach him. They did rescue two cats, but failed to rescue a dog.

All morning long this had continued but not once was a person seen in the attic window of a house or on a roof, and when a house came very near, and they shouted and yelled to attract attention yet no one appeared in an attic window. Once they passed a young plangiomean creature swimming the water and flapping its wings for sport raising great sheets of spray but that was the only live thing they did encounter. They almost collided with it, but managed to shove off, and it only looked critically to see what had hit it.

Toward noon Gertrude left her tent and confronted Jennie Turner and Grace delinia who were then at work with boys clearing a jam that had come down against the raft, and what a transformation had come over her. Her eyes were bright from excitement, her cheek still showing the color slightly of the rose, and yet her beautiful purple uniform looked as if it had been showered with muddy water, her hair was still wet, her face dirty, and this discovered to Gertrude the truthfulness of the boys carelessness in splashing her and almost destroying the pathetic beauty of her face and golden hair, and wonders of wonders, holiness nevertheless had touched the features of the girlscout leaders, touched them so that she looked then as sweet and as innocent, and as winsome as any child that could be seen.

"Gertrude" said Gracedelinia "Here's my friend Jennie Turner who thanks you for all your kindness in sending all the help for her needed, and especially for preparing for her a new uniform. She has been working with those boys three hours, hours Gertrude, and I can say that a nicer sweeter better girlscout leader, I would not want to have near me. Oh Gertrude, she he lives if David had a chance, he would be as good as the best. You should have seen her pray morning and night. My last night she had to be almost forced from her knees by Angeline. God help us all, and her. God help her. Gertrude she wants to say something to you."

"Gertrude turned her eyes to Jennie. The hardness of her aroused feeling, the boldness of her commission were there in her face, but y just the same there was the sweet air of child hood of which war seemed to rob her and the others of."

"Gertrude" she said—even her voice was lovely "I want you to have them all pray for me and you that our adventure will make good and we'll safely reach Evangeline St. Claire. The flood is getting very bad, its rising, and oh I'm so sorry."

"And Miss Turner" put in Gracedelinia "What did you say you was going to ask our Lord when you relieve him to morrow?"

"Gertrude, I'm going to ask Him Him to let me die for the cause if the nation is in danger of defeat."

Jennie's evident sincerity moved Gertrude so that she you could not trust herself to speak.

"And Gertrude you must pray for me that I may keep up my good work and never quail. There's coming very bad times you know."

These child scouts, risk taking unseen, unknown dangers, floating on a huge log raft, on the surface of the worst possible flood of all floods written, of the worst possible fires on shore keeping them on the dangerous waters, began about absolutely impossible fog future to the good, and yet over going onward, bravely, and still unflinchingly, and still retaining their nerves and their innocence, could have brought the tears to any one. There had been fervent communions made that morning before partaking of the raft, but while many receive received Our Blessed Lord with like sentiments of faith and love, myself I doubt whether any brought such touching humility, as these brave child scouts for two days on a raft, forced to risk the dangers there, then the greater perils, of the blinding infernoes on shore, greater dangers than a chance meeting with the enemy. That morning Mass with the Communion Service, had lasted over an hour before they had taken to the raft again, and it had been quite late in the morning before Gertrude had taken her noon day meal, for some reason or other, she felt very languid or tired, and after her dinner instead of going back to her tent at once, she rested in one of the wagons in the center of the raft.

It was half past twelve o'clock or more, before she went back to her tent, and there she found Angelina Riches, and Jennie turn Turner and also Mildred Maxwell.

"My Girls Gertrude exclaimed "Haven't you stopped work to get your dinner yet?"

"No Gertrude said Angelina. "We couldn't go until Dolores, and others came to relieve us."

"Jean was here too," added Jennie, "but the fasting so long since breakfast with all her work made her feel sick, and she's waiting for us in the mess hall. Gertrude she found this floating in the water, a bottle with a envelope inside. It might be interesting for you to see what it is. It might contain a request for help, and Gertrude, want to thank you again, and I promise you we are going to do our best to keep the raft on its good course."

"And Jennie Gertrude said, "Are to make a good successful trip all the rest of the day."

"Oh I hope so Gertrude, it looks as if we shall be here on the water making trips for two weeks longer. We have planned to work every night too on hourly shifts, and we can keep the raft over on the go."

"You will be welcome to do so."

"And Gertrude put in Angelina "would you mind our going over Georges typewriter, when he's not using it?"

"What's up now?"

The three girl scout leaders began to make all manner of facial and manual signals at each other. Mildred seemed to propose something to which for a time the two other scouts strongly objected.

"Gertrude said Mildred at length, "It's a great secret, but we'll let you know in good time."

And with this Gertrude had to be satisfied. The three uniformed innocents bade Gertrude an elaborate temporary farewell the three executing with perfect grace Angelina elaborate curtsy.

CHAPTER THREE.

COHOTA.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCES AS THE GIRLSCOUTS LEAVE THE RAFT FOR THE AFTERNOON REST ON THE SHORE, CONGREGATED IN A SWAMPED FOREST. FRIGHTFUL CARNAGE. THE ENEMY'S ATTACK ON COHOTA. BEPPO EVANS CHARGES THE BARRICADES. EVERYTHING SWEEP BEFORE THEM. GANNONIA IN DISORDERED FLIGHT. CHRISTIAN PURSUIT.

ARE disaster and fortunes of war irremediable? Are they even far apart. Do they not in some cases, go hand in hand? These questions rose in Gertrude's mind full many a time that afternoon during that day of their afternoon part of the trip on the raft. Nearly all of the girlscouts in their first fervor, greatly set to Evangeline St. Claire, and consequently if not in consequence, there was more if silvery laughter, more liveliness in the crews, and so forth than ever before despite the peril of their use undertaking. At four thirty they became aware of the dangers of going by raft at night, started for shore to beach the raft, near a village known as Cohota, and then there the name of that village, way after this always summoned back to their remembrance, with all the vivid power attributed to "Alladdin's wonderful lamp" the perilous perilous hours of their landing and escape back to the raft the next day in the midst of the hottest inferno of conflict ever witnessed by them since leaving general Viviana.

Skirting the deepest part of the roaring flood, within hearing of the railroad trains somewhere far beyond the fir forest fire line which rolled heavily by with their loads of yelling Glandolinian soldiers, the girlscouts fancied they heard with a thrill of joy the heavy boom of far distant cannon, which told them some christian army was near. Indeed no voice of welcome, greeting the return of the wanderer from foreign lands, ever sounded sweeter to home sick hearts than did the roar of the christian guns to Gertrude's Angelina and her followers on that eventful afternoon.

But the forest fire, and floods raged between them and their way of going going, and had they ventured ashore during the time of daylight certain capture or destruction by the enemy would have awaited them. They were surprised to observe by means of field glasses, that it was a monstrous Glandolinian army in the vicinity of the shore, and by the flag Gertrude said with a gasp:

"How did Myltesse get up here. I thought he was listed at Riches farm."

It was not Myltesse's army however but that of Beppo Evans and Gannonia, who had come thus far in advance of Myltesse's army which had slipped from Viviana's clutches after the last action and come all the way up here with the christian army in pursuit. Gertrude nor her followers did not know then, that her father was making a march almost as grand as Sherman's to the sea, and that her father was contributing his brilliant generalship to the movement of all his main bodies, and that Germaine Vivian one of superior Vivian's sons had joined him for the time being.

The enemy had been steadily moving northward, before the advancing christian army and when Gannonia was first aware of what was following him, he sent the Glandolinian cavalry under Campaul with instructions to cover the movements of his infantry, and stretched out his front near Cohota in a swamped section of the woods along the Cohota Road. About a mile or so north from Evangeline St. Claire, where a junction is made with the main Abbiennia and Bononia and Calverine Railroads, railroad line.

On the way the girlscouts were floating down on the raft, general Hanson moved toward Cohota, making a furious attack on the Ninth Corps of the Mangaboo division near the Railroad Station, and extending the line of a attack for ten miles along the line. The attack was desperate and of long duration, more and more troops being massed, under cover of a heavy artillery fire, and supported by batteries of artillery, and it was the sound of these guns that the girlscouts heard. The attack was hurled with dreadful violence against the enemy but the Ninth Corps of the Mangaboo received reinforcements under general Fashio Dashen, and after three hours of fierce fighting, in which twice forty thousand were killed and wounded of the attackers alone, and ninety thousand of the enemy the assault was slowly and gradually repulsed, but the brave Mangaboo lost nine generals and fourteen corps commanders for their bravery.

Hearing that the attack was repulsed general Viviana received warning from a group of officers who had made a reconnaissance in front toward the scene, began to advance his main force as swiftly as possible. General Francis Hanson in's whole division, led the column of general attack, and the first line of the enemy after resisting a most desperate charge were finally driven in.

The troops under Gannonia then advanced to take a long line of barricades behind which the strong line of general Gannonia's army was posted, and the battle in that short space of four more hours along this point point assumed all the horrors, and fury of a thousand Gettysburgs in one. The attacks though bold and brave, and most determined, and supported by a terrific destructive artillery fire, failed of success, thirteen christian generals were wounded, Gannonia among them, and the attack was finally driven back owing to the overwhelming numbers massed behind the defenses than was at first supposed.

The second attack was made with the Tenth Abyssinilian Corps, and Nineteenth Ablesannian Division in long columns of fire on the right, and divisions of Angelinians and Calverinians on the left. The Ninety-Fifth Angelinian Corps went into the fight on the center. Colonel James first battery, and many others opened a murderous fire barrage of shells on the barricades at a distance of six hundred yards, but could not as they hoped, compelled the enemy's artillery to withdraw. At this opportune moment, the order to charge was given, and in the most splendid battle array ever imagined the double lines moved forward upon the enemy's works. The contest was a resemblance of one of those hard mile front charges in the World War, was long, and a sharp in the activity, and most intense and the slaughter on both sides terrific, but the Glandelinian arms were again victorious and repulsed the attack all along the line, even though the Mangaboo troops of the first trenches had been compelled to flee from their defenses. The nationals after the repulse, fell back for a hundred yards or so and the Glandelinians then countercharged in terrific force, and the Christian troops made fierce endeavors to check the progress of the Glandelinians by great counter charges, and terrible storms of artillery and musketry, and also by means of their strong bodies of cavalry. One of the Glandelinian onslaughts in fury and numbers made Pickett's charge look like a moving picture. At one awful time during the murderous fight there seemed to be a prospect of great success indeed for the enemy, but General Cain coming up with the Fifteenth Corps of General Nero, Vivianians divisions made a most tremendous onslaught, with all their available forces, and supports of heavy artillery and machine guns, which after the most sanguinary fighting forced the shattered Glandelinian waves to give way. At one point of the conflict it was so terrific that along the enemy's lines every one seemed to be falling dead and wounded, and the survivors under this dreadful cloud of destruction fell back to the railroads in panic and confusion, their general Muehmouth being mortally wounded, and Cannonia himself received a slight wound in the hand and two horses were killed under him. The Glandelinians then fell back to the town of Cohota, toward noon and entrenched themselves in a new and stronger position, behind double lines of barricades, while Cannonia sent a message to Myletze begging him to hurry up to his assistance.

General Nero Vivianians was ordered to move forward, Vivianians being determined to break the Glandelinian center under Beppo Evans, and every command possible was ordered forward, Nero to command the full advance, to make his disposition of troops, accordingly, which was done as quickly as telegraphed orders down the line, and as the numbers and extents of the lines of troops would allow. The Right Abyssinilian Winkie Corps commanded by general Hans was at once moving forward, in advance of the long line of skirmishers, the Ninth Conventinian Corps commanded by general Kainer, holding the left in columns of ten by waves, the Third Abyssinilian Corps commanded by general Greater had the center, while general Baldwinsonia with the fifth Winkie and Dombolian Divisions, held the right.

The notes of many bugles pealed forth the well known charge, and the whole of Hansonian troops in long lines a mile long, dashed forward with resistless fury and valor, driving the Glandelinians from their first position, and continuing on. The Glandelinians from the second works opened a murderous fire, annihilating the first Christian wave of charge, and devastating the second, and then with wild yells counter charged in vast hordes driving them from the captured position, and regaining possession, and even continuing the attack with exceeding violence. Through Cohota and beyond it to the swamp region of the flood eighteen miles away the Nationals were compelled by sheer numbers and pressure to recoil fighting every step of the way, and turning the partly inundated region into a fierce inferno of slaughter and fire.

The battle surged up to and over and along the railroad lines, and raged most furiously to the station and beyond, the tracks being destroyed by fierce shell fire, after which the recoiling Christian troops moved back to St. Anna Village, where they received reinforcements and rallied and held their ground until general gran came up with his artillery and cleared the region of the Glandelinian hordes, moving every one down within range. The enemy was completely routed back to his own line of works, but general Viviania did not with the news of Myletze's arrival dare continue the bloody action that day, for the enemy was not worsted, and most of the Christian forces had been demoralized and it took hours to rally them. The Christian side however had fought most bravely throughout this bloody day, and it was impossible to single out from among the officers individual cases of unusual gallantry where all did so unusually well. Judging from the enemy's terrible numbers of dead and wounded left on the battlefield and half submerged in the inundated forest and fields his loss

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was no doubt most terribly severe, as upwards of two hundred thousand were left in the possession of the Christians as prisoners, most being wounded by shells alone. In a great measure so far Myletze believed he owed the long march of his four strong Glandelinian armies, with so many heavy trains and wagons over three hundred and sixty miles of ground, through the Christian territory, without the loss of a single battle or of a single wagon up to Riches farm and without the annoyances of Christian cavalry dashes on his flank to the movements of Huesbaum Mic-whirther alone.

Had Gertrude Angeline and her many followers been on the other side of the land at that time, they should have been able to either witness this days action of the battle, or been able to make their way to the Christian lines, and thence forward shared the fortunes and glory of general Vivianian's command, who was trying to frustrate Myletze's still successful advance toward Angelina Agathia.

But instead of being able to fight for Country, they were to be doomed to days of frightful silence, in swamped forests, and upon the raft in the flood and to nights of weary travel, with many adventures, guided only by the stars above, and urged on by the very desperation of hope, despite the dangers confronting them at every step.

Having heard the sound of battle so near, Gertrude felt that in the matter of mischief, general Myletze and the Glandelinian general Cannonia, appeared to lead all the rest, but the same was true as to their dangerous character. Glue the last drawn fight at Riches farm these two commanders had marched from that territory during the night, far around Vivianian's army, and from that direction headed westward to avoid the low grounds, and finding the region impassable because of floods went eastward, and then da capo Viviania finally discovering this and knowing Myletze mediated mischief followed fast. It was evident so far that Myletze was on a retreat, and therefore he had wished to frustrate him but now the two others had covered Myletze's retreat, and fought the first action of the bloody battle of Cohota, which on the second drama was to be far worse.

Having heard the sound of battle George and many of the boyscouts were excited and disturbed. It was impossible for him to sink into the lethargy which characterized him during office or aide-de-camp hours, a lethargy which he it said which completely disappeared once he was on duty outside.

George had not yet got rid of his awe for the situation. The highest girlscout leaders presented to his imagination, all the glories of his own Country, and he firmly believed that the girlscouts were highest in esteem. Many of the girlscout leaders had not been slow to discover George's point of view. In the regard of his country's cause, and Gertrude noticed it, but Jean herself was prompt to avail herself of what opportunities it presented. He had scouted to some distance even at the risk of the fires to see where the battle had been raging, and when he returned Jean and Angeline also Riches ably assisted by Mildred took the brave youth in hand with unusual vivacity and characteristic energy.

In her own tent Gertrude Angeline, without showing too over an interw interest was able to follow the proceedings completely...

"George," began Mildred, "what army is that you was scouting on, that is if you observed it."

"I couldn't make out the nationals, but it's a part of Cannonia's which was engaged," said George. He had been interested, he had from a height seen some of the battle fighting and the losses inflicted on both sides.

"Do you notice," said Jean in a very loud whisper "How Myletze has been advancing all this time. His commanders have to guide themselves through the flooded territory where it's shallow shallow, and move from line to line to avoid disaster. That's the way we all will have to do if we ever expect to reach Evangeline St. Claire."

"And just see," added Mildred, "the way the flood is rising. See how worried George looks. He knows a lot believe me which he is afraid to tell."

"Did you ever notice Angeline went on, Jean, how George always scans the flood with his glasses?"

"And," said Angeline in answer "You ought to see how he acts when he sees something."

The boyscout, who had he been deaf, could hardly have missed the import of these words, dropped his book he had been reading, raised his eyes, and finding finding that the three "fairies" were considering him with thoughtful regard, smiled.

"He does seem to know what to do in any case," continued Mildred in the same far reaching whisper.

"He's a great boyscout indeed," commented Jean "You'd think he'd be afraid to go away anywhere for fear we'd come into disaster."

"Perhaps it's his instinct at that tells him," Angeline observed.

"He blushes," he she added "naturally enough, doesn't he."

"What a has he his commission got to do with it." Angeline Ritchie inquired. "I was thinking Angeline made answer of part of a song mama and I used to sing. It brought a crowd many a time."

"There was a boy in the grand old army.
Who was unformed in killing style;
His followers were so fierce and grand,
That the enemy didn't dare to come a mile."

George threw himself back in his chair, and looked almost as dazed as he really was.

"George" continued Angeline "Please take up that scouting trip again if you can before we resume the trip on the raft to morrow. I want to see whether Myletze loses the fight, or goes on with the advance. Oh that's it. Good."

Angeline seemed to have hypnotized the leader of the boy scout regiments. He stood at attention and told her he would do so. The three girls cut out ten minutes of their valuable time, pointing out that if ever he grew up and became a general, they would stand him in good stead, but under present circumstances when he goes out, to go too near the danger zone was entirely unnecessary, unnecessary, showing him how much more safer it was to go a little northeast, instead of straight east, and giving him good sound advice which he carried out to the letter T, for he desired to do so and thereby endeavored to carry out their instructions, while they went off to the raft to see to the unloading of some supplies.

During the time of their interview with the boy, the girls cut out ten minutes of their valuable time, pointing out that if ever he grew up and became a general, they would stand him in good stead, but under present circumstances when he goes out, to go too near the danger zone was entirely unnecessary, unnecessary, showing him how much more safer it was to go a little northeast, instead of straight east, and giving him good sound advice which he carried out to the letter T, for he desired to do so and thereby endeavored to carry out their instructions, while they went off to the raft to see to the unloading of some supplies.

DRAMA TWO.

ON returning from his second scouting trip, George went to the tent where he expected to find the three girls, and they took up George again after he told all what he had seen and observed. First Angeline ascertained whether he knew for sure who the Glandelinian commander was, how he got there through the impassable region, as to whether he said his prayers when he made the dangerous scouting tour, and wore his scapulars, and receiving favorable answers, expressed herself as being quite satisfied.

"George" she went on "Do you know that Myletze means no good at all?" "No," said George, "Is general Viviania going to be able to do anything good at all?"

"Not at all," said Angeline severely.

"What is the trouble?" asked George.

"He does not know him to carry himself against Myletze," exclaimed Mildred. "Myletze knows the country more than he does."

"I don't want him to take chances," said George. "He'll put us all in a hole, if he does."

"He don't stand against Myletze right, he don't demonstrate right, he don't concentrate right, and he don't extend his armies right," exclaimed Jean. "I'm afraid Myletze will worst him, sweep him away and see his way close to Angolinia Agathia yet."

"George who had risen smiled a sickly smile. He was apprehensive apprehensive. "And there we are," exclaimed Angeline, "with the biggest flood in the world, and Angolinia Agathia in danger from both. No wonder you give us the stingiest smile I ever saw. I'm surprised any one us can even smile at all."

"You'd think" apostrophized Mildred "that a powerful country like ours could have prevented this. When the enemy does something he certainly lets go." "Geo George walked up and down for ten minutes, not knowing what to think or do. He knew it was a fact. The cause was in peril, and particular attention should have been paid attention by all communities of the States. Also Jean gravely gave him a few tips on his way of observations "tips" she calmly observed, which would keep the world from thinking the war was being lost, "which" she continued, "it certainly is not."

Before leaving on a scouting tour of their own, Angeline marked with little slips of paper some dozen words, which she had written, and enjoyed enjoined George to typewrite three copies of each, one for herself, one for Mildred and one for Jean, telling carefully the size of the paper to be used, and the amount of margin and spacing--all this to be done against their

return. And when they did return, after an unusually long session outside in the smoky woods, the typewritten words done in Georges very best stype style were awaiting them. The girls were loud in their expressions of thanks, indeed, they were so pleased, that they must bring them to show to Gertrude. Of course in the face of such enthusiasm, Gertrude felt bound to examine them with a certain deliberation. The dialogue in the next section section within hearing made it in Gertrudes Judgement, worth while prolonging this examination. Her eyes indeed were on the typewritten pages, but her ear and whole attention were absorbed in the speakers without. The three others also heard, "Francis" came the voice of Jane Melfort "Is it true that you really followed Miss Ritchie and her followers secretly over to the left of these woods a little beyond the enemy, and almost got captured, to see whether they were in peril or not."

"Yes it is true. No it is not a lie. I went and done it."

"Yes, and you tell Mildred Maxwell that I am a reckless fool, and yet you do the worst of all foolish things that any one can think of. Look at your uniform burned full of holes."

"No I did not mean to tell her that. I never meant to tell her anything. she asked me and I could not keep silent or tell a lie."

"Don't be rude Francis, it's hard enough to stand your grammar. Your telling does not bother me at all. but you criticize my actions, and yet do a more reckless stunt than I ever did. And yet didn't you stay so long there, that a squadron of Glandelinian cavalry came up behind you, and it was merely by chance of a miracle that you escaped. What in the world possessed you to do such a thing."

"Oh Geo" growled the boy, "I had to do something. I didn't like the looks of things, and I didn't know there were any Glandelinian patrols around."

"Francis Persuade Jane severely "What possessed you to come forth through that flaming forest to even see how far the blaze extended. Did you doubt that those flames were real. Where in the world are you going to get a new uniform. Wait until Gertrude sees you."

"I couldn't help it," cried Francis. "I never thought the fire was coming so near, Oh Lord."

"Well I'll let bye gones be bye gones" said Jane "But remember don't make remarks about my recklessness again, when you do such things yourself. I do. The idea, don't dare, dare do such things again, or we won't be responsible what will happen. Mildred cured me of my rashness otherwise I'd not be here now. Why heavens I never even done such a stunt as you, riding bodily into that horde of Wheeler Cavalry, the worst lot of Scoodlers ever seen. They chaw and you like mad, and my followers had to fight to save you. remember if you do that once more I'll discharge you from my command. Don't ever do it again." And there was the sound of a chair thrown roughly to one side, and of retreating footsteps not at all fairy like.

"They are certainly well done," Gertrude now said, that the dialogue had come to an end "and the worlding is very beautiful."

Gertrude would you mind my having your tent to night from eight to nine?"

"I think it can be arranged."

"Oh it is arranged."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, George knows all about it, and Delores and Gertrude will you be in there too, Angeline and I have a surprise for you."

"I'll be on hand but alone?"

"Oh you'll not be alone Gertrude. All your and our officers will be there, and it'll be an important council."

In the meantime that evening the most famous battle of this part of the campaign was still raging. General Nero Viviania christian army had come up, on hearing the sound of battle a little earlier before, numbering about sixteen million five hundred and sixty five men divided into fourteen Corps, with a wagon train of fifteen thousand wagons all told, this immense train if being placed in a single line would have been four hundred miles long. General Nero moved a portion of his army to the support of Viviania who was in danger of being attacked toward evening, and he decided and did move his army through the heart of general Rayons hostile Glandelinian division, the center being the objective point of the driving assault. Rayon was five hundred thousand strong, and his line stretched to the northward of Cohota Cohota, but in order to take possession of it, and these two railroads mentioned previously, an attack unprecedented in the war so far as undertaken by the intrepid christian general Beppo Evans Ritchie under orders of Nero, who recently had just accomplished an attack of scarcely less magnitude across a line of the enemys works. One Glandelinian wing lay at Halle bend on his right, another on the embankments of the railroad, on his left--the center swarmed with troops, while every step he advanced took him nearer to the heart of the enemys lines, and works. Then to save himself, the enemy to try to divert Beppo Evans's intention hurried forward a terrific attack upon the town of Cohota, but though the enemy pushed the lines back in that neighborhood, and raged the assault desperately for four hours the enemy could not reach his goal, and was repulsed with dreadful loss.

Peppo Evans after seeing the repulse of this part of the Glandelinian army, prepared to push his troops forward to make his proposed "re-advance" charge upon Cannonian works. The troops moved forward in grand long lines under all fire and despite the resistance they met they crowded large stretches of works, and swamp made ground by the flood, driving the Glandelinians ever before them. At one point the enemy opened a withering fire, just as the Glandelinians were traversing a mud bog of two foot depth bringing down so many soldiers in killed and wounded that the survivors were appalled and began to fall back. Peppo Evans was determined to carry the barricades, and the attack went on with dreadful fury, and during this onslaught a tract of country partly flooded, and partly fire on fire, ten miles in width and forty miles in length was swept by the desolating Glandelinian artillery and masonry fire, almost simultaneously, the enemy harrying a special bitterness for the Christian forces attacking them. To the right the whole country as far as eye could see was converted into a vast bonfire. The pine forests within the battle zone were literally fired by the flashes of the exploding shrapnell, the riven factories were fired, and the middle of the day looked black and gloomy for a dense smoke arose on all sides, clouding the very heavens.

The pine trees seemed so many huge pillars of fire, and the flames hissing and scorching as they fed on the fat resin and dry branches and leaves imparted to the forest indeed a most fearful appearance added to the horrors and clamor of the frightful battle. The battle raged fiercely all along the whole of Cannonian army, the two wings of Christians under Stanislaw, and Soamey having arrived within a short distance of the main works and barricades. This part of Peppo Evans division supposing that after the repulse of the enemy's attack on Yohoto Cohota, no further stronger opposition would be encountered, and only could drive the enemy onward, struck across the fire and shell swept country from Cannonian angles command, to connect with the other wing of the army ten miles distant from it, under Herdrude who was driving the defeated Glandelinians to the north of Cohota by way of Rae Creek which was a flood of its own.

But many also had been traversed however before the Glandelinians were reinforced, and he heard the thunder of guns to the left, in the direction of Stanislaw's lines, and couriers soon coming riding with the news, that the Glandelinian forces under Johnston stood, were in Stanislaw's front near the flooded creek, and that the battle was raging most furiously even though it was starting to get dark. General Herdrude immediately sent word to general Evans please to come to his aid, stating he would hold ground till reinforcements could arrive, and aids were dispatched across the country under fire to the other generals, whose troops were moving forward.

Calahan who was at that time near May Station, was ordered to come upon the enemy's rear by way of the Stone bridge across an unflooded creek near the railroad, while general Herdrude was directed to march on to Rae Creek and hurl the enemy back. Stanislaw was not at all alarmed by the sudden appearance of the Glandelinian reinforcements in his front, for he had all his forces and artillery well posted, and all his batteries commanded the entire front, while a second line of battle established one quarter of a mile in advance, by the division of Zoe Rae Hancock, also was strengthened, upon the whole column pushed on to renew the attack.

The Glandelinian right wing was first again broken, but the enemy cavalry under Baldwin was encountered, and their own artillery and infantry soon blocked the way, Johnston having come up with the intention of overwhelming general Vivian's army before the other columns of his main army could come to its assistance.

The first dash of Stanislaw's troops on the enemy's advanced line, sent it back however with the loss of three hundred guns, and as many caissons and a lot of men in killed and wounded. Two divisions of Omarians were promptly deployed, and the same number of divisions of the Glandelinian twentieth Corps were brought in support of their sagging line, and placed behind the barricades.

The thunder of artillery in the meantime, had summoned the Christian cavalry to the aid, and his troopers under Galibury were massed at the best point. At seven o'clock in the evening the onslaught was resumed with redoubled fury, the long lines of Christians, in number three rushing forward upon the enemy's works in a wild headlong charge, but at this time the fire of the rebel artillery, and the steady blazo of masonry, which all the rebel lines poured into the Christian ranks, sent their columns reeling back. Unmindful however of the repulse of their comrades, the other portions of the Christian line rushed forward charging upon the Glandelinian works with a most terrific yell.

But the Glandelinians stood like a rock in the path of this living wave of men and tore it to pieces, sending back the survivors in confusion and disorder, six times in the space of six hours more did Peppo Evans gallant troops assault to the attack, and as fiercely did the gallant rebels withstand the assaults now led by Peppo Evans in person. For all that time not an inch of ground was yielded, though before the Christian had carried all before them it seemed evident their attack was checked, but the seventh charge which

was redoubled in fury and numbers broke the Glandelinian army into three parts, and though the Glandelinians fought quickly reformed, and executed a brilliant counter charge, they could not drive the Christians back, and so close and desperate was the fierce conflict that many of the Glandelinian day lay among those in peril and even around the headquarters of the generals of both sides, within or without the works.

Orders during the height of the terrific fray were sent to general Herdrude, to call up the two immense divisions of Glandelinians, guarding his wagon trains, and Angelo's division of the Thirty Third Corps, these reinforcements enabling him to break down all the enemy's resistance, in spite of the greatly outnumbering force of the Glandelinians. Dispatches from Stanislaw, Nore, and Terry O'Connell who was killed, and able to press on at further orders, general Kain who also was victorious being near Rae's Station. Scholard also was ordered to push for the left, and Terry to cross the swampy ground and drive Cannonian's center out of the works.

Just before dark, Herdrude's division of the Thirty Third Corps, reported Cannonian's left wing in flight, that he was sweeping everything before him, and that Cannon Georges divisions of the First Fifteenth Corps, also reported the enemy to be retreating swiftly, having pushed on via victoriously for hours, and coming back to where the wagon trains were moving. Hanson's angle Angelo succeeded in effecting a junction with Herdrude, and by eight o'clock in the evening the whole strong line of battle of Evans' army was moving forward against the enemy. Cannonian therefore did not find his erstwhile opportunity of flight falling to arrive, and his well formed plans for that day were thus rendered abortive.

Just as it was starting to get dark Herdrude entered Cohota with little opposition, and at the same time Terry O'Connell was effecting a passage of a shallow portion of the flood ten miles above North Point. Plains division of the Righteighth Corps of Abyssinians, on the extreme right though still fiercely resisted nearly succeeded in cutting off the enemy's only line of retreat on the North curve of the railroad of the Abbe'sonia Boudina and Galverine.

At this juncture of affairs, Peppo Evans received orders from Vivian to move forward to a general attack, but it was not necessary, for Cannonian retreated to the support of Huebaum Mic-Whirthers work toward night fall, and the Christian army went into camp at Cohota—the goal of its desires. Here, ended the first day of the wonderful battle of Cohota. The losses of Vivian's army at the first action of Cohota were \$32,222 1,222,222 in killed and wounded, and 2,345,000 prisoners, one hundred and forty five thousand of this number being killed and wounded mortally, exclusive of nine generals, who met their death on that heroic field. Peppo Evans lost three hundred and ninety thousand killed and wounded, thirty seven of whom were generals. Herdrude took three hundred and thirty eight thousand prisoners. The Christian cavalry being held in reserve experienced few if any losses. The object of the battle being that day accomplished, general Vivian being reinforced by his other armies encamped that night ready for the next move on the chess board of military operations.

In the meantime all this time the girls' scout force heard the far distant roar of battle. They remained on their own part of the shore listening to the roar and wishing they were either there or at Empeo Emperor Vivian's army. At eight o'clock, Gertrude entered her tent, awaiting the coming of the other girls' scout leaders who had proposed the meeting. Gertrude took a seat between George and Jean who was the first to arrive. There were fully forty leaders present, all evidently expecting good news or information. Let Mildred Maxwell and Angelina Riches were yet not to be seen.

Scarcely had Gertrude seated herself, when Mary Stanck, came in, and then appeared Angelina and Mildred, and what the council was even is kept secret from the reader just now. They were all beautifully and modestly attired in their uniform—some could see even their uniforms the skilled work of their own factory Gertrude knew so well. The council was something of a debatement which Gertrude seemed to approve of, and yet so short in distance was it withal that the meeting gave no hint of the real purpose, and it yet expressed the poetry of motion. All the time they continually heard the noise of the distant battle. The following hour it was concluded, and there came then the Military Retreat as the last Drill of the day is called, and then the rest time before taps or retirement. Every leader was all very well, interested in the meeting none so much as George. He was absorbed.

"Gosh all, fish hooks," he observed to Mildred, three distinct times. "I wish I was a general."

"Now Gertrude," cried Angelina, please, as she and Mildred rushed out and caught her hand, "now we can settle this by to-morrow. We got this meeting just to please you. Oh Gertrude wasn't you surprised?"

"I certainly was. The meeting was the most interesting I ever yet had, it was like a council of reiries."

"Why Gertrude," exclaimed Angelina, great delight on her expressive face,

414
"That is precisely what we are trying to be, we imagined we were the fairies of Abbeonnia."

"And we are all human fairies, fairies girls. You Angeline, are the Fairy of the Girl Scout Corps, and you Mildred, are the Fair Fairy of Abbeonnia."

"Oh, Mildred, you have given me a capital bit of matter for thought. We can put something over on the enemy with that."

"Oh Angeline," said Mildred, "went over all our work, and cut a lot of plans out for us. And Gertrude, Mildred has taught me a lot of flag signals."

"He's an apt pupil," commented Gertrude. "I've never seen any girl scout to whom work in scouting comes so natural. We could all go out on the raft to night, but for the love of God don't let any one do it to night. It's all well enough for us by day, but we must not do anything at night until things settle down."

"Say Gertrude," said George, as they went down from shore toward where the raft had been beached. "It was great."

Angeline and her two friends made much of going on shore to scout. Toward eight thirty Gertrude before the call of taps sounded, happened to be passing her tent on her return from the woods where she had gone to find out whether she could still hear the sound of battle, when Dolores, who was just then walking past, accosted her.

"Miss Aronburg," she began, "Have you noticed anything strange about Francis Jackson lately?"

"Beyond the fact that I overheard Jane scolding him about something something I can't say," she said.

"Well come on and just take a peak at that portion of the woods."

On horseback they went toward the woods, toward which Dolores indicated. The twilight was well advanced, so they were in the dark when they reached the wood. The woods further off however were just then illuminated by three distinct blazes. The two girls could therefore see what was going on without being seen. Francis was seen some distance off, and in a position to which to their gaze gave the two girls the impression that he was about to try and put out the blaze himself. And glandelinians were near by in a position as if they were about to make a "hundred yard dash" at him. Presently the glandelinians, started, Francis saw them too, and also started, holding in one hand a pistol, the lad started dashing away. It was easy to tell from the yelling the glandelinians set up, but only from the yelling, that Francis had been seen by them up to some thing or other. In running the lad changed his steps from time to time, and whenever on occasion, he swung around, he leveled his pistol, and opened fire bringing down a glandelinian for every shot, and driving the others into confusion. Encouraged by his success, Francis undertook to leap for his horse, in which feat the reader may know he was unusually successful. Francis was starting to smile.

The glandelinians started racing forward after him in a swarm. Suddenly there was a blinding flash, and the concussion threw the two girls flat upon their backs, and a great cloud of sparks and flashes of fire flew in all directions, and amid the roar of falling trees, the glandelinians retreated in confusion, a number of them having been caught in the trap and killed. Francis was thrown from the horse by the shock, but he picked himself up, and then as the girls rose to their feet he rode toward them, and halted at their appearance.

As the lad stopped before the two girls, despite his excitement he looked anxious and overcame by the heat.

"What's the matter Francis? Up to your reckless deeds again? Gertrude inquired almost severely, as she directed him by motion of her hand to dismount."

"Gertrude those glandelinians were up to something and I stopped them."

"Oh they were? What planning to raid the camp?"

"No Gertrude, they did not know the camp was here. They were however to frustrate general Vivian attempting to fire the forest too close to our camp and I tried to stop them, and that's why I went down there."

"Were any of your followers on the hill?"

"No I was on the hill myself. I did it single handed."

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us," Dolores and Gertrude both quoted.

"That's that you said girls?"

"Did you place any explosives Francis?"

"Yes Gertrude. I didn't give the enemy a chance to reach me."

"What did you do?"

"While I placed the explosives I held them off with a small machine gun I carried."

"You did? What kind was it?"

"A hand machine gun, the kind like Miss Jennie Turner uses."

"Francis, do you mean to tell me that you had the nerve to appear before a presumptuously armed force of glandelinian soldiery, and while threatening them with the machine gun, place explosives to gap the fire?"

"Yes Gertrude, but that was all the further I got."

"What happened did you break down, or run out of ammunition?"

"No Gertrude, I did not break down, but the glandelinians rushed me from the three directions, and one hollered 'no you won't stop the fire either you brat, and the rest shouted 'kill the little devil and things you would not like me to say, and then every one began to fire and I had to hide behind a tree and then—"

"Well what then Francis?"

415
Gertrude

"Gertrude I got the drop on them, and fired till my pistols were empty. Then I used the machine gun as I threatened and brought many down."

"How did you do it? How was it done?"

"Gertrude the machine gun was good and it stopped their attack, until I could race away. I got to my horse just as the blue occ blast occurred...."

"But Francis, what in the world possessed you to take out on such an adventure, surely you are not tired of life. I heard Jean tell you for something you did before, because you told on her for her own recklessness?"

"I don't know Gertrude. Some of the boys dared me, and besides I didn't want the fire to come upon our refuge, and I thought I might stop the enemy plan. And the did."

"But Francis, don't you know that it isn't very nice or respectable to us to go out on such dangerous adventures without our knowing it. Don't you know that such incidents and adventures are exceedingly dangerous, and far from safe, almost suicidal. Don't you know that you are very likely to be apt to meet with untimely death, or receive a wound from which you'll be laid up for life?"

"Gertrude I didn't know anything about it. But I'll not do it again."

"I should not like any boy scout, whether he is a leader or a private, working in my command to be seen out on such dangerous adventures. Respectable boys and girls don't do such things."

"Gertrude," said Francis, "Jean Saunders came to try and bring me back, and when the enemy pursued one of her followers, a boy by the name of Jack Hans deserted her when she was hit. She is severely wounded. I had to bring her back before I came upon you here. She's lying in her tent."

"What's that? Told Gertrude, jumping to her feet."

"She was deserted by the coward," said Francis with a sneer. "The old foreign devil ran away and left her. She was badly wounded in trying to bring me back from my folly as you may call my action, and her sister is just crazy."

"Very one is talking about it and Angeline piches is wild about that coward."

"She doesn't know what to do."

Indeed Gertrude felt suddenly ill. Had Francis hit her in the face with his whip he could not have astonished her more. Little Jean Saunders, the daily Communicant, Jean Saunders, the child in whom she had discerned, such candor, such innocence, such refinement, poor Jean shot by the enemy when she was trying to bring Francis back to his reason, and one of her escorts deserting her. It was incredible.

"Francis," she said "if you are telling me a lie I'll—"

"Yes Miss Aronburg, she was deserted when shot all right."

Then a great anger surged through her. She followed by Dolores, and Francis rode back to the camp, and reaching her tent, said to George:

"George get Jack Hans to come here at once. Bring him if necessary under guard, saying which she entered her tent, closed the entrance and then fell to brooding. This was the worst she had ever expected. Cowardice in her camp and a little orphan, another English. She remembered the cowardly Englishman who had killed the disaster at the battle of Delight's Junction, and who was sentenced to die by the Vivian Girls themselves. Had it been her own sister she could not have been more outraged. The poor child scout had raised such high anger, and now she was laid low, and deserted by a cowardly boy. Honest and the awful truth of it filled her heart with bitterness. The boy was finally brought between George and Angeline, piches herself.

"Well," said Gertrude holding her head proudly, "You certainly are yellow ain't you? I suppose you realize your wolf Mr Jack Hans what you have done. Deserting a girl scout, when she is shot by the enemy and wounded. What a contemptible thing you have done indeed. A deserter, a coward. You foreign devil speak. What did you do it for?"

"I couldn't help it. I was afraid."

"Afraid? Then I have no need to enlarge upon that feature upon it." Gertrude continued. "Such a cowardly action on the part of any girl scout or boy scout in this command—especially from my own, would to put it mildly surprise me very much, but to have a boy scout desert a wounded girl of whom the whole force has so much interest, and to every one of which she has been so kind and good, and helpful, it is shocking. Like all others I trusted you in the Regiment, and we all thought we could depend on you, and you have deserted Jean, when she was hotly pursued and shot. I didn't expect anything like that. You can go back to your tent a prisoner, and I'll tend your case to morrow."

And the boy being taken away left her to darkness of heart. The next day for her and all the others was to have been a busy one on the raft, the trip was to be resumed, and so pulling herself together, she got to work, and not without difficulty banished from her thoughts the awful incident. Yet, through out her hours of trying to even sleep, there was deep down in her heart a feeling of utter misery, a sense of something wrong, of guilt done to Jean, of wrongly desertion, of injut injustice. Yet she felt sure she could not punish Jack by having him shot as a deserter, and therefore she was at so odds and ends of what to do. A few minutes after daylight started to come on, she happened to raise her eyes and noticed not far from her bed on a small table a bouquet of beautiful roses.

indeed Gertrude had absorbed them when she first entered, but had been too disturbed by the desertion of Jean to give them any attention. Now she rose from the cot, and as she did so observed a card of pink color attached to the stems by a cord. She arose first dressed herself, and then with languid interest, gave it an examination. It was a very pretty card, and the writing upon it was done with the most graceful cursive indeed. Then as she slowly read it, her heart grew as heavy as lead.

"To Angelina Aronburg
With sincere love and devotion;
From:—

Jean Gaunders, and her sister."

The child scout, good well trained, had spent her leisure time to show Gertrude her grating side, and with those flowers, beautiful roses, wherever she got them scattering their fragrance over her head, Gertrude again realized the fate of poor Jean.

"Beside," she called to the cavalry soldier who was doing sentry duty outside "Go at once to the north end of the camp and tell Dolores, I would like like to see Angelina Riches as soon as possible."

The sentry returned presently.

"Miss Aronburg, Dolores says, Angelina Riches is in attendance with Jean and cannot now leave her bedside. The child is very ill from her wounds. Her big sister is apprehensive."

Gertrude closed the door, and settled down to make an examination of the situation. Being thoroughly humbled and ashamed over this new kind of misfortune, she was able to see the whole truth in the clear white light of truth. It was plain to her at once, for good and all, that she had been right to her stand, that the deserter should face a firing squad, and she decided to call a meeting over it. Every soldier after this before being allowed to enter the camp should be called to order. The Christian camps were not for them unless they could prove they were brave. Why did she even go out into such dangerous territory? Had Gertrude known it how easy it would have been for both and the boy Francis too, had she been able to point out to her the dangers, the sure suicidal dangers of such actions. After all she was but a scout, and now a very inexperienced child. The frequentation of the sacraments had guarded her innocence, and she was a good scout. Had she been more sophisticated, she would have known that those woods had their secret dangers. A few words of warning, and she would have thanked Gertrude and gone away all the better for the interview. But the tragedy seemed to have happened. How badly wounded she was Gertrude did not as yet know. No wonder Gertrude had given loose to her anger.

A coward to her is like dragging her heart into the fire. Her memory from this point went back to other meetings, and other deserters she had scolded and punished, and with capital punishment too. She could recall ten of these deer deserters, and could not recall a single case where the deserter was not a foreigner, while several had been even Spaniards. Going back further still, she brought to memory, the desertions she had suffered in earlier campaigns. They were all it happened in Violet's command. Two different foreigners had deserted her, as the boy had Jean. The desertion of one had given her hours and hours of misery, the others had almost brought her to almost abandon the scout vocation, she had charished from the age of eight. How difficult, she reflected it is to carry out any work when you MUST have deserters in your camp. It is easy to call to order, it is very difficult to do it right. And here, in the midst of flood, fire and enemy, she realized she was facing another deserter.

"Lord be Merciful to us all," she groined, and these words as she then uttered them were as good a prayer as ever any one ever made, for they came from a little heart thoroughly humbled and sad. She finished "Lord show me through the outcome of the meeting what I should do to the deserter."

During this time the Christian armies for the night as stated before had bent on its main chosen ground, the concentrated armies of the other sections of Cannonias army, which had fled in disorder, leaving a hundred thousand dead, and five hundred wounded, and many prisoners in the hands of the Nationals, and burning all the forests on his retreat.

On the center Major general Newcom entered and occupied turps, and Major general Capul secured all penton crossing of the upper flood lands and laid during the night by the help of fire plex and the moon pontoon bridges across other water covered land so that they hoped to make Myletzes campaign a disastrous defeat. After an onslaught of the most extraordinary character, over the water covered ground deemed impossible to be passed by others, at the most inclement section of the woods, they drove the enemy from the works pell mell. The total Christian loss was small compared to that of the enemy.

CANOTA ... II
MYLETZE AND HUBBARD MIC-Whirther IN CONSULTATION.
IMPORTANCE OF HOLDING CANOTA. A DREAFFUL FIGHT.
THE GROWING TROUBLES OF THE GIRLS' COURTS.

THE LAST ACT IN THE DRAMA OF THE BATTLE.
IN WHICH GERTRUDE AND ANGELINE SEE A NEW LIGHT,
AND FURTHER ANGELINE RICHES WITH A NEW SECRET.
AN UNUSUAL SURRENDER.

With Cannonia was driven from his works during the first day of this frightful battle, after the conquering sweep of Beppo Evans Christian armies through the region of flood and fire, it was no less a mission than to for general Isner Myletze who had come up with his army that late hour of night to consult with general Hubbard Mic-Whirther, concerning a great move against the victorious Christians on the morrow.

During the night the two Glandelinian generals met, and over the situation of the day before held a most anxious and stirring consultation. General Cannonia who had managed to rally his divisions was also there, and enthusiastically welcomed the "Hero" of the Angelina Agathia Campaign. On the deliberations of these two Glandelinian generals in chief, hung the fate of the campaign, but nevertheless nevertheless when the council was ordered, the next day part of and movements of the battle had been planned. Every sign of the military array, of these Glandelinians indicated a speedy termination of this new action of the battle but Myletze and all with him knew certainly that a false move at this crisis of the action would absolutely overthrow the good results already obtained, and prolong the awful battle against their desires and plans.

Well might these two great Glandelinian chiefs of this mighty rebel army be full of anxiety.

But through or though the emergency was vast, their genius astered it. While during the night a general Moro Viviania was destroying the railroads, and crippling military resources nearest the Glandelinian army, general Stenomon of the rebels was doing the same work in the direction of the Christian right, and general Cannonia Handers was marching a Gargoylian cavalry force of 10,000,000 men into the heart of the region. At the same time general Orner Baldwin, after having driven a portion of Viviania's cavalry out of Turner's Creek, and making large captures of Christian prior prisoners, and millions of war, was sweeping forward toward Moro Viviania, sending consternation into the generals who could not tell what the insurgents were about.

Demolished railroads, an increase of flood waters, the horrible menacing forest fires, terrific nightly artillery duels, broken canal locks, levees of streams, and burning bridges, and dreadful explosions marked the path of the night activity. With this grand combination of movements, Myletze hoped and believed that the mighty Christian armies would now have nothing to rely on, but he did not know that the new action of the battle he was preparing, would though reckless delay his prospect of continuing the campaign. At midnight general Cannon joined the army of Myletze, and was immediately sent around the left wing of the Christian line, to take possession of the railroads not yet destroyed, then holding Moro's line of retreat because of the conquest of the captured works. But Myletze wished to strike the Christians before general Viviania would come up with the main army.

Two hours before the commencement of the main movements of the rebel armies, at about two o'clock in the morning, the Christian forces under cover of smoke from forest fires, made a sudden dash on the works on Hubbard Mic-Whirther's right, held by general Cannon, and after a desperate struggle in which the firing on the enemy side looked like the undulating sheeted flames of first fannace and inferno of the infernal regions finally carried it by the most desperate assault of the night. It was a bold and unexpected bold stroke, and the Christians seizing the Glandelinian guns, turned them upon the main Glandelinian works and shelled it, put the Glandelinian artillery blazing fiercely for hours upon the victors' side destruction, and from all quarters with such pointed energy and terrible results, that the guns being disabled, the troops in panic were finally obliged to abandon their newly captured prize. In this assault the Glandelinian loss was nine hundred and sixty nine thousand killed and wounded, and they took only nineteen thousand prisoners.

The other Glandelinian corps were ordered to counter charge, which they did, capturing the Christian picket line in front of the main army and sent the day before, and taking eighteen thousand eight hundred prisoners, giving this dreadful loss, it was decided that Cannonia who was rallied, and who had been reinforced, should return to his army, and making a flint as if to move up the shore of the flood to the vent of Cohan, march rapidly south to the line on the left. This would be closing the last door

418

of Moro's advance, and Mylsette knew that the moment Cannonia approached the Gertrudes Creek, the former would be compelled to evacuate the captured works taken in the first days of battle.

DRAMA III.

It was yet a matter of wonder that general Moro Viviania remained so long in the captured works. His army threatened to melt away through its large proportions of dreadful losses, for he withstood five terrific charges in the face of dreadful odds. The glandallinians hurled at him in waves, reeled back before his scathing fire, only to return, strike in dreadful wedging force, and not being able to crush him, tried artillery, storming his lines with grape and canister but still he would not yield. From this when morning came Mylsette was full of anxiety to see Moro Viviania, and his army should slip from his grasp, by effecting a junction with Gladere and Dick Glaters Divisions of Hardrudes Corps, thus compelling new plans and actions of the battle. At this horrible time Cannonia with a force of hobnobites and turmerannians, commenced his advance, and reached Mic-Holleston's Creek, before daylight. General Constantine saw his advance and struck a staggering blow, but could not hold him back, and in the height of the conflict, Cannonia pushed on, and the pivot one in, while purple under Constantine began to reel back. General Huebaum Mic-Whirther held the extreme left, where the rebel right, while others occupied the immediate immediate position. Huebaum pushed forward toward the left of Cohota, in a frightful shell storm, which made certain portions of the territory impassable, and he had to cover his advance with a terrific artillery fire of his own.

Cohota was a town partly flooded but in a point in the woods, where two railroads crossed. The possession of the junction would give the rebel armies a good choice of advance northward, and the point therefore was a strategic one.

The position captured by the nationals the evening before was filled with various defenses, constructed of logs and earth, and the approaches to it both flank and rear were blocked by stubble and felled trees, behind which general Constantine's troops were stationed. General Cannonia made fierce endeavor to take possession of Cohota, and general Whitestone advanced on the christian fortifications down the half flooded railroad line. Hoodwinks division had the advance under fire, but managed after making a headlong charge to drive the christian troops back upon their main works a mile and a half below the road, and dropping them as flies as they retreated, to the east.

At this point relieving reinforcements from the main works the defeated christians made a desperate rally, and rushed with such impetuous force upon the advancing glandallinians, that Cannonia's left wing, though making the most stubborn resistance, was compelled to give way. It was completely rolled up from the field, and thinned out with losses, and the divisions under Gaine, and Hades which came next were also driven back, and Gaine was killed.

But now Cannonia's left being reinforced by a division of the Second Mangabeu Corps, was rallied, and counter charged the advancing Atysinkillians, regaining possession of the railroad but at dreadful loss. At this juncture however, the christians reinforced heavily, readvanced in triple triple strength against Cannonia, and after a terrible battle of four hours duration managed to drive him back to where he had started his attack. Here Cannonia instead of falling back on the main army, deployed his winged troops, and made a defense along a long stretch of territory making the progress of the Nationals who deployed the battle advance, and the carnage became immeasurable. General Cannonia finally was, and Huebaum Mic-Whirther Sixteenth Corps of Secondlars with general Bergins Ninth Corps of Omerians were at once ordered to his aid.

The reinforcements reached him at nine thirty in the morning, and Cannonia again endeavored to regain his lost positions. His assault this time was incredible and fierce, and yelling their blasphemous Devil yell like savages, his attack drove the Nationals who had assaulted him back into the captured entrenchments, and then a general attack was immediately ordered. The Division of Secondlars under Guter, and the Sixteenth Corps of Secondlars on reaching the railroad made a left wheel, and burst on the vivianians right flank, and rear like a tornado of wind, drove it from the captured works with dreadful loss, and rapidly pushed on—orders having been given to the Secondlars repeat that if the christians were ousted from the works, there should be no halt to reform broken lines as delay would be dangerous.

As probably stated before, the firing of the Sixteenth Corps was the signal to general Huebaum Mic-Whirther to assault all along the line, which was promptly responded to, and the captured works were soon recaptured at all points but at the left by the fierce Secondlars and Mangabeu who charged desperately and gallantly. The christian troops were driven from these long lines of captured works, and completely routed by sheer pressure,

419

The Sixteenth Corps of Secondlars doubled up the left flank of the recoiling christian troops in the greatest confusion, and the glandallinians cawed under general Galdwin, dashed onto and across the two lines of railroads like thundering waves, recapturing the works at all points and turning the recaptured artillery upon them, and riding into their broken ranks like a teeth fine comb through hair, and so demoralized them, that they made no serious stand after the line of works had been recaptured, but was forced to take to flight in disorder. Between fifty five and sixty five thousand prisoners fell into the hands of the enemy, and the fugitives were driven northwestwards, until general Moro Viviania throw his line of forces in their way and made great efforts to stem the tide of disaster, but could not do so, and had to stand ground fiercely to cover their retreat. A fierce onset was made upon him all along the line, but now for the time being the enemy could make no headway, until a part of Moro's army was taken in the left flank then he too had to abandon the position, and recoiled for a distance of six miles.

General Ismer Mylsette received the report of this victorious assault, about one thirty, and in order to retain the position, immediately ordered Huebaum Mic-Whirther's full four divisions to reinforce Cannonia at Gertrudes Creek. Simultaneously a heavy bombardment of the main christian lines who now held their own works was ordered, and kept up with terrible and most violent fury. Then Huebaum Mic-Whirther's army in three long lines swept forward in a most dreadful general attack, a thousand times as fierce as all the fighting at Gettysburg put into that one dreadful onslaught at this point.

The battle now raged with redoubled fury. General Cannonia also moving forward carried his whole roaring yelling line of battle through the christian line in his front, capturing scores of thousands of prisoners and a large number of guns and wagons. Pushing forward, he met the corps of General Lordling, and making a junction with him tried to ham the christian troops in on that side of them, while Humphreys Wallace joined Cannonia on the left, and Gillions Corps captured the works south of Cohota during one of the fiercest charges of the battle on this day. The battle was raging most furiously and bravely along the entire line, the christians now fighting with the most desperate valor ever imagined. But at this juncture Huebaum Mic-Whirther charged down upon Viviania's flank and rear with such force and fury as to drive them from their own defenses almost panic stricken. Again large numbers of guns and prisoners fell into the hands of the enemy. While the fierce battle was raging so wildly, general Mylsette and his assistant Bepo Evans were both awaiting the result of the contest, within a few miles of each other. Mylsette was at his own headquarters, thoughtful and anxious. Bepo Evans was moving up with his armies as fast as men could march to support him in the midst of the advance, an orderly plashed with mud rode up and handed him a paper, glancing at its contents he saw that Mylsette was becoming victorious, and a few hours afterwards he was moving faster. That afternoon all of the beaten section of the christian armies withdrew from the recently captured, and battered portions of their own works, and withdrew from Cohota, and commenced the retreat toward their last line of defenses. If these could not be held the battle would be lost and again Mylsette would be victorious as he had been previously before at the Gladys Junction horror, and Nimble Amos.

In the meantime a troublesome noisy night passed for Gertrudes girlscoots very quickly, and morning came with an unusually fine set of noise and clamor some distance northwest of them but far off. These fine set of girls with none more promising than Angeline whose were up early and preak fasted. She and Mildred, had owing to a good nights rest despite all the excitement, spent it good. As soon as breakfast was over, Angeline paid Gertrude a morning visit before the raft should be launched again. She was timid, cordial about the situation, flood, fire, and battles so near, and so many unseen dangers, but it appeared reserved. Between the corps of girlscoots and their boyscout escorts and the cawing, the fires and floods had produced a gap of far separation from their destination, of which the blind anger of the Wars Floods had been the main architect. What she could to think of some way to make a short cut to Evangeline St. Claire Gertrude did. She tried to explain to Angeline, how the situation was, how she could not think of punishing the coward, and the girl begged of her to forgive the boy just now and not punish him before a firing squad until it could be found out how Jean would fare. If Jean dies God help him. Yet she could not she said think of a way to make a easy reach for Evangeline St. Claire. Fires, Flood, battles, suffocating fogs of smoke, and other complications hindered their plans.

Gertrude believed her, she meant what she said, but the awful difficulty remained. Gertrude had lost it became clear to her, the plans she once possessed for a long time Angeline Reeves was really first in the class of making plans. In the use of typewriters, studying codes, and cipher dispatches she was already far advanced, and as Doctor told her, she could if she wished become as clever as the Umanli themselves. Yet she was "Dumped," might as well been dumb. She didn't know what to do. What she said under

her breath about the enemy, though not sing sinful words are not fit for printing here. Every one had hoped for a decided falling of the flood. Every one had grown listless, and worried, and wondered what was wrong. Angeline Richee the main leader, which one was without effort, and a professional guide, and chief a scout, felt sure she was outwitted. More than once she had called her leaders to councils—carefully and lengthy, indeed, for she had now learned her lesson in the far past school of blundering, and had listened to her suggestions, respectfully, but unmoved. She tried to explain herself, but Dolores, Jane, Mildred, and Mary Stanck had asked her then to try and work miracles.

It was from Mary Stanck that Gertrude learned, that Mildred had set her heart upon pushing through the flood with the raft, as before the only way it seemed. She and others had seen on the lookout Mary told her for opportunities to crush through every floating jam, and other floats of the flood, and scarcely an hour had passed during the trips on the raft, that she was not watching with her glasses.

Gertrude called her to council. She admitted it had been her ambition to go the flood at all costs, nor could any arguments of others against such a further step with the flood increasing, make any impression on her. They had urged objections clear enough to herself or themselves, but the girlscout seemed to miss their meaning, and yet Gertrude did not object. She could not see the dangers, perhaps they thought, she would not. It was come upon them all that there was too much said upon the first appearance of the flood, the rest of the day Angeline and Gertrude discussed anything any one else suggested on the subject. It remained for all then to commend the whole matter to God.

Almost simultaneously with the preparations for launching of the raft, all kinds of troubles began to visit them. A fire destroyed some of their tents, and when out on the flood, their raft despite all the efforts of the boys at the paddles crashed and was partly wrecked, and they had to rush to shore for repairs. The little children told the story of fatigue and torment from heat and thirst, the dirty condition of their uniforms, the dirt in their worn shoes and in their faces, when the broken raft was launched, all the men soldiers were once more called upon to repair the damaged sections. Then came sniping fire from shore from rebels hidden in ambush. One man fell and they all were forced to endure a furious skirmish while the work went on lasting nearly two hours. The usual result followed, more girls and boys were injured, twenty soldiers were killed, ten mortally wounded and their provisions injured.

At the instance of the scene Gertrude and others paid Jean a visit. He was very sick very sick from the effects of her injuries, and every one was very remorseful. There was no need to question her, she brought the subject of her hurts herself and how she received them, and there were tears in the eyes of many.

"Gertrude" said many of the girlscout leaders "I'll do anything you say to pay the enemy back. I've realized what a shameful thing they have been doing, and we'd would rather lose an eye or a hand, than let the enemy go on doing as they have. Sometimes we feel like killing, killing all the enemy. The whole country would be better off, if the enemy was destroyed. Gertrude we swear we'll fix the enemy for all this."

"I believe you girls," answered Gertrude, "and I and you best leaders are going to study out what can be done. When we get together again to night we can study out what can best be done. Angeline you can bid us all, and you can give every plan a thorough examination, after which we'll decide upon what is best to be done. Meanwhile I'll continue to hold Jack a prisoner until we see how Jean pulls through."

"No let's have the meeting now," suggested Angeline.

"No we have to continue our trip," said Gertrude. "The proper moment is a very much overworked term nowadays, but much as I dislike using it I must say that it is the precise moment we want to visit Jean."

"Have you found out anything?"

"I certainly have, and if you will pardon the repetition, I have found it ought to be at the proper moment, we are in a situation that it'll be almost suicide to attempt a trip on the flood to day. You see we've ruined our raft and suffered a loss." And saying this, Angeline smiled serenely.

"Of course Angeline if you consider such a stange of the flood a merry jest, I have nothing to say."

"Stow that sarcasm, Gertrude. In this case, while not exactly a subject for howling hilarity it is a matter rather pleasant to contemplate upon than otherwise."

"How?"

"Don't you understand?"

"No."

"There is a long stretch of land for a good camping ground about ten miles north of here. We must go there, till Jean recovers from her wound, and I have little doubt but that in the course of a few days, she will be completely cured I hope. She says she'll do anything you say, and you will say it to please my way. When we get there we can keep clear not only of the

enemy but of all dangers of fire, and the continual rising of flood, and we can receive good shelter there, and our doctors the best we have can take her in hand and see that everything that can be done will be done. It is possible that she'll be well regardless of her wounds in six or seven days but we'll stay there till you say the word."

For the next three or four hours, the best doctor, and several of the girlscouts, and all the girlscout leaders were busily engaged in consultation as to ways and means to keep the whole regiment on the go safely and without misadventure, and without the necessity of crossing the dangerous flood all the time, to such effect that what at first looked impossible gradually came to seem feasible. Before any trip would be resumed that day Angeline Richee decided to go out to see if there was a way to go further by land, the getting or securing of the proper roads being a detail, which Mildred Maxwell who would accompany her would see to personally. Jean who was ill of her wounds would be watched every minute. As Angeline Richee would be obliged to leave camp early in the forenoon, and may not return till late in the afternoon, Mary Stanck was appointed leader, as she was the highest next to Angeline Richee.

Angeline readily excused those of her following from class till nine in the morning, and as all the girlscouts were good scouts, Mary should be able to attend to these new duties of hers, and at the same time keep up with her class. And so it came to pass that Angeline Richee disappeared from the scene for a few hours, and the rest of the companies entered upon a new order.

Mary Stanck was a skilled leader indeed, and earned for herself a reputation, which though relished by her followers, was not at all desirable for the girlscouts. Mary Stanck moreover saw to it that always the girlscouts and others were provided with provisions, and they had all developed wonderfully in their proper way. In a word, by raids on enemy camps in the past they had been free from want, well nourished, well dressed in shining purple uniforms, and it must be well or frankly stated they were far happier in a way in this adventure than when in a big camp of the christian armies. Yet there were always anxious vigils on sentry night duties for guards, but nevertheless there were no slumbers broken by the approach of enemy or fire or any threatening methods of their "wet neighbor" the flood. Mary herself, as her work showed, was the strongest of the little girlscouts, and was even then gaining weight and strength, and so there being nothing to worry about, all were tranquil of face, happy and gay of manner, and as good as ever can be.

Gradually the flood seemed to be lowering but at least by an inch. Dolores was for scouting for chances to see whether the flood could be skipped, and yet Gertrude influenced upon her in the matter of choosing her calling, however seemed to be nil in vain did Gertrude reason with her, her arguments lacked force.

Somehow, did she know more than her, Gertrude could not talk to her on the lone scouting question with any satisfaction to herself. Strong as her arguments were in themselves, Gertrude realized over and over again that in her presentation to her they were terribly weak, for she saw no reason in changing her purpose. In the meantime Angeline Stanck was attracting a great deal of attention in her work, as a result of which she was bringing home the "Bacon." Her efforts brought her into contact with a good section of the flood where the water was shallower, but yet she would not think of risking the raft on it. Once she was called upon to appear to the shore to look at something which the others thought was suspicious. At whatever it was passed out of sight. Mary always liked to invite Gertrude to any movement or plan in which she liked she thought of this fact in connection with some remarks made by several of the other girlscout leaders upon her work, as a scout and a worker, tempted Gertrude to suspect, that taking the temper of the flood, and the scenes witnessed, Mary was working in a manner something unusual in the fashion of her earlier days, and the suspicion was confirmed, by various little changes in her dress uniform, carriage, and the way of wearing her hair. The girl was, so it appeared to Gertrude, up to something which the enemy would give anything to know, and Gertrude prayed that her plans would be a success. While waiting for Angeline Richee to return from her scouting tour, Gertrude was signing the quarterly report, and paused with surprise over Mary's.

In the first quarter the Letter E, standing for Excellent, was omitted to all her reported efforts. In the Second M.E. took the place of all, and now for the third quarter told the tale of steady rise.

"I must have a talk with that girlscout leader," Gertrude soliloquized. "She is doing something—good God what is she up to. I'll bet she is planning an ambush for the enemy. I know she is resentful over Jean's wounds."

Then thinking of the disaster and the cowardice of the boy Jack her reflections were remorseful, and Gertrude fell to thinking of such dark episodes in their future, that she was suddenly obliged to check them as rash judgments. Mary a prayer had Gertrude said

for the success of the trip as she sign signed Mary's report. The ink was not dry on the paper when George brought her a note. Gertrude opened it and read:

"DEAR GERTRUDE ANGELINE.

"The night before my little sister Jean was shot by an enemy sniper when she went to the rescue of Francis, and Angelina riches on the advice of the doctor, had her removed to a covered wagon this evening. Is it asking too much of you to come over and see me to morrow. I hate to ask you, but I do so want to see you, for Jean is to be operated on to morrow, and the operation is serious. Come Gertrude if you can.

Your grateful servant,
Minerva Sanders

From the results of the morning's conflict on the second day, and after the loss of the works, the final situation of the christian army especially under Noro, was indeed desperate, and the environment of its left wing almost hopeless. This wing of troops was hemmed in near Gertrude's Creek, on a high strip of land between the flood, and the forest, the fierce Glandelinian army, nearly surrounding it on all sides. General Huobbaum Mic-Whirther was in front with his Mangaboos, Stanislaw in the rear, and Cannonia south and north of the creek. General Hanson, owner of this wing had no other alternative other than the wholesale slaughter of his reduced army or its surrender to the Glandelinian authority.

The decisive morning part of the battle of Cohota for the second day had put the main christian armies on a dire retreat toward the junction of the two railroads and far beyond. The Glandelinian troops were pressing forward in desperate pursuit, and it became a vital question which would reach the Junction first. Between Cohota, their point of starting, and their destination for the northern territory near Cainsville the distance was fully fifty three miles northwest. The roads because partly covered with flood waters were bad and the Glandelinian troops tired and worn out with two days of fighting, but nevertheless they pushed on with great determination in this race, which was destined to decide whether Myletze is able to continue his Angolinia Agathia campaign or not.

At two o'clock, general Viviania was at Nortens Road, while Cannonia, pushing toward the Central Railroad, came upon it toward evening, whether Daniel Georges corps had followed him. Two divisions of the Glandelinian nineteenth Corps, moving by pontons over a flooded section of country, reached Grace's Turn on the same day two miles north. Then toward evening the armies again lay in line of battle, stretching across fifteen miles of country and facing northward. The infantry line was formed with the Sixteenth Scodillar corps on the right, the fifteenth in the center, and other divisions consisting the left. During the late afternoon the seventh corps of Mangaboos was transferred from the right to the left, the whole army having before three o'clock pushing on for about fifteen minutes, partly resisted at every step. At this time learning that the christian Beppo Evans was moving back in the direction of Riches's Farm, the course of the Sixteenth corps was put to a westerly direction. There fore at about four o'clock in the afternoon, the engagement was considerably renewed, but the Nationals were worsted, the Glandelinians capturing many prisoners. General Stern, and Plwood were among the number. Simultaneously the advancing Glandelinians under Mic-Whirther, encountered a portion of Viviania's army at Floods Gates where a sharp fight took place, and Viviania was again forced to retire. He retreated in the direction of Calso's farms but Hanson's forces stood ready to meet him should the occasion occur. Though the main army was safe, general Noro's left wing was hopelessly environed. In the battle it had been reduced from a force of five million, to one of to one of twenty five hundred thousand, through its large numbers of deaths in battles, some desertions and the losses inflicted by the flood. It took no guesswork to foretell the fate of his left wing far separated from him, very one could see that its doom was sealed.

Meantime that night the town of Cohota had been deserted, and the Glandelinian armies marched in. The Mayor went out to meet the advancing Glandelinian general Myletze in order to surrender the city, but Myletze told him he was not going to take possession of the city but push on, and none of the inhabitants would be molested. And he kept his word. Bridges were destroyed, and one hundred thousand prisoners were taken, besides fifty five thousand wounded lying in hospitals. When it was known that general Noro's left wing was surrounded, the general in charge Frank Petersburg was ordered to surrender unconditionally.

The General knowing the results if he still resisted and that no help could reach him agreed, and the concluding scene for this portion of the army was then enacted. From the beginning of the last forward movement until the surrender, about ten million of the christian force had been killed and

wounded in battle and retreat, over twenty million prisoners had been taken, and one thousand and seventy prison apieces of artillery were captured. These two armies so long in such dreadful and deadly strife in this drama of the war were now facing each other with guns strangely numbed. An unusual silence filled the air, and on both sides every heart was anxious in the wait for the result of the conference of the time. of surrender. When at last the news of the surrender flashed along the lines, deafening cheers rose and fell for more than an hour and a half over the victorious rebel army. There was an undecorated triumphal display of the victors also over the christian forces. And the shouts of joy which were sent up that day echoed throughout the whole Glandelinian army. Cannon boomed forth their iron peans of victory, and bonfires flamed high their attestations of the unbounded delight every everywhere shown. The day of jubilee seemed to have come, and rejoicing was the order of the hour.

For general Petersburg the last act in the drama of the war had taken place without dramatic accessory. A common old wooden barn near the outskirts of a little village was selected by the christian leader for the surrender, and the ceremony of that unusual act indeed was very short and unusually cordial. The Glandelinian victor completed the humiliation of the brave vanquished by a great triumphal display of bands and blare of bugles and the roll of drums, and the firing of muskets in long volleys.....

The customary usage of allowing the victorious troops to pass through the christian lines and witness their surrender was also permitted. The two great commanders also met with a salutation that was not at all friendly or courteous. General Petersburg was attended by several of his aids. General Myletze sat down at a table surrounded by his staff, and wrote in pen and ink the terms of capitulation to which general Petersburg dictated an agreement in writing and had it typed.

The secretary of general Myletze, and others, made copies of the agreement from the same typewriter. Then the exchange of these notes terminated the interview. It was singularly simple and severe, full of all the rhetorical flourishes and ceremonies, and it gave an interest and dignity that the most greatest writers may fail to furnish in description.....

It is best that a graphic description be given as to how little Jean was first known to be shot. Jennie Turner had that evening been out scouting and when she returned, one of the boyscouts who had been on guard watching for her came quickly forward, and motioned to her to stop right away.

"I beg your pardon Miss Turner," she said saluting, as the girl brought her horse to a sudden stand. "But I called at your headquarters late this afternoon on very important business. I am not sure whether you have heard it or not, but to night again a number of girlscouts have been injured in one of your Com panyes in going out to bring back Francis who was out on a foolish trip, and Jean has been wounded and deserted too. Gertrude Angeline knows all about it."

"No I didn't know it," said Jennie. "Did you see who deserted her?"

"No."

"Jennie at once went to inform Mary Stuke Stanck.

"Did you hear the news of one of our girls being wounded again?" she asked.

"No of course not," said Mary. "Not that it makes it anything unusual as that is our lot as scouts to face such dangers that I can see, and certainly it ain't my fault."

"No of course not, but I thought you might wish avoid going near the danger zone."

"Do you think Miss Turner, I would be afraid of the Glandelinians?"

"Not for yourself, but I thought that possibly," and Jennie looked at her nervous followers.

"Oh I see, well you needn't worry, I haven't any intention of visiting any one of the dirty Glandelinian encampments at present---which girlscout this time has been wounded?"

"Our little friend, Jean Sanders.."

Mary gave a violent start, and some of the color went out of her face, as she heard this.

"Jean, our little friend Jean," she repeated in a very different tone, "You don't mean Jean Sanders the little sister of Jennie."

"Yes, one other scout has been instantly killed, and two more are very badly wounded. The wounds are very bad and malignant."

"Look here Jennie," Mary leaned forward in her saddle seat, and spoke in a rather low voice. "I'm afraid this is a bad business, and you say Jack deserted her. Good heavens, I never dreamed, Heavenly days and Leaping Lizards what are we to do?"

Mary was looking fairly frightened, and the kind hearted girlscout Jennie, who had known Mary for years, suddenly realized that there might be a possibility of her eccentric leader possessing feelings like other girls after all, and not rendered severe as she thought by the hardships of campaigning.

"These I hope may not be any sudden cause for alarm," she said speaking cheerfully, though she too looked rather grave, "which boyscout did she attempt to bring back from the dangerous territory, do you happen to

remember....?"

"I don't remember but she will be able to tell us. Joy?—turning and calling a girlscout private over to them." "You remember at gland glon the boy scout went to last night, don't you. You went out to scout, did you not?"

This girl Joy, who had halted before the two girlscout officers and who had overheard the conversation, though paying no attention to it, roused herself at this question, and the look of interest came back into her face.

"It was Francis," said the child. "Poor little reckless boy, he was in very dangerous territory, and Jean said if he wasn't coming back soon she was going out to him with an escort of well armed boys. Jean came back wounded and one of the boys was arrested by June Melfort for desertion. Mary Stand, and Jennie Turner exchanged glances."

One of the boys was wounded and he was Tommy Burns. He died this morning too. "said Jennie in a voice too low for Joy to catch the words, as she was a little fiery headed girlscout."

Mary was actually white.

"That is to be done!" she asked hopelessly."

Jennie said nothing, but rode over to Joy and looked long and searchingly into her eyes. "Joy's little face."

"I am Miss Jennie Turner," she said kindly. "Won't you shake hands with me?"

"Joy promptly held out her hand."

"Did you accompany those who went out to bring Francis back?" she asked eagerly. "And did he succeed in his attempt to blast the fire?"

"No," said Jennie. "I was not with the party. But Francis is not injured, and she scanned the little girl's face with grave interest. "But I'm afraid you are apprehensive about it to day are you not?"

"Yes very," Joy admitted. "He's my brother."

"Oh I see. You are not often out scouting, I suppose?"

"Oh yes I do it regularly, I never was free from it, I always went out."

"Never idle eh. You haven't had any thrilling experiences, then or a misadventure?"

"I did have thrilling experiences, but I wasn't never really injured, or captured, and never had a misadventure. My sister had a bad experience once but she escaped by a narrow margin."

Jennie Turner dropped the little girl's hand, and turned once more to Mary, who had been listening to the conversation with rapidly increasing anxiety.

"This child scout belongs to Miss Wentworth's command does she not?" Mary nodded.

"Well I scarce scarcely think it would be right to let the boy Jack get away, and we'll have to retain her as a witness for the trial when Gertrude holds it. Miss Wentworth's girlscouts will be a help. The judges. Jean should not have been exposed to any more danger than could have been helped."

"You don't mean that there is really danger that Gertrude will sentence Jack to death?" Mary checked herself abruptly at a sign from Jennie. Joy was wide awake now to all being said, and taking in every word that passed.

"I don't say there is rather anything wrong on that line as yet."

"said Jennie hastily. "but I was told the boy was brought before Gertrude and this little girl tells me every one in the camp is not feeling quite up to the mark to day about it, and I thought that under the circumstances it might be better if she would be a witness in the trial as she says she saw the desertion, and we can soon learn what the situation really is. You know in a case like that how severe Gertrude is." "She

"she shall do anything Gertrude chooses of course," said Mary with decision. "you won't mind coming to Gertrude's tent, for a while will you Joy? he'll want to question you about the deserter."

"Oh no," said Joy. "I should like it very much—but does Jennie think, the deserter is going to face a firing squad?"

"No, no," said Jennie reassuringly. "But you see the fact is, Jean has been wounded, a number of our scouts are sick, and Mary tells me you saw Jack deserter Jean last night and I thought it might just as well be for you to act as witness for a few days—till the Court Marshall is over, just till we are quite sure Jean is all right you know. The punishment fits her case. If she dies, he'll die, if she survives he'll be discharged in disgrace. Only."

Joy's lip was starting to quiver, and indeed she had to make a great effort to keep back the boy babyish tears.

"I don't know what to do," she said in a tremulous voice. "I shouldn't like to see any of our boys shot, but if he did desert poor Jean Gertrude would be so vexed, and perhaps if she let the boy go unpunished it might make our scouts leave her ranks to go to owe some body else—and—and that would be dreadful."

A big tear splashed down on poor Joy's cheek, but before she could wipe it away or even realize what was happening to her, she felt suddenly a strong arm around her, and Mary herself was saying in a tone that very few people had ever heard in her severe sharp voice before—

"Don't cry about it Joy dear. It's all right, and every one will be kind to poor Jean."

Now it was Joy never exactly understood not till her last day, but at the sound of that kind voice, all her fears suddenly melted away, and with a little sigh of relief and content, she murmured softly—

"Thank you so much, Miss Gertrude you are always so very kind, and I'd rather do anything you ask me to. But how long will Jean be ill from her wounds?"

"That depends," said Mary. "Sometimes only a little while, but the surest way for her to get well is to not worry about things. And every one says she does not for anything."

Joy stifled a sigh.

"I do hope she does get well as I don't like to see that foolish cowardly boy pay the death penalty," she said. "but if he should do you think it would be deserving."

"Well I don't know about that," said Mary as they rode on. "But the trial will be going on before long, and in the meantime you'll just stay in my tent till Gertrude calls for you, and we'll have such nice times together."

I love to have little girls for company, and it'll seem just like old times to have some one with me."

"Did Jean who was shot last night by Glandelinian snipers ever been wounded before?" asked Joy.

"Yes indeed, she had been, and pretty badly too, and I myself nursed her through her sickness brought on by her wounds in her own tent."

"In her own tent," repeated Joy looking more interested, than she had ever looked before that day. "Why how and why did she remain in her tent?"

Mary flushed, and looked a little embarrassed.

"Well yes she did Joy," she said rather reluctantly. "Though I forgot and didn't mean to tell you. You won't saying say anything to any of the other girlscouts and our officers about it, will you?"

"Not if you do not like me to, but why does they not like to hear it?"

"Because, dear poor little Jean I then took care of, was and is, my little sister, and when she came near dying I think it almost broke every one's heart. It makes it might make them unhappy to be reminded of those days."

Joy looked a little troubled.

"Do you think Gertrude would like to have me be a witness then to her being deserted?" she questioned anxiously. "Perhaps I'd do a good service then!"

"Yes she would need you," said Mary with decision. "I know that for after Jack was led away under guard, Gertrude's very first words to me were 'Are there any witnesses to his deserting her besides Francis? If so I should like you to prepare him or her for the trial. Two witnesses are needed you know.'"

Joy smiled contentedly.

"I'm glad," she said, "I think Gertrude must really love poor little Jean, if she feels so bad about her fate."

There was a short pause, meanwhile Mary went quietly on with her arrangements, then Joy spoke again—

"You don't remember just what hour Jean was shot by the enemy, I suppose?"

"Well no I do not exactly—it was however long before dark, last night."

"Many of our other injured were not ill very long," said Joy with a sudden hopeful recollection. "It was only two or three days that they had been shot, and the doctor says they will recover in time—that is a just what he said. I do hope poor Jean will be well by next week. Every one would be so dreadfully sick with sorrow if she should die, and poor Jack will face the firing squad for desertion. Oh I don't want to see every one of us become unhappy, over this misadventure, and to see Jean die, and Jack, Jack—"

Joy's sentence ended in a sob.

"Now my dear little girl," said Mary cheerfully, "taking one of Joy's little hands in hers, "don't be so at all. If you fret over it, you'll be sure to make yourself sick also. You must try to be brave, do all Gertrude advises you concerning your taking the witness stand, and everything going to come out all right. I know why she may not even get very sick at all, and her wounds may not be severe at all. We haven't heard the doctors' verdict yet. Would it make you happier if your brother Francis could take the witness stand with you?"

"Oh, yes, yes, indeed," cried Joy rapturously. "That is she added with a sudden recollection. "If you are quite sure he knows what he can tell. He had been on the witness stand for the Vivian Girls once, but he was shot at and that would be dreadful."

"I don't think there would be the least danger in this case," said Mary promptly. "Though of course we could ask Miss Riches or Angelina Jennings. Now I'll tell you what we'll do. Maud Angelina, one of our lieutenants has gone to Glandelinia to let her know what has happened and where Jean is. Just as soon as she comes back, we'll ask her what she thinks of our sending a little note to your brother, telling him of your being chosen as a witness against Jack Galloway, and asking him if he wouldn't like to come to you and take the witness stand with you. Then if it turns out at the trial that Jack won't be punished severely for his desertion of poor Jean, why everything will be just the same as before. Wouldn't you like that.....?"

"I should like it better than anything else in the world," said Joy. "Then she set about helping Mary clean the tent."

When next little Jean woke to full consciousness, she was aware of the fact

425

that Gracedelinia was not the only person in her tent. Boy and girls were speaking in low subdued voices, and she was sure she recognized the tone of Dolores, her sister Angeline, and many other officers, and also those of the Girlscout Regimental doctor Doctor Jones. She made an effort to lift her bandaged head, but it felt so dizzy and heavy she was glad to let it sink back on the pillow again, and a terrible pain shot through her head. Next moment Dolores was bending over her, holding something to her lips.

"Swallow this Jean dear," she said kindly. "It's only some medicine to make you sleep, the doctor wants you to take it."

Jean promptly swallowed the contents of the spoon, then she whispered eagerly:

"Did any of my sister Min, that, was shot?"

"Yes indeed," said Gracedelinia coming forward, and answering for herself,

"It is all right, and she's coming as soon as the note reaches her."

With a sudden movement, Jean put out her hand.

"Oh thank you so much," she murmured. "I think I'd like to kiss you Grace."

Gracedelinia bent down her head close to Jean's, and as the wounded child, kissed her, she heard her whisper in a tone so low that no one else in the room could hear. "Pray to God to let you recover, or it's all up with Jack."

At the time Jean had been brought into camp, Minnie had been busy studying out a code with the help of Mildred Maxwell. The code was very hard but interesting, and more than once pretty Mildred had called Jean to her and the three of them were making very rapid progress with the work, as the three girls continued the task patiently, Minnie solacing herself every once in a while by the glance at the surging waters. The day trip on the flood before had been a very hot toilsome one, and poor Minnie was very tired. The past two days had been especially trying, for she had been long from home and there had been no bright little face of even poor Jean to make the tent of her own look homelike—Jo Jean to gladden the long hot evenings with merry chatter and loving caresses as she had been kept busy at another portion of the raft or camp. The trip if exciting had been a great comfort, it is true, and she had spent many an otherwise lonely hour in making bright plans for the near future but even the prospect of possible success in adventure, cannot make up for everything, and poor Minnie had been very lonesome. But it was almost over now, Jean was to be released from duty for several days, therefore what did it matter if the journey was tiresome and the weather hot—that the work was dull and perilous—even that many of the leaders were more fretful and harder to please than usual, that did anything in the world matter, when she remembered that on the coming of the morning light, she would feel the touch of Jean's soft arms around her neck, and hear her dear voice saying "Are you not glad I'm back with you Minnie?"

"There was the sound of a horse stopping outside, and Mildred started up from her work.

"Who in the world can that be?" she remarked. "No one comes to bother us at this time. I'm forbidding it."

"Perhaps it's those papers you sent for," Jane suggested looking up from the code.

"Perhaps and if so, I want to see if they are any good. Go and see Fred, and let the messenger go until I have looked at them."

The aide de camp left the tent, and Minnie and Mildred went on with the code. In a very short time Fred returned.

"It's a boy scout officer to see you Miss Saunders."

"To see me Fred? Are you not mistaken. Did he give you his name?"

For answer the boy scout handed Minnie the messenger's pass. Minnie glanced at it, and turned a little pale.

"Who is it?" Mildred inquired sharply.

"A boy scout sent by Gertrude. I'm afraid something is wrong. It's about my sister Jean."

"Nonsense, why should there be anything wrong. Gertrude only wants your little sister to make a longer longer service that's all."

Minnie said nothing, but hurriedly left the tent, and in another moment she was outside. A boy scout of fourteen years of age was standing impatiently by his horse, and as she came out, he turned and came quickly forward.

"Miss Saunders I believe."

Although she had often seen him in the camp, this was the first time that Minnie had ever spoken to Angeline Jennings brother, Frank Jennings.

"Yes," she said in a rather frightened voice. Then raising her eyes to Frank's eyes, and clamping her hands together as if she was nervous, she added in a different tone, "Jean, my little sister—she is sick—you have come to tell me?"

"No she has been shot."

"Shot?"

"Yes, and deserted—the last with a snarl."

"Shot by my God, and deserted—oh—"

"Now my dear Miss Saunders," said the boy scout kindly, and he took the girl's hand as he spoke. "So far there's nothing to be alarmed about. Your little sister had been wounded in the head, and under her arm, and on her leg, but we hoped indeed we sincerely hope and pray to Our blessed Lord, that there may not be any cause for serious anxiety. The deserter has been arrested, and is awaiting trial. Won't you sit down on this tree stump and let me tell you all about it."

426

Three minutes later Minnie, was again within the tent. She was very pale, and her lips were trembling, but nevertheless she made a great effort to speak bravely and cheerfully.

Mildred "she said, "I must go to the other part of our camp at once, My little sister has been shot in trying to bring back Francis. A boy scout has come to take me to her—Jean wants me. A boy scout called Jack deserted her after the glandelinians shot her down."

"Jean shot?" gasped Mildred. "We must both go to her. Mildred never knew Jane Melfort till now. This girl usually did a little bit of fretfulness and fussed a good deal, and her complaints had been frequent, she had been a little more prim to those under her, and harsher so, times with Mildred, but this was now all forgotten, and she felt the news badly, and spoke cheerfully and most encouragingly to Minnie, during the few brief moments that Minnie was putting on her hat.

"Now my dear Miss Saunders, don't go worrying too much until you see the true state of things," were her parting words, as she held Minnie's hand for a moment. "And you too Mildred, don't let your worries over your dear friend get the best of you, and remember not on all cases are wounds always dangerous, but usually interesting and a novel experience. We have most of us been shot, I fancy, know, was at Delight's junction and badly too, and yet I lived to tell the tale. There, there run along both of you girls, I won't keep you. I'll find out about the desertion, which if it is true, I'll have him before Gertrude in a jiffy." (She did as already stated)

Minnie's and Mildred's horses were immediately called for. Every girl and boy scout hearing the news were very sorry for Minnie and Mildred, and every boy spoke cheerfully and very encouragingly, recalling all those who had been frequently wound in thrilling adventures, in which no matter what wounds they may have been had recovered rapidly, and some had indeed been scarcely ill enough to be kept in bed.

But though Minnie was very grateful for the kindly meant assurances, that she need not worry too much, and though she did her best to smile and appear cheerful, her heart was very heavy, and she was conscious of coming trouble, that Jean's injuries may be serious, even dangerous, and this made her very faint, and cold with apprehension. The boy scout escort was very kind, how kind the two girl scout leaders did not realize till long afterwards. He had given up an important meeting with his boys, in order that he might come and take her himself to Jean's tent, and he was very thoughtful for her comfort during the short journey, and he did his best to entertain her, and divert her thoughts. But he himself was not very happy. He secretly had grown very fond of Jean during the few weeks that she had been in the camp, and he had a little talk with the Regimental Doctor, when he had inquired about Jean, and the doctor's words were anything but encouraging. He knew for facts if Jean dies, so does Jack for deserting her in time of danger.

He knew Gertrude, and how eccentric she is on military affairs. At last the beached raft was reached, and Minnie and even Mildred with wildly beating hearts followed him. Both were trembling so that they found it difficult to dismount from their horses.

"The tent is in the center of the raft," said the boy.

Minnie gave a little start.

"In the center of the tent," said Mildred. "Good."

"Where is Jack the deserter?" asked Minnie.

"A prisoner under guard."

"A prisoner under guard," she repeated. "Why I thought he was gone, escaped, that he never returned after deserting her."

"So you do not understand what I told you. When it was discovered that he was running away, her other escorts pursued him hotly, and overtook him dragging him from his horse. They did not let him get away. I was sorry to have heard he deserted a girl friend in danger, but under the circumstances, I said that I could scarcely object his being taken."

"No indeed," said Mildred herself bitterly. "It would be terrible though for him if Jean dies, for if Gertrude did not punish him, she'd have no control over the rest if they grab him and lynch him, being a forerunner. All the others too have and are crazy over Jean, she has often spoken of every one."

"Gertrude in military affairs is very eccentric," said the boy smiling. "But she too has taken a wonderful fancy to Jean. I never saw a girl scout more utterly crushed and distressed, than she was when she rode up to my tent this evening to tell me about poor Jean. You know it was while out scouting they came upon Francis who was single handed fighting a forest fire coming our way, and was the first to get the sad news. Francis Angus tells me, she had been out to bring Francis back from the enemy's territory, but no one else knew anything about it."

"No Jean never complains," she said Minnie sadly.

"Oh Dear God, hope poor Jean escapes the effects of her wounds," said Mildred. "She must have been badly exposed to the Glandelinians if she was wounded. Were any one else shot with her."

"Yes. A boy was killed, and three mortally wounded."

427

A shade of anxiety crossed Mildred's face, but she tried to speak cheerfully. "Doctor Jones does not seem to think there is very much danger, as the bullets only struck her a glancing blow, when she was fired upon by the enemy. He has treated the other wounded as quickly as possible to save their lives, and of course every one will be praying that Jean will be entirely well."

"I can't help feeling a little uncomfortable at the idea of her tent being isolated on the raft," said Minnie coloring. "If the flood rises more it might sweep the raft off and then where will she be?"

"I really don't think you need worry on that score, Miss Saunders. If Jean were Gertrude's own little sister she could scarcely be more devoted to her than she is now."

Minnie said no more, and in a few minutes they were going upon the raft. "What a beautiful tent," exclaimed Minnie, struck by the beauty of the surroundings in spite of her anxiety and suspense.

"Yes, and this flood is quite the show place of the whole neighborhood. I believe misfortune was born here. It seems rather a pity though that such thin things should have to happen here. We are Miss Saunders, you will excuse me if I don't go in with you. Dr. Jones thinks it would be more prudent for me to keep away for the present. Ah here comes the nurse, a girl scout nurse, she will be able to give you all the latest news."

The nurse Mary Lorinia who had been watching for them, came hurrying over across the raft to meet Minnie, and in another moment the elder girl found both her hands taken in a warm friendly grasp, while a kind childish voice said:

"It's all right my dear, she's doing just as well as we can expect, the doctor says, and she has been asking for you all evening."

Minnie gave a little gasp of relief, squeezed the little red cross child nurse by the hand, and then turned to say good bye to the boy, Mildred having already gone into the tent.

"I don't know how to thank you," was all the girl said, but the looks that accompanied the words, said a great deal more, and the boy scout rode away quite satisfied. Lorinia led the way into the tent. Minnie wondered a little where Gertrude must be, but did not like to ask, having thought she would be there since Jean was hurt.

"No you must take off your hat, and freshen freshen up a little bit before I take you in to see your little sister," said the girl scout nurse cheerfully. "Here is a glass of milk and some crackers—I thought you might be a little hungry, after your journey."

On account of her worry over little Jean Minnie was not at all hungry, and she could not even force herself to eat.

"Jean has told me all about you girl scouts, and how kind you all are to her," she said trying to smile. "As Mary took away the milk, and the crackers. I think my little sister has found some very good friends in this Regiment. Especially Gertrude is her friend."

"Good friends," repeated the girl nurse. "Oh my dear Miss Saunders, you have no idea—She broke off, abruptly and then the tears started to her eyes. The sight of the tears, started poor Minnie into fresh anxiety.

"Not please, please, tell me the truth," she cried nervously, springing to her feet. "You are keeping something from me, I know you are. Jean, poor Jean is mortally wounded, she is much worse than you want me to know."

"No, no, no, my dear," said the little child nurse soothingly. "You mustn't be so frightened. She's pretty badly wounded, I won't deny that, but people generally are from wounds you know. The doctor says she'll be operated on to-morrow, and I told him I could act as a trained nurse, as I could do everything myself as not. There isn't much I do not know about wounds I can tell you. Didn't I nurse Princess Jennie through illness, when she was not near as old as this one, and didn't the doctor tell me it was one of the worst wounded cases he'd ever seen in war?"

"Princess Vivian Jennie, Vivian?" repeated Minnie, she thought she must have misunderstood.

Mary Evangelina, Lorinia reddened, and looked as if she had forgotten herself and said something she had not meant to even speak of.

"Did I say Princess Jennie? Whatever was I thinking of. It was Emperor Vivian's daughter I meant. I was appointed to be her nurse, you see, nursed her until she recovered."

"I didn't know the Vivian Girl Princesses ever were wounded," said Minnie. "Is she dead?"

"No dear she is not, she survived. She and her sisters have been wounded many times, but little Jean is almost the breathing image of one of them as if she were one of them."

"Can't I go to Jean now please?" Minnie asked impatiently.

"Yes of course it's only in the tent. I thought you would like to be in there with her. You mustn't be frightened if she should seem to be in a stupor, the fever effect of her wounds if pretty high now, but that doesn't amount to anything."

As they entered the tent, Minnie suddenly caught sight of a girl scout with tightly braided hair, somewhat tall for her age, standing rigid, and motionless in the front of the tent.

428

"Is that Angelina Jennings?" she asked Mary in a whisper. The little nurse nodded, and at that moment the girl turned, and for the first time the girl found herself confronted by this tall handsome but apparently haughty girl scout whom she knew must be no other than one of the kind friends about whom Jean had had so much to say. With a sudden impulse, she went up to her and held out her hand.

"You are very kind to let me come," she said in a low sweet voice, which caused the girl to start and wince slightly. Jean has told me a great deal about you, and—and I want to thank you for all your kindness to my little sister."

Angelina Jennings did not speak, but she took the outstretched hand, and held it for a moment in a warm firm grasp, while a wave of some painful emotion swept over her face.

"I hope we can be very good friends," Minnie went on blushing, for she was beginning to find the girl's silence somewhat disconcerting. "Even Gertrude had told me how good you have been, but the deserter Jack—"

"Never let me hear you mention that coward's name again."

"The exclamation was so unexpected, and the girl's voice so harsh and sharp, that Minnie started and involuntarily drew back a step or two."

"Don't you know?" The girl scout leader went on fiercely. "Haven't they told you it was all my fault. I let the girl scouts with her go into the territory where those miserable cats in gray were lurking. I ought to have suspected that there was something wrong, from what some of my officers said, but, never did. A proper person to be the leader of a number of girl scouts you will say."

And there was no doubt that Angelina was suffering keen remorse, and Minnie's heart was touched.

"You must not blame yourself," she said earnestly, raising the blue eyes that were so like Jean's to her face. "It wasn't your fault, it could have been you too in that fix you know, no one knows what Glandelinians will be doing."

A softened expression crept over the hard stern face of Angelina Jennings. "No," said she huskily. "I wasn't—God help me I wasn't." and then she turned, and without another word, walked quickly away. Mary led the way into the tent, and Minnie followed her in. In the dim light Minnie could make out the various bottles and glasses and bandage rolls on the table, another girl scout in the uniform of a nurse, and on the cot, could that be Jean, that little motionless figure, with bandaged head, and arm, closed eyes, and crimsoned cheeks? Fear bright brave little Jean, whose quick ear had never before failed to catch the sound of her sisters step—and whose face had never failed to brighten with a glad welcoming smile! Indeed in spite of all her efforts at self control, Minnie's knees were shaking so she could scarcely stand. The nurses throw protecting arms about her.

"Is she asleep?" faltered the elder sister, with trembling lips.

"She is unconscious, but you mustn't be frightened. It's only the results of the wounds, she didn't come to yet since she was brought in."

"May I kiss her?"

For answer one of the girl nurses bent over the little figure on the cot and softly touched the burning forehead.

"Some one has come to see you Jean," she said in a kind pleasant voice—"Guess who it is."

The child's head moved on the pillow restlessly, and Jean uttered a faint moan, but that was all.

"You better speak to her yourself," the girls whispered moving aside to make room for the new comer. Next moment poor Minnie was on her knees beside the bed, and the two little burning hands in hers.

"Jean, Jean, darling, don't you know me? It is your sister Minnie."

It seemed as if the very sound of the voice she loved so well had alone the power to rouse her, as no other sound could have done, for Jean moved again, and opened her eyes.

"Minnie," she murmured softly. "Minnie dear, I'm so glad you've come, I shall be all right soon." and then she nestled her hot cheek against her sisters hand and fell asleep. A little later Minnie had sent her a message to Gertrude Angelina.

It was Mary Evangelina, Lorinia herself, who acted as nurse and who was also a head leader of girl scouts, who conducted Gertrude Angelina to the tent, where Minnie was, and where lay Jean, very red and with lines of suffering on her face. The operation the nurse explained to Gertrude which was going to be performed on the morrow, was a most serious one, but she said that the doctor claimed that Jean's physical condition nevertheless was so good that there was every hope of her coming out of it successfully. Gertrude entered the tent. On seeing her, Minnie's face showed unmistakable signs of worry in dead. How often does sudden sickness and so forth bring friends still closer together. In illness and worry many hearts are revealed.

"Oh Miss Aronburg and her hands came together, and then were flung out toward her. "This is so kind of you to come."

"How is your little sister feeling, Minnie?" Gertrude asked, catching her

two hands in hers.

"She is still unconscious, but I feel better myself now that you are here. Since she had been shot I have so wanted to talk to you Gertrude."

"If you'll excuse me Miss Arenburg, I will leave you with your friend" said the two girls scout nurses. "I know she wants to open her heart to you."

"Gertrude said Minnie as the two withdrew. "I've been thinking hard for the past two hours. There was an awful fight going on in me. All along down deep in my heart I felt that something was wrong. That Jack has been ungrateful to you and all of us. It hurt me so when he deserted poor Jean when in peril."

"And it hurt me too, Minnie. It was only some hours after I rebuked him that I saw Jean's flowers on my desk."

"You never told me that Gertrude."

"No I suppose not, as usual in that whole affair I bungled everything. But when I saw them, I understood at once that Jean had spent all her efforts in an endeavor to show her friendship and gratitude to me. I went out for you at once, only to learn that you was not then in camp. I don't know what to do with Jack. I suppose if Jean dies, he'll have to face the penitentiary. You know in our military no deserter is safe from death no matter what age. That's the rule of our Government, and I can't do anything. I'm powerless to save him unless Jean lives."

"But Gertrude, he is a coward, a deserter, he deserves that penalty."

"Perhaps he does indeed, Minnie, in fact I feel sure he does. His method was wrong, and he is an Englishman or boy. Let I hate to do it."

"But he deserves the severe punishment. You know what Violet and her sisters could do in that case. They would hustle him before a firing squad in short order. I learned of the whole thing through Francis. When the boy went out to scout on the enemy, poor Jean undertook to follow him to safe guard him as she knew the country more than he did. Still, though she really didn't think it safe, was safe to go out too far, still she felt it was dangerous more for him, no one should have approved of it, should not let her go. There was a lot of peril everywhere to night, and when some of the others heard of her going out, they were almost crazy with fear, and Jack and a number of well armed boys were sent out to bring her back. So they went out forgo g forgetting the danger to themselves, excepting Jack whom the boys say was shaky. When they came to the woods, no one knew what was lurking there. George one of the boys say his heart sank, for the enemy appeared in force. There were three or four girls with us, and they started to retreat as the Glandelinians started to charge forward. As the enemy fired upon us Gladys uttered a loud shrill scream, as she saw Jean drop from her horse and Georges heart seemed to stand still. Then the rest of them opened a withering fire upon the Glandelinians with telling effect, but the excitement they saw was too much for Jack. He was or whatever his name is, for with a terrific shriek, he threw his rifle away, and urged his horse forward and next minute the horse was flying at full speed in the direction of the main woods, leaving Jean lying there bleeding, and the amazement girls and boys to what ever fate might be in store for them. For that moment when they found themselves deserted, they all remained stock still panting for breath, and scarcely realizing what had happened. Then Gladys, James, and Frank, and two others departed from the rest and set off in hot pursuit and after a minute or two caught up from him, dragged him from his horse, and with the rest following brought him a prisoner into camp and threw him down before Jane Melfort who brought him a prisoner to you."

"I understood most of this Minnie. Knowing Gladys as I did I could always take take it for granted that y no one escapes her. It's too bad poor Jean had to take part in this adventure, and maybe she would not had she realized what would would happen. What army did the soldiers belong to, surely not Myletzees?"

"I don't think so. They looked like Glandelinians belonging to the traitor Germania Division."

"Oh," said Gertrude smiling sneeringly. "I'll get them."

"Oh," said Minnie in turn "you thought they were other Glandelinians. Well Jack sure deserves a severe punishment, that would make an example of all the cowards. You should have lashed him."

"I should have but did not think of it, for a whipping would have done him more good, but I myself would rather have had a hundred whippings than see Jean like this. Well Minnie I can promise you this, I'll decide the case at the trial accordingly to what happens to Jean. I have done that before with other deserters, and spies. He shall be punished accordingly."

"Gertrude if poor Jean should die-----"

"She'll not die I hope. I'll pray for her."

"If she should die, what will Jack be?"

"A cushion for bullets. I'll have to be. I cannot get out of it. I'd be

punished myself. The law is hard on those persons you know."

"Do you remember Jean and Angeline Pichee?"

There was a sob in the girls voice, she was thinking of the blessed days, the days that were no more."

"I do remember perfectly my dear. And I was very much touched that Jean and Angeline Pichee who were so near and dear to Our Lord should think so much of me."

"Gertrude if Jean dies can you ever forget her."

"Don't worry, Jean won't die-----but dead or alive I shall always remember her."

"I was talking a moment ago about that coward, a desecrating the death penalty, Gertrude, that thought came to me just when I learned of his desertion. I was before this happened reading a war story. There was a description there of a man deserter receiving the death penalty for even less than that boy did. Do you know Gertrude I'm not much of a critic, but to me that seemed to be a great punishment. You don't find things like that in ordinary books."

"Minnie" Gertrude exclaimed, "I believe you are a critic. You have picked at picked at what in my estimation is a great punishment indeed."

"Well I read it and re-read it. And the more I read it the more it seemed to have a message for me."

"A forewarning you mean?"

"Yes, Gertrude, and that set me to thinking that Jack deserved a severe punishment. This cross makes me believe however that God wants to chastise me in His love, and for our Cause. He would chastise me, and that if I wished to see our Country win I would need His chastening rod. I began to suspect its coming, I felt that it was near. It came and Jean is laid low here. I had begun to feel little apprehensions, and I became afraid. Then to night or this evening God chastened me. I'm afraid it's going to be an awful trying night for me, and they are before she became unconscious it was for her an hour of awful pain, and though it will now I can never get away from the feeling that God, just because He is a loving Father, had chastened me. I am brave to bear it but I started a Novena asking Him to spare her to me. Her pain was terrible so they tell me, but I knew that God was showing both of us His love. I thought thought for a while when I heard the news she was fatally wounded. Before you came all the other girls scout leaders were around her cot, rubbing her hands and feet, and doing all sorts of things. They thought I was going to faint but I did not. I never was so conscious in all my life. I saw the sacrifices of this this country in the war, and all the ugliness of it. I saw how wrong I had been been in thinking so little of your advice of keeping Jean in camp, I saw how it is so dangerous, and now I'm paying for it, and I made a good act of contrition to God, who seemed to be nearer to me than I was to Jean or myself, and I told Him that if Jean ever lived, I should do more for His Cause. My apprehension grew greater then ever after my act of contrition, but I felt the love of God wrapping me around and I prayed. It was that love of His which had had us saved us all from going to destruction. I often saw how near we had been to the greatest perils, and how God had guided us through safely without our knowing it away from dangerous places."

"Wonderful" Gertrude exclaimed taken to the loss by the girls marvelous manifestation than by her power of expression. God knows how to do things."

"And now Gertrude, I am going to remain up with her all night, and will never cease to pray. It's hard to bear it, but if God wants Jean I must be resigned to His will. But Gertrude if Jean does go will Jack really face the firing squad?"

"GERTRUDE! Minnie."

"And for his cowardice and ingratitude to us?"

"Don't speak more of that please. I can't bear it. Jean is the same to us now as she always were. I cannot do anything in any way to save him. If she dies. The whole force will lynch him."

"I don't like to think of it but if it can't be helped it can't be helped. And if she gets well what then will happen to him?"

"He shall be retained as a prisoner, and receive a disgraceful and discreditable discharge as soon as we reach the lines, under Emperor Vilius."

"Thank you so much Gertrude."

Then Gertrude said a prayer for Jean, and left her pain racked of body, and gave an offering asking every Girl Scout Regimental Priest she had in the camp to say Mass for Jean on the morrow. There were many, many dear friends friends who indeed held a warm place in her heart, but as Jean lay wounded the memory of them was now faint. The patient brave little girl, lying wounded facing death of her injuries, and whom only the operation can decide, now unconscious, and her sister so sad yet resigned, ready to cheerfully allow her little sister to go under the knife, ready to receive right willingly life or death of her little sister as God should choose-----she and Jean alone stood out clear in the presence of Christ upon the Altars and of all the surrounding angels adoring at the Holy Sacrifice, as the one to whom Gertrude was to have the priest to direct all the mighty impetratory forces of the unbloody Sacrifice on the early morrow.

Before taps she had Jack brought before him and said:

"For your a desertion, your life depends upon how Jean turns out. If she dies, you'll face the firing squad a few minutes after. You had better join in the prayers of the whole camp for her life and your salvation. I'm merciless on deserters and traitors."

And he was led back to his "pen".

CHAPTER FIVE
THE FIGHT FOR A LITTLE LIFE.
VICTORY. PRO PROMISING RESULTS FOR THE GIRL-SCOUT
INSTITUTION. THE TRIAL.

"MISS MEE, I DON'T WANT IT!"

"Yes Angeline."

"Do you really think at this very early time of morning it is necessary to take your force of girls out scouting, when we don't know what is in the woods beyond?"

"It isn't my fault, someboys got to do it. I ask a few boys to do so and they said they didn't like to take the chance."

"Seems to me I would go out scouting then, till you can take some of the caverly escort with you. I don't think Gertrude nor Mildred will be very pleased when they learn you have gone out scouting, you know what happened to Jean."

Jane gave a impatient sigh, and sent the order for her horse, "I haven't got anything else to do but scout," she said. "It's got to be done. No one knows what the Glandelinians may do. They're not out upon us."

"A nice way for a little girls-out leader who has so many things to do other wise to talk. I told you I would take you to some other place for a while if you wanted to go...."

"I don't want to, there's no particular ones to go out with, and it's no fun to go out riding anywhere else all by yourself."

"I'm sure I'm not anxious to go myself, I only suggested it because I thought it might amuse you."

There was a short pause. Jane walked up and down for several minutes and then she asked a question.

"Angeline, how many hours is it since poor Jean was shot?"

"It'll be thirteen hours at seven o'clock, and it's now only six."

"Yes that'll be thirteen hours won't it. I heard doctor Jones tell Gertrude Angeline, that if any more of us would go out, we should all be in danger of sharing her fate."

"Yes if any more of us go scouting now in small numbers it will be all up with us, and we hoped you have escaped often. You know how reckless you were. You ought to be very thankful."

"I'm not," said Jane a little defiantly. "I'm no better than Jean, and if she was shot why shouldn't I too. I wish I had caught the bullets instead of Jean. She's good and doesn't deserve it, the dirty Glandelinian skunk."

"I don't blame you, for your sympathy for poor Jean," said Angeline riches.

"EVERY ONE FEELS SORRY IT HAPPENED."

"And if she dies, I should like to get a shot in at some chief Glandelinian general and put him into the hot region where he belongs."

"Miss Melfort," Angeline showed her horror and disapproval.

"I do wish I had the chance now," Jane went on, rather pleased than otherwise otherwise by the sight of Angeline's shocked face. "I think it would be very interesting news for our national papers to have every one see that a girls-out ended a career of a Glandelinian general, because one of the best girls-out was too shot. The Glandelinians don't worry a darn about us girls-out and other children so why should we give an eye wink for them."

"You don't know what you are talking about," said Angeline Riches scornfully, as she started cleaning her horse.

Now indeed Jane was a little aroused by Angeline speaking in that tone. She was really very unhappy about poor Jean, who she knew was badly injured and very ill from her wounds, more unhappy than any one, least of all Angeline suspected. So unhappy she was that that caused her to speak that way, but never the less it was not just idle talk, she meant it, for every day, she had a growing fury against the Glandelinians for the method of their way of carrying it on the war, and to Angeline her conduct appeared a little short of heartless to the enemy, for Jane even unfortunate for herself was one of those high spirited, dignified and proud proud sensitive children, who find it an impossibility to express her deepest feelings over all this.

"I don't care what the consequences would be," she began again, after a moment's pause, "I do wish I had many a chance to have shot one of the Manleys then something would change, and I would not only be very important, but you would have avenged what the Glandelinians did to many children even before now."

"And how about the results of shooting general Manley or his sons?" Angeline inquired dryly. "I suppose that would be very pleasant too."

"What do you mean results?"

"If the Glandelinians ever captured you..."

Jane thought of this for a moment, and other disagreeable consequences that may follow, but she hesitated only for a moment.

"I don't believe I would let them capture me," she said. "Not as long as I have my trusty weapons with me and a good horse. Don't look so dreadfully solemn Angeline I'm not fooling. I know the way Violet, and her sisters do it. I've read often what great rewards is offered for their destruction, and they are not even injured yet."

"Miss Melfort you are without the slightest exception, the most reckless de dare devil child about I've ever seen in my life," exclaimed Angeline.

"How is that?"

"How is that? Why you should know yourself. You have been in arguments with Mildred very often over it. You ought to have seen Gertrude Angeline, when Violet, and her sisters, her own superiors even when they wanted to do some thing that was going to be a rush and a foolish adventure. It was pitiful to see her, she was that arguing and heart broken, and distressed, she couldn't take an interest in anything, and when they went in spite of her advice and persuading and was gone for over two weeks, she had, Jovenas and Litajies and Masses offered for their safe return, asking God and His Blessed Mother to make them come back again, and when the prayers were not answered, Gertrude took a party of girls-out, and a squadron of Abyssinkilian caverly and scou scoured the whole country until she found them, still in the enemy's camp remaining patiently because they had not yet accomplished their purpose. In order then that she could get them to come out, she tried the work her-self and succeeded. Then she and they returned to camp safely, but it was one of the most hazardous undertakings they had ever experienced."

"Perhaps for a moment Angeline had then stopped to think, and realize the fact that none of the girls-out nor the men escort either had taken any interest in things either during the time Jane Jean was shot, and therefore she felt she knew why Jane had wanted to go out scouting at a critical time. Jane wanted to do something to get even with the enemy for shooting Jean."

"I hate to hear about what happens to the Vivian Girls, this, and that," said Jane. "I know more about them, and their experiences even than you do Angeline, having been with them always since I left just now during these past weeks. I don't see why they do it, and just think of how often they have been deserted by foreign boys-out because they did not like the Vivian Girl girls, being boys who like they are in their own countries, have no use for girls because they are girls. They're nasty stuck up little pigs anyway. Emperor Vivian said so, and they were caught and got it good too."

"How many foreign boys deserted them?"

"As many as they would have. I told Gertrude once what you said about those foreigners, and then I asked her if she didn't think they were nasty stuck up little pigs, and she laughed, and said she was rather glad she didn't know boys who think so less of girls. Girls are respected by boys in our country so there. And she told foreign boys so too, and that they better look out for our own kind."

Angeline looked offended, for she had not thought foreign boys were like that, but she smiled and said:

"Maybe they hate girls when they are little boys, suppose, but when they get grown up to be men they can't get along without them. I know them, the scamps. Hate girls when little because they are girls, and want to marry marry them when they grow up. They don't deserve a mate."

Before Jane could say any more, a girls-out riding up and looking unusually grave and solemn stopped and said:

"Francis has just come back from Jean's tent. Gertrude had said he was to go over at five o'clock this morning to inquire about her condition. They say she's much worse, and if the operation is not successful they are afraid she may not last through the following night."

Angeline Riches uttered an exclamation of dismay, and the tears started to her eyes. It was quite true as Jane had said, Angeline was more fond of Jean than any one else... Jane said nothing, but her heart seemed to suddenly give one great frightened bound, and then to sink down dead, like a lump of lead. Jean was worse,--if the operation is not successful Jean might not last another nineteen hours--what did that mean? she had never dreamed, never had thought for the slightest moment that her little friend, was not going to recover from the wounds. The other girls-out lingered for a moment, and she and Angeline talked in low voices about the sad event which might take place before midnight. However it seemed that Jane did not pay much attention to what the two other girls were saying she was too busy fighting down the big lump in her throat, and winking most desperately to keep back the tears that she did not want any one to see. At last the girls-out speaking to Angeline rode away, and Angeline mounted her horse.

"I'm going to see the doctor," she said in a rather choked voice. "I haven't the heart to stay out like this any longer. Something must be done. I should think you'd like to come too, but I suppose you're going away to a scout."

Jane could not help wondering why she heard such news, but she said nothing, and Angeline rode swiftly away, and now that she was left alone and there was no one to see her Jane was not ashamed to let the tears have their way. She cried bitterly for five minutes or more, and then she dried her eyes, and for several minutes tried to cheer herself with the slight slight reflection that that that girls-out had said was probably all a mistake mistake after all. Of course it could not be possible that poor little Jean was not going to die. A little girl never died as great in numbers as numbers as boys did. Many are soldiers were or had died than any number of girls-out. Jean was very badly wounded, probably dangerous, but she hoped she would get well in the end. Only the operation would decide it... The

decided to get even on the enemy. It was very interesting to be a heroine, and have people look and talk about one the way all other girls could have been looking and talking about Violet and her sisters. Yet she did wish she had killed one of the anloys, people would wonder at her then, and she too would be important. Oh indeed it would be very nice to be important, and have the world world interested in one. Now very disagreeable the situation was, the whole camp tied up here because of the flood wreckage crush and of Jean wounded, and she had felt like sitting and crying all day long. She knew too if she were ill or shot every one would be frightened about her and would speak with a catch in her voice or their voices, as Angeline had done when she mentioned Jean. But then oh dear why couldn't she try one could experience once, just to find out how much she could get even with the foe for Jean's mishap. Gertrude would care if she went of course, but even Gertrude didn't understand her, had she not gone off to be with Jean all day long, never realizing what might happen when she was away, and how she missed Jean. Mildred was frightened too. There were other ways of surprising the enemy besides an open encounter, forming an ambush for instance. She had once heard of a little girl scout, who had left camp to do the very thing, and frightened a large Glandelinian force nearly to death.

It was a very dreadful story, for it turned out to be a horrible massacre, and the surviving Glandelinians had got lost in the woods, and had a terrible time until at last a strong scouting party of cargoillean Curdos came upon them and brought these survivors home to camp in such a condition and their uniforms so much in rags that their comrades scarcely recognized them. Jane had her private doubts as to the truth of this story it sounded so much like the yarns of sailors, but Violet, and her sisters had declared it was true, and that they knew the little girl who did it. It was poleos Mic-holleston. Jane did not think she would enjoy committing a horrible massacre massacre, but it would be fun just to give a Glandelinian horde a surprise, to give them a good scare and down a leader for the injury done to Jean. Of course she could come back with her followers before Gertrude returned home, and if she were scolded — what did it matter. Nothing seemed to matter very much just now when her heart was aching so. If the Glandelinians thought they were going to shoot the little girl scouts and get away with it, why she might as well go and be heartless and have some "fun" with them.

She had now finished cleaning her horse, and she brought the saddle herself and mounted. Her heart was beating very fast, it was going to be a conflict she knew it, but she had made up her mind. The Glandelinians should be taught a lesson. She would find out if the Glandelinians would find that they couldn't shoot down little girls, and not expect little girls to fail to retaliate. No sir. She rode to her part of the camp commanded all her force to fall in line, requested half the men escort of the Regiment to follow her, and the next minute the whole troop was riding forward briskly down the path in the direction of the woods where Jean had had her almost fatal adventure. No one else saw her and her followers. Angeline Pichee was indulging in a good hearty cry in the doctors tent, and all the others were still asleep. Then she reached the main road, Jane paused for a moment uncertain which way to turn as she knew not where the enemy was.

"I won't go to the glen," she decided. "It might be a trap for us. I guess I'll follow this path into the woods, and I know the way perfectly well. And it's nice and cool here."

For ten minutes she and her column rode on steadily without stopping, and then she began to feel rather warm and tired. The sun shining through the forest fire smoke haze was hot, and the morning very sultry. She paused for a moment feeling half inclined to turn back and leave the foe unpunished. But then she caught the glimpse of something unusual not far away and decided to go on a little further. It was much warmer when she had reached the woods. She and her column rode along a shady path for some distance, and then climbed a tree to scout. She looked Gertrude and the rest would not discover her absence and worry about her. She rode on, and the path was very long only just long enough to find a Glandelinian Regiment and give it a good fright. Then she would return quietly to the camp and then it didn't matter much, she might be scolded by Mildred probably, perhaps punished, but she would certainly tell all the leaders that she wasn't going to let the Glandelinians shoot Jean and kill other girls beforehand and get away with it. Don't you believe it. And then all at once before she realized what she was doing, Jane found herself crying — crying as if her heart would break.

A rustling in the bushes near by the trees caused her to look down with a start. It was very still in the woods, she was sure now that Glandelinians were approaching and with her heart beating very fast she descended from the trees, she gave some signal and the woods were "empty." She from her hiding place listened intently for a moment, but all was quiet again.

"I guess they are not coming," she said to herself, rising rather hurriedly from her hiding place, and feeling a little anxious and uncomfortable over the fear her prey might escape. She had not taken more than a dozen steps forward, when she heard it again, that same rustling sound and of men moving forward only this time it sounded much nearer. The little girl's heart began to beat very fast indeed. She was afraid they might go elsewhere.

"There's something coming there," she said "speaking in a low whisper "Oh I they don't change their course."

Next moment a Glandelinian horde on horseback came in sight over two hundred of them, and the next moment she had started her command with a piercing shriek, and from behind trees, and bushes and rocks a withering fire was opened upon the Glandelinians who surprised and terrified at the ambushade, urged their horses on a dead run, but a second drop, and there they lay, fast away from the foremost of them, they caught sight of a for a force of girl scouts and men. If there was one thing in the world above others, of which Glandelinians stood in mortal terror, that one thing was being caught in an ambushade.

They tried to fight their way out of the trap, but even dare devil Jane ran at the leader with her uplifted little rifle, and though bearing her dress on briars brought him down with a terrific blow. The Glandelinians neither knowing nor caring in what direction they were going, tried to retreat, and though a number managed to escape, the rest were shot down, and half fainting from terror and fatigue, they stopped exhausted, behind trees and stumps returning the fire of the soldiers and girl scouts. One Glandelinian officer was hit in the knee by a shot from Jane and stood clinging to a tree to save himself from falling. The Glandelinians kept up a snuffing fire for fear the ambushade would charge. Seeing that they did not follow they began to edge away from their killing places but as soon one showed himself he fell. They all then remained quite for a time and listened, scarcely daring to breathe. No now everything was quiet, the only sound to break the stillness were a few birds twittering excitedly because of the recent crush of so many shots. The chief leader heaved a long sigh of relief and sat down on the stump to rest. His hat was gone, his coat was torn. He was more tired and miserable than he could ever remembering remember feeling before in his life. For several minutes he sat still getting back his breath. Then when his heart had stopped beating in those great frightened bounds, and his head had stopped trembling, he took courage to look around, and try to find at if possible whether the christian ambushade as ambushade were still near. Everything looked just the same as it had looked when he and his followers first ran into the trap and had that dreadful fray with the loss all on his own side.

He had no idea how far he and his survivors had retreated but over a hundred and fifty had been shot down, and he remembered with a rather uncomfortable feeling that these scouts can go anywhere through these woods and not be lost. Then they could trail him. That was he to do. Would they follow? And if he started with his survivors back the way he had come, was he not sure to meet with those dreadful christian girl scouts again? But if he took another path how could he possibly tell where it might lead, maybe into another trap, and after all when he came to think of it he was not at all sure of being able to find the right path if he tried. He was not frightened at the prospect of being lost, however as long as the girl scouts didn't follow. He could see that he had a full day before him, the sun was far from being high in the heaven however, yet, and he did not think he could have retreated a great distance. He decided that he would continue a little way in what he imagined might be the right direction, and then if things did not begin to look familiar he would turn back again and try another path.

His heart was still beating uncomfortably fast, and he started at every slight sound, fully expecting to see another force of those "dreadful" girl scouts appear from somewhere among the trees and open fire. But he and his survivors rode on briskly conscious of one great overwhelming desire the desire to get safely out of those dreadful woods, before then he was overtaken by his enemies. As to encountering those girl scouts and their escorts, the thought was too horrible to be even contemplated even for a moment. Why the woods might be full of them, and he did not know which he feared most, the christian soldiers, or these girl scouts. He retreated on for some distance, and was just beginning to comfort himself with the thought that he might meet with another force of his kind, when a sudden turn in the path brought him and his troops to the edge of a little brook. And to his horror on the other side of the brook, moving to cut him off was that band of girl scouts and their soldiers, and the awful conviction burst upon him that either he must have taken the wrong path, or that they might have taken a shorter trail to intercept him. It was a terrible conviction, and for the first moment he was almost paralyzed by the thought of it. If he met those here he and his surviving troops would be lost, — hopelessly lost. That last thought was too awful to be borne in silence, and with a wild outburst of terror and despair, he and his troops retreated in another direction the darkness of girls and soldiers full speed after them. Jane flung herself forward at the head of the force, lifted up her voice and shrieked; "Surrender, you cowards or to quarter."

Even though they were little girls pursuing him and his troop it seemed like a light mare. It was really going to happen then he was going to be a fugitive in the woods all day. He knew that to be in such woods, all sorts

of dreadful things happened. Jane perched hard, she had always been a brave brave child even to the dire devil recklessness, and to let those Glandelinians get away the very thought made her mad, put unfortunately the lightning came upon a reinforcing party and they were off, and the girls and their soldiers could not pursue further. She had planned this all right, she had not sleep that night so eager she had been for the adventure, so for carrying it out, she had been unusually successful, she now decided to return and let the "fools" recover their wounded, she put up straighter in her saddle, and urged her horse in the other direction, then came to her a recollection, she remembered a story she had been reading about to Jean just the other day, it was "fighting Joe Hooker" A civil war book, and it told how two strange men on each side operating against one another yet looked alike, she decided to fool the enemy with a plan something like that the next time, she was now sure she had received satisfaction for poor Jean, she was quite sure now, that she was satisfied, and she had not lost a single person in the fray. But it was said that Jean was going to die, and she prayed it would not happen, she had proposed to Angeline Riches that she was going out scouting, and she had punished a big force of the enemy instead without a single loss. But that did not appease her at the thought of Jean, she began to cry again and she sobbed until her head ached. Yet she felt sure that God would take care of her, and therefore she didn't see why she should be so frightened about Jean's condition, but she had been so badly hurt that she was afraid it might take a miracle to save her. Suddenly there came a new thought, which brought with it a faint ray of hope and comfort. God always gives anything a person asks, and so she as she rode on folded her hands and raised her eyes to the sky and said—

"Oh Dear Blessed Mother of God ask Him to take care of poor little Jean and let her get well again, let the operation be a success. She's badly wounded I know, and perhaps it's not Your Will, but if she does get well I'll try to be a still better girl, indeed I will, and oh Dear God, please don't let Jean die, she is so good and sweet, everybody loves her so. I or they don't want Jean to die. Oh Dear God please let her get well."

Hark what was that! Surely it was the sound of approaching horses. Jane ordered all her troop in hiding again, her heart beating so fast she could scarcely breathe. Was some others coming. Perhaps it was more Glandelinians and she may have a chance to strike again.

Heavier and heavier came the horses, and now she could hear the sound of men's voices. Then she saw the flash of purple among the trees and in another moment the column were considerably startled by the appearance as if from nowhere of girls and scouts and Abyssinians soldiers. If it was not for their appearance no doubt both sides would have by mistake suddenly opened fire upon one another they got such a start, however the girls joined them it being the rest of the cavalry who had followed to see what Jane was going out for, and having heard firing had been anxious. Of course Jane had to tell the whole story, and there was an exclamation of astonishment.

"The Glandelinians were so awfully bad to shoot poor Jean, I was angry and I went off into the woods to find a troop of Glandelinians, and I saw some done them up good and proper. They'll never forget me in a hurry."

It was very quiet in Jean's tent, and in the hole camp of the girl scout force, a strange and oppressive hush seemed to have fallen over the whole territory, and even the officers and those already up moved and stirred, and softly, and spoke in low and strict voices. All through the long hot and sultry night, Gertrude Angeline had sat alone outside the tent, sometimes watching curiously the distant forest fire glow, sometimes pacing the ground in restless impatience, but most of the time sitting idly, with her elbows resting on her knees, and her face between her hands. Every little while she would rise, and steal softly to the tent to listen to the inner portion of Jean's tent room, but her ears never caught any other sound save an occasional low spoken question or answer from those within, and the heavy labored breathing of the sick child.

Inside the tent, three girl scout leaders sat and watched, they were Minnie her sister, Mary Evangelina Gloria, and Mary Stanek. For many hours now that same unbroken stillness had pervaded the old tent. It was more than twelve hours since one intelligible word had passed the lips of the little child scout, and every hour the pain at the older sisters heart had been growing sharper and sharper. Four times that night had Doctor Jones come, and his grave face had bent over the little flushed face on the pillow, and on his last visit he had said a few words in low tones to the nurse, words which poor Minnie had not failed to catch.

"I think the operation at nine A.M. tomorrow morning will decide the question one way or the other...."

Minnie had not had the heart to say anything then, but when the doctor left the tent, she had followed him softly to the outside of the tent.

"Doctor" she said, and her voice was brave and steady, in spite of the misery in her blue eyes. "Tell me the truth,—is there any hope?"

The kind doctor, was unable to meet that look of suffering, and he took the poor young girl's hand in his, and he weaved very sadly. "The dear child, while there is a chance in Faith in God there is a chance hope."

That was at midnight, and now it was after two, and still there was no chance—no movement of the little motionless form. The operation would have been performed as soon as possible but the surgeon had not arrived when he was expected. For more than six hours, Minnie had not moved from her seat by the bedside, but now she gave a good sudden start, roused by a touch on her shoulder.

"My dear" whispered whispered Mary Stanek, "Don't you think you'd better go outside, and try to get Miss Arnsburg to get some sleep. She's been up all night almost, she's never gone back to her own tent, though she is usually so practical about her sleeping hours."

Minnie however made an impatient movement.

"I can't sleep to night myself," she said.

"Yes dear, I know how you feel, but its for Gertrude sake I ask you to do it. It isn't good for her to go without her regular nights sleep, and she won't go back to her tent unless you accompany her to it."

"Still Minnie shook her head, and Mary glanced appealingly at Miss Gloria.

"I think you're going Miss Saunders," she said with cheerful decision. "I don't expect the operation to be performed for some time yet, not till ten to-morrow morning at the latest, and I could send for you at any moment if I wanted to. And you will surely break down yourself, you know if you don't take some rest, and then what will your little sister do when the operation is a success, and she is better and starts asking for you?"

"When she is well and asks for you" how those hopeful words thrilled poor Minnie's aching heart. They were the only hopeful words, she had heard in days, Doctor Jones and many others have been kind, but neither of them could speak of the time when Jean would be getting better. Mary Gloria known as "Bright eyed Mary" was a bright sensible young girl scout nurse, and leader, and Minnie had come to rely upon her more than any one else... now she rose a moment voluntarily.

"You will call me immediately if the operation brings about the slightest success," she whispered.

The girl scout nurse nodded, and with one more loving glance at the little figure on the cot, Minnie left the tent followed by Mary Stanek. It was now starting to get brighter outside and the sun could be seen rising. It was now a little after five in the morning.

Jane's orderly has just been here," she said just for the sake of saying something than for any real interest she had on the subject. Jane intends to go out scouting at such an hour. Think if of it, and what happened to Jean, oh didn't she get no sense."

"Going out scouting," Minnie repeated, pushing on pausing at the outside the tent. "If she goes she'll get into great trouble, she'll be lost, now very dreadful to do it—are you sure its true. Will Mildred let her?"

"Yes its true, but she intends to take a strong force with her, and no one had been able to persuade her not to do it. Angeline Riches is apprehensive, but she won't give in. The worst of it is Mildred is away she went over to the south side of the camp or further to look out for the coming of the surgeon, and they don't expect her back till he comes."

"Oh Jane no going out scouting—the little friend of whom Jean was so fond, and Mildred too, if something would happen it would be very dreadful, said that Minnie found herself wondering, as she went outside, why it was she did not feel alarmed over this news. Perhaps her threatened loss was making her become cold and heartless, she had believed that sometimes, why it was hours since she had shed a single tear, and yet Jean was going to die because something was delaying the coming of the Surgeon that had been sent for. She went straight to the left of the tent, but found no one but the sentry who stood rigid and silent with his shouldered musket, the picture of patient submission to fate.

"There's Gertrude Angeline!" Minnie inquired. "In that other tent close by. Miss I've spoken to her twice, and I don't want like to do it again, for I'm afraid she'll be in a hurry. Perhaps you wouldn't object to reminding her—ourselves Miss, that she ought to have been subject a long time ago."

Minnie made no answer, but walked a distance the company street to the tent indicated by the sentry. There she paused as she stepped inside. Gertrude was certainly very kind, but she added only very much the fact that she had never exchanged more than a few words with her such as since her only arrival in Angeline Riches force. They had not at all been in the true and in a three, but Minnie's Gertrude never talked, not even the ordinary civilities of Good Morning or Good Evening, she forbade any speaking at all during meals, and all the officers and girl scout leaders had sat at the table in unbroken silence.

As she went in Gertrude could see Gertrude sitting by a table, her hand buried in her hands. As if she was sitting waiting for something. A looked very much like a child, long, and for the first time the other woman thought fleshed through. "Minnie said that surely there was something more than one in the world, almost if not quite as much as in the world. I don't know if you would have the night before, then the next morning, when the little girl was almost the image of one of the Vivian Girls. Could it be possible that she had really found a love? A little girl about very dark, and that it was a more than a mere over the fact that the deserter Jack had been the cause of her disaster, that was grating Gertrude so greatly. It was a sudden thought, and it brought with it the very first sensation of pity that she had probably felt for any one but herself since Jean was shot.

Next moment Gertrude felt a light touch on her arm, and lifting her head with a start and staring for an instant at the older girl about standing beside her almost as Minnie thought to herself, as if she did not surprise her.

"What is that you like to have?" she asked in a strange low voice. "What do you want, that is the matter?"

"Nothing, I only came to tell you that it is hard for you to remain up without a little sleep."

"How is she?"

"Just the same. The surgeon did not come yet. Miss Gloriana— says she doesn't expect any change for some time yet."

"There never will as long as that surgeon does not come," she answered, and with a sigh, Gertrude rose slowly to her feet. She walked a few steps toward the door of the tent, then came back, and laying her hand in Minnie's said:

"You look very pale. You are doing the same thing as I. You need rest too." "Oh I am quite well," said Minnie with a faint attempt to smile. "I should be all right if only Jean would be better, or if the surgeon would come."

"Did Doctor Jones tell you that he had not waited for that surgeon and had accepted of the now nearest special surgeon of the army of General Vivian, which is no more?"

"No," said Minnie, looking rather startled. "Well he must tell him to and not wait for that tardy surgeon as expected. His name is Doctor Constantine, he will be here any minute I expect, and between them they ought to be able to do something."

"With a sudden impulse, Minnie held out both her hands to Gertrude, as she had done on the first afternoon of her arrival. "Oh, how good you are," she said unsteadily. "How can I ever thank you?" She had scarcely uttered these impulsive words, when she wished she had left them unsaid, for Gertrude had suddenly turned upon her, in almost avowed light in her gray eyes.

"I do not want you to never speak to me in that way. I suppose you think because because I'm a great girl about louder, that I must have lost all the love and affection I ever had? Well I tell you once that I alone won't be thanked, now do you understand me?"

"Yes Miss Aronburg," said Gertrude, "I'm very sorry if I— there, that will do. There's nothing for you to be sorry about, it's I. Now come to breakfast, and then to bed."

The breakfast passed off in the same unbroken silence as usual. Neither Minnie nor her host ate very much, and indeed Minnie was very thankful when Gertrude rose from the table. They were just leaving the tent when a courier rode up.

"Miss Aronburg—excuse me—had you heard about little Jane Melfort and what she did to a horse of Glendalins out—in—the woods?" "No," replied the girl about, "and what's more I don't care either. The Glendalins can all die for what I care," and she stalked impatiently out of the tent hall, but Minnie lingered behind to inquire.

"When anything has been heard of the little girl about Jane yet." "Anything heard," she didn't understand Minnie, she came back to camp, alright and she had a meeting with the Glendalins. The queer thing about it is, it was a squadron of our own cavalry who came upon her and those with her. Why she went out into the woods and ambushed a Regiment of Glendalins nearly frightening the survivors to death, and perishing them for two miles party across a brook. Of course she came home without a horse of a minute person and had twenty prisoners with her."

Minnie was conscious of a feeling of something like surprise. A Jane Melfort or killed too, but once back in Jean's tent for she could not sleep. Her sister had a good idea, thoughts and heart for nothing in the world except that little motionless form on the bed. She said to her that the child was a counsel on how her suffering great pain, and oh how she was mother. But when she whispered her fears to Miss Gloriana, the girl about again still spoke encouragingly.

"We can't tell anything as to the state of till the operation is performed," she said. "It is lucky you see she is not in a stupor. That would be a disaster. I think the operation will decide it."

It was at about seven fifteen o'clock when Doctor Jones finally appeared, kind princely and clever face, and a citizen with black hair, and a surgeon, of whom Gertrude had spoken, who might be able to do more than for Jean.

"Now my dear Miss Gloriana," said Doctor Jones kindly, "we shall have to ask you and the three others to leave the tent, the operation Doctor Melfort and Miss Gloriana will help us."

Minnie rose obediently, and she was more before I go," she whispered, and Minnie promised her lips long and passionately, to the little hand bunched burning forehead. Then she turned, and with a heart that was almost breaking, she left the room, closely followed by Mary Jones.

Outside the tent, the young girl tottered and sank against a tree, feeling suddenly very weak and faint. It seemed to her as though in those without few moments, her little sister's fate was to be decided. With an exclamation of pity and sympathy, Mary gathered the quivering form in her arms.

"My poor dear, my poor dear," she murmured, as Minnie with one great tearless sob, lay down slowly to a stupor. "If you can only cry or try to, you would feel much better."

"I can't cry," she tried, "said the girl in a hoarse whisper. 'I've made an effort but I can't.' 'All I have in the world besides my parents, and now she is gone I'll be as well off as if I were terribly alone.'"

The class of Mary was tightened and unbearable. "My dear child," she said very tenderly, "I'll ask God and His Blessed Mother to help you bear this trouble, and to make your little sister well."

"I'll be sure to, but He does not seem to grant it, and how could I do so many hundreds and hundreds of thousands of blessed sufferers, and our turn to suffer than they. Under this situation I do not always feel sure, that God will hear me when I pray to Him or His Blessed Mother or the Saints for anything."

"He does hear every prayer," said Mary softly stroking the girl's forehead as she spoke. "We don't always understand of course that is going on in this war, and I know since so many suffer probably worse because what the enemy did, and He doesn't seem to hear their prayers, that it doesn't seem best for us that our own prayers should be granted, but He always hears, and will grant it if you have the faith, and now I'm going to ask you to do something." "I'll do anything I can," said Minnie, raising her head with sudden eagerness. "You have him so good to me, I shall be glad to do something for you."

"Tell it is not exactly for me this time," said Mary smiling. "That is to say in one way it is, and in one way it isn't. I want you to go down to the prison tent and find out from that boy Francis how it was that Jack got scared and deserted Jean."

"Minnie looked at the prison tent," said Minnie, looking rather fearful. "You need not see him but Francis who guards him now," said Mary. "You need not be afraid of Francis, he's good and short in his manners sometimes, but he doesn't mean anything by that. He has got one of the blindest hearts in the world, and he is so stupid, he will tell you what I'm after."

"You told me once that you were very much like one of the Vivian Girl Prisoners, is that any of your own or is it one of the Vivian Girl?" "Yes it is partly that, and partly other things."

"Francis is just as bad as I am," said Mary. "Just as he had been doing other things, but I am a little different. He is the one that got scared and deserted Jean. He is the one that the little life the whole Regiment had given to give so well there was a slight sound behind him, and he turned to meet the gaze of a pair of tender blue eyes filled with a nameless grief and misery, he had him followed, and a set by placed on guard till she was through speaking with him."

"Is there anything I can do for you?" He asked in a tone that Minnie scarcely recognized. It was so low and gentle.

"No," said Minnie, in a rather untidy voice. "It isn't that, I didn't come for anything, but, but I am very lonely and unhappy, and I thought you could give me some details as to the decorations, as you seem to be found of her too."

"Found of her," the boy seemed repeated slowly, and there was a strange ring in his voice, and a strange gleam in his eyes. "I think I am fonder of her than I have ever been of any human being."

Minnie came a step closer, and he was not afraid of anything more. "What that boy said that really is a disaster," she asked softly. "What is that?" "It is a disaster," he answered sharply. "It means, only that he was with you and that the enemy attacked he got scared and ran away. Mary told me that, and I thought perhaps you knew more about it."

"Mary didn't tell you that, did she? What else did she tell you?" "That she was, and the steady gaze of those tender blue eyes, but Minnie did not flinch. "I am sure," she said, "that she had nothing to fear."

"He didn't tell you he was a yellow streaked coward, who pushed two other girls out of the way so he could see his horse away, because he got scared when the enemy opened fire, he didn't tell you that he left Jean lying there to the danger of being captured and slaughtered?"

"He said Minnie, she never told me that." "Well if she had, it would have been nothing but the simple truth. I saw it all there are some things that you're talking about as that subject, and that we can't forgive the soldiers for."

With one of her sudden impulses as like Jean's, Minnie held out both her hands, to the boy.....

"First of all you want for the present, drop your vein of dangerous outing as which was the cause of your plight."

"In the third place you need only to come to airplane class during only one other day in the week--the rest of the time being left for food and other

[illegible]

"You must think of Jane and the plan which is for the sake of our cause, and the success of our enterprise must be a dead weight on your mind. The girls know it, and are delighted I know it, and must go on to tell you. But you must be sure to keep it all to yourself, or you'll never get to super-
super-villainous names."

"I will, Gertrude."
"Thank your honors."
"Yes, cross my heart and hope to die."
The Great North Tower rang with enthusiasm, to the highest pitch. The
unhappy her hands, and thanked Gertrude, as the latter left the tent to assist
her own driver.

the following:

How long Gertrude, or Angeline Riches and their followers were going to take to get to Newswagon, St. Claire, no one could tell. Hoping to have the chance to make some progress on the raft Gertrude, Angeline, and all the highest classed speakers went up the slopes of some high hill to take in a view of the country. The official spokesman said that the first step was like the first step of a universal locomotion something like the first step of a locomotive. It did not let down, nor did it decrease, rather it seemed to increase, and to the east, as if blown over a terrified world, the forest fire, were seas of smoke and flame, the effects of the greatest disasters seeming to have burst with the most appalling threat not upon the warring countries, but to threaten had effects to the world in general, for past before this occasion of the whole world even had been cruel in the beauty of springtime, progress and progress had been following, the whole nation had been shaken by the convulsion fits of the terrible war that had been marring the peace of mankind but outside of battles and usual measured nothing unusual had seemed to occur. Now what had happened.

These early last June, may even during July elsewhere following came the continual shock of new disasters, distinct explosions with the force of volcanic eruptions, the destruction of many new cities and villages, the deaths in horrible torture of many more thousands of helpless people, the tortures of conflagration, famine thirst, diseases, the heartrending grief of countless multitudes multitudes mourning their loved ones who were lost, the wails of many countless thousands crying for succor.

[illegible]

Therefore, Gertrude knew as she surveyed this one vast sea of water in the west, and the sea of smoke and fire eastward, that there was bright spot in the terrible picture before her was placed there by this unusual and unexplained demonstration of universal human sympathy, the brotherhood of men of every Christian nation, and that touch of Nature which makes the whole world kin wherever suffering awaits some stricken or lonely, pleading soul. It was good that the whole world against her, and her cause, *****

Detrombe and his followers had asked a lot of the grievous scenes that had met the relief expeditions that had penetrated the region of horror as far as they could go. The men hesitated, the vessel trembled in the efforts to describe what horrors were there, and yet many of Detrombe's followers had seen glimpses that of the awful disaster. All persons who had been on the Indian reservation were of my number of big men, and while I sought to convey the truth of the disaster that struck Angelina and her many followers had seen for days, nor imagine the suffering, the grief, the sickness and the helpless, and I said that they were not to go. I said that I would go and I said I will the war-stricken territory did not have to fear in their homes the terrors and the tears that followed fast upon this awful calamity which though suspected of the enemy had not yet been proven. As the survivors the vast expanse of water filled with floating debris Detrombe said:

"We have neverless indeed in our nation as it seems to have even after Nature
appealed through the universal effect of the sun, her facile ray beated
graciously through the mountain the stupendous natural forces, produced by
the unknown strange works of the enemy, who create explosions which could
rend mountains in twain, make the earth rock like the waves of the sea from
the convulsions, and cause fissures which no one can comprehend. And Cindolina
calls this war if it is then what is civilized warfare."

"Yes, Ahimbura," Cindolina Arachia, what time that part of our continent
indeed, did not feel the dreadful convulsions of this dread war, shuddering
under the weight of the shattering sound by every vibration of the
continents, as if with the shattering sound by every vibration of the
under volcanoes struggling to find a vent. You know since Ahimbura was
destroyed, succeeding disturbances were reported from near and far."

"I am told she so she received a letter from him when she was ill, she said Mullumatt State felt the shocks of disaster. Next many other places were scourged by fires, parts of the flood, and explosion had great loss of life. The quick succession she said that the letter told her how the disaster was similar kinds as before we volcanic and earthquake disturbances, throughout all northwestern California, where many thousands of lives were lost, she said the letter states the flood had extended into Argentina state, Angeline or Grangoline St. Oniro is imm dated, from Angoline Mine State, land of Paradise, from southwestern California, some of them of the most destructive efforts of the floods from thence us, adding to the horror of the Abbeville explosions whose noise they say was heard more than 10,000 miles, from middle southern California,

[illegible]

the public mind throughout the world, the remembered the Bible history of the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, the cities of the plains, for the wickedness of the people by the rain of sulphurous flames from on high. Pompeii overwhelmed by the destructive eruption of Vesuvius, Lisbon and many other cities in different countries, and the cities of the East, the destruction of uncounted thousands of lives, but none of these cities were ever so ready of those which had occurred in Calaverita. The recalled all that history might state since the beginning of history, all of the cataclysmic disasters wrought by nature's irresistible power, but none of these could be committed all that the strange disasters of this war was accomplished. Looking often upon this flood, and reviewing the distant Grand Cañon fires in the distant forests Gerdude and all her leaders sometimes felt afraid. They felt that they were like guids in Purgatory, but for some reason or other had to stay their time, but yet were not either rescued by heavenly waters, or suffered the pains of fire, whether the interests of the world had been roused as it had never been roused before, or not, did not yet concern them, their only anxious thoughts was "How are they going to get back to Imperator Virgins army. It had been since was that the catastrophe still occurred, and yet when the most violent of the catastrophic disasters had kinds of consolation, when the work of the relief parties and the many various as far as earth, air, fire, and water, with only baffling results, it was possible throughout the world for the first time to attempt a realization of what what forest fire horrors had resulted in. You of the nations believed it a work of the future. They believed there could be no such thing as it without leaving clues, and no clue was found that could be traced to the cause. From the news came to the people of the far off nations of Protestantism, bringing thankfulness, that almost by a miracle the splendid Protestant, messenger ship barely missed destruction in the disaster, when on the evening river ten miles south of Abilene. Two days before the disaster the ship was in the harbor of Abilene. Signs of bad weather disturbances were seen and her board of and on that day before the crash, the ship left the harbor of the city and headed the sea before the catastrophe occurred. It is considered a miracle that the ship for the first time and resulting floods had taken place when the ship was there. It would surely have been destroyed. There were over two thousand passengers on the ship, mostly women and children including a hundred of the crew, and the captain and other officers.

Sometimes later that day Gerdude was shown and after Jean had relieved from duty and one of the statements was as follows:

And to think Jean dear the newspapers here in Calaverita says that one

was not of natural, but because the flood broke a dike that would be raised. The changes in the level of this lake were only confined to the immediate vicinity of the lake according to the report of the scientists but other have since discovered that the changes extended as far as Angelina, Ameghina and on all river beds. Rescue vessels plying between flooded La Paloma and El Verde from which the flood yet has not gone down, and to Mildred Greenburg found it necessary to leave the land while out in the middle of the river. The papers dear Jean says also that very serious and unusual transformations appeared in the vicinity of Abilene, where a considerable part of the south end of the city and the land and hills even slid into the lake, leaving a wide inlet in place of that part of the enormous city. Rescue ships that made efforts to approach that locality reported it impossible to get within ten miles to the scene of the catastrophe because of the fury of the rushing floods, and at that distance the flood was seriously perturbed as from a submarine volcano from the force and speed of the torrent, boiling forward and roaring continually. The theory was advanced that the flood originated from an erupting volcano.

ated from an unknown source. It is now passing July and the flood is still raging, whether volcanic eruptions arising from the ground in the vicinity of Abilene, or not remained to be determined, but conditions certainly do not seem to give clues to the cause of the catastrophe in that fashion. Those who knew much about Volcanoes and their eruptions made examinations and declare that the explosive forces are profound mysteries. So the suspicion is on the same. In any event as the papers say Juan near the disaster of that Bangall State, which extends in the flood horrors through California, a Angelina and two other states, and which consumption shook down so many towns ought to be regarded as warnings to us all so we can keep our eyes and ears open, for if it is true that the storm was really guilty of all this, what will be next?

You might think that some one may be wrong and that these awful disasters might be works of nature, but, all the eminent Volcanic scientists want there to investigate, and say, that volcanic eruptions, hold that the disaster had nothing to do with any volcanic eruptions, and that where the disaster happened no volcanic activity exists. They went so far to predict the possibility of the same force that occurred near Lake Solina sometime last November either destroying that lake region by that great torrent resulting, or causing inundations. The papers say the effects of these disasters and the ravaging floods continuing has caused continual panic among the inhabitants of all surviving towns and cities in any of our states, even people are afraid to go to bed at nights here in California, in St. Louis, Danville, Gundeluppe, Antigua, Nevils and St Kitts States there is great concern over the possible threat of disasters to their cities, and in Aby sinkhole all lovers of their rivers and dams of lakes are guarded by the militia at every spot, and partial law exists in all towns and cities.

We in California are worried.
 And Joan dear you can tell your friends that the most strange atmospheric
 conditions and unusual actions on the part of the flood are continually
 noticed since the catastrophe commenced by all the inhabitants of California
 and other states, and it is feared that some terrible calamity is pending
 because of this Abilene horror, and floods, using the latter half of this
 month of July many hundreds of thousands of people have left California,
 Pasadena, Fresno, Atlanta, Mary Stanok and other big cities to escape the
 pap possible lities of floods and explosions that might occur a near their
 respective neighborhoods, and Joan dear not alone in California but in
 other States of our country, the shocks of this disaster is being felt. The
 floods are reported raging over the whole of the Arkansas River district, but
 no fatalities occurred, the flood disturbances are supposed to be connected
 with the upheavens upheavals of the Abilene horror. I received a telegram
 from some friend of mine who lives way down in Gertrude Angelina City
 Northwestern Angelina State, that at the time of the explosions at Abilene
 the shocks were felt there for fifteen minutes and every building was visibly
 shaken. The air at Gertrude Angelina was filled with a strange huge mass.

The flood this month instead of going down is greatly increasing, and owing to the floods threatening aspect in North Western Argentina repair work on the extension of the Argentina and Charrinla Railroad is being suspended. After that date the flood is said to have increased considerably

"Jennie Marie leader of us of my branch," said Jean who was sitting up in her bed and looking like as a cat in her bangles said, "I don't know what you, Angeline Nibbes said," "It's a dead secret," Jennie interposed, "But I hope you are not going to give Gertrude any of ideas of running the raft into Jessie, as having made successful our trip already it is as that city is literally flatland, all the girls would want to go there, that would be the plan, and our plan, our prospects would be ruined," "Jean dear remain calm," said Gertrude, "we have no intention of entering the town," "Angeline besides she wants to see the friends she met there," "She and Gertrude, and others too, but because of fellows here, but come through such dangerous stints as that they might get scared and back out, and no one can go through the fixed periods we require..." "Jean I'll stand by all the presidents," "I never saw girlhood's generals," as she said, they go to Communism every morning when our Regimental Generals, and says Mass for all of us, and while both the strictest in discipline, and the most devout, girls some of our sect as well sickness, and so forth we are often told nothing improves any more one. All the same, Jean Gertrude and Angeline Nibbes entered the armistice, has been they have been unusual persons."

[illegible]

[illegible]

The reports of that is, conflicting," said Jago Mallett, 60-year-blamed verdure
giant Mt. Catherine, the familiar mountain, and said that the volcano blew up,
like a Hurricane becoming a fiery vend through which ears the earth's artillery
blasted forth, in most terrible volleys of molten projectiles lava masses, huge
drifts of ash and clouds of flaming gases, and that earthquakes followed in
the suburbs, destroying our Northern Dome in Bengali State. When the in
vestigator went to see, I read this one report in the paper:

"But where was the flood?"

"No one seems to know, even though nothing in its full path could withstand such a force of waters, no longer kindly Mother Earth being benign in the beauty of summer time, but cruel, relentless merciless alike to all, and yet it was not the fault of Mother Earth. If it is proved that the men-----"

"What do you mean?"

around there will be no remaining there," said the new war country is no stranger to these destructive disasters. "Said Agostino Negro. I remember at Jambie living ten at Belizate Junction and explosion killed many soldiers, and threatened the city with destruction. Belizate Junction was practically destroyed by the great and more terrible battle which raged over North Bend near the place known as the horrors of Sumbon Creek, where eighteen millions died on both sides. This is a dreadful war indeed."

"Here you see much of Abolition," asked James.
"Yes, next to Virginia Wicks, Abolition was the largest city in the world, yet the main railway, factory and commercial center of the whole Pacific was a College of Abolitionists. It was well built, holy and very prosperous, and never failed to do its duty. It carried into two parts, known as the lower and the upper towns, the colored race, who were the backbone of the nation, the backbone and very heart, and a great business and water carrying city, which drew into the lake and river from the surrounding lands the upper town was big and well handeled, healthy and handsome, laid out there were in the whole city, subway, great, fine, colored lines and thousands of railway lines, entered the lake through several and thousands were swimming, everything was there in abundance, and the city was a great success."

[illegible]

"Abraham has 290113, according to claims to great distinction in that, Emperor
 1714 was born there, and that also several of the Virgin Civil Princesses, and
 a great number of our priests, bishops, and Cardinals, and Abbots, there was a
 two hundred feet statue of the Virgin and the New Child on the elevated portion
 they say it is a miracle."

our plan" said Gertrude.

Investigate and find the cause of the disaster.

"Well, if they'll do it well they'll do it. But they must be convinced."

that don't blame me if they get more. But it's such an unusual suggestion. They won't get more. I'll try it myself when we reach the line."

"...we know the answer."

These girls could however were right, for Gertrude had seen to it that her
young relatives had the best of everything. The girls, too, were
winning. Said the girls, "You have heard of the girl, Miss Angelina
Brown, growing each day and besides that the victim Girl had been plowing this
right along and that she must be very intelligent waiting for the
trip down the river every day this time can proceed into - San Jose -
the point they wished to land being about five miles from the river stage city,
and at the suggestion of Angelina Brown, the trip was straight
to the stage and the town. The secret circle, by this time had grown wider
with Angelina as center. Before this Angelina Brown had conferred
with the officers of the others, - who had offered to help her in getting the
raft through the dangerous territory.....

One of the witnesses, Florence Bonham, was a good leader in the direction of these boys. Suspected for six years with one of the great Negro oilfield owners of the petroleum camps at Angelina, Texas, Florence was not only an expert at directing men, and leading girls, but was also familiar with a variety of other drills and disciplines, and with these disciplines for method and order, made use of in his oil work. It was Angelina Rice who suggested that Florence acquainted with the great secret.

"You see, Gertrude, she's been so good to me, and helped me a whole lot. It is to her I owe my success in knowledge of being a Guide. And she has always been so very kind to me. As for knowledge of being a Guide, she will do anything to help. If you need proof of this disaster and Gladyskin is responsible, then let's ask her. She knows so much, and she has a girl gift for men."

"A capital suggestion, Angelina. She is often free from three to four in the afternoon, and I know she will be only too glad to give you hints outside of Mildred Maxwell's matter which will be of great help to you."

"And Gertrude continued Angeline, taking out a little book" look at this."
"It had the appearance of a savings account book, and it it were several."

disgusting plans of a mysterious nature. Garbida opened. There was the record of the war & two worst floods in it, that of the Lake Polioia horror of November 1972 and of the horrors at Muisca.

of my plans, aligned to mine, to visit, and her sisters, Gertrude

get along nicely so far, though it is not yet so finished. Of course we have had a good deal, and we are all well provided with camp or spending outfit.

"Capital! Gertrude exclaimed. "You may tell the secret to Florence."

There are many good people who are devoted alike to the cause of the poor and the oppressed, and it has been a privilege for me to have met them during this beautiful adventure to meet with a goodly number of them, though though of

of the latter was getting worse in for several weeks. Of course however of the

real good when [redacted] Angelina and many other [redacted] names are already known was to make the loan, and Mary Stanch wanted the power of them, and she took many girls into under her in [redacted] and helped Angelina [redacted] with

...the ... of ...

100

great enthusiasm, and I was very much interested in the day when the tide was slowly coming

the funds of Communist, from still, and not get out of bed, she was not like, her
from in, from the road, she was not get out of bed yet, in fact the doctor

did not say she could. The cause of her condition, Corrine stated, was a bad yeast.

100-443887-100

then all will be well. ~~There may be an explanation for this but I am not sure.~~

1990年12月15日

100-443887-1000

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bring the rest of the one class to the same level as the 90 minutes for were easily

that they attempted to enter the building at 400 West 14th Street.

one of the persons who came up to them at the American Legation, a woman, the finger ring of person, Gertie's mother over

[illegible]

girlfriends to her, was her speaking kindness, and willingness to stay the
the know, young girls loved to party with her. She loved to laugh and for the

was Christ like... as they go out... as a man who can call him the best son for

your country, and all the other very

happy and will soon enable us to reach our destination. But you have a wrong detail. Only two are the best men here."

"Are there any boys going by the name of Penrod?"

When Gertrude was cried, and pillowed her head upon her arm, gently and
during her to a sleep, Gertrude accompanied the woman to the outside.

Q. Now, didn't you know that Miss Galt was the girl in the case and that the mother of that girl was sometimes in your house? Her name, she had two children, told me that in addition to her literary and military knowledge, her musical and spiritual memory, her questions in taking in every thing that goes on, she has in spite of her eleven years, the sweetness, the innocence, the delicate purity of a little child. I think how do you girls secure training over such small mortal women here.

"For the answer to that, Mrs. Henson, you must go to our Lord in the blessed Sacrament. All of us girls receive Christ every morning in holy Communion."

"Good-bye you all and keep you all safe, innocent, and bright." Later that same day Fortitude was sitting on her horse at eight o'clock A.M. Burman hardly had not let up to any considerable degree, because the sky continued to shadowed thick with smoke. Fortitude was dressed in camp working attire, and was waiting for an expected visitor, and thus waiting motioned. Many things had happened since Jones had started on the road to recovery from his wounds. Jones' horse had been up the driveway in a line of her previous because of an encounter with some of the Canadian troops and the resulting difficulty resulting for what "little incident" it was no longer at all. He had with her at the time her Argentinian aviator guided about fifty of them, and her "settlers" air, with the usual result, the landing had attacked.

[illegible]

He knows, he no knows, but someone he he
it about a no one know, his comrade Juan, secured plenty, and brought
some junkie in her own camp to count the spoils. Juan's father is the
leader of One hung hundred good strong guerrillas, and fifty or more soldiers,
who is clean, regular at her duties, and gives promises of growing up someday
a credit to the country who gave this children her first name when she came
from a foreign country with her parents. Father was a member of the Spanish
his had been present several times, and she had always been honest and straight
forward to the end and belonged to the perfect of the the same quality
a society and different being; also when of the body was seeing the
disposition of people being so great was her reputation for bravery and kindness
holiness, that she was elected to the office by practically a unanimous vote
of the thousands of members, black haired, black eyed, and yet almost having
the vivacity of Americans. However from the day she came in there were
another thing was the following letter from the Vice Consul regarding this

[illegible]

"Your true and loving friends,
The Darlings of
the Nation."

All these things -- and many others of special interest but too many to relate here -- was Gertrude meditating upon with a thankful thrilled heart, when her old-uncle, riding in, informed her that there was a strange boyscout, in her tent who wanted to see her first now.

Gratitude of course then rode back to her tent. The strange boyhood arose respectfully. Gratitude entered. He was indeed a striking figure, the size of a thirteen year old, clear of eye, ruddy of cheek and blond or half golden hair. It was hard for Gratitude, though she had been expecting him, having received a message from Viola, and her sisters that he was coming, to recognize in the finely uniformed boy, Gratitude's old troublemaker, brother, Winfield Pennock. He had come all the way to direct the girls to Gratitude's house. Again.

last, but I hope a better learned beyond. I am a better man now than I have been any time since General Braddock got me into the traps, and with the help of God and his blessed Father, I am going for the sake of my friends to aid the Virgin Girls in their purpose. Probably late in August or as soon as you can write with me they are going to investigate the explosion at Abbeville."

"I never imagined," Gertrude said, "you could look so well. I know their plan and that is why they wished the return of June."

"Oh, Bertie, what a fool, what a beast, I understand he has been. These two years of the war have been years of horror. I've had my own struggles, it got tough, and must be getting to you in a way that getting back, it's fifty million miles from homecoming, but please, and since I left a super-vicious army life, I see nothing but peace and joy."

are you satisfied that we can conquer this flood and fire and get there,

"I'm afraid to say yes Gertrude, but before I leave this tent, I'm going to take an oath, never to abandon the purpose until I succeed."

"So long as we can't go through the fire now so much we are out, then therefore we can make it, but otherwise it's the only way I did it, though I was crawling through the fire in, God's name, but we can follow it in, but it's the only way, further on the dead is impossible to travel by the strongest boat, and your life will be saved as you'll never get out."

"And do you think we can feel fit for that journey through the burned waste, in the wake of the fire?"

"As you were traveling now, the Harbade, Violet, and her sisters told me we
 had to wait a while. And then the Harbade had arrived at the same time."

Secretary of the Interior, and they are knowing the extent of the flood are now trying their best to make the engineers get into this sort of work to watch the movement of the gauge and for the past three months, they have been planning hard at their studies to discover means to investigate the disastrous cause, so you know many workers are interested in it, I don't believe it, and I wonder to hear The Wisconsin Investment Bank sent by them was good, Germany, they were, and I think you are the biggest business and they brought their wisdom and intelligence from the and for the relief and they brought out people and other states were not caused by any volcanic activity.

"When I had to leave the Christian lines under heavier weapons, I felt

"As if I was the black sheep of the family, it took me six months to make
 this journey and when I happened to get in with some very bad individuals,
 and because they as if by mistake, and when I had to pull myself through the
 situation, such as if by mistake, I was in a bad situation, I was
 so successful, I was given me a chance to look for adventure... coming here
 day those God were there, and that there was I will seem to see that ride of
 the situation, and when I was in the situation, I was in the situation, I was
 been, and when I was in the situation, I was in the situation, I was in the situation, I was

"No matter how long it will take us this being the 20th of July now,"
Gertrude promised, "visit, and her sisters will be proud of you, when they
know you have aided us, and have Angelina rich with assistance."

... have been turning to ask how the two parties formed and the

"For over a month since they left to buy an airplane it's been nothing."

Angeline Pickens I have is doing good work at work, but she has not been able to give me any details, these are telegraphed me not to worry, that she said all

The flood and forest fire has
 been considered how many people
 and its way in the area.

except by using wireless telegraph, and that it was kept in the house of the person who was to be used to work in the house.

For anything however you will know all, but we will go and find Angelina

"First question, did you have any plans, had or thinking, to travel to Cuba?"

"No, I was no intention. But she never to travel to Cuba."

Afterwards the group would be taken to the prom, as was customary together through the city. On the way to the prom, the group

Q. Now, as far as the bank company street, Corrine Hackett a boyhood, she's all this time coming from here?

What is coming through the essay stupid. Can't you see it?"

"Some said who to feared, 'We are only wasting time, and giving hope to
 other horse and making some remarks about people who have the right to be there."

heads, she had feared continued on till they came to a roadway. Perrod would have went on but Gertrude stopped him saying:

"We turn north here."

[illegible]

Never did they seem temporarily encompassed here did any one over without
with a sense of joy. Outside of all this he felt that, Angelina herself
and a whole number, a heart breaking incident, but this did not stop their
from being really happy. There was a devoted student, and one by one he
then as they looked, the boy in a veritable transport of joy gazed up
Angelina, Nickie, and the others. He looked and saw that they were better,
and healthy and happy. Finally, after a long time, he saw that they were
eyes with him. "So, happiness and contentment," he said, "I covered his
radiant features. "He's a good boy, big and strong, with the bravest and the
kindest of hearts."

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

...I'm eleven years old to day, and as I
...I have the best birthday ever. I do that every day.

[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]

STUMPS OF TREES COMPLETE THE SCENE. CHARLES SAYS AGAIN, IN WHICH CASE BY A SERIES OF MINUTE, BUNDS DOWN THE WREATH OF SOULS OF THE ONE-GOOD LEADERS, IN HIS SUCH WAY, THAT THE DISCOURAGE FOR FEEL OF SOMETHING BEING ALIGHTED IN THE WHAT ACTUALLY HAPPENED, WHEN SUTHER WAS ABANDONED. THE LEFT TO TELL THE TALE OF THE MORNING'S FIRE BURNING.

The strange manner of the annihilation of this city, and the overwhelming and burning to death of so many of its inhabitants will always be strangely unique in the whole history of the world. I cannot tell which is worse, the fire of 1812, 1800, but this disaster shows we cannot go by any other rule than this. The forest fire in the west were not a parallel, for those forest only were taken up by denoting streams or coves of fire, but terms connected with this fire of St. Francis was outside or over a wood, there is not even a single building down. Many cities and towns are reported in a dangerous fire forests will be gone from the earth. In horror none can't it, it's true."

"The said witness, I've heard that the whole half dead victims, the deceased and the living and were brought away by freight trains, loaded of a number of victims, and express train, some by a horse-drawn, or some by a horse-drawn, they had some upon that night, was no signs of death, but a literal statement of what happened. The witness owned by their business, they are trying to buy by fire and water. Next I suppose they'll try to get partitions, vehicles, and stores to help them."

"And if you could only see what got a glimpse of said Parry, when the first small rescue parties reached the scene, they found bodies lying in the streets of the burning burning city or in the smoldering forests, or rather on the ground where the trees were, for in some places, it was not so impossible to trace the difference. Some were, for in some places, the places where trees once stood, the same in the city, you cannot hardly trace the line between streets and building sites, and no doubt to many people, we have done so quickly that the looks of fear and horror on the faces did not have time to even change."

"What there was,"

"When no one can account for it, for it doesn't seem sufficient for justice to be done, it can only mean that the path of justice has been from such dreadful high leaping flames borne by strong winds with the whole district was plunged affected, the victims like a terrible, radiant poison, poison when the first whiff of the heat fumes entered their lungs, now far away from the fire were they found."

They say it was as if St. Francis had been just dipped into Hell and then set out to point out every way some diabolical act of the fires racing off toward the straight north, and the flames were terrifically high. The fire went onward, but that made no difference. For in the city and throughout the territory all life was destroyed, and because of the ether the hundreds thousands we now know.

other easily combustible things burned to ashes and it is said the walls of brick buildings fairly melted down. But on the ground far outside the city an amidst heaps of white hot forest debris lay many of the bodies of persons who had been overtaken by the madly rushing flames. „nothing is left of the city.“

It should you remain said Percy. That this city, and the lands this flood to the north and south of it were burned in a day was probably due to the fierce speed of the conflagration, though the direction of the wind may have had something to do with it. As this way one can understand why it does not seem to be reached by the fire. We are out of the pathway of the wind, and the fire is not advancing eastward. The first fire cut the railway and the river, and the river is now beginning to grow up in this direction. Immediately after the first signs of it there was now a burning continued advancing on toward us, or past us, flooding the way in smoke like night. The heat of the flames ignited followed on the other side of ravine, the flames had either crossed or followed river courses, and made their way to the main forests of southeastern Vancouver. They have committed greater destruction than any one can conceive, but most of the inhabitants hope as it is said, is true, that they had had some chance of escape, but could save nothing. From Tumnas river, to Grande Rio, Malahoe, and Grande game directly across Langdale St. Salze river though it is flooded, the fire was going on. The flood made the river a mile across, and that did not check the flames hurried forward by the wind. The heat boiled the rivers, and small lakes dried up or turned into steam. The forest fire fighters, thousands of them cannot check it, and they say the surroundings are as terrible that now forests and actually died of fright.

Get up this smart sir. Do you think that this tent is a hotel out in the wilderness? Everyone is ready to be on the move but yourself, and a fire threatening us. Get up do you hear."

"Jack" who resumed at length in a higher key "do you hear Ed. It's part nine today. That's the matter with you this morning."

Her worried eyes caught the dull count as if of some one turning lazily in his bed. "Now as you two awake, air jump right in, and dress. We are waiting."

"Miss Maxwell" said he, "in dressing just as fast as I know how."

Then the next day, alas! Jack it must be explained, had been caught coming peering himself for another nap, when the sound as if of doors about to open the door brought him out of bed with most unwelcome alacrity. The girls had come in to bid good night and not to wait for too many orders for from him. Since she had thrown him out of bed and none too gently either. Now he began to consider.

“If you are not with the rest in ten minutes, you shall be suspected for deserting, and with these sternly delivered words, Wilfred rushed for the rest, while mere than five minutes later, the stiller, darker, dark complexioned son of the old emigrant, from the tent, reader and eager for the issue of saving the party, and for meeting the perils and heat of the day, his very face, and jet black hair, were taken off his head. Myosinlikin, features, his shoes were partially buttoned, his sturdy legs were encased in a pair of yellow moccasins, and rather tight purple uniform trousers, and his sturdy shoes were on air of severity which contrasted with his unattractively handsome features and his placing sight to all lovers of beauty. He did not know him and faint of several circumstances he would not have been misjudged and feared by the girls, some. He was smiling his nose, and very quickly presented himself to the party, and ignoring the presence of the others who he knew did not like him he placed himself with the rest of the rovers crew, and fell in with good will though at the start he glanced some of the other boys carefully from head to foot and brought them from them which though were not sinful, are not found in better than our trade was doing.

standing beside him, was Peck, watching all proceedings. As Angelina placed Walter in the car, Peck turned to Jack and said, "I'll be in charge of the rest. Of course Jack Sanders was not a bad young boy, but

the lobe of her left ear.

"What was it?"

"A shell."

"Confound it," shouted Mildred, rubbing the injured member with pathetic earnest earnestness.

"You needn't be afraid," said Jack reassuringly.

"I ain't afraid," said Jack. "I got that Glendelphinian gunner." retorted Mildred in a sharper key.

"Go with it," declared Jack, unwilling to give in to the case entirely. "I'm going over as soon as the raft lands and get some Glendelphinians." "Well, what's wrong?"

"It's dangerous," said Mildred.

"Well, it's too dangerous," insisted Mildred, unwillingly to give in entirely.

"It isn't."

"I tell you it isn't."

"I tell you it is."

"I guess the Glendelphinians will ambush you."

"I don't believe they could," Gertrude said so and she ought to know."

"See here Mildred, do you mean to say that the Glendelphinians are really dangerous?"

"Yes I do."

At this moment there was a geyser of water close to the raft, and before Mildred could hold up her hand to ward off the blow, a strong piece of wet wood came into forcible contact with Mildred's nose, hitting also the boy on the head at the same time with a resounding bang.

"I'm hit by something sharp," Mildred shrieked, as the blood gushed from a wound on her arm and also from her nose. The fast flowing stream not from her nose but her arm frightened Jack exceedingly even though he had rubbed his injured head.

"Oh Mildred," he cried clasping his hands, "I didn't think the plan would hurt you so much—cross my heart I didn't—and he rubbed his thumb so as to form an invisible cross over his heart."

"Well do something, quick," said Mildred.

"Oh Mildred don't stand bleeding," implored Jack. "Come along to my tent, and I'll fix you up."

"Where will you wash the wound?"

"At the edge of the raft."

"In that muddy water. I'd rather stand here and bleed to death first. That water is dangerous."

"These words coupled with the sight of the flowing blood, filled Jack's heart with horror."

"Good gracious Mildred, I believe you will die, if you keep on bleeding. I'm afraid you'll be gone," he said palling a little for he was not desirous of seeing her die, and you'll be cold and stiff. And at this dismal prospect Jack blubbered. "Please come to the tent."

And two mournful little children, sought together the cooling waters he had in a big pitcher in the tent. He also placed around her arm a tight bandage, but despite all his efforts the bleeding still continued. Their lack of ability deepened. Suddenly Jack's face lightened up.

"Oh Mildred I have it. A towel. I heard Angeline Gibbs mentioned such things."

For with Jack made one and drew it as tight as possible. To the intense gratification of both parties the bleeding of her arm soon began to subside, as it could and when the bleeding was almost imperceptible he bandaged it good and relieved her of the tourniquet.

"And Mildred what's the matter with your nose?"

"How it hasn't stopped bleeding."

"Suppose I hold that up?"

"She tried that and it even stopped."

"Then Jack said."

"That's the matter with locating where these shells come from. We are fired on."

"How?"

"Suppose you loan me your field glasses."

"There was a look in Jack's eye which Mildred failed to notice."

"Now'll you locate it?"

"Just stand behind my tent, and I'll fix the rest. I don't to see you get hit again."

Mildred obeyed, and Jack catching hold of her glasses looked. As he did so an explosion occurred among the wagons on the raft, and several horses shrieked with pain and new there was excitement on the raft.

Jack raised his rifle.

"Drop it you goose," said Mildred. "They'll fire first."

"You needn't get so excited," and he fired.

He had observed something, and as he fired he observed a funny sight, a man had leaped to a tree on the shore with his two arms raised perpendicularly, and as he slipped his left leg seemed suddenly to go up at right angles with the rest of his body, and then down he slumped.

"Those Glendelphinians are mean fellows," vociferated Jack, when he had recovered speech.

"You oughtn't to expose yourself like that," said Mildred argumentatively. "Who's exposing himself?" and Jack made his way behind a wagon. Another

shell screamed overhead and fell upon a floating house, there was a terrific explosion and the house was no more. Most of those who were around had devoted themselves for the next five minutes in constructing a sort of battery on the raft, for the Regiment had a dozen small cannon. Presently when an opportunity presented itself the fire from shore was returned, and their great disappointment not a single effect was to be seen, and Jack who was watching said:

"I say Mildred, got a good grenade handy, see something?"

"No, I don't," said Mildred. "I don't know where to get one. You couldn't throw one that far if you were."

"Well I might try," Jack went on in gentle tones. "I got an artillery piece of my own and I'll reach shore."

Mildred's face softened somewhat. Jack seeing his advantage, followed it up.

"Oh Mildred let's try it."

"Where did you get the cannon?"

"This with awakened interest."

"Without John gave it to me. Come on into the tent, and I'll show it to you."

It was hoped by the use of this gun to end all hostilities, and within five minutes Jack and Mildred had it ready for operation. The grenade went across the water, and exploded, there was a howl from shore, and a hurrying of gray clad men to shelter.

"I got them," cried Mildred.

"Go you did."

A few minutes after this, John Saunders called at Jack's tent, to ascertain what was keeping that young boy from not showing himself. He made a careful examination of the tent, paying special attention to the rear, but finding not a trace of him in these parts of the raft, she hurried to another point.

"John Saunders," she cried.

"Good gracious where in the world are you, you young scamp."

"Up here."

John raised her eyes, then gave a shriek of horror, for on the sloping roof of a floating house on the deserted part of the raft, Jack and Mildred were busily training a small piece of artillery toward shore, and Jack was in the act of loading it.

"Jack got down this minute, this very instant, Mildred I'm surprised don't you know it is dangerous. Good gracious, do you both want to slip off into the water?"

"I want to get those Glendelphinians on shore. If they hit us they'll wreck our raft," came the tranquil answer. As another shell screamed dangerously dangerously near.

"I want you and Mildred to get down from that dangerous position instantly."

"Oh John we are all right," said Mildred.

John was ready to cry with anguish.

"Jack and Mildred, if you don't do as I ask this very minute—"

John paused on seeing the look of indignation that suddenly appeared on Jack's face.

"Did you hit it?"

"Yes, I hit it," and with a quick spring, they were off the raft.

"But he'll be going to get all those shells," said Mildred.

"Not at all," said Jack. "He'll be going to get all those shells, but he'll not stir one step till he tells me why he accuses me of talking on him."

John hastened to interrupt him, constraining her mind to the proper degree of firmness. And also, as she went toward his tent, he was no where in sight. Mildred had lost him too. He had went to report where the firing was from.

Gertrude in the meantime, had sunk into a chair and wiped her eyes. It was mortifying to confess to even herself, but she had to admit that she could not tell what to do with Jack. Hence she thought his cowardice has caused the mischief to Jack, and the anger of the girls on him. They wanted to get rid of him, and they were beginning to demand of it, indeed if any boy by any right had to be sent to sea, he would have to be sent to sea, and leaving his friends and women he would probably have thought twice before taking on such a venture when his friends were in peril.

"I must go and see him," she said to herself. "The boy is a yellow coward and therefore I must probably even from fright betray us if necessary to save myself. Unless something decided he does, he might escape anyhow."

At length Gertrude with debating on that subject, and vexed with the disagreeable train of thoughts, that Jack's recent cowardly escapade had occasioned, she undressed but with poor success to eat a little hot soup.

As she was about to start, a light but slow thread was heard without. The thread drew nearer, the door of her tent opened, and Jack's face, his still stockings bespattered with muddy water, his shirt collar crushed out of all shapelessness, his hat gone, entered.

"Well sir," began Gertrude, who in spite of the joy she felt at his appearance was still determined to be severe. "How are you going to account for yourself, in calling us peace than we try to instruct you?"

Jack hung his head, fell into a deeper consideration of his feet, and having no hat to twirl, began pulling his fingers.

"Are you not ashamed of yourself? Think of all we have done for you?"

Jack appeared to consider this a difficult question.

"Do you hear mother? You not ashamed of yourself?"

"Yes, Miss Gertrude, I'm not ashamed of myself. This is a subdued tone, and after some reflection, I won't be careless no more. I came to report we are under fire."

"I know it, now sir you needn't think of escaping from duty."

"Miss Aronburg, I'm sorry, and before she could become aware of his intention, he threw his arms around her neck and kissed her. Under this warm greeting, her icy sternness melted away, and flowed off in gentle stream of kindness. He promised her to try to live better, and as the reader will soon know, he kept his promise.

After Jack's departure the other boys were worrying a lot, boys no matter what kind they are, good or bad as a rule are not pleased with the prospect of any kind of punishment, either from their parents, or when scouts from military resources, nor indeed is the number great of those boys who entertain no prejudicial prejudices against flogging, discharge from honorable positions and so forth. Jack realizing his own foolish desertion, and knowing the penalty of desertion for even boys, realized that matters had come to a crisis, and not now even a westerly stroke would win his suspense away. He had decided at first to watch his chance, knock down his guard, and make a break for freedom, but though he realized this would be easy, he could not escape anywhere, as flood, fire, and the enemy, and other horrors stood in his way. Disaster was far better than these dangers, and therefore he had seen it wiser to face the consequences of his desertion. He knew being a boy, there would not be any death penalty, unless the Vivian Girls degraded it, and since Jack had recovered he had no fear of facing any firing squad. Jerry Stokes who had acted as judge however was morose as, she had herself court-martialed him, and the verdict was that he was to face the decree of the head Vivian Girl Jennie. In fact knowing this Vivian Girl Jennie's will, he was trembling an amount of the wrath to which his conduct had been telegraphed swiftly in few words to her, and she was a fire hater to deserters no matter who they be, or what age. In unusual desertion had been already telegraphed to her even before he had been court-martialed, and only his fate was in the hands of God and it would even require it seemed more than a miracle to avoid serious consequences, for his desertion of Jack. Nor were his forebodings without foundation. Gertrude evidently this day received a mysterious telegram, signed by all the Vivian Girls but written in Jennie's own hand.

It ran as follows:

"Dear Gertrude, via Angeline
Riches."

"I transferred your telegram to our Mother at Angeline's address, for her dear daughter. It hurt us all badly, not to say burning us up to learn of such a disgraceful act. As he is considered a deserter the abominable authorities will not be very relenting. I can say, at least they will if I can see to it, hold the yellow jacket till he reaches here and we'll capture him on the charge. You say he is eleven years of age, going on twelve. I can't see where that saves him from a firing squad and we'll look at the trail."

Your friends,
Vivian, and her sisters."

Gertrude on receiving the message had the boy brought up before her, but Angeline picked up the telegram and also present spoke.

"Well, Angeline, since you have gone the limit of your tether you seem to be out of luck."

Jack did not know what going the limit of one's tether might have meant but as he observed the letter, he got up a dismal wail.

"Sir it limit probable you will face a firing squad, but you'll see your sentence by them alone when we arrive there. They might start you for your own country, disgrace, and brand as a deserter to the whole world. Sir go back under guard to your tent. You have disgraced all of us! I wouldn't say much about any one deserting another boy, or probably the army, though there is possibly enough for that, but for one who is cowardly enough to desert a little girl's camp, and refuse to rescue her when she is wounded by the enemy is a disgrace to us that will hang over us all."

Gertrude sent him off herself, and Jack was very pale. "On occasion. Yet for the time being we'll have to drop a veil which shall be withdrawn till the time he faces the Vivian Girls."

During the afternoon of this July 28th 1885, General Mylets came out scouting secured startling information for the whole regiment of the enemy, and he served to give a graphic picture of the situation. The enemy had the flood came as it was before any one else knew of the threat. The enemy even secured from abandoned town letters written and mailed to various correspondents which showed the clear line of what was going on, and also traces of Mylets' plans to force Vivian before him by means of ascending the flood if he could do it by battle. This is the news which General Mylets brought in, and which caused the girls to show signs of uneasiness.

"What concerning the disastrous action we are encountering, because General Mylets is whipping him." In battle with General Vivian's move off from Riches Farm General Mylets and all his generals began to show signs of great weakness during these last days of July. The enemy has not confident in the reinforcements he has received. On the 27th of this month girls as this letter stated (he showing it too) Mylets again began to throw out enormous columns of troops toward the attack, and rapid a conflict beyond comparison till past midnight, but General Vivian though again driven from his position, would not retreat. He broke out throwing forth dense volumes of smoke, and at midnight the flames could be seen soaring high in the sky. Lines were again visible to his right at 1 half past five this early morning of the 28th and running toward the explosion were heard. At the foot of the St. Philemon hill over the villages of Froehsburg, and St. Philomena. The inhabitants at the sight of the enemy's approach were three thrown into great consternation, and especially by the darkness of the day by great volumes of thick smoke from these two towns opened battle this morning, and they say Mylets is moving back

because he is suffering such heavy losses."

This was bad news indeed to the little girls. While they were out this afternoon on the raft, traveling the flood, the whole sky was covered with a thick heavy cloud, and the whole region was enveloped as if in a heavy fog. Distant hills were wrapped in smoke which issued from the distant forest fires, and along all the little girls the greatest anxiety prevailed. And they did not know whether to suspend the trip down the flood any further or not.

Even when under fire for a few minutes they all had passed a very anxious morning, yet thanks however to a westerly breeze, the situation had appeared better at eleven o'clock, but as the breeze died away at two o'clock, smoke began to hide everything from view, and the long lines of the shores and the fringes of woods and the distant slopes presented a most dismal spectacle, causing such alarm as toward the night would bring forth. When it came to be three o'clock, nothing happened however, and although then everything was not quite serene, the aspect became decidedly encouraging. The girls still felt excited about four o'clock that afternoon a private telegram came to Gertrude from her wireless telegraph set up on the raft, stated that the forest fire rangers had been driven back by the flames, which were racing madly on. They reported that at noon a wave of raging flames was rushing up the southwestern slope of the Galgo Mountain, and following the course of a mountain stream the path of which is dry at this season of the year destroyed everything in its way. Estates and buildings and mountain side villages were consumed by the fiery wave, and the flames appeared to rise from the burning trees to a height of some three hundred or more feet and the extent of the conflagration was forty miles.

When the fire sea had turned itself toward the summit it was found that a large mountain villa village had been embedded in an avalanche caused by the heat of the flames. The burning conflagration had taken only four hours and a half from the time it was first perceived to reach the summit. Then as the telegram stated a remarkable phenomenon occurred.

The sea of flames advanced all along the whole stretch of forest on the summit at about the same time, like an advancing army and spread to the north and south of the hill almost simultaneously until the whole mountain appeared like an enormous volcano destroying itself. This whole inhabitants created a general panic, and the people of endangered towns made for streams, and lakes. Though the flames slowed up before making more progress the panic continued, intensified by terrible detonations of so many falling trees, which broke from the mountain at short intervals, accompanied with dense volumes of smoke, and lurid flashes of flames.

This was awful in daylight, but when darkness fell, it was more terrible still, and at each manifestation of the fury of the forest fires, people of endangered towns, in their night clothing, carrying children, ran out into the darkened streets, wailing and screaming, and running aimlessly for any means for possible escape, boarding freight trains backing in to take them, or going off on swift horses, wagons, and autos. The mental strain becoming unbearable, Gertrude being refugees will soon come down to the shore, got the raft ready to take as many as possible on board as it would be safe, but through the fog no one appeared, and it was getting terribly hot. Gertrude also heard that telegrams were being sent from Gasten inquiring that steamers and shipping of some kind be chartered to go down the shore of the flood, and bring away terrified people from the "burning hell." But the superintendent of river steam ship lines, was afraid to allow any of the boats to take chances of making trips down such a flood. At a little before five o'clock the fire struck toward the shore, and the raft was lit up with flames from the near by conflagration, and all the girls were excited but not panic stricken, and she said to Jennie Turner:

"My calmness astonishes me. We are waiting for the events tranquilly."

"Our only suffering," said Jennie is from the heat, and the smoke which penetrates everywhere, even through our tents. We are all calm, and little Jean is not a bit anxious nor nervous. But her eyes twinkled. "Jack the coward alone is frightened. If we are to meet death we don't worry, but because of these disasters already raging a numerous number of people have already left the world. What the outcome will be is up to God's Will. But we must now keep off the shore, and take the chances of traveling the water by night."

Gertrude examined the letters O'Fenrod had brought. These and other letters inclosed samples of the ashes picked up from the straw courses of the deadly forest fires. The population of the region was flocking westward, and all the inhabitants were panic stricken, business is being suspended in big cities, and towns, and the firemen were hourly sprinkling all houses in the hope to prevent them from catching fire. Many letters indicated that evidence of a great impending fire disaster was numerous. One letter said-

"The whole country presents as an aspect unknown to all the world. It is a region, a vast region of fire and smoke on one part and a sea of water the other. The inhabitants of many towns and villages are abandoning their homes, and are flocking to railroads to be taken to places of safety. It is a most curious crowd of old men, women, and children, and country folk loaded

465
with what household goods they are able to carry, or what they have had time to press, and the heat makes a person's nose burn. It appeared as if a whole world of people were going to die of heat asphyxiation. Gertrude wondered what the coming of night, and the morrow had for her and all her followers. Suffocation by smoke, or a overwhelming darkness from the flood? Would the raft be wrecked by floating debris in the dark? Who can tell? Yet no one except the cowardly crew night should be so postponed as the shore now was inaccessible.

Gertrude that dark night who was watching the forest fire by means of its glare said that she saw seven luminous glares on different parts of the horizon, and one north as bright as red hot iron, just before turning in hour came. She said to the girls' scout leaders who were grouped about her, that when the flames came in sight to the southeast, there was a terrible suction of air which seemed to be changing the course of the raft and draw it irresistibly toward the fire. In spite of all the efforts of the boys at paddling, the shore as far as trees extended then became towering walls of flame, which swept down and along the shore with terrifying rapidity. Then there was somewhere some awful jarring rumblings; she thought that the entire outburst of flames of the conflagration appeared like this and spread so far along the shore in about thirty minutes time. Outside of the glare of the flames there was complete darkness caused by the dense volume of smoke and clouds of unspeakable horror that was produced by the conflagration. The entire country was being turned into a chaotic waste. All the burning trees were either being torn up by the roots by the fire hurricane, or snapped off, to lie level with the ground like so many storehouses. After the passage of the conflagration within such easy sight, the outlines of the shore but imperfectly remained. The tangle of flaming smoking debris, which such that the course of the pathways in the forests could not be followed.

In spite of the dreadful horrible surroundings, and the universal wave of human sympathy which had been evoked through throughout the world, looking by many Glandelinian Vandals began throughout all portions of the disaster some almost quicker than relief had come. As soon as it was possible to get through the danger zone without mishap Gertrude heard that countless Glandelinian should begin to rob the ruins of the flooded towns and the bodies of the victims wherever they could find them. And in the flooded towns the monsters plied their nefarious work in small boats, or on rafts, and gasoline launches. Skimming through the flooded streets, or among the floating ruins, or along the shores of the floods, they would watch for an opening, when troops and rescue parties were elsewhere, then land, and grab what they could, and rush away again.

Surprisingly enough the raft continued on its way without any hindrance from any wreckage that may be afloat, but sometimes before dark, they managed to overhaul a small boat containing five boys, and a man who appeared to be dressed in a Glandelinian uniform. Gertrude was somewhat suspicious of the appearance of the boys and the man, and at first pretending rescue she advised them to come aboard her raft. Then when they were searched, Gertrude was surprised to find they had in their pockets coins and jewelry, and rings, which they were forced to confess had been stripped from the fingers of the dead. They were Glandelinian boy scouts, and the man with them a soldier was the father of two of the boys. As Gertrude could not just then be burdened with any extra number of prisoners having the boy enough, she made them get off the raft, after taking from them, their spoils, ordering them to get to shore before she'll forget being merciful and opening fire upon them. They were glad to escape thus so easily, but somehow or other this trivial experience cured them of their vandalism. Yet however it was that no detail of gruesome horror was over lacking during this horrible war to make the shocking tales of the destruction throughout so many districts of the Abbeissian country complete.

They soon even on water arrived within sight of the burned city or town of St. Francis. It can be known that at one minute there lay a city smiling and quiet in the morning sunshine, that a few hours afterwards it was a mass of roaring flames, with thirty or forty thousand of its population who did not escape writhing in the throes of death amidst the flames. One moment all the bells were tolling a horrible Requiem for forty or fifty thousand dead. One church bells throughout the city were ringing joyful chimes in the ears of the city--one hundred and seventy five thousand people. The next the flames cloaked over residential districts, and roofs and angles of a populous city--the next hour swept a lone mass of white hot ruins, and the forest fire carried forward by its shrieking fire hurricane swept past and on. The sun trying to shine through the smoke clouds glistened one moment on sparkling fountains, green parks, and trees, its next rays before setting time shone on melting metal, blistered, flame wrecked squares, and charred stumps of trees, fused street car and railway rails, and other melted articles.

466
IN WHICH THE RAFT GOES ONWARD, AND WHERE THE GIRLS' SCOUTS FINDS ON THE WAY, THAT MISCHANCE IN ADVENTURE SOMETIMES COMES EXPENSIVE. NOBLE RESCUE WORK. HOW ONE TOWN ESCAPED....

One day and the beautiful city was all light and gay color, a all gayety and grace---the next its ruins looked to Gertrude as though they had been consumed by hellfire, and then crusted over with twenty six hundred years of solitude and silence. As they could see the city was a vast charnel region.

Skirting for nearly a league the raging waters of the mighty flood, its smoking and smoking ruins became the funeral pyre of probably thirty or forty thousand and not one of whom lived to tell any story that will and always will stand grim, awful, unforgotten as that cause of a ravaging heartless enemy who had chased all this. Gertrude imagined that St. Francis was as dead as any city ruined by destruction. It reminded her of F. Campbell or St. Pierre. M. S.

Most of the people probably were utterly consumed, and over the destroyed city and all around it from still smouldering forest wreck the flames still poured their heavy smoke in long curling wreaths or shrouns like a fog, that mounted thousands of feet aloft, like an enormous inferno just smoking. Such was the result of the forest fire disaster disaster which burst upon the hapless people of the city and its neighborhood, while almost at the same moment a slater city, called St. Vincent, was suffering a kindred fate. Smaller in the path of the raging fire sea, these two beautiful cities underwent the shock the forest fires brought, and sank in grief before a horror stricken world, and an angry nation, bidding fair to rival ruin for Glandelinia in the near future.

The intervals between the finishing part of the afternoon and the following night till the afternoon of morning July the 28 29th taught Jack Sanders a good number of experiences as it were as he was on night duty for the first time in his life. The prospect of preparing for any peril that might threaten the raft and of heading it toward the more open spaces of the flood so as to avoid the debris that was floating thicker near the shore, where he seemed thrown upon his own resources, put a touch of earnestness, and great carefulness hitherto lacking, into his efforts in such wise that there came a change to unusually perceptible as even to attract stern Gertrude's notice, during the full night, strange to say, Jack showed such lack of carelessness, that Angelina Riches believed he was cured.

About thirty minutes past seven that morning of the 29th, Jack enveloped in mud and debris which reached up to his waist (which he received during his efforts to keep the raft clear) looking rather solemn, and being relieved from night duty stood silent in the wagon he was asked to go and change his uniform. On shore somewhere far off, bells were ringing, engines were puffing, hissing and shrieking, tracks seemed to be rumbling and quivering, the sounds of cars were moving in and out, and men were shouting orders, now here, now there in a manner most confusing to the inexperienced eye, and looking through his glasses he saw women and children running for a long line of box cars many looking hopelessly lost, while far off flames flared and sputtered over the whole scene. Another town was in danger. As he saw train after train loaded with refugees moved away to bring them out of danger, Jack realized too that the raft had been taking a huge curve in the shore line during his efforts of that night, and that somehow because of such a turn he had rated the fire, and his heart grew heavy.

Seeing her coming Jack summoned Mildred.
"I say Miss Maxwell," he suggested, "I guess we can't dare go any further this way."

Mildred smiled.
"The Glandelinians sure show how to frustrate us in our purpose."
"volunteered Dolores very smartly."

Jack shot an indignant glance in the direct w direction where he knew a Glandelinian army might be.

"Keep up your courage, Jack," whispered one of his fellow boyscouts. "It's for our own good, dear, and in ten short days I'll bet we'll be all sitting pretty in Emperor Vivians army again."

The prospect of "ten short days" and the resultant of "sitting pretty" gave him very little consolation, but Dolores cheerful face as she smiled on him had a reassuring effect. It was the first time she had ever given him a friendly look. Absentmindedly from the group he immediately went to the edge of the raft to take a look down the north, for he was thinking very seriously of laying out a goodly number of Glandelinians, when a crowd of his boys came over to join him. Jack gazed at them in amazement.

"I say," he said addressing one of the boys about his own ego, "What's broken loose? Something wrong? What's your hurry?"

Instead of answering this question, the boy stopped and considered Jack attentively.

"Didn't you see the crowd on shore?" he at length said.

"What crowd?" asked Jack.

"The crowd of refugees on the shore."

"What?" cried Jack in astonishment, "Are all these people lining the shore refugees of the fire too?"

"That's what Jean says."

"Well if we could help them things wouldn't be so bad as any one would believe they are. I say let's rescue some of them. Harry Johns, what say you?"

"Yes if Gertrude approves of it. See they are being beckoning to us."

"Here this thin lashed rope," said Jack, and they attempted to do so but the rope wouldn't reach. While they were thus trying to do some rescue work Angeline Richee walked up to them. Harry raised his hat, and endeavored to compose his features.

"Well Harry," said she, "What are you doing?"

Jack perceiving that the eyes of the girls' leader were fixed upon him, became nervous, and endeavored to beat a piece of bread which he had recently placed in his mouth, and nearly choking himself.

"We were trying to bring some off the shore," said Harry.

"Oh indeed. Well that's impossible. So this is the boy who is learning not to be careless. You done good work last night."

"Only did it four or five times in my life Miss Richee."

"And got himself all wet last night. And fires upon the enemy from the top of slanting slippery roofs of floating houses. You sure done it good yesterday with that gun. You killed thirty Glandelinians at one shell. I found it out. You and Mildred are good believe me."

Jack only remarked.

"Please Miss Richee, if you wish I'll do it again."

Upon this the girls' leader, who had change of all laughed cheerfully, shook Jack's hand, and cautioning both not to go too close to the edge of the raft and to take their places at which she pointed out, hurried away to see to the safety of the luggage.

"What's her full name?" inquired Jack.

"That's Miss Angeline Richee, she's head of discipline in this Regiment. She's a mighty good girl, and when you do everything right there'll be no better friends. She's going with the Vivian Girls to learn the cause of the disaster at Abbissann."

"At Abbissann!" echoed Jack, with the vague idea of that disaster running through his head. "What does that mean?"

"It means that Violet, and her sisters are going to find out by having investigations made, who was really responsible for that disaster."

"Where? -- but they do not look that daring."

"They do! don't have to. But just wait till they start out. They have done many daring stunts before. And if we find out it is Glandelinia who is guilty for these calamities, we'll thrash the Glandelinian armies so as they will prefer standing to any other position for many years after."

Jack was appalled. His companion could he only know it was not exaggerating for it was indeed the intentions of the Vivian Girls.

"Do the Glandelinians make these disasters often?" was Jack's next question. "Well I should say so, last year you remember we had the enormous Lake Salicia disaster, elsewhere smaller disasters have occurred nearly twice a day, and now it is said there isn't scarcely a week, that the country doesn't have to look to its mother states for repairs."

"Gracious," ejaculated Jack. "I won't stand it. Harry you and I are partners. I'll tell you what lets do. Nobody's watching us. Let's slip away. I've got money and we can support ourselves on that, till we get there, and then we'll find general Manley and shoot him."

Harry of course had no idea of encouraging Jack to run off that way to go shooting down Glandelinian generals. He merely wished to tell him of what the Vivian Girls were going to do.

"Oh you needn't do that now. We get lots of fun out of this flood."

"I don't see any fun in seeing so many cities flooded, or burned by water and fire once or twice a day."

"You won't be able to get at Grary Manley anyway. He is such a dreadful case such a hard case you see to get at, and that's why he is dangerous." Notwithstanding this avowal it is but just to remark that Harry features in their normal state were a very mild expression. Still Harry's explanation did not succeed in dissuading Jack's anger. If there were any real wicked Glandelinian generals in the foe armies, Jack had great reason for believing that general Manley's name would lead all the rest.

He was about to press his proposition of going away to get Manley with still greater earnestness, when he heard his name called.

"Coming directly Miss Aronburg. I say Harry, you keep a cot for me next to yours," and Jack pattered off to see what she wanted before he retired as he had had no sleep for twenty four hours.

"Well my boy," said Gertrude returning his salute. "I'm about to put you into good hands to night. Your work is going to be precarious, so you must be careful. You will now be thrown among all your boy paddlers of the night crew, and remember that on your choice of carefulness depends our safe trip to night. Teachers may instruct, our officers may exhort, but if you don't remain careful no you'll not be better. Do like you did last night. That should be the night of your life as for once even you broke all records for being careful. If you make a good show of yourself to night, you are sure to get on well with all the girls' scouts, so look out for what your work is, and try to be as careful and as good a boy as you can. Now Jack dear, be watchful on these points. As to the rest I hold no fear. Here's something to keep up your courage -- but don't forget to say the prayers while at work."

And she handed him a miraculous Medal. Jack took the advice with effusive enthusiasm. Then saluting he turned to Jean who was standing beside Gertrude.

The kind girls' scout could not repress a few sobs.

"God bless you my boy," she faltered. "Be sure and do your best, and I'll pray for you every hour of that night as long as you are working as I'm on night duty too. And I'll forget those accusations you made to me."

And she handed him a basket laden with his favorite delicacies.

Jack's eyes filled at these signs of his superiors kindness.

"I've been awful mean to you Miss Jean, lots of time, but I didn't intend anything for you know, and I'm sorry I accused you but I made a mistake. I thought you was someone else who did really tell on me. And I'll try to be better honor bright."

"The flood is rising a little more," shouted a voice.

"That means for us to keep clear of the shore," Gertrude said as Jack went to his tent to retire. They all moved toward their own tents.

Jennie purser at that time came up.

"Is Jack on duty again to night, Gertrude. If so I have the honor of taking charge of him and his night crew to night. Come on you boys. It's time for your day sleep. No into your tents you go."

And without giving these boys an opportunity of making a farewell speech to one another, she quickly saw to it that they obeyed the order, and they all went to their tents.

"Here's your tent I fixed up for you Jean," said Mildred, who faithful to her promise had seen to it her tent was placed especially in a good safe spot.

Jean hastened to occupy the tent, and laid her self down, as the raft again began to move onward, while the day boy paddlers gave three vigorous cheers.

"Ah I like this said Jean, throwing her head on the pillow, and yielding to the luxury of the hour.

"Jolly isn't it," Mildred observed. "Did you take any breakfast before you came in."

"Yes," said Jean.

"Here take some candy," and she offered Jean some.

"I don't care for any now," said Jean with some hesitation.

Therefore both went to sleep.

"This is going to be a very unusual trip," Gertrude observed to Angeline Richee. "Did you take in the observations?" and she offered Angeline her field glasses.

"Well no."

"Why not?"

"Well I'll tell you," answered Angeline in a burst of confidence. "We can't see anything through his humbug smoke haze. And if the whole country was to go up in smoke now it would only look like an inferno to astonish the world. You see, though its thrilling I have no liking for forest fires. I've seen big ones once or twice when I was up in paper hayloft, but its awl always made me feel bad. So you see I don't like it, and if I'd be a humbug if I pretended I did. And if makes such a fog even over the water that it is hard to tell where we are going."

This was the longest speech Angeline Richee, had ever made to her, and it produced its impression.

"Well you've got true steel grit Angeline. And I like you better for what you have said. I like to observe a forest fire once in a while just for the thrilling sight of it, but I'm pretty sure that half of the forest fires are made by the enemy."

"I don't mind seeing a little one, but not a big one..." said Angeline... "Why?"

"Oh, pshaw, it takes a whole army to fight it, and then in vain, and it makes so many people homeless, and lots of other horrible things."

"That is so too."

"Yes, and then then half of the forest fires are bigger than any man think of. It's nothing to get stuck up about. I've seen one that moved forward with the speed of a windstorm. Sometimes the refugees are so scared, and so forth that they are even afraid to run for their safety, and don't try to escape at all. And that is what they call apathy."

"Yes, I've seen that. And yet when a forest fire overtakes them there is panic which no one can describe. And yet Glandelinians are sure there is nothing to worry about, when a forest fire rages. They say it's the fortune of war."

"I suppose some of these Glandelinian generals wear their mustaches on their toes," said one of the girls scouts. At this there was a general spell of laughing.

Both Gertrude and Angeline Riches considered the subject however pretty well exhausted. "continued Gertrude. There are only ten boys on duty for paddling the raft forward to night."

"Yes, it's been chartered for that their crowd."

"Do you know whether they can do it all?"

"I know some of the older boys. They are good. And I believe Jack is being cured of his carelessness."

"I say Gertrude," said Jennie. "Do you know all the names of every Glandelinian general in chief of the Glandelinian armies?"

"Yes I have made lists of them."

"Do you know them all?"

"Yes, but I know some of the oldest Glandelinian generals most."

"Who's the general who always has his coat collar turned so to hide his ears winter or summer, his hair sticking up like bristles, smoking a cigar always unusually long and wears a high stovepipe hat with yellow and blue stripes and has a long peak on it?"

"That's general Francis Schmidt. He's a dangerous general, and so hat headed is he that he is known as general Gin gersnap."

"Who?"

"General Gin gersnap."

"General Gin gersnap?"

"Yes. That is his nickname, you know he's such a grouch with his men and officers. I can't think of the many other nicknames he has but he is known as General Gin gersnap."

"Is he good to eat?"

Everyone within hearing laughed when she made this remark.

"Jennie," said Gertrude. "You are a joker."

"Well Gertrude, and who is the picture of this Glandelinian general who has his hair like a carrot bengid all over his forehead, and a pugnose, and an awfully big mouth, and a two foot beard and such awfully long black hair and such piercing blue eyes, and wears a hat like those of the time of King Henry the eight?"

"That's a general who is the highest of all. General Raymondson Richardson Federal. None of the Manleys are as high in rank as he is."

"General Federal?"

"That's who he is. He hasn't got any good nature about him at all, and has a terribly wild temper. In fact I think he is the most wicked general of all. He's got a general Pugnose. I saw one day when he lost his temper because he couldn't put his collar on quick enough and when he got through with his display of anger, the room he was dressing himself in looked as if a cyclone struck it."

"Because he couldn't get a collar on quick enough."

"Yes."

"You are kidding."

"No I'm not. Cross my heart and hope to die if I'm telling you a story. I can even prove it, and get proofs of it."

"Maybe he is crazy."

"I don't doubt it."

"Do all the Glandelinian generals have nicknames?"

"All the Generals have which I know, except one."

"Who's that?"

"The Manleys and his son, who is the highest next to Federal."

"Who's the highest general of the enemy?"

"His name is Louis Turner. But though he is a Glandelinian general he is not so or at all."

"I wouldn't trust one of those darn Glandelinian generals."

"Who are those five generals grouped together in this picture, who looked so do look like each others sisters?"

"Those are all the Manleys."

Jennie's eyes were fascinated by this group in this picture, and yet not being satisfied with the information Gertrude had vouchsafed, she looked over the photograph more closely.

To her some of the Manleys wore the funniest haits of a ill cretine creation. Frank Manley wore a hat, that if laughing would have killed her she would have laid down and died right there, for she flowed her eyes with tears just from so

much laughing. She when she had the chance to overtake herself satisfied herself by taking a deliberate survey of the picture, and thought to herself,

"They may be great generals alright, but I've seen better men in the known asylums. I think if I were one of those hats people would think I was having Hydrophobia. I'll sell them a hat some day that'll reach the moon."

Concerning Glandelinian Jennie always liked to be sarcastic.

"O Penrod!" in the meantime was making an inspection of the day crew who were getting ready for the main work that was to come. Having first satisfied himself by taking a deliberate survey of them all, much much to their uneasiness, and manifest discomfiture, he opened the conversation thus:;

"I say halloo."

The largest of the group of boys at the middle paddle a boyscout about the age of fifteen or less answered:

"How do you do sir?"

"You do not need to address me as sir, as we do not make ourselves look big. You may address me as Schofield Penrod, Junior Penrod. What's your name? You see I've got to take a list of every one of you, so I know where I stand in my command."

"James Jones."

"I see you are not a foreigner."

"No Junior Penrod."

"Good thing. Your name sounds it though like you're scotch. You can speak only Abbeconian?"

"Yes."

"Are any of you twins. There are two of you who look alike?"

"James and Frank are Twins, Penrod."

"There are no triplets among you boy scouts are there?"

"No Penrod," answered the boy.

"Well take good care of yourselves as you work. Remember keep clear of the wreckage that is afloat if possible, and do not get the raft jammed. Remember I've had my proper training from the Vivian Girls and know what should be done. I'm in a personal command here now." and bestowing a genial grin upon those who he had spoken to he returned to watch some of the girlscouts under his charge. Jane was at work. The raft was now or had now passed beyond what looked like some submerged city, and was speeding along through the open flood. Without it was pitch dark though it was morning, and the sable solemnity of the darkness was enhanced by an occasional glow from distant forest fires, that flashed before their eyes, and then as quickly disappeared behind clouds of smoke.

"I say what kind of a region are we in now?" asked Jennie, resuming the conversation with Gertrude. "I wonder why it doesn't get day light daylight?"

"We are not in any place but on the flood. It's the innuination."

"Is that what you call it?"

"Yes, this flood is a lot of water to feed the ocean with."

"And don't it go anywhere else?"

"Oh yes it goes a over all the land and makes rivers go into seas, and if it continues we might as well tank it up and keep it as an inland sea for a remembrance of what the enemy did."

"Gracious," cried Jennie, absently placing her hand on her forehead.

"But I suppose all this water has to go somewhere some day."

"It'll take many days, maybe many months before all this water is gone. I can just tell you, and then even it seems we've got to stay cooped up a little. It's only a Blengigloomean Creature that can swim this flood outside of fishes."

"The Glandelinians are not going to treat our country that way. When I have the chance and Violet, and her sisters finds out it was the enemy who was responsible I'll pop off every Glandelinian general, every chance I get....!!!!"

"If you do," said Jean, who overheard this remark of Jennie's. "It will be doing worst stunts that even Jane has been effecting."

"Yes."

"You'll get hounded all around the country by the Glandelinians."/>

"What do you mean by hounded?."

"Why the Glandelinians will send agents, spies, and so forth all over the world, and they'll never give up until they capture those who have shot their greatest generals."

"Jennie groaned."

"I guess then my fun is all over. The water mattered in a faltering voice."

"Oh we can have lots of fun spying on the generals, you know."

"How is that?" asked Jennie anxiously.

"Why we can go out spying, on any day we choose. I have walked six miles or so with a party of spies once, but some of the littler ones were not able to stand the tramp so long. We had to sit down and rest then for five or some ten minutes before we resumed our journey. And while we were sitting down to rest you you were allowed then to talk."

"Do you ever talk much while you are marching whether it is against the rules or not?"

"No Miss Turner," said Jean emphatically.

"And do you mean to say," cried Jennie excitedly, "that after marching for five or six miles the younger scouts are able to continue on again?"

"I didn't say any such thing."

"But you know they can't be left behind."

"No indeed, whenever we used to march we always had a few covered wagons along and when a fellow can't walk or a little girl scout gives in they tumble him or her in. But they have to be mighty tired before that happens."

"So," said Jennie after a moment's reflecting, "that's what you call fun when we have to march for days without stopping?"

"Certainly it's the jolliest kind of fun."

"I suppose you girls scouts who were with general Vivians army consider a funeral a good joke?" Jennie did not know she was becoming sarcastic.

"You are talking now for sure," said Jean. "Whenever a girl scout or a boy is killed on duty we get off night duties to go out and see if we can't pop off a Glandelinian officer to satisfy our loss."

"Did a boy or girl get killed often?"

Je n' Jean ironized the literal meaning of of tyi this question as she answered:

"No not many thank Heaven, and for the safety of Glandelinian officers. Only two or three a month. But when we lost in one month a girl scout we kill ten Glandelinian officers. If we lose one boy we kill twenty officers."

"Who does the shooting?"

"We girls or boys do."

"What do you do the boy or girl scout die off?"

"They don't die at all, they get killed by being shot in ambush. It's the orders we have received not to take out loss for the sake of the cause."

Gertrude jumped up from her seat, and Angeline Riches stood looking at her indignantly.

"And we stood our loss," said Angeline with considerable fierceness.

"What loss?" inquired Jean rising from her reclining position.

"Why since we were out we've lost ten girls and six boys because the enemy fired upon us, and you two were hurt, and nearly died. And we took it all without even a murmur, and your g crews in Emperor Vivians army take off as many Glandelinians per boy or girl lost as you were commanded. We are all crazy fools. We did nothing."

"I did," said Jean.

"You are not we," retorted Jennie.

"Well I'm willing to take in the count. We only did it because we didn't think. We forgot. Let's see, we lost sixteen of our scouts. Ten officers for a girl. Twenty for a boy. Now, we'll see. If we can't get the officers we'll massacre a whole command of soldiers," and she fell to her brooding.

When the conversation would have drifted it is impossible to say for as the raft stopped just then before a jam of wreckage, Gertrude and Angeline Riches, with that natural curiosity to see what was wrong, and know all things for the sake of the safety of the raft, and those of her followers dashed out upon the raft. As there was no harm done (except the paddlers saying "foreign language" which though is no sin) Gertrude was satisfied, but she endeavored to help the boys nevertheless. They got it loose after desperate work, but then a huge raft of lumber torn from some lumber yard bore down upon them.

"We got to get loose," cried one of the boys, when he and his companions had gained their proper positions. "Let's blast the jam."

"What are you thinking of now?" asked one of the others.

"Nothing except that we got to break through the jam."

The boys glanced around dubiously. It was now after seven o'clock in the morning, and most of the boys wearied with their desperate efforts, were tired and tending taking a rest.

"What's the use?" one of them said. "The jam is too thick."

"All the better. The blasting will tear it apart."

"Well how'll we do it?"

"We have lots of explosives on board. Do you see the thickest part of the rice over there?"

"Yes."

"Well that's the idea."

"But will it work?"

"Come on and see!"

Taking a number of sticks of dynamite, and followed by boys with long poles with strong hooks on them, and accompanied by Penrod, Jack himself not the careless Jack but the head of the crowd sallied forth, and 1 loaded the charge. The ex 1 explosion went off with greater force than was expected and the raft was showered with the debris.

"Look out girls," cried some of the boys, as a stick narrowly missed him. Crash went another explosion, and the jam was torn badly apart, and immediately it began to swim off in another direction leaving the raft free.

"More dynamite please."

"I haven't got it," cried one boy jumping up where he had been thrown, and rubbing his eyes. "I gave my mines to Gertrude."

"Dynamite Jim can't you understand?" and he brought it. Crash, up into the air went some more of the jam in a hundred torn pieces of timbers and other wreckage. The rest guarded themselves very well, but the raft was the worst for it. It was covered with the debris, mud and wriggling fishes, toads and other water creatures, and several of the girls and boys working to free the raft had been hit by flying fragments. All of them stood aghast.

"Let's pull out now," said Tomson.

"Yes and we'd better hurry, before the raft gets jammed again," counselled another, but before they could carry out their purpose, Gertrude came hurrying up.

"Young boys, who succeeded in getting the raft free?" and as she spoke she glanced curiously at all of the boys.

"They did," said Penrod pointing to the boys who were using the explosives. "Here's the last charge, looks like the flood exploded, doesn't it?"

"Oh goodie!" cried Gertrude. "But the raft is covered with mud, and we'll have to clean it all up. How did the raft get caught into the jam?"

"It crashed us by the cause of a backflow."

"I do not understand how then can be. Unless we can get clear of all of it by the next hour we'll be ruined. There's a backward current of the flood alright. Can you boys force your way through the rest by means of the poles, because if you don't we'll surely be stuck."

"We could launch it ashore until the water is clear again."

"How can we do that?" asked Gertrude sadly.

"We can take the northeast curve," said one of the boys smiling, and muttering that he knew what was best to be done.

"We'll have to," said another boy.

"Do you want to delay the trip?"

"How would sticking in the jam do to night?"

"Can't afford to do it now."

"Well then lets head for shore, and we'll wait till the flood is clear again."

"Seeing you seem to know something about it, I'll take the chance." And Gertrude went her way wondering how it would work.

"Boys," said Angeline Riches coming upon them from behind. "Suppose you head straight for the shore or at least to the forest glen over there in the murk. It'll be easier."

The boys thought it still better.

"I don't want any jams any more to night," said one of the boys ruefully. "Neither do I said the others."

And they set to work heading for the shore, fighting every obstacle that tried to bar their way.

Strange indeed it must always seem, and will always seem to the girls and boys, that all those who live or did live and still live in the very shadow of the threatening horror horror, should not heed the muttered warnings sent by telegraphic the premonitory symptoms of the awful war. But the war had raged over a year before the enemy ever started any serious outbreak or caused any unusual as most terrible phenomena, and no one in the States of California or elsewhere ever thought that their beautiful forests were ever going to go up in fearful conflagrations. And so, as familiarity breeds contempt of all the greatest dangers, till they are thought of as no dangers at all, what the enemy could do was not feared or even believed except as the remotest of dangers, hardly enough to cast a cloud over the happiness of a people.

And yet as Gertrude said to Jennie during the time the raft was again beached that afternoon of the 29th:

"The warnings were ample. Two weeks before the past disaster at Lake Selicia I myself had received a letter from some friend of mine who then lived in the town of Mc-Haller Mendocino County. The letter which my friend wrote indicated to me that all the population of that town appreciated the danger, when earlier in the war the enemy first displayed signs of starting minor disasters, and showed all signs of suspicious activity, the first dreaded consequences on April 15th 1918, which date the letter bears, and I wrote back to her advising her to make plans to leave if occasion should arise. I have reviewed many letters before that date, because I was known to be a scout, and one other wrote to me that a schooner, which she did not mention, was in the harbor of Lake Selicia, and that the whole family planned to sail away on this ship if things looked threatening."

"These disasters," said Miss Saunders little Jean sister, "makes me fully aware of the full gravity of the situation threatening the whole nation, and when I was at Calverine in June this year I experienced something like fifteen short earthquakes, which I was sure came from the shocks of explosions."

"Did it do any harm there?"

"No but the people got scared and fled into the streets."

473

"How did you experience it?"

"It's a long story but I can tell it graphically. The shocks came at a little after midnight. By morning the whole population of the city was on the alert and for hours every eye was directed toward the direction from whence the sounds of thunder which had produced the shocks had come from. Many others had their eyes directed toward Mt Calverine an extinct volcano by the city name but over ninety miles away. Everybody was afraid, that the volcano had taken into its heart to burst forth in into frightful eruption and shower the city with ashes. Forty years before the volcano had burst forth with terrific force, and destroyed everything within a radius of fifty miles and gave Calverine a blizzard of ashes two feet deep of a snowy white. When the shocks and the detonations came they believed it was the mountain again, and all the volcano men went up to investigate, but no proofs of the mountain doing all that could be found. That night I was in bed with my littler sister Christine, and our parents and Jean had got up to get herself a glass of water as she was thirsty. It was then that we heard fifteen distinct shocks. They were so great that we supposed at first that some one were firing artillery signals in the streets, and Jean went out to look but found no one in sight until a pack drove the inhabitants into the streets. The first report was very loud indeed, but the fourteen others were so great that dishes were thrown from the shelves, our beds reeled and rocked, the windows clanked in their casings, the doors opened and shut, and the house was completely rocked. We could see Mt Calverine from the front windows in our house, and although it is fully ninety miles away, we could easily see it in the moonlight, and expected to see lava issuing from it with terrific force, but were surprised to see it as still as ever before. Then also I suddenly recollected, the sounds were from the south, and Mt Calverine is northwest of us."

"Another thing," said Minnie, "We have either been following the forest fire or it's been following us. The whole atmosphere far over this flood is heavy with mist rising from the water, and clouds of smoke have been over our heads for the past five days. And too Gertrude sometimes the smell of the smoke is so strong strong that our very horses are snorting, and I'm sometimes afraid that some of them will drop in their harness and either die from heat or suffocation. The other girls' scout leaders frequently assures me that there is no immediate danger, and when there is the least particle of danger we can slide off from the shore we are heading for now. Many out of our followers have been obliged to wear wet handkerchiefs over their faces to protect them from the strong fumes of the pine tree smoke. I saw the partial wreck of some old river schooner called the Randon a little down the way stranded where the flood is not deep, and if it was still staunch it would not have been a bad idea to use that. While we are on shore and the heat from these awful fires becomes very bad we shall embark at once and go back to the waters. But here we are now, and the boys have leaped to shore. We can see what will happen."

Ever since the 28th of July and through the night the distant fire horror which was wroughting such awful havoc had been threatening to charge its course. It had then landing would have been impossible. Yet great walls or columns of smoke kept mounting high in the far distance, and there were from time to times great sheets of flame shooting through them. While they were landing their raft ashore to await the passing of the huge jam of wreckage, dense clouds of smoke rose at a closer distance, and as it was quite dark because of the thickness of the smoke overhead the flames accompanied by strange rumbling noises lighted the sky over a wide area, causing wide spread terror. After they had landed Gertrude climbed one of the highest pine trees within easy distance, and as she reached the top and could see afar, she observed a surge of flames rushing up a hillside a thousand feet per minute, following the formation of some enormous glen and reaching the top of the forested hill in three minutes, and shooting up in a huge towering sheet of roaring flames.

She could see that as it hurried forward this fiery horror burned and withered in its path hillside plantations, factories, cattle and human beings, over a breadth of twenty miles. At the rear of the mouth of the Blanche Creek Gertrude saw stood the little town of Gertrude, which had one of the finest factories in the world. A portion of the fire was heading hell bent for this town. She could see hundreds of people making hasty preparations to leave. As the flames rushed up the hills, it spread rapidly three thousand yards all along the eastern part like a big wave. Terrible and strange detonations heard some distance to the north followed at short and irregular intervals, and in the gradually increasing darkness caused by so much smoke Gertrude could see that the electric lights of the town failed, but the town nevertheless was lit up by the lurid flashes of the flames, and that the terror stricken inhabitants were rushing for the western hills in their very night clothes, screaming and wailing, all mad with terror.

She saw one family was escaping in a small steamer going down the flood. All this time Gertrude's followers had remained down below. Finally she descended and

474

said:

"I don't know how our situation is. It's coming this way."

At Angeline Riches orders therefore the raft was quickly launched. At that hour there suddenly spread over the whole region of flood a thick cloud of smoke, flying embers, and a swiftest heat, which came from the direction of the southeast. The cloud swept over the flood with terrifying swiftness turning the twilight into the darkness of midnight with hardly a moment's notice. From this cloud smoke poured down upon the raft as the boys were making desperate efforts to draw it away from the land, and heat fumes threw some of the girls into wildest anxiety. They saw further off the flames sweep back in a great searing searing sheet for fully a distance of the extent of the horizon, and a wit set in that sent trees crashing down and against each other with great force. The girls knew what was happening, and the boys were working harder and had it half way already in the water. It was safer to take the chance of being in a "jam" than being on land. The forest fire which had so long been threatening threatening to roar westward, had at last done so, and the whole landscape as far as eye could see from north to south, seemed to have broken out into the most appalling eruptions on record. As quickly as possible in the confusion, the girls' scout leaders knowing what need there was to organize some system in getting the raft off shore. Finally it was launched and the boys started paddling away at full speed up along the coast but some distance from it, followed it as it seemed by the great column of smoke and fire, and a hot wind tore the water into fierce waves rocking the raft like a storm. They had not been gone from the shore over two hours, when the entire shoreline of the flood was all on fire, all being walled up in flames, and it was now impossible to approach the shore within one hundred yards on account of the intense heat.

An explosion occurred somewhere from some reason on shore, and the terrible gales of hot winds tore the flames foliage from the trees, and these fell in such quantities about the raft, that such desperate work was a necessity to prevent the canvasses on their wagons from catching fire. All along the shore as they still drew further out the scene indeed was dreadful more appalling than can ever be explained. It looked as though as far as within sight the whole world was becoming one mass of flame, that all what was not water throughout the world was burning. To make matters worse they were again jammed, and while they were trying to work the raft free something of the very upper portions of the jam caught fire. Throughout the whole day the heat along the shore even after the flames passed on or burned down to the waters edge and then smoldered was so intense and the congregations so incessant that it was impossible to approach the shore within a hundred yards. As evening approached these of the paddlers at Angeline Riches direction, after a heroic battle with the heat suffocation and smoke and smoke fumes succeeded in making a dash for the shore, nearing the burning land close enough to see the extent of the disaster. Yet still the whole flood front was burning for as far as you could see from north to south.

Some of the boldest girls by wetting themselves wanted to go ashore, but could not land on account of the terrific heat, which was strangely accompanied by loud explosions. Smoke obscured the raft at times.

"Gertrude said-

"I believe the whole country is going. The whole country will need to send northward seeking assistance, as all the country is burned up, the stock is dying towns are gone, all the plantations are charred, and the country people and people of the town and villages are flocking into creeks, lakes and trying to get away by railroad, and even the whole region will face a terrific famine because of both fire and flood, and we cannot even proceed. We will soon have to load our raft with food of all sorts as our own rations are running low. I'll have some of the boys try fishing to morrow if any can be caught."

"All attempts to get down the shore by a northeast course will be barred by this awful fire," said Penrod moaning his brow. "I've seen even near the flood recently houses blazing and everything is a mass of smoke. All our crews are up and working or something. It's too goshanged hot to sleep. I'm very certain that whole towns and the neighboring country for scores and scores of miles have been destroyed, and I doubt if many of the inhabitants escaped."

"By midnight I'm going to try and make a landing at that ruined town over yonder or drink the flood," declared Gertrude. "We can bring goods back to Emporia Vivian the extent of these disasters....."

There at about eleven thirty o'clock that evening a landing was made. The raft landed south of the burned town. Though it was still smoking the party bravely made its way through the labyrinth of smoking ruins, and found practically every building except one big brick structure burned to the ground. They found that all of the big town was in smoking ruins. The smoke from the awful smoulders continued to rise in never ending clouds as it seemed. Gertrude feared now that every village and plantation in the path of fires were destroyed. Small streams also were dried up. All food was destroyed, and she believed that the people who escaped the fire or suffocation in the dense smoke would perish

4 245

of hunger and thirst. Unknown to her there were three other large towns besides this one that were destroyed in the great fire catastrophe. One was four miles south, another five miles northwest, and one east. No doubt many of the inhabitants saved themselves by taking to forestless ground or to take some of these towns were situated at the foot of a mountain in this manner between fourteen thousand and fifty thousand may have been saved.

Thousands of dead bodies of every kind, frightfully burned and covered with flaming smoking tree trunks were lying in all parts of the fire swept forested region, while other thousands were burned under the ashes. However the little girls fortunately did not see these things. Gertrude thinking of the many refugees believed they would be there for many days in the hills, and that their escape would be practically cut off by the sea of flames. Now the place she had recently launched the raft, being nearer the path of the forest fire than any thing else, could be explained by the fact that the trees at that location did not grow down to the water's edge, and also their new landing place was separated from the conflagration by a deep unforested gorge and high cliffs. It was supposed that the right wing, and not the center of the fire went toward this direction, and that the fire hurricane, rolled forward its appalling Ocean of flames, not northward as was expected and hoped for, but toward the northeast like an enormous wave, moving toward the locality to consume the boat of the forests forest. In its path, and Gertrude knew some day or other it would head for Evangelist St. Claire or the forests in that locality. If great fires also were raging eastward, the deep gorge and high cliffs between it and the landing place for the raft would be sufficient to protect it from that peril.

Later on Gertrude Angeline heard that a large portion of the blame seemed to be upon some of the highest officers of the Forest Rangers. At least there was great indignation against them from the inhabitants as the panic of the survivors subsided. It was remembered that when the towns were threatened, threatened, and the fires were giving warnings of its approach and the disasters the conflagration was about to work, the officers of the Rangers refused to permit any general exodus from the towns. Only the day before the fires came up to that locality, a commission of forest rangers investigation officers, presided over by the officers and appointed by them, assembled at the town of St. Francis for the purpose of studying the progress of the phenomena. And it was agreed that the relative position of the landscapes and the actions of the floods further west, permitted them to affirm the security of these towns. With that statement the head officers tried to reassure the people, already becoming frightened, and it is described even called out the very militia and drew Gordon of troops around the towns forbidding any exodus for as mistaken judgment these Forest Ranger officials paid the penalty of their lives, with the thousands of people who were believed to have perished.

Also there can be no doubt whatever, that science and fear, and the spreading of the great conflagration itself united to give warnings to those who would heed. Professor Gump one of the main forest Rangers examined the conditions at the forests days before the disaster, and sent a chipper dispatch to the Governor of the state, and through this many towns were warned.

Strange as it seemed Gertrude found a few surviving newspapers in the burned town including correspondence, showing that the fire phenomena were clearly in evidence and that the warnings were ample to permit escape if the people had been raised to fear in time. Letters received from other places verified these views and increased the wonderment of Gertrude that there was not a full realization official and otherwise of the necessity of a prompt exodus. The flood elsewhere also had given its ample warnings, and many levee commissions had called attention to the threat hanging over over all of Southern California with but scant attention being paid to their predication.....

THEY AGAIN LAND ON SHORE, AND MAKE THE ACQUAINTANCE OF SOMETHING UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES NOT ENTIRELY DESIRABLE.
JULY THE SIXTH A DAY OF HOPELESS DISASTER AND DESTRUCTION.
WHAT MYLETZ DID IN ORDER TO ADVANCE.

"Look out Gertrude! That's Pawnee Creek. It's dangerous to push the raft too far in. The fire might come up and cross it."

Gertrude placed the glasses to her eyes as the raft slowly sped on, and saw a small picturesque stone bridge passing over a large stream of water that was somewhat filled in with the waters of the flood so that it was six times its normal size. She had hardly time to catch one glimpse of it, when her hat blew off, dropping straight down into the waters of the flood, and it was swept away. She shook her head mournfully.

"I guess traveling is pretty dangerous these days," she growled. "There's forest fires raging as it seems all over the whole world at the same time, you go traveling in the flood, and get jammed of and on, and have experiences that make one sick, get driven off shore here and there because you don't want to face the fire, have a number of your own people shot down and laid out by enemy snipers, just to the full satisfaction to those old pig headed Glandelinians, and now lose a new military hat thanks to the wind, and the flood."

"Oh you can get a new hat easily enough," said Angeline Riches. "It's only a short time now to reach Emperor Vivians army and I have sent the message to the Princesses asking them to hold the army there till we arrive. Now keep your eyes open one minute," continued Angeline. "See she added a few minutes later, 'See that road leading up along the slopes along by the hedge. Mary's a time I've taken a walk on it. Well there's the good old white fence. Now we are entering good grounds where we can with pleasure watch what is going on about us with safety.'"

Gertrude had scarcely time to take a fair look at the fence, when the raft came to a standstill in front of a large four story brick building, with the words "St. Gertrudes Orphan Asylum" crowning its brow. Fronting the building was a spacious building garden, diversified diversified by several winding and shady walks, fronting the garden was a high white fence, and fronting the high white fence were some hundred and odd girl and boys, with a few officers, who evidently had been out on a long scouting tour and got lost in the endangered region. But for a moment Gertrude took no notice of these things, her eyes, ears feelings, her whole being seemed to be concentrated on the officer who was beckoning to her. The long red uniform coat were something new to her, and so great was her astonishment, that the loud cheers of the boys and girls as the raft stopped, the fierce whistling of the winds, the sharp cry of "Forward, might as far as she was concerned have happened at the other end of the world.

Angeline who had left her and the raft to shake hands with some of her friends on shore, found Gertrude a few minutes later, standing in exactly the same position.

"Wake up Angeline!" she cried, "Gertrude wake up, and she slapped her friend on the back."

This touch snapped the charm.

"I say Angeline!" she at length burst out "Poor goodness sake, look at that soldier with the long red gown on! Isn't he a sight!"

"Oh how ignorant you seem to be all of a sudden," said Angeline Riches with an easy air of superiority. "That's not a coat it's a Genial Cassock, and the man in it is one of the head members of the Genial, and he's was expecting us here all the time. I sent for reinforcements, and you did not know it. Well here they are."

Gertrude's face expressed about two closely written pages of astonishment and astonishment.

"Does he always have to wear that-- that thing?"

"Yes, come up to him and I'll introduce him to you. He's under you though."

"But Angeline, does he really always wear it all the time?"

"That's what I said."

"Gracious. I'd like to see him try to run away from a number of Glandelinians. 'Fellow' he looks for all the world like an old lady."

"You'll find out pretty soon, whether he can run or not," retorted Angeline a little sharply. "And as to being an old lady, you'll chase your mind pretty soon, if any Glandelinians whom you see try to put up any tricks on him. Mr. Gingigoro!" she continued, addressing herself to the subject of these remarks. "Here's Miss Angeline Aronburg, a great girls' scout leader sir."

The man with a smile and a word of welcome cordially shook Gertrude's hand, at the same time bestowing such a clear penetrating look upon the girls upturned face that as Gertrude always afterwards declared "Mr. Gingigoro seemed to see

But when you get on the wrong side of her it is a step from under. For the last five or six minutes she seemed to be very sympathetic, but her reputation, as she always had a habit of always laughing, talking in a loud voice and making great confusion, and many spoke of her in whispers of how she always got ahead of the crowd in her experience, and she herself was speaking of the great and goodly number of girls who had already appeared in the washroom, and of how many more were needed. Having completed her toilet, which consisted chiefly of giving herself a general wash, and of fixing her hair, Jennie Turner stationed herself at the narrow doorway of the washroom, where she chatted up on the names of various newcomers as they changed to leave or enter.

Jennie and Thomas were now going out, and Jennie was anxiously awaiting him without hindrance, then came Thomas, who by the way had been watching Miss Turner work for fully ten minutes. As the washroom doorway was opening upon the threshold, he was not watching where he was walking but his foot in a plant was where it was not supposed to go.

"Why good gracious!" he exclaimed turning on his steps, "Did I walk on your foot little girl? But really I didn't see you standing there."

"You wretched careless little fool!" fairly roared the girl scout leader, who was now hopping about with a combination of earnestness and liveliness. "You're talking to me, what did you think you stepped on my hands no to the front a d and report to Gertrude Angeline. You'll answer for that!"

The boy would not have obeyed but Thomas grabbed him and marched him forward. "That's too bad for you," Gertrude made answer with her face screwed into its most serious expression. "But I can't do much to you except have you work three days on the raft at paddling without having relief. Go on the raft and stay there."

With this reflection she passed on arm in arm with Angeline Riches, who was struggling but with sorry success, to keep from saying things about careless boys and girls she should not say, and leaving Jennie Turner to continue or conclude her work as she pleased. Jennie soon finished her work, and she then went to a place adjoining the end of the washroom, which looked like a small shed, under whose protection cover was a number of benches, a pair of parallel bars, a few other articles of gymnastics, and a line of benches. Upon one of these latter a bunch of boys including Thomas and James seated themselves, calmly awaiting the sound of the dinner bell as the whole company was going to dine in the building for a change. Scarcely had they composed themselves when Jennie Turner who was wearing of working, turned the corner, leaning her head on her left arm, her left arm on one of the parallel bars, and pin it placing her left hand on her hip--she fastened a stern gaze upon the boy who had so foolishly and carelessly stepped on her foot. Nothwithstanding he seemed to be oblivious of Miss Turner's presence.

"I say," began the girl scout leader, when she realized that both power and grace had shot wide the mark--"Are there any more boyscombs of a careless nature like you at home?"

"No," said the boy in the only one."

"Did you ever live in Abbeism? I see you not a cap which was manufactured there?" "I don't know where I put it I'm sure," answered the boy with civility, "but if you wish me to do so I'll write home to Abbeism and ask."

At this point, a number of the boy and girl scouts who were sitting near by, and had been gazing about listlessly broke into smiles and titters. Jennie turned at them ferociously, whereupon their faces fell. Jennie then looked solemnly at Gertrude, who had been looking into the distance, and they were superior girl scout leaders, and consequently was entitled to the privileges encouraged by the power of her eye, Miss Turner turned it in full force upon the boy scout, for she was really testing him, and again addressed herself to that untried youth.

"What's your name, Bony?"

"Frank Greenes."

"Did you ever see the floods at Abbeism?"

Greenes gave a most troubled expression, he passed his hand over his forehead, and through his hair-- then after a pause made answer: "Don't remember it just now. My memory bad when the waters so hot and there so much smoke in the air. The time I came from here on awful long time. It took the priest over five minutes to get it in, the day I was baptized. It's Bismarckopolis town."

Another titter from the listeners, and aloud laugh from Angeline Riches while this time Gertrude looked serious.

"I suppose," continued Jennie Turner with exasperation, "you think you are funny?"

"I'm supposed to be," answered Green blandly. "All the family at home say I am, and during a funeral once I made them laugh till the tears were in their eyes at the solemn parts. They never let me go since."

There was a prolonged giggle, and a louder laugh. "Laughing and giggling like monkeys don't get any of you silly asses anywhere," said Jennie sternly to everyone who had giggled. "Then to Green! You are acting terribly smart, and she now stood quite stiff and upright. "Now smart," roared Green, "and she was really testing him."

"Smart roared Green! Why now you are hitting the nail on the head. The fellows at the boyscombs camp I attended last year said they would not come back if I did, because I had carried off all the diplomas and premiums, and that is why I come home."

"I'm going to try you out on that," she said, drawing the letter produced by this last remark, and as she spoke she pulled out of her pocket a note written and forwarded by Penrod himself.

"Oh if you are going to test me," pursued Green with all the placidity of a midsummer saphyr, "I think I had better shut my mouth, or you might poke that paper down my throat, and then I'd be sick for life."

In this quick rejoinder there was to the spectators gazing upon the paper in Jennie's hand a certain obviousness of point, conspicuously it arched with in all the listeners, and murmured Jennie.

"Come, come don't talk silly. What is this code, explaining the meaning of it?"

"It's something about the city burned by this forest fire."

"Are you sure?"

"That's what it says," said Green.

"And what else?"

"And the fire moves on us like a snail."

"That's what it says."

"And it says also our only means is the flood."

This was a surprise for Jennie indeed. Before more could be done, the bell rang for dinner. "You took her up in great grand shape," observed one of the girl scouts.

"Where did you get that way of saying things?"

"Oh I used to study a lot so I could say things without getting excited."

"All the same you'd better keep your eyes open," she said, a superior girl scout and she'll surely test your mentality for your talk before long. Anyhow if you manage it right, you'll be all right. She's a great girl and good, but if she catches you or any of us doing something wrong, she'd be sure to set it out on you. But she is good hearted and won't do anything severe for nothing."

They were all now at the doors of the refectory, and as each girl scout (private) entered, Gertrude, and all her fellow officers assigned them their places at one of the ten tables, each of these being laid for forty. To their regret however Penrod, and Jennie Turner had to place themselves at different tables, and so did the other officers. As there was no room elsewhere, Angeline Riches led the prayers before meals. The dinner passed off quietly as Gertrude never allowed talking during meals. Before the Thanksgiving was said, Angeline Riches, and owned that each boy should, immediately on leaving the refectory, go to the yard of the home they were taking possession of, where he would lean down his arms of paddling, and obtain a number which is on each car he is assigned to use. Thomas and James who continued to have their interview with the prefect of girl scout leaders at the same time, were both assigned to be the leaders of the paddlers. They managed to get the numbers to the best raft available about the same time too, and so to their undiminished delight, Angeline Riches at the suggestion of Gertrude Angeline appointed them to take up their line of work on the morrow along side of each other.

"Jennie this building and groups is just glorious for our troops and to use as our headquarters," exclaimed Gertrude, as they emerged from the dining room. "We can have all the boys counted, and put in their own class. But look here while you were checking up on the number of cars, and I was outside waiting for you I heard something. Do you know the first thing toward Jack is going to do to us?"

"No what?"

"Why the first chance he gets to day, he's going to try and knock us down and make an escape." She was watching his chance now in the yard I think, watching when he mind is not looking."

Gertrude and Jennie stood still, the latter giving herself up for a few seconds to reflection, and then she resumed her walk and observed: "I'll fix him. If he tries to do anything I'll tell you what I'll let him go pretty far for him with his attempt it'll be a joke anyhow. I won't strike him. But when he gets behind me, and tries to do something I'll suddenly wheel on him and cover him with my pistols. Of course you'll be standing in front and back me."

"What will you do if he strikes anyhow?"

"You'll see. He won't on his own. He'll attempt very much anyhow."

As a matter had the two girl scout leaders entered the yard, when they noticed that Jack was now eyeing them closely.

"He's waiting his chance," whispered Jennie.

"Just as usual," Gertrude said. "See him go down by the small round ball alley."

Jennie acquiesced, and both made their way to the further end of the yard, together. Jennie with her hands in her pocket leaned against the back of the alley as she took in the playground, while Gertrude also hand in her pockets stood facing Jennie, commanding a view of hardly anything save what was included in the two walls of the alley. Jack in the meantime, was following in their wake with his alibi steps, even Gertrude could divine this from his expression on Jennie's face. If it had not been for the fact that Jack was following them, Green

If it had not been for the carelessness of the same Francis Green all would have been well. Two boys with him were standing near Gertrude and Jennie and Green not looking what he was doing was demonstration how he could kick backwards, jump and so forth.

"Talking of Jumping" exclaimed this boy "how's this" and as he started backwards one of his feet like a swift kick landed right on Gertrude's leg, she receiving the full force of this on her shins the tenderest part of her. On the moment Gertrude testified her presence by a prolonged angry howl.

"Good gracious," Green exclaimed, paling as he turned around and addressed Gertrude, who with both hands was hood holding one knee, and hopping enthusiastically with the only foot she had at liberty. "I couldn't help it. How in the world did you come to be behind me. You girlscoouts are terribly unlucky are you not?"

A crowd of boys who had been watching Jacks ill timed attempt to attack the girls, had captured him, and taking in the situation Green continued to Gertrude---

"Does it hurt little girl?"

"Does it hurt?" shrieked Gertrude passionately, suspending her dance to give full effect to his answer. "Oh no it surely doesn't hurt at all. It feels awful pleasant you boneheaded fool," and with this burst of eloquence, she resumed her dancing.

"I say what's this!" inquired Green, holding a scroll of paper. "Is this yours?"

"Yes, and I wish you and that paper were in Radeses." "The intense devotion of this sentiment was beyond the slightest doubt."

"But perused Green. You've got a old code on it. So you've got what you want. And am I really and truly a fool?"

"This question so angered Gertrude, that she lost sight of her pain. Releasing her injured leg, she made a savage rush at Green. But she was frustrated by Jennie.

"Let the half wit alone Gertrude dear," she said. "Then she turned to the boy. "If I had let her do it it would have served you right. You've no business kicking girls from your careless notions. You've just stepped on my foot this morning. And look here you'd better not continue such notions while I and Angelina Richee am around. Gure yourself of this habit. Another such freak from you and you'll rack up and go home."

and both Gertrude so and Jennie scowled at him. The boy was too crest fallen to face his scowling fellow scouts. Gertrude, scowling, hobbled off to the infirmary to get her leg painted with iodine.

The reader may frequently call it to mind that Jennie Turner was a good model girlscoout leader, not the kind of a model girlscoout that a always figures in girl scout stories, but such a good model as any one may expect to meet with occasionally nay, God be thanked for it; often times in real life. At a signal work, running, horseback riding, football, baseball, and all manner of even any boys games no one was more skilled than Jennie Turner. She was small, undergrown for her years and slightly made, still her strength and power was not questioned. And yet she had never exerted her strength for mean or low purposes, and she had never used her commissional powers for anything save that which was right and ennobling. She was always everybodys friend--with her the bad was for the purpose good, and the good were better. With her she was always cheerful, jocular, and a bit of a wag for a girlscoout leader. She had always made her way through life with the brightness and wholesomeness of a sun beam. Nor in Jennie Turner among the general run of girlscoouts in her command an isolated character. In her command there were and are hearts as warm and minds as noble. These girls and boys are themselves the least self conscious so conscious of mortals. They were always doing noble work for their cause, and the Lord and Savior whom in the nobility of their hearts they love with manly or girlish tenderness. But just the same they can't tolerate carelessness, and cowardliness.

While they were waiting for most of the girl and boy scouts to fix themselves up for their rooms Gertrude and ten of her officers including Jean, Angelina Richee, and others decided on the morning the last of July to investigate further the progress and horror of the disaster that was hindering their progress toward the christian lines.

Mary Stenck went the furthest with her scouts. She came back with Elsie Ruth McWhirther who had accompanied her and Elsie said:

"I have just returned with Mary from the interior. Few Gertrude are the survivors either on land or flood, who passed through the horrors of flood, or the fiery or ordeal of the destruction of forests. I've met persons who are dated from their sufferings, and the shocking sights they have witnessed, and they can tell of their own experiences with dramatic simplicity, although far from realizing the whole destruction of the forests they had witnessed. Even Gertrude from trained observers, who had hastened to the scenes of disaster as fast as trains and swift ships could carry them, came graphic tales of the horrors that met their gaze. The flood is our own way."

"Did you see much when you went on your way to investigate?" asked Gertrude.

"I was one of the first to reach the desolated town of Hansonville, and had I the means to dispatch a message or a connected account to other places of what I saw I could have made the whole country finally understand what a dangerous foe Glandelinia is," said Elsie.

Indeed on the morning the 31th they all who dared went to take a view of the nation of devastation. They surely had a hot and most warm trip before them yet they came upon another ruined town, which had been blasted by the fires, and such scenes could be only inadequately pictured. Not one third of the awful horrors that they had seen there had been told even a month after. They approached the site of this town soon after six thirty o'clock that morning of the last day of July. The lofty hills and scenes of forest burn and other horrors of the forest fire that had passed on was hidden behind a white colored smoke haze. Twice because of the heat they were driven back toward the flood shore, and even there they saw enormous quantities of the wreckage of large and small river craft and houses that strewn the surface of the sea. Flood huge half burned trees and too often bodies with flocks of vultures soaring above were floating here and there. From the direction of the still burning forests, and the smoulders came blasts of hot wind and smothering smoke. At the girls and boyscoouts traveled further, they came to a town though not touched by fire was smoke laden, and near there they encountered old men women and children from frantic to get away and who begged the scouts for a passage on the raft or for some refuge. They had room for none, but managed to lead them to the orphan asylum, and there were so many of the refugees so badly burned that they had to be put to bed in the dormitories. About fourteen died. The conditions of these unfortunates they heard from the survivors was no worse than thousands of other fire refugees lingering in the hills about this region not touched by fires. They were told hundreds of them will die, before relief can reach them. And many thousands needed medical care, food, clothing, and above all water. As the raft felt its way down the coast of the flooded land, they could see that the whole landscape was obscured in smoke for furious blasts of heat, and smoke swept over the raft, but finally the town spoken off was reached, or rather the spot where the city was once standing before the awful conflagration struck it. For fourteen miles along the flood front, and for two miles and a half back from the shore to the fire blasted foothills stretched the heap of smoking ruins, and all around and beyond the ruins of the fire blasted forests was still smoking intensely and great heat came from that direction. So complete was the sweep of fire that the girls and boys could not even distinguish where there had been streets.

"We can't even distinguish the sites of the large buildings," said Joy. "It looks more as if it had been a city destroyed under a rain of fire lava and debris."

"Yes we are literally in an inferno," said Jean. The still smoking forests fragments is towering above those smouldering ash covered hills. These ruins are still burning in many places."

"I wonder where the frightful odor of burned flesh is coming from?" asked James.

"I don't know," said Thomas. "but I don't want to see to find out..." They made a landing with great difficulty, and almost in peril. When they reached one section of the town at the landing point, they found that not one single house was left intact. Great heaps of smouldering wreckage, fiery ashes, and debris of brick buildings were seen on every side. Street cars tracks were melted and twisted by the heat. Here and there amid the ruins were heaps of corpses probably that of animals, but when they got closer they found they were human beings, almost all the faces were downward, as if the unhappy victims had rushed into the streets at the first uproar of the approaching conflagration, or when the first shock of the catastrophe aroused them, only to meet a sudden and most awful death, that smothered them to the streets or within their dwellings as they ran for safety.

So many piles of corpses were seen that it was difficult to describe any in particular detail. In one street thirty four bodies of men women and children were intermingled in one awful mass, arms and legs protruding as the hapless beings fell in the last awful struggles of death. From under a large cornice stone the arm of some little girl protruded. Most not noticeable was the utter silence and the awful overpowering stench from the smoke of the smouldering forest debris beyond, and the odor of burned flesh.

"Something seems to be wrong here," said Dolores.

"What do you mean asked Angelina Jennings.

"Why the fiery sea which so completely destroyed this city must have been accompanied by a terrific fire hurricane which was added with great heat waves and gases from the conflagration which I believe instantly suffocated everyone who inhaled them, and of other heat waves burning furiously."

"How do you make that out?" asked Jean.

"Why can't you see. Look at the bodies and tell me what you observe."

"Why nearly all the victims have their hands covering their mouths, and in some other attitude, showing they had sought relief from suffocation. And strangely still all the bodies are charred or roasted."

483
They observed that through the middle of the town ran a tiny stream, and testing the water some of the girlscouts found it was boiling hot. Great trees in the city with roots upward, and scorched by fire, were strewn in every direction. Huge blocks and still hot stones of wreckage wrecked buildings were scattered about.

"The completeness of this catastrophe," said Elsie, "is evident when we can see from the appearance of things here, that no one save a handful of survivors picked up in the flood escaped from this town. I suppose the place had been overwhelmed so suddenly and probably in the night that no one was even warned, and few of these survivors were able to tell actually what had happened for they are so crazed from the experiences they passed through. Therefore it is certain that the disaster overtook the town suddenly and without the slightest warning."

"This is the way I believe it may have happened," said Catherine Estrabrook. "On what morning or night this may have happened the inhabitants may have found heavy clouds shrouding the whole old country in the rear of the city, and there began to rise a wind, a hot wind through the streets of the city. No doubt the greater majority of the inhabitants were alarmed, but probably the Mayor of the city did not believe anything was going to happen, and probably did every thing possible to stop the panic. They might have succeeded, and might not, but nevertheless the fire came, and this town with probably a great number of its people, and its houses have been blotted out of existence. Let's see if we can find the Mayors residence if it is surviving."

After a search of three hours in the ruins, they found no trace of the Mayors home nor of him and his family either. That quarter of the city was still a vast mass of blazing ruins.

"From all this I feel confident that 30,000 is not too great an estimate of the loss of life in these towns we have seen," said Gertrude. "Probably every one in this small city perished, and other towns may have had added other thousands to the number of victims."

"Ad this awful situation is getting hard on our country," said Mildred. "From all these disasters counting the flood too, there are countless thousands of survivors who must be cared for and yet it seems cannot be. The entire southern part of California has been or is being devastated. Hundreds of farms, plantations, and countless small villages have been destroyed by the flood, and by the fires which have been raging since early last year."

"Where could all these refugees be found?" asked Jennie Turner. "I don't know for sure, but I have heard that these survivors have taken refuge in hills, wide ravines, by the shores of lakes away from the danger of the fires and the floods, and the enemy, but still menaced by these awful forest fires made so recently by the enemy. They must be relieved, taken to places of safety, fed and clothed, but how it can be done I don't know. The work must be done quickly and yet it can not be done it seems. It is terrible. Hundreds of thousands, nay millions must perish as it is, before help can reach them. The ships that they try to use by means of the flood alone will not be any good. The whole world may have to help."

"This is awful indeed," said Jennie. "The streets and all the neighborhood around what a few days ago was one of the largest and most prosperous forest towns is now found encumbered with heaped upon heaps of dead bodies in all directions. Nearly all the dead we see are stark naked. Now comes that Gertrude?"

"Probably their clothing have been burned from their bodies like so much tinder while they themselves were roasted to death."

"But how did so many come to die here without a chance of escape. It seems mysterious?"

"Well it seems to me in the vast majority of cases, that the fire or great heat seems to be the sole cause of death. We have seen great numbers of the bodies literally burst asunder, and lie dismembered. I believe the terrific heat did that. As you have seen in many instances the faces of many of the victims appear quite calm, as if they were stricken down instantly where they stood, without a moments warning, or without time to appreciate for an instant the deadly peril they were in. Others have stamped upon their faces, an expression of indescribable terror. I do not understand how we can stand these awful sights but it seems we do."

"Yes," said Jane, "and the entire neighborhood around the city, not counting the in side all about reeks with a horrible odor of burned flesh. A little while ago I came across a whole family of eight persons, all tightly packed in each others arms, and the bodies horribly burned. The flames just cremated the dead. We won't need no fatigue parties of soldiers here to build enormous pyres of wood and branches of trees to heap dead bodies to burn as the fire does that already, and anyhow there is no material for which to do it with in the first place. The fire did not leave anything whatever. It looks as if we were in the advances of hell."

"It is supposed," said Elsie Ruth McWhirther, "for there is nobody living yet that we have encountered, apparently to tell the exact facts, but I believe the fire caught the city unawares while most were all asleep, and that the great sea

484
of flame traveling with unknown but terrific speed, accompanied or preceded by a terrible fire & hurricane of heat and smoke and forest fire gases must have enveloped the city before any one awoke in time to escape. I believe this is being the most terrible disaster of all Southern California and southeast is being devastated."

"The entire quarters of the highest part of this city, are completely leveled to the ground by the heat of the flames," said Gertrude, "forming nothing but heap upon heap of smoking smouldering ruins, covered thickly over with white hot smoking ashes, cinders and other burned debris commingled."

"Yes," said Ma Mary Stanok, "and what horrible revelations of the havoc wrought to human life which these grim mounds are yet to reveal, can hardly be imagined. In the parts of the city we have gone through as far as we dared, not even a trace of the streets that existed can be hardly seen. They are buried by the falling walls of the buildings, entirely out of sight as though they were done by a earthquake. Along the water front there are a few walls standing, and the ruins of the post office office we have found. I looked through the ruins of the bank of the city, but we could not open any of the vaults to see if any of the securities are intact. But the main thing that worries me is how the refugees can receive aid. Only the armies can help them so far."

"As much help as possible has been sent as often as possible to the surviving people of the fire horror and the flood. Steamers loaded with half crazed men, women and children from districts in the neighborhood of this awful forest fire and floods I have heard are constantly arriving eastward to other towns but the people there have to flee as the fires also threatens them. Steamers chance the perils of the flood to rescue people, and come forth as rapidly as possible to the scene of this new disaster, carrying with them provisions and clothing. I didn't think the enemy could have the heart to do all this."

"Supposing the enemy is not responsible."

"Impossible. It'll be proved whether the enemy did it or not. Violet, and her sisters can do that. They'll find out."

"Let's return to the Orphan asylum," suggested Gertrude.

They all arrived about two o'clock in the afternoon, and no sooner were they preparing to drill the troops of girlscouts, when a man dressed in a gray uniform like a Glandelinian column colonel came riding hastily into the yards. They would have rushed him to make him prisoner had he not shouted;

"Don't fear I'm not an enemy. Here's my pass" and he handed to Dolores who had covered him with a rifle a paper. It proves he was a courier from general Vivianias. He was also a correspondent of the Abbeismian Herald, and he said "I'm telling you the truth girls. An awful disaster has overtaken general Vivianias army. Since he couldn't drive general Vivianias from Riches farm despite the fierce battles he has waged, Myletse had not given any warning of the destruction that was to come. He took advantage of the flood, and blasted a levee, and general Vivianias army was routed with a great loss of life, thirty thousand are drowned. General Vivianias army had looked upon the flood along this part as harmless did not believe that it would do more than water up the land. It was a little before six o'clock this morning that the disaster came."

"How do you know? Were you a witness of it?" asked Dolores.

"Yes."

"You wish to give your details to Gertrude."

"Yes."

"All right I'll lead you to her."

When Gertrude heard what the man wished to say she said;

"Let's hear it. What has happened."

"General Vivianias army was driven back by a rush of the flood waters. Myletse tore a open a levee."

"A levee?"

"Yes."

"How did you see it?"

"I was scouting with a party of officers near a part of general Vivianias estate, when the ground trembled under my feet, not as it does when the earth quakes but as though a terrible struggle was going on within or under the ground. As I halted my horse everything seemed to shudder, and at the same time there was a rending crashing grinding noise, which was deafening, and the flash that accompanied it was blinding. There was a sensation like a terrible hurricane, and where a fraction of a second before there had been a perfect calm I felt myself drawn into a strange vortex. The mysterious force leveled a row of trees near by leaving bare a space of ground fifteen yards wide, and more than a score of yards long. I was transfixed as it seemed to my horse not knowing in what direction to flee. I looked toward where the sound had come from, and above the horizon line there formed a great black cloud which reached high in the air. From that direction came explosions that sounded as though all the navies in the world were in titanic combat. Flashes played in and out the lower part of the cloud the result that light seemed to be of magnifying power. I was upon a high hill, and saw the flood coming for general Vivianias army. It was retreating for the heights. That the army seemed doomed I felt sure

but I was prevented from seeing what was occurring by a high spur of a hill that shut off the full view of the full army. It is impossible for me to tell how long I stood there inert. Probably it was only a few seconds, but so vivid were my impressions that it now seems as though I stood as a sightseer for many days. When I recovered possession of my senses, and saw the new rush of the flood spreading over everything, wiping out the farm entirely and becoming a raging sea, and racing madly to cut us off from escape too, I and my party raced for our avenue reaching it to beat the flood in time. All of my followers were panic stricken. The Glandelinians were responsible for the destruction the fire did too. We by the work of his armies caused the fire to change course with an effort to make general Viviania retreat by that means. I saw the destruction too, and the fire enveloped several of the towns before the inhabitants could escape. As we reached the panic stricken columns of Viviania's army, the ground seemed to be in the throes of a terrible convulsion. Everything was ruined while we were racing on when general Viviania this afternoon managed to rally his army on the heights he estimated thirty thousand men must be drowned as that number are missing."

"That's terrible," said Gertrude. "This is some war. The enemy fight it with fire, water, massacre, explosion, and try to get the accompaniment of the elements. Many women who have lived even in Abyssinia have escaped only to know they are windowed and childless. It must be awful. Who sent you to inform us?"

"General Viviania. He fears the flood might follow you."

"We found two women who survived the forest fire, only to die later of a fearful torment," said Gertrude. "One was a foreigner and she could not speak our tongue. She was found in a cellar of a smoking ruin, by some of my men this noon. Although she was fearfully burned from head to foot, she was still alive. She died when we brought her here. The other woman was a Mexican name Guadelupe, who was employed as a Housemaid in the burned city. She was brought here also where she afterwards died. She was so conscious for a while under the care of the Regimental doctor, but could not relate much details of her experience. She said she was awakened from sleep by the cry of fire. She went to the window and saw as it was the sky and the whole town and world aflame at once and she fainted. When she regained her senses a few hours later, she was horribly burned and, glancing around, she saw two or three members of the family she worked for still living. They died before we came to the city."

"The path of this sweep of the forest fire," said the correspondent, which swept over this territory, was marked out by us in a strange manner. The vicinity of the flood shore, was swept by a whirlwind of hot air, which ripped tore and shattered everything along shore in its path, but did not set the trees nearest the water edge afire. On the other hand the city, and adjoining parts of the city were enveloped in the flames that consumed everything where the force of the fire hurricane was the greatest. The town was hit three days ago. This town had stood half a century. The tremendous force of the fire hurricane had swept all before it. But Mylette could not accomplish by fire, and so he tried flood."

Sometimes after, Gertrude warned the whole force secretly not to tell a thing to Angeline Riches, until the report could be confirmed.

COMBINATION OF HORRORS. FLOOD SHORE SWEEP BY WHIRLWINDS OF FIRE. REPORTS CONCERNING THE DISASTER TO GENERAL VIVIANIA. RESCUE VESSELS CATCH FIRE AND BURN TO WATERS EDGE. ONLY ONE ESCAPEE ESCAPES THE FLOOD FILLED WITH DEAD BODIES AND FLOATING RES WRECKAGE.

No doubt many of the readers throughout the world might be asking themselves when they read of these "BEAUTIFUL" disasters, what manner of nation can Glandelinia be. Was she mad. Was she literally a hell overwhelming christianism. Maybe I too would be blamed partly for it or criticized. Maybe the Reader would say: "Maybe the writer himself is heartless. Or also couldn't the author have selected a better or at least a more refined character for the opposing nation? This Glandelinia is bold, extremely dangerous, given to such wickedness as to commit horrors which happened which I did not dare to write here, but which far surpassed the disasters I have written, which in horror made these catastrophes seemed pleasant indeed. Glandelinia we all know is a foe of our blessed Lord, rather forward in her disaster plans and in carrying them out self will be willed, and but stay, reader lets get in a word. What the reader may think of Glandelinia is holy compared what she really is. Keep her in the back ground, and don't worry about her. We throw up our hands at these disasters, and grant the full force of these awful naughty occurrences. Indeed there are 100000000 terrible immeasurable disasters that have occurred which though not floods or fires, really surpass the flood and fire, and great disasters too horrible to be told. It would spoil the story, make it a bloody rotten book to even write a line of these disasters. There are many flaws in Glandelinia too. But what then? These awful disasters really are not beyond repair. Abyssinia is a real gem in the face of all christian countries in the world. It bore up with many a trial for the Love of God, and Glandelinia cannot daunt her, although Abyssinians strength, fury and bravery is beyond all exaggerated statements, it has nothing within its means which it cannot retrieve the disaster when communications are restored, and her efforts will be that titanic struggle for justice and goodness so noticeable in many good nations, and in them we at least speak not for good nations only on this line—pardonable, even Glandelinia's irresistible and savage fury is not an exaggeration of what we all know and held fast, to the far more frightful disasters of the west and north. But enough on the score of Glandelinia's awful disasters. Let us hope that in due time the Vivian Girls will find proofs of the Abyssinian Regim reign of terror, that Abyssinia will come out of the sorrow and horror glorious and a gem of the world, and that the ferocity of powerful Glandelinia may be subdued and thrown flat into the dust which we all admire to read of a vanquished nation we do not cherish to think of. Gertrude's dialogue with the man who had brought the bad news, while drawing the great number of friends among the girl and boy scouts, and also their soldier escorts. . . . As Gertrude and Dolores were taking a stroll about the yard shortly after the man's departure to bring the news to the authorities which he hoped to reach, they were accosted by a younger boyscout impurple knickerbockers his expression of a mixture of fear, worry, and wifefulness.

"Well my boy," said Dolores, who was about half a head taller than this new boy, "what can I do for you?"

"I'm so glad you didn't let the enemy get ahead of you. Glandelinia she is mean, she made this flood for nothing, and I'm all alone. My parents are dead. My baby sister here the little man began to cry." I won't see any more. I didn't know what to do so I came to the army and here I am."

"He's another flood victim of losses—got it bad," whispered Gertrude in a kindly tone. "There's lots of cases like that."

"Here," said Dolores, "take some Marshmallows. . . ."

"The young young boyscout accepted the candy, and tried to cheer up, he therefor ceased his crying, though frequently he gave vent to deep sighs."

"Come and sit down here," continued Dolores. "Now what's your name?"

"Thomas Joshua. My pa was a general in our christian armies and got killed at P o Phelantburg Phelantburg. He had lots of men die for him in battle. My mother and father's sister and mother too and my baby sister died in the flood at Mildred Greenburg."

"It would be fun getting back at the enemy," observed Gertrude. "Did the enemy do that often elsewhere?"

Tom relented into a man smile.

"Haven't you any friends here?" pursued Gertrude.

"They are my friends and are new to me, but that doesn't make me feel better," sobbed Tom in a fatal relapse. The Glandelinians are all mean, murderers, and nothing is good with them. I've shot many of their officers already and I'll shoot more."

"You are going a little too far on that, and I'm afraid you don't know the Glendelinians well enough," said Gertrude, and she added with ingenuous modesty "Dolores and myself and others here are all good girls. You just wait Tom till you get older then you won't have to stand any nonsense from these Glendelinians. It's too bad your father had died in battle, but I'm sure part of his army is still existing, and you'll have his command some day when you grow to be a man, and you'll be riding round on a horse, dignified and high hatted and-- and --and--"

"Too--oo!" interrupted Tom, "I didn't want my father to die. I didn't want him to die at all. I want to go to heaven right now, and see him, and mamma, and little Marie and all of em."

"I'll tell you what!" said Gertrude, "Let's be friends, and then you won't be lonesome. What do you say Tom?"

With one hand rubbing his eyes, Tom extended the other hand to both Gertrude and Dolores. Each of these young girls' scout generals shook it warmly. And the boy was entirely ignorant of whom he had been speaking too. He didn't know they were two of the chief girls' scout leaders outside of Angeline Riches being first. Master Tom's case was a fair specimen of the horrors that had been a result of the great flood, and other war horrors. Hardly no one had escaped it, and still true to the likeness the disaster had seized upon its victims with various degrees of malignity. Under an ordinary attack, the victim feels fully convinced since he lost everything that life even is not worth living. To many boys who were in the scout force the same was the case, and games, meals, even candies had for a long time lost their zest.

Like the qualities of mercy, sorrow over losses of parents and loved ones is "nightiest in the nightiest" and the man or woman or older children when afflicted is a piteous sight indeed. After five o'clock supper, the whole force of scouts took recreation till six, when a bell summoned them to the hall of studies. Here they were at liberty to sort and examine their new drill articles, and write their parents in wireless telegrams to give them assurance they were safe, that is those who still had their parents living. Tom on entering noticed that a great number of girls instead of seating themselves were all at n standing in silence. Following their implicit guidance, he too stood besides the table, and fixed an inquiring look upon a man who from a raised platform commanded a view of the entire hall. While Tom was still wondering why the girls were so slow about sitting down, he was surprised to see one of the girls (Jane Wallfort) stride up to him and say quite loudly:

"What do you watch us. Sit down like the rest."

"He asked 'But miss why don't you sit down?' and this as he took his seat. We are the leaders and got to stand," she answered, and she smiled as she walked away. Instead of beginning to study his articles, Tom sat for some time curiously watching the movements of those about him. Many of the older boys were fiving up something on papers, and the new comers were also at work while two of them were rummaging in one of the desks in a vain attempt to find something which not knowing it they had in their coat pockets. He still wondering observed that the girls who were standing seemed to have their eyes on every one. Presently Penrod entered the study hall, and the man on the platform retired still further to the boys' surprise. Tom gazed at the new official for some moments and then turned to one whose name was Harry Turner.

"I say what is the name of that boy? He is dressed like a prince."

"Sh-h-h-h" said Harry.

"Throwing a look of disgust at his admonitor, Tom turned to another whose name was Joe, who sat at his right side, and repeated the question.

"I don't know," returned Joe. "But he is one of the boys' scout officers."

"Say what are you going to do an hour after this?"

"I'm going to write home, and ask them to send my sister to be a scout."

"Oh don't be in a hurry about that," whispered Tom. "We have enough girls' scouts now, and --and--" Just then a hand was laid upon his arm, and Tom lifting his eyes saw a girls' scout before him (Jennie Turner) looking rather severe than otherwise.

"Keep still in here Thomas" and make no references about too many girls here. And no talking, take out your papers and go to work."

"Say little girl who are you?"

"Never mind how or who I am. Just do as you are asked."

"How did you come to know my name?"

The girls' scout bit her lip to restrain a smile and moved to another part of the hall where she stood. The secret of her knowing Tom's name was very simple. A diary is made of each boy's and girl's name and of the description, size and age and color of hair. One glance at the diary will inform the presiding officer whether each boy or girl be present or at the post, and in a consequence of this system, a boy or girl cannot absent himself or herself from ranks or duty for any period beyond half an hour at the most without being missed.

Then Gertrude proceeded to take a seat at one of the tables, and Dolores took out her writing materials, and started making maps. One of the boys who did not yet seem to know the rules took up his hat, and walked toward the door. Just as he was opening it his progress was arrested by Dolores' voice.

"John Fairview go back to your chair." This in a very imperative tone.

"I'm going out for a stroll Miss Jennings," said the boy pausing with his hand on the door knob to impart the information.

"Go back to your seat please."

And with a look of patient unaltered misadvised persecution, John returned to his place, casting wayward glances on the way at several who were giving him warning looks at his mistake. A little later the bell rang, and all of the boys and girls' scouts repaired to the yard to enjoy a few minutes of recreation before taps sounded. This over they recited night prayers in common, and retired to their dormitories for the night. Of the boys Penrod was in charge. During this time before retiring Gertrude went outside to pray. One of the boys before going to bed getting the permission from Penrod took out his writing materials, and delivered himself of the following letter:

"St Gertrude's Orphan Asylum, July 30th 1913.

My dear Papa, and Mother;

"I take my pen in hand to let you know that I am well, hoping this leaves you the same. We have during our trip reached St Gertrude's orphan asylum which before this had been abandoned, and it is a pretty jolly sort of a place and I am not one bit surprised, and lots of new boys have come. We saw what the forest fire did yesterday and this morning and are going to see more to morrow before we renew our trip down the flood. Tell my uncle and Aunt I will telegraph a letter to them soon. Tell papa and my sisters my love. Several of our number had been killed by the enemy but I am all right. Never fear. I'll take good care of myself. Good bye. I am going to study hard.

Your loving son,
Salomon Frander."

"While the boy Green who had from carelessness kicked Gertrude on the shins of her leg was addressing the envelope destined to carry about away some information he too had written to his parents he felt some one poking him in the back. On turning he perceived a hand extended from under the bed holding a bit of paper. Green received the note. It read as follows:

"Will you apologize to Gertrude Angeline when you kin kicked in the leg. Do you know who she is? She is one of our highest girls' scout leaders. You should not have been so careless. Yrs.

Frank Williams

"P.S. Be careful. If you get on the wrong side of her I'm sorry for you."

To which Green elaborately replied:

"Now did I know she was a superior girls' scout officer. And why did not all the other boys tell me so. And how did I know she was standing so close behind me. But I am sorry, and did apologize this morning when I met her. But she is still angry with me. Now is her knee. Is it very sore. I am going to be careful hereafter as she punished me by not allowing me any time off for a week. When you write home give my love to your papa and mamma.

Yrs.
Green."

The novel sight of hundreds of boys undressing as one, struck Thomas as being rather unusual than otherwise. Indeed he was so absorbed and interested in a humorous survey of this spectacle, that he stood stock still grinning broadly and incessantly for some minutes. Suddenly a hand upon his arm called him down from his humorous heights. He turned. It was to his surprise Angeline Jennings who had come to tell Penrod something.

"Thomas" she whispered "Are you busy with anything just now?"

"No Miss" answered Thomas wondering whether she had something on hand for him to do before going to bed.

"Well then after I go out you had better undress and get to bed. It's past time. They are all in except you. You can't sleep well standing up you know."

And as she left, Penrod resumed the saying of his beads as he continued his route up and down the passage formed between the beds.

"Hock" growled the boy. "A fellow can't look cockeyed here, but he gets hauled up for it here. And they say she ain't severe. I don't see any harm in looking around," and sadly he proceeded to pull of his uniform shirt. He had just succeeded in getting the garment free of one arm, when he perceived one of the boys some eleven or twelve beds further off sitting up. The boy caught his glances and smiled. The smile therefore brought sunshine back into Thomas' heart, and suspending further operations on his uniform shirt, he waved his left arm. Instead of taking this friendly demonstration in the spirit in which it was given, the

boys face lengthened into dismay, while his eyes glanced apprehensively in the direction of Penrod. Thomas therefore followed the movement of Fred's eyes, turned and yes---there was Penrod bearing down upon him.

"Well I'm out of luck," he thought, as he slipped out of his clothes with unusually marvelous speed. "If he isn't making for me now," and leaping into bed he buried his face into the pillow.

"Young boyscout" whispered Penrod, bending down over him. "We want to monkey business in this dormitory."

"No what sir?"

"No monkey business."

"What's that sir?"

"Sh-h-h-h- don't talk so loud. I mean you mustn't talk, whisper, make signs, or create disturbances. If you do the boys won't have you in here. Do you understand me?"

"Yes but---"

"That will do, go to sleep now, and if you have any objections to make, Miss Angelina Riches will hear you in the morning."

"We're a nice one," grumbled Thomas to his pillow. "We won't give a fellow a chance to explain."

Half an hour later he was sleeping a dreamless sleep.

"Bang, dang, dang, dang, fan dang."

"Well for the love of Mike! What's the matter now?" cried Gertrude in the midst of this clatter, as she jumped out of bed and rubbed her eyes.

The cause of the din was a large brass bell with a steel tongue, which Penrod was ringing right lustily. Gertrude looked about her, all the girls and boys with the exception of some of the leaders were up and dressing. She then realized the forest fire being upon the home.

"It's a little too early for me," thought Gertrude. "But if I don't get up they will all think they have a right to sleep longer, and she therefore got up dressed and went into the boys room asking Penrod--

"Did you ring the bell for them?"

"Yes."

"Why don't they all get up then?"

"Penrod saw that some of them did not arise. Jack Sanders was peacefully dozing off when a hand was laid upon him."

"Jack, Jack did you hear the bell?"

"Did I? I should say I did. At first I thought it was the warning of a fire. But that's all right Penrod, but I guess I don't care about getting up just now. It's six thirty and oh I feel so sleepy. You know it's not going to bed that kills a person it is getting up early."

This sentence was barely out of his mouth, when as it appeared to the boy before he could realize what had happened a tall, he was sprawling on the floor, with his mattress on top.

"I say Penrod, what did you do that for?" he sputtered. "You'll have to fight me for that to day," but Penrod was already half way down the aisle.

"If that's the way they treat a fellow the first day at this spot, what'll will they do on the trip?" he murmured. "I don't think this scout regiment is much good anyhow. I'm going to make him fight, and then I'm going to ask for my resignation. They always bawled me out as saying I'm so careless anyhow. This is my last day. I'm done. Through."

"We'll accept no resignations on any condition just now," said Gertrude coming up as she had overheard what he said. "If you have intend to resign now you'll be under arrest. We can can you but you'll not resign."

On rising, the boys were allowed half an hour for washing and dressing as this would soon be the last chance for a long time to do clean themselves properly. Then came the Regimental Mass, followed by Holy Communion, and then the Mess. At nine o'clock on this particular day---they had what is called a small instructive class, that is all the leader leaders of the respective portions of the troop gave their boys and girls a short talk, and then appointed lessons for raft paddling for the next day. Gertrude told all "On August the second we are to resume the trip. Many of the boys were mildly surprised, and a trifle dismayed, when he did they discovered that one of the main leaders was Gertrude Angeline. But after listening for some minutes from her opening speech they were new boys concluded that perhaps things might not be so bad if they are willing to do as they are expected. The instructions was compressed into an hour and for recreation the force of boys and even the cavalry escorts had the rest of the day free. Gertrude and her leaders however decided at eleven o'clock to make another investigation of the ruins.

Shortly after instructions Andersonia Harry, Francis Green, accompanied by a strange boyscout, approached Thomas.

"Tom here is a very excellent friend of mine, William Sanders, and I'm sure if you are all right he'll be a great friend of yours."

William and Thomas shook heads, while William murmured---"Happy to see you."

"Won't you take some chewing gum?" inquired Thomas.

The chewing gum was gratefully received, and therefore the friendship of the two was firmly established between the two.

"Have you been out on a stroll yet?" asked William.

"No, and that's a fact; Anderson we ought to go and see what we can find at Magazine Creek."

"Obtaining permission from Gertrude, they set out on their walk along a railroad track which further on disappeared out of sight under the inundation, and in course of time discovered the flood had increased a considerable amount. When on their return, they came near the home, Anderson proposed that they should pass through the small swamp. This swamp was a favorite resort for the orphan who used to be in the building. It lay just beyond the home yards, and was well shaded with tall graceful pine trees. It chanced on this particular day, that Gertrude Angeline and her leaders were passing through this swamp on their way to the burned city. Gertrude caught sight of the trio from afar.

"Oh I say girls," she exclaimed. "Here comes the man who kicks girls from behind and steps on their toes. Come here you young careless boob" she added addressing herself to Green and we'll settle our accounts."

"Green" she whispered Anderson earnestly. "Let's go back, lets run, those girls with her won't let any one interfere, and Gertrude has been acting queer since you gave her that awful kick on the leg. She takes it as if you kicked her country. You are in for it."

"I'm not going to run from girls unless I have to," answered Green. "She surely can't hit me either as I'm in uniform" and she and he walked straight on in tending to pass by Gertrude, and her following of officers. But Gertrude put herself squarely in the trio's path.

"Where are you going Mr. wild horse?" she inquired. "And what are you doing this way out here where you don't belong?"

"Penrod gave me permission to go out for a stroll to the creek. I'm going to general Vivians camp this year. Now's your shine."

"Getting easy are you?" pursued Gertrude reddening with anger at the retort. "You've got to answer for this, you careless rogue. My leg has an awful sore on it."

"But how can I answer for it. I didn't do it on purpose."

"You've got to fight me with boxing gloves on to night," she said.

"But I don't want to fight with girls, you see."

"I don't care a blade of grass what you want. I'll teach you to sass me. You can't get out of it."

"Can't I? I thought? Catch me Miss Gertrude if you can," and as Green's poke he dashed away in the direction of Magazine Creek. It took some seconds or so for Gertrude to realize this sudden and utterly unexpected change of front, then with a shout of wrath she leaped on a horse near by, and gave chase. Before leaving home it must be explained, Green had made a vow to his parents not to fight with any one under any circumstances. He was a good runner for his age, but he could not as he observe outrun a horse. Although he had obtained a start of some twenty five yards or so, he perceived he was immediately losing ground.

Extra quick. For all that the serenity of habitual to his face did not slacken on one hit, and as he turned his head from time to time to see how close his pursuer was his expression was as tranquil as though he were racing for sport. The scene was an interesting one. Green was followed by William and Andersonia, while Gertrude was cheered on by her comrades who were also hot in pursuit. Before Green had got clear of the swamp, he saw that he was sure of being captured unless he could introduce some new feature into his flight. His invention did not fail him at all. Suddenly he wheeled sharply and assisted by a tree he caught hold of turned at left angles to his former line of retreat. In nimble Gertrude's horse could not execute such a movement, and before Gertrude could adjust her horse to the change, the boy had obtained a new direction of flight. All were now speeding toward a line of forested bluffs which fronted the swamp, and divided it off from the flooded territory beyond. But as Gertrude was on horseback it was evident that Green could not hold out a minute to gain the bluffs.

Every second Gertrude came nearer and nearer and she had a whip upraised. The horse was coming along in a full gallop, and now the interval between the two was scarcely ten feet.

"You're gone, Green!" cried Andersonia.

"It's no use," added William Sanders as he ceased running. "You cannot escape."

Green was now within twenty yards of the bluff, while his girl pursuer was but six or seven feet behind. Suddenly picking up a big tree branch Green came to a full stop turned and as his pursuer shot on, whisked aside, and stuck the branch between the horses legs.

The horse "took" the branch offered him, and went right on, not as a runner, but more after the manner of a flying squirrel. No one came down all four on a soft bank of earth, sending Gertrude, Angeline, flying like an arrow shot from a bow into the creek a little way off the bank, with a splash, and both in no time injured nor soiled picked themselves up and Gertrude swam to the shore. But before she was well on the shore, Anderson had come to the rescue with a suggestion.

"Run, Gertrude, run, run, as fast as you can, at an angle toward the highest part of the bluff. Run, run, run, for all your worth. We are near the bluff, and if we can make it, we'll have them out."

Long before Anderson had ceased speaking, Green was making for the bluff. Anderson's eyes grew brighter. No felt more of himself now. Once upon the bluff, Anderson, had William and himself might bid defiance to all. It was well. Gertrude now on foot was far behind, and was not running fast as she should. Because of her long legs. A boy coming seemingly from no where and thinking the boy violently to the ground. It was an ugly blow, but Green did not pause to make any inquiries. Throwing himself forward he proceeded to run on, but two more intercepted him, and he proceeded to strike them blow after blow. When the first blow was knocked down he had incurred an ugly cut on the forehead. The pain was intense, more than enough to bear without the savage fall. He was running, and suffering as he was from the heat, could not but take her command seriously.

The girls continued after him. Green's condition was becoming serious. He was badly lacerated, and Anderson and William who had attempted to come to him, and who were formerly held back by Dolores and Mary Stanok.

"Will you give up and stand you running fool?" asked Gertrude.

"I think you have asked me that before—" Green never finished his speech, even while he was still trotting, a vigorous jerk at this juncture brought his jaws together with a snap, and sent him to the ground with almost lightning like speed. Gertrude Angeline stood over him, the boy whom Green had knocked down in his flight still laid there, he had been knocked senseless by the blow.

"Dolores" cried Gertrude "Run over to the creek and get some water—quick look at that you low lived careless imp!" she continued addressing Francis Green "Do you see what you have done, and you said you wouldn't hit any one in uniform," and as Gertrude spoke she seized the terrified boy by the collar, and shook him with the energy of boiling rage.

"We got in my way," howled Green.

"Use" growled Gertrude, casting an anxious look at the pallid face of the boy lying there. "If I had more time for myself and didn't have to go to the ruins I'd be happy to spend my while remaining life in shaking you up. I ought to lash you with a cowhide. That's it Dolores! who continue, as the girl with a smitten of water bent over the prostrate form. "Throw it over his face! he'll be all right in a moment or so."

From excitement all this time Gertrude seemed to be quite absent minded. With her eyes fixed anxiously on the prostrate form, her hands and arms were working to and fro with such speed and energy that it was impossible to say where Green at that time had his head. He almost looked headless. She made no pause even, when a second later the prostrate form moved and the boys face twitched.

"Hurrah he is coming back," cried one of the boys, who had just thrown up upon the effort raised himself on his arms. The boy opened his eyes, then with his eyes were fixed upon the tear stained face of the one working over him. He brightened at once, and arose feeble but smiling.

"Francis Green" said Gertrude severely "before I let you go you must beg mine and this boys pardon, for kicking me on the shin, and for knocking him down."

"I'll not," "I'll not," and Gertrude annotated this remark with a more vigorous shake than usual adding this with a few good hard slaps on the face. She made it felt too as she was a strong girl for her age and very tough muscled.

"Much obliged said Gertrude seriously "but go ahead finish. You didn't beg his pardon."

"Now I will Ouch I beg your pardon for hitting you."

"Now" continued Gertrude, "I want you to promise me not to be so careless as boys are in my companies."

"Oh yes, yes, yes," cried Francis Green, now shaken with a fall. "I promise upon my word, or even my heart, hope to die. Oh Miss Arrolburg, please, please please let me go."

Gertrude acceded to this request, and Green slunked away to rejoin his comrades, who seeing Gertrude had caught him fled. Normally speaking Gertrude du cured him. No one ever was carelessly kicked again. Sometimes roughhousing is the only cure for careless and Gertrude knew how to do it.

Gertrude reached the city again, and with her followers went still further on. To her it was indeed like a glass of hell at a distance and as if the flood a little beyond was the only water in that awful place. It seemed to be a hell that however consumed all lost souls so that not a trace of them was seen. They went along the shore by means of a smaller raft made recently by some of the boys at Gertrude's command, and they continued on until they reached what was the harbor of the ruined city and realized then therefore that the flood was really over the river and that they were on its shore. If a thousand Mt Pelées had been blown skyward at once, and if molten fire fell from all these blows up volcanoes like a cloudburst of rain upon the city and landscape and upon the helpless river craft found burned down to the water's edge the scene could not have even then be believed. The flood waves seemed to packed the river banks of the shining in sympathy, and even death was upon the face of the waters of the flood.

Gertrude could see that the whirlwind of fire from the forest blast that burst in fury and enveloped the city of San Pedro, had also swept the shores along for a distance as far as eye could reach. All of every inanimate and living thing, save one or two ships, which had been floated from her moorings by the scorching and burned survivors being her own, and then drifted pitifully away with disoriented rigging and a shattered skeleton of the recognizable hull, and with dead men lying where they fell parched to death by the awful heat of the flames that so suddenly enveloped the town. Gertrude understood that the fire could have traveled so fast and yet consume everything at that time. She said the heat of the smoke rising from the shores were still standing smoking trees trunks more smoke tons of them. Eighteen hundred five vessels were riding at anchor in the harbor of this town as Gertrude realized when the fiery breath of the conflagration we swept their shrouds and masts in sheets of flame and smoke. Now no, one escaped was a tremendous mystery.

The girls girls had some difficulty in learning the details of the disasters from the fire but after they had traveled on further they came upon a spot where there were a number of refugees. Refugees. The story of the destruction of the city forest and shipping in given in this detail. When the fire was approaching the town there came first a terrific hail of hot wind and blinding clouds of smoke, and as if in horror of that withering blast, the left wing of the fire seemed to recede from the waters and go seaward in a long wave. For a length of forty-three miles at side it swept backwards, seemingly toward a vortex of a whirlwind produced by the terrific heat from the northeast, a flood of dreadful flames, from the smoking valley and forested plain beyond, rushed in pursuit of the flaming flames of the other section of the conflagration. In another moment the mighty sea of flames from the main arm of the conflagration rose in wrath and turned upon itself and perished. The three became one fearful tidal wave of flame sweeping toward the city of St. Francis, producing a storm of wind, and it whirled the town and all the shipping in no time, all save one small sailing craft that withstood through the pall of dense smoke and hurricane of embers to bear the frightful tidings to the neighboring towns.

The waters of the flood nearest the shore were thick with the wreckage from the flood disasters further north, and most of this drifted to shore which were dry smoke and daunt fire from the terrific heat, and in the midst of it all the sailors from the burning ships, and the terror stricken human beings fleeing from their burning homes to the shores of the flood were struggling desperately for life. And as they fought and choked, and fainted and sank, the fiery hell surged hot and fiercely up and around them and hastened the merciless end. Now in dead there were that came out of that awful baptism of fire, and lived. These few were those who managed to escape the burning city and throw themselves into the water, and managed to keep themselves afloat until picked up by the ships. The boats and other remnants, which through luck, saved the terror of the dreadful conflagration upon the work of rescue. The hero of them all was a small gasoline boat named "Unknown" which not only plowed its way through the floating debris and trunks of trees and the mass of floating wreckage which filled the waters of the flood closest to shore, but made several daring attempts to land sailors in small boats and rescue the people on the flaming shores. The one vessel that escaped destruction in the harbor was the Applemanian ship "Tum of" but nothing was learned.

Gertrude a raft cast anchor off the harbor at eleven o'clock, on the first of August, the third day after the disaster. Gertrude however found landing impossible at the conflagration still raging within sight and blinding the death dealing fires. Gertrude Angeline first saw a tremendous cloud of smoke rising up upward with terrific rapidity and moving toward the north, brightly and in an instant enveloped the whole northern sky in a sheet of flame and smoke. The fire was traveling northward by supernatural efforts, the fact was hidden away from the superstitious shore. They asked some of the refugees if they could give any details as to the suddenness of the conflagration, but all they knew was that nearly 10,000 of their friends were lying dead, contorted and burned out of human semblance among the ruins of the town. They couldn't tell how many had died and how many had escaped. On the way back toward the southern end of the town Gertrude officers and paddlers had a thrilling experience. The fire had changed course and hot sulphurous white fumes began to envelope the harbor of the town and Gertrude ordered the boys to paddle with all speed and steer for the open waters.

The boys on the raft closed the tents to shut out the smoke as much as possible. The other boys remained at the paddling until they were forced to seek shelter from the heat or be badly burned, and the raft with no guiding hand, ran its own race for safety. They had in the meantime rescued a number of people from the shore. Some of those had even in their fright jumped overboard from the raft before they could be restrained and were drowned in the floods.

The suddenness of the catastrophe could indeed be shown by the unusual experience of the very boy and girl on the raft. Since they now for a time couldn't go ahead on their trip it was their work therefore to rescue as many people as possible and bring them to the buildings of the home. Five men old and aged who had gone through horrible experience died while the boys were assisting in the work of pushing the raft toward the shore. Even while the rescue work was going on for a distance along the shore as far as distance can be viewed the sky was full of smoke, and seemed molten at times, and because of the winds blowing from shore the raft was covered with ashes. The survivors who were rescued were loud in their praises of Gertrude's troop and the heroic conduct of the girl and boy scout leaders. In steering the raft out of danger with their own hands loaded with refugees and women of whose hands were badly burned. The wind carried sparks from the smoldering campers which kept falling on the raft for miles after she got under way.

One of the survivors told the girls that when the fire struck the town, an ocean going river steamer sank first, then other shipping lying in the harbor were suddenly tossed high in the air on the crest of the upheaved flood produced by the fire hurricane, whirled around and torn in splinters. Others with steam up, crowding on with all speed to even risk the dangers of the flood to escape the flames, or rather stronger to say to escape what did seem like the fulfillment of the prophecy of the Bible of the coming of the end of the world were overtaken by the surge of flames from the burning houses on all sides of the harbor and burned to the water's edge. Although most of these ships went down aflame and even with explosions as all of their brave crews suffered death, and many had been rescued by escaped fugitives. On the return Gertrude and her followers experienced great difficulty in reaching the place where the

Orphan home buildings were. Appalling sounds were issuing from both distant hills far behind the home which were shrouded in dense clouds of smoke. Some of the girl and boy scouts tried to obtain photographs of the great fire so they could show the truth of their being there. Suddenly as they were preparing to land there was a tremendous explosion. Ashes began to fall upon the raft and burning embers and shingles on the raft could see a black cloud rolling high in the air and lots of objects were falling fast. Gertrude ran into the tent, and the boys rowed on to try and escape the terrible heat, which at times was almost unbearable. The raft rocked on the waves of the flood, and so rough was the waves at times that it was expected it would be torn apart. They had heard a voice pleading from the water. It was some fugitive in the water. Three of the boys managed to haul him upon the raft. It was indeed almost unbearably hot but all had to remain on the raft to continue the work. Even refugees had been brought aboard who were dead or dying. Even little children a score of them were weeping for water, and the scouts did everything for them. Even water was brought to the poor little forest fire victims but when it was held to their swollen lips they were unable to swallow because of the ashes and heat which had injured their throats when fleeing the raging flames. One or two little girls took water but could not swallow badly were their throats badly burned. They died a few minutes later.

All the time they traveled toward their destination the landscapes were on fire, and from the land came drafts of terrible heat. In the fury of the work one of the boys accidentally fell overboard from the raft. The water was almost hot enough to scald him but a wave soon swept in from the west bringing with it cooler water. He was caught in the receding wave, and carried down the waters. But he managed to swim toward the raft to which he clung, and finally was hauled aboard by his friends. One of the men who was in dreadful agony, and kept begging pitifully to be put out of his misery was being constantly attended to. Seeing an upturned boat floating past, Gertrude asked several of the boys to swim to it and bring it over so it could be used for rescue purposes. The boys succeeded in getting the boat righted but instead of being able to return to the raft with it they had to call for a tow line which was thrown to them, and the boat was made fast and then hauled to the raft. The boys were taken on. One of the boys seeing a floating skiff he swam to it also, and brought it to the raft. As he reached it he saw far off a wall of trees a mile long burst into flames. One man told Gertrude of a woman who was burned to death on the forested shore while she held her four year old girl in her arms protecting it with her own body from the flames that filled the air. The child was alive long as the poor mother ceased to suffer, but it too was partly burned. Another man who was an officer of one of the ships was the third pursuer of the ship. According to his report the fire struck the town a little past midnight and so quickly that only fifty thousand managed to escape, and the rest from twenty or more thousands were believed to have perished.

They had a long trip back indeed to the home this day of August the first, and when they had about two quarters the distance to go yet, there was somewhere a sudden and terrific report, and an ugly dark mass of rolling cloud, which spreading over the sky and the ground for miles suddenly caused the forest within sight not burned yet to suddenly break into a "solid" flame of fire. This

flame on the forest seemed to be traveling with hurricane speed, as it spread along the tree tops, enveloping all the forest within sight as if in a perfect maelstrom of flame. A terrible hot wind came off shore, and probably from the effects of the explosion flaming brands, mud, burning ashes, and even hot stoppages if a volcano was in eruption rained upon the raft. The raft for a fortunate even on top them from catching fire. Another unfortunate who had been fearfully burned died at this moment. The refugees who were not injured helped the boys in their efforts to reach their destination, and amid the rain of fire fought the flood debris to enable the raft to push through.

Finally that came within sight of the buildings of the home. Finally they came within sight of the building of the home. Again somewhere in the distance a frightful explosion was heard to the northward. Then a cloud of fire toppling and roaring swept with lightning speed up a mountain side, and spread over the whole territory within their sight. They were all watching this awful sight when with a most frightful roar, a cyclone of fire swept down to the water's edge burning all before it, and destroying the trees at the very closest edge of the shore. None of the girls and boys could ever forget the fiery horrid choking strange whirlwind which enveloped their raft. Every one who had time rushed into their tents or into their wagons. A number of them were badly burned by the heat—not so badly as if they would have been too close when the fire came again to this forested part of the shore Gertrude Angeline were going to the middle of the raft, and when they got there despite the heat they found the whole shore afire northward of the home, and the flames though resisted by clearings fought itself forward till three o'clock, when a great rift in the forest came to the rescue and the homes were saved. At this juncture they again heard an explosion of the boys' camp was horribly burned. He somehow or other had inhaled flames, and wanted to jump into the water. The girls tried to persuade him, but he seemed crazed and did jump overboard and hung onto a line for a while. Then he was hauled back onto the raft. Every one this awful day acted bravely indeed, and indeed they were all too brave to be burned to death. Gertrude decided that the storm of fire did not take five minutes to travel along the shore as far as it managed to go before checked by the rift. One of the men a sea man of fifty years of age and so frightfully burned that he could not live having inhaled flame, and he said in weak tones that he was the last man alive on the ship he was taken from. The captain was trying to reach some floating plank plank in the floods. And such was the poisonous nature of the smoke that it seemed to burn worse than fire. Branches struck people and they fell down. The winds threatened to move the wagons off the raft. The wall of fire was said to be bigger than the smoke cloud that accompanied it. The fire within the sight of all burned everything nearly at once. The explosions, smoke and fire all came and passed on in three or four minutes, but the skeletal remains of the trees burned for hours and the whole land scape even then was a wall of white smoky smoke. Three seasons related to their rescuers that when they were roused in the ships by the approach of the fire they saved themselves by leaping from the decks onto the roof of a floating house. The house from the weight weight and the speed of their leap rolled over and over in the water nearly drowning the three men. Finally when the house righted itself they managed to clamber on top of the floating house which by this time had ceased rolling, and from this witnessed the destruction on shore.

CHAPTER NINE

GERTRUDE LEARNS OF A SYMPATHETIC WORLD COMING TO THE RESCUE.
ABBISSIANIA LEADS IN THE WORK OF RELIEVING FOREST FIRE AND FLOOD
SUFFERERS.

IN WHICH JACK SANDERS USURPS MAJOR ORDERS WITH STARTLING
RESULTS.
FAMINE STRICKEN SUFFERERS GATHER FURTHER NORTH AT THE CITY OF TURPO.
IN WHICH CERTAIN BOYSCOUTS GET INTO MANY DIFFICULTIES! AND HOLD
AN ASTONISHING INTERVIEW WITH AN EVELINE RICHES.
THE FIERY TOUCH OF NATURE MADE BY THE ENEMY THAT MADE THE WORLD KIN.

While Gertrude and her followers were waiting for a slight abatement of the heats of the fires, she somehow probably through wireless messages which alone would be obtained despite the catastrophes, that by now many of the nations of the world had a realization of the stupendous calamities that was still sweeping Calvernia, and that Abissiania too was still making all the efforts possible to meet an appalling situation with unbounded sympathy, and generosity and also to find means to bridge the remaining floods so that the strongly mobilized armies aroused into formation by the news of the disaster may have means of a passage down into the "war zone". The horrors of the disaster made the Abissian States the leaders in the movements to relieve and succor the hundreds and hundreds of thousands of hungry, sick, injured, and homeless survivors of one or two of the worst disasters ever written in fact or in fiction, and to care for the sick burned and injured refugees of the southeastern Calvernia forest fire Plague that so horribly multiplied in unbelievable numbers which each report from points of refuge.....

Gertrude Angelina that afternoon after early returning from the ruined city and while the force was preparing for sun supper in the dining room of the main building sent this by wireless message to Violet and her sisters,:::

TO MY FRIENDS THE VIVIAN GIRL PRINCESSES:

"Dear Violet, and her sisters-

"I and my followers are trying to pass through one of the greatest forest fire and flood calamities that has ever fallen upon any country before since history was originated. Even from towns further off I received telegraphed statements that the forest fire disasters are complete, that three good sized cities: especially St Francis and St Gertrudes have ceased to exist, and that many fugitives who did not succeed in escaping have perished. I am informed that over fifty thousand people have lost their lives, and that one hundred thousand or more are homeless, and hungry, sick and injured, that there is urgent need of all kinds of provisions, and that the visit of vessels that can dare brave the floods along its shore courses for the work of supply and rescue is absolutely and imperatively required.

The Government authorities of Evangeline Grandia forty miles southwest of Evangeline St Claire city, while expressing their thanks for the noble work I have accomplished so far informed us that even your destination and Evangeline St Claire may be threatened by the fire if it races on that direction. They therefore request, that for the purpose of rescuing the people who are in such deadly peril and threatened with starvation, the authorities of Northern Calvernia may send as soon as possible by means only of Flood transportation if possible means of transporting all refugees to a forestless region until the "Red Plague" recedes. Every one is anxious to leave the stricken southeastern Calvernia. The city of St Vincent De Paul, and perhaps three others including Tillis in that that region are seriously menaced by the calamity which has taken so appalling a form in southeastern Calvernia. I don't know which is far worst this flood or the fire. I have directed by wireless the main departments of all my remaining scouts on in general Aronburg army my Uncle, to see that the authorities can take such measures for relief of those millions of stricken people as lies within their executive discretion, and I dear Vivian Girls earnestly commend this catastrophe of one sampled disaster to the generous consideration of our main Calvernian Government. For this purpose I recommend that everything be done as possible. We are checked and cannot progress forward for days. We are stalled in St Gertrudes Orphan Asylum two miles southwest of the city of that name.

(SIGN SIGNED)

GERTRUDE AN GELIN ST
P.S. ANGELINIA ARONBURG...."

This foregoing wireless telegraphic message from Gertrude also expressed in the most practical form the sympathy of all of followers for the surviving inhabitants added as refugees to the flood homeless, which she felt sure was without parallel in the history of the world. She had heard that the official action of the governments of every Abissian Province and State had been characterized by the promptness and liberality that distinguished the Abissian people, but that the effort of aid and rescue and so forth was literally hindered or frightfully delayed by the nature of especially the dreadful flood which defied transportation of any kind. Even before Gertrude Angelina had sent the message to Violet, and her sisters from St Gertrudes Orphan Asylum the people of the nation had raised huge sums of money to aid the suffering. The nation was excited and even men who had not joined the army had enlisted by many thousands from cities and towns to help in fighting the flood and the forest fires. All the Christian people even throughout the world were acting as individuals or communities to be on gaged in the work of raising funds and supplies, and from end of the nations to the other the appeals of relief committees met with quick and liberal responses.

For quite a time for their own benefit the real extent of the disasters had been kept from the Vivian Girls, but unwittingly all war correspondents, news paper men and even sight seeing foreigners had told much to them, and they themselves had seen to it that the world knew of it, and therefore now the floods and forest fire disasters and countless other horrors not written in this book likewise struck a sympathetic chord in all other countries, and within a few weeks or even days from the time the first news of the war horror was received, the sufferers who were succored witnessed the grand and ennobling scene of the entire civilized world rushing to their relief. One fiery touch of nature caused by the foe had made the whole world kin.

Toward the end of the evening, when the girl and boyscouts were all assembled in the big yards of the Orphan Asylum, Gertrude Angelina herself gave a lecture of what she might have suspected of the awful forest fires then raging. She proceeded to show how the Glandelinian country, or at least its leaders had by tricks or foul means established certain forms of how to carry on the dreadful war, for she believed as she had said said according to the nature of the news in the papers that as Glandelinia could not make much progress by winning battles, Glandelinia therefore decided to try to sweep all of her enemy's territory by making great disasters, and by making Nature do horrible work for her, and she dwelt at some length on the awful and most pitiable condition of the sections of the nation which was so badly torn and swept by those unusual and most dreadful of disasters. Then, turning to the allegorical side of the subject, she declared that perhaps there were in the very face of girl and boyscouts some who were probably victims of probably victims of the very Glandelinians, some who may have lost parents, brothers, or sisters and so forth, some who may have lost even everything, that the disaster was profane, impure, even most unjust, that Glandelinia because of the nature of the forest fire disaster had blackened their souls with most mortal aims, and that the enemy country country was like a soul possessed with an evil spirit. Gertrude Angelina gave a great detail of her suspicions as to what and which may have been the cause of the flood disaster, in spite of what the world may think, and she stated further that if any volcanoes may have ruined Abissian it could not have done it as bad as this disaster.

So engaging was the style, so impressive the manner of the speaker, that all listened listened with eager attention. But so far no one was more interested than Scholfield Penrod. That young boyscout leader, it must be confessed, had scarcely heard a word of the story from any one of the girl or boyscout leaders or from anyone else during the decade of years that summed up his life. What great knowledge he had of the war progress and of its horrible nature had been gleaned from an occasional flash of attention to his own guardian's exhortations, and his guardian was general Walden Grestheart. Hence it was therefore not surprising that Mr. Penrod did not fully take in the speaker's remarks, and also it is not surprising that he confounded some fact with fancy, the literal with the figurative figure figurative.

The instruction over, Penrod remained in the dining hall, and he proceeded to make a careful examination of all the code papers he had in his possession. At length the gratified expression which came upon his face evinced that he had found what he desired. Gravely seating himself, he read and pondered, he pondered and read. Finally seemingly to be satisfied with his researches, he cast aside the last of the codes, and hurried away to the yards, where he at once sought out his three confidants, Frank, James and Jim.

"I say" began Penrod "Take some candy." Candy saws Penrod's pipe of peace. All accepted the peace offering, whereupon the young chief of the whole Girl and boyscout force unfolded his ideas, in the following conversation,:::

"I say say fellows did you mind what Gertrude said this evening at instructions before supper?"

"Yes. What about it?" inquired John.

"Why just this, Glandelinia is like a person possessed by a devil."

"What?" exclaimed all in a broad broad breath.

"That is just what," returned Penrod, in a most decided manner. "Didn't she say that the whole world suspects that Glandolinia is responsible for all that has occurred. That all the evidence is again at her, that she is like a nation possessed with a devil!"

"That's so," assented James.

"No boys, I ask you -- what nation in the world would do such as this as Glandolinia does?"

"No one," said Jim.

"Who is responsible?"

"Glandolinia," put in Jim again.

"Glandolinia," echoed Frank.

"Just as we added Francis."

"Well now," resumed Penrod, "I've been looking this up, and I guess we must -- what is that word Gertrude used?"

"Investigation," suggested John.

"That is just it. We must investigate it."

"Make a tour of the disaster region or something of that sort," said a girl James, up starting to his voice a tone half of suggestion, and half of inquiry.

Penrod rewarded this remark with a glance which was almost severe. "James," he said reproachfully. "Investigation is something serious and full of adventure and peril, and you ought not to talk that way. You in investigation means to try and find out what was the cause of the disaster, and that is what we are going to do for Violet, and her sisters."

"But it does seem to me," observed John, the best theologian theologists of these boy scouts, "We ought to get one of the Gemini members to do it. It's a dangerous job for the boys and girls."

"I've thought of that too," answered Penrod, with an impressiveness which carried confidence. "But you see here is the trouble. No fellow likes to do anything without giving the other way. And if we told anyone before we are really sure about it, we would have to say also the bad things which we either know or do not know about Glandolinia. Anyhow we can do as Violet, and her sisters suggested to us in several letters, try our hands at the investigation first, and if our investigation don't do any good, we then can get the Gemini to do it. Then we'll try on Mr. Dargers."

Strangely enough, these three boys began to look upon Penrod's proposition in a serious light. This boy scout here had a boyish eloquence, which persuaded them of whether there was proof or not. Had any other boy scout made the same proposal, they would have laughed him into silent silence, but Penrod was a born leader.

"Well how are we to go about it?" inquired James.

"I'll tell you," answered Penrod. "Fasting and prayer might cause our blessed Lord to prevent such disasters in the future."

"Fasting?" echoed James.

"Yes we must go without supper till night."

The members of the little bad lucks at each other doubtfully.

"It's got to be done," said Penrod with strict decision. "I read up on many such things in a prayer book. Also in the bible."

"Ad what else?" asked John.

"Then we have got to ask God to help us find the real cause."

"The prospect of these strange duties was inducing a feeling upon all."

"What will we say Penrod?" whispered Jim.

"That is just the trouble, it's got to be said in Latin, cause I say in all prayer books a lot of prayers in Latin which we so frequently used for Mass, Vespers and so forth."

"How?" exclaimed James. "We can't get over that."

"Yes we can," said the ever ready Penrod. "There is even in many a prayer book lots of Latin hymns, and there are many of these hymns at the end of my own prayer book, and I have in my earliest years practiced saying and studying them every day and often at night. Then when I read them out loud, all you fellows need to do is answer 'Amen.'"

"We can do that easily enough," assented Francis. "But when is all this to come off?"

"That's another thing I've settled," Penrod answered. "But we got to make the plans first and then if it is fixed right about the suggestion to Violet, and her sisters. We'll hold the meeting at twelve o'clock to night. You needn't look so scared Jack Sanders. I'll keep awake till twelve, and then I'll call you other boys. You see we must pray for success in our meeting, we can do it as easy as not before we go to bed. I'll stand at the head of the bed reading the prayers, and if any one suspicious tries to do some in and interfere you six boys be ready to grab him, so he won't escape. We might have enemies in our midst and we wouldn't know it. We got to be careful...."

"On Penrod," suddenly exclaimed the impetuous Francis. "How can you make a meeting at twelve o'clock without a light, and lights are not even allowed by you?"

"For the first time during the proceedings a proceeding Penrod was completely taken in. Indeed the question of illumination had not occurred to him. He could alter the order for that night but he would not do it."

"Gracious I didn't think of that. Let's all try and get some six candles," said James.

"No nothing doing. I'll not alter a law for anything."

"But Gertrude won't mind. And you are the superior you know."

"What is not what I'm thinking of," said Penrod seriously. "I'll not have no lights, and those who put on a light will answer in Court Marshal."

"Well, I'll tell you that," cried Harry John triumphantly, speaking in upon the silence that had ensued. "We can get some candle sticks from the quarter master sergeant and he'll hold the meeting outside."

Penrod pondered for a moment.

"No," he finally said. "No candle lights either."

"But..."

"No might not something else?" said Penrod. "Nothing doing."

"There's a full moon to night and it'll be bright as the wind in west and clear away the smoke," said Frank. "We can read by moonlight."

"You are a young Frank," exclaimed Penrod, enthusiastically. "At'll make it more mystic like still."

"What's the matter with our hoods and regalia?" asked Williams.

"I don't know," mused Penrod. "Do you think it will make it more impressive and is it necessary?"

"Of course," rejoined Francis.

"Then we'll get our regalia and hoods, too, and James and I'll leave all that to you, because you know more where to get our hoods and regalia than we do. Get on at recess to night an hour before taps, and a if any one asks you why you are taking them tell them I said you should. But don't bring no candles."

"Remember, we might not need no lights at that, as we are not writing anything on papers. Each boy can keep his hood and regalia under his pillow. He don't speak about this affair to no one, as we don't want to be spied upon, and we'll pull it through in fine style."

At supper that evening six little boy scouts took nothing, and before retiring James procured the Regalia and hoods, and bestowed them according to direction. He was asked by the quarter master sergeant what he wanted them for but he did not tell, only saying Penrod wanted them. Aglaidie Adair stopped him but getting the satisfactory answer only said:

"A queer time for Penrod to hold a meeting. Why doesn't he want to use a light?"

But that James could not tell as he knew not.

As Penrod slipped into bed, he felt confident of success. Indeed he found it difficult in keeping awake than might be expected. For one reason it was too hot for him to sleep. With his eyes fixed on the ceiling he was thinking of the proceedings. There was one boy scout who did not retire as soon as was expected, and Penrod watched anxiously to see him make his retirement.

But this boy sat up in bed, for such a time that a cold perspiration came upon Penrod, who feared the boy might stay up that way all night. Finally Penrod arose from his bed and walking over to the bed:

"Say what's the idea. Are you sleeping sitting up or are you out of your head. Lie down and go to sleep."

The boy obeyed but before retiring he knelt beside his bed and kept this position for an interminably long time, as it seemed to Penrod.

"Pshaw," growled Penrod to himself. "This isn't the time to pray. We ought to do that when we turned in when taps sounded, then loudly."

"Why don't you need a pillow to kneel on? You may take mine if you are going to kneel there all night. What's the matter are you homesick and crying?"

At this, the boy grumbling something to himself did go to bed, and there was a vast silence for an hour or so. Then Penrod arose, donned his regalia and the meeting with him. All dressed in their Regalia, they stole noiselessly out of the dormitory. Presently a solemn procession entered the yard. Penrod his self supplied over his Regalia, and with prayer book, at the head followed by his ten friends, each bearing a long rod lighted in a line. Solemn and silent they formed a circle about him as he directed.

"Don't make a sound," whispered Penrod. "Unless it is necessary. And if any one sneezes toward us stealthily, grab him and hold him till we see who he is."

"What if he shouts?" asked Joseph.

"He won't shout," said Harryson. "I'll see that he is quiet. I've got a strap to strangle him with. We won't have spies around us."

499

"Very well," said Perrod. "First comes the morning prayer. Now are you all ready?"

General Answer: "All right here, good!" Then came the "Our Father," "Hail Mary," and three other prayers followed, or ended by "O Mary, Redeemed without sin, pray for us and have recourse to TH. Then came lastly a Latin prayer. Then came the solemn recitation of the Rosary.

Just at that moment they saw some boys approaching the gate. Perrod looked up from his book. There was a general silence.

"Hide behind those trees over yonder," said Perrod. They obeyed. The boy coming in the gate, did not appear to be suspicious in the least. One of the boys moved unusually being impatient.

"Don't go on yet, wait till he's near enough," observed Perrod, gravely.

"Oh, I'm sure," said the boy, "I'm a Glendian boy, and I'm sure you think I'm a good boy."

"Not if you are quick enough," said Perrod, though he smiled a little. "Quick now he's close enough. Grab him as he comes."

As the boy came nearer he suddenly found himself in the clutches of twelve black-robed hooded figures, and his error knew no bounds.

"What's the matter?" he gasped. "Am I in the hands of devils?"

"No, but you will be," answered Perrod. "If you don't be still. Keep quiet you goose till we bring you into the house."

The boys terror, now that he began to appreciate the situation, first gave way to rage. He was a strong lad, and he made violent struggles to escape from the grasp of his captors. But his efforts seemed to be unavailing, and they managed to bring him up as far as the dormitory. Quick as thought, Perrod caught on the lights, and then as the struggle raged near a bed it gave with a great crash. Quick as thought Perrod hurried him upon the wreck, and uncovered the prisoner.

"Well I swear I Jack Sanders," cried one of the boys.

"And we mistook him for a spy," said Jones.

"What were you doing out at this late hour of night?" demanded Perrod.

"The boy however did not immediately answer. Then Gertrude Angelina who in the other quarters had heard the commotion came to the scene of action in her night robe, finding Jack standing beside the disordered bed looking the embodiment of guilt, and surrounded by the boys who had untended themselves. The others too have been awakened by the commotion, and the turning on of the lights and were looking on.

"I say what were YOU doing out at this hour of night?" demanded Perrod.

"I was out visiting the fire and forgot what time it was."

"Pretty good excuse," answered Gertrude. "You are a queer one. Careless with the people, you up our rail several times, come in and go forth. Now you usurp our own orders and come in at twelve o'clock. Good thing Perrod caught you. Too bad Perrod your plans was spoiled."

"This happens to be your bed Mr. Jack Sanders," continued Perrod. "Take that vacant bed over there, and we'll settle this matter in the morning."

"But sir," remonstrated the boy. "But sir."

"That'll do now, your foolishness spoiled my bedtime, go to BED. You'll be here before me to-morrow and explain your late coming in."

He turned to Gertrude imploringly but she wouldn't intercede.

"Late comers get court marshalled sometimes," she said.

And Perrod glancing about the dormitory took down the names of other students, and then advising his comrades to retire put out the lights.

In the meantime Violet and her sisters were waiting many messages of condolence and the like, and also announcements of contributions from the rulers of other countries. But Gertrude Angelina had sent the heat by wireless telegraph asking her to accept the profound sympathy of all her followers in this most appalling calamity which had so suddenly come upon such large sections of the State of California. Of course, the Victim Girls and even the authorities of the nation were very thankful for the expressions of grief and sympathy, that the other other nations have sent on the occasion of the awful calamity of disaster.

And though the nation stated that they were profoundly moved by such sympathy news that finally reached them and which has sent the lives of thousands of persons, their hearts to offer profound sympathy did not however alter the situation. Every Christian nation had sent letters of deep sympathy and with remembrance of the victims for the war victims Gertrude had still received this news from Violet and her sisters by the hour of morning.

August 2th.

"Am deeply touched by the mark of sympathy which in this most terrible misfortune has fallen on our country which the kind ladies of Nation-Heldia have deigned to show to us. Though I do accept or ask them to accept my warm gratitude and thanks, and also the gratitude of the victims they propose to support, it nevertheless does not change the situation any and we know the awful disaster continues on in its ravaging way in a ghastly

500

with us. A lively sympathy and feeling of grief at the catastrophe that our country has suffered, and have in advised us to have it investigated to find out the true cause. They stated that their own father and mother the Emperor and the Emperor and the Emperor summoned the governor of California and other other afflicted states, and expressed to them their own sorrow and sympathy of the awful disaster. Emperor Victor requested that he be kept continually informed regarding the details and the progress of the disaster. During all the time she had had the chance to do so. Gertrude Angelina during the hours of the trip down the flood had spent many an hour late at night in writing many accounts of what she and her followers had observed during the ravages of the flood. She declared that even the hundreds of thousands of frightened people of the neighboring towns and villages and other provinces whether in the path of the conflagration or not were the first to give practical relief as far as they were able. One of the reports a long detail from Gertrude Angelina comes during the early morning of August 2th just two hours before breakfast call and it ran as follows:

"Dear Violet, and her sisters:

"We are still stranded by fire and water and some days will pass before we can reach you. The unusual concentrating number of the refugees even to my way of fearing threaten a calamity as fearful and as dreadful as the horrors of the explosion, floods and forest fire, for unless should the refugees of either disaster be quickly provided with food, and provisions and given shelter from the elements they would surely perish. A correspondent who was at Angelina's death three weeks ago and just came to me told me that the enemy even let loose a flood to rob general general Virginia army. The condition of the people of the fire horrors are as follows according as far as I have witnessed:..

They have as correspondents reported to me reached towns some distance beyond the fires and the floods on the very verge of starvation and most of them are badly, badly burned. From what I have heard and read of the whole of California and her sister states and provinces are a country of mourning. I have saved a or rather saved every news paper I could secure and buy and found by the numbers that there is hardly a family in the whole country that has not one or more members in any of these dreadful catastrophes. The news states in every paper that the distraught crowds block the streets of every city and town that has not suffered from the visitations. Hundreds of thousands are continually given shelter in cathedrals, and other big houses of abbeys, and every public place is filled with them. And yet the enemy menace these towns. And accordingly to the facts, the sight of men crying bitterly as a man and of women weeping in hysterics on the streets is so common that the whole nation is aroused. Spasms of weeping sweep over the throngs until every member of the dense crowd seems to be in tears.

Famine doubles the misery. The neighboring towns far distant from the floods and forest fires are doing all they can, and ships that dare the chances of the ravaging floods are rendering what aid they can, but the enemy tries to hinder, and the food question and also that of provisions are desperate so enormous are the masses of refugees that must be cared for. It seems as if a Marlinque Harbor has opened in every community. None of them who have crowded into San Pedro in Jude has any idea of returning to the scene of the devastations. It is more than doubtful if the flood swept towns and those ruined by these fires will ever again figure on any of our maps. They are no longer cities and towns; they are hardly a ruin, and they are not ever likely to be rebuilt again. Certainly no body who is in the "red plague district" will ever forget after witnessing the scenes that are all about us. We ourselves dear Princesses have changed risks and difficulties in our trip. We have heard that battalions of provision provisions from other towns and cities within many rays reach of the disaster regions on the way were seized by the the enemy foragers and consumed or destroyed almost as quickly as they were unloaded. Dear Prin-cesses if you only knew what a horrible enemy we are fighting. Preventing the provisions from reaching the unfortunate refugees. A cowardly way of fighting the war. The terrors of famine and disease confront the homeless victims. The government must do something to prevent the enemy from seizing the provisions. I know the great government of Abyssinians by now have brought its watchless readiness into play but nevertheless have to look out for the enemy. The coast going up at Ann, which was at Eden, and the big ship starting, also in the river harbor of St Bernard which had been spreading toward the Evangelists St Claude route loaded with stores for the refugees had been seized by the enemy near Junction Road and destroyed by order of the Governor of Abyssinians the various members of the Gambia in that state were instructed to co-operate in the employment of the revenue cutters, and other craft armed to go out and combat these vandals who seize food and provisions sent to refugees and to give no quarter. The war department near Princesses with its well organized supply departments were regarded by now as in better position than any other institution to take charge of the relief measures except that it has no means of

step in such wise that a boy not absolutely feather brained could fall of following the process. Gertrude Angeline was the soul of earnestness in trying to make it out, and so at the end of half an hour's explanation to her class, she was covered with chalk, while heads of preparation—it was by no means however a cool day—stood out upon her brow.

"Now girls and boys," Gertrude said turning upon her followers "do you understand it all? What shall we do to make progress?" The head of each boy and girl about nodded assent. Suddenly a hand went up. It was Jack Sanders.

"Well Mr. Sanders."

"Yes sir," said Jack soberly.

"You sir! What do I look like?" A man!

"I mean said Miss Gertrude."

There was some tittering from the others. Gertrude was puzzled.

"What do you mean Jack Sanders?"

"I understand what the flood is going to do Miss Gertrude."

Gertrude stuffed her handkerchief into her mouth to keep from bursting out laughing, there was a loud guffa among the more thoughtful boys, and yet somehow or other Jack felt that he was out of order, that he had not paid any attention to her request, and he was sensible in a dim way that Gertrude had suppressed smiles carried a mischievous joke with it. But the words had been spoken, and were beyond recall. A moment or two later Francis Smilie was called upon for some explanation of how he believed the flood could be traveled more easily.

"What is the nature of the land, Francis?" asked Gertrude in a kindly manner.

Francis arose, but gave several gasps. He did not know a thing. Gertrude with a few encouraging words repeated the question.

"It's a con--continent," gasped Francis.

"What's a continent?" asked Gertrude puzzled.

"What you asked me?"

"I'm afraid you didn't catch my question," said Gertrude. "How don't he so nervous. You arose quivering under the gaze of the class, and with your knees bending bending under you like that. I'm sure you know it. Listen what is the nature of the land beyond the flood? Is it rocky, or mountainous, sandy or what. Will we escape fire or run into it?"

Poor Francis gasped again, but gave no answer. Here crazy Jack who knew nothing of what the question was or of his geography came bravely to the rescue. He was seated just behind Francis Francis.

"It's a burning stretch of mountainous country," he whispered.

"The mountains are all alive there," Francis stammered.

"Is that so. Well what else," said Gertrude as if expecting more.

"Go on," growled Jack, and told her it is rocky, and there volcanoes of water.

"It is," repeated Francis.

"It is what?" asked Gertrude.

"It's full of rocks and there are volcanoes of water and smoke."

But even this answer did not seem to satisfy Gertrude. She began to look at Jack while Jennie Turner looked dumbfounded.

"Tell her it's the flood," continued the prompter.

"It's all flood."

But Gertrude, for some unknown reason, failed to come to the rescue of the hapless timid boy. She still impatiently waited.

"Hang it all!" growled Jack, unwittingly speaking so loud as to be heard by Gertrude and every one in the yard. "Tell her all the mountains there are on fire very rocky, and that there is very much water."

"The mountains are burning down, the flood is on fire, the fire is very mountainous and very hot," blurted forth the poor confused boy, and as a burst of laughter saluted his funny remark he went back into his seat miserably conscious that he had put a very ridiculous fire.

"Say Mr. Sanders when I ask you for information you can give it," now retorted Gertrude. Up to your silly trick again oh. Why don't you tell us all that the water is on fire too. You stay after class, and I'll hold a consultation with you tomorrow."

"I didn't do anything," exclaimed Jack with virtuous indignation. But Gertrude very wisely ignored this disclaimer, and continued the instruction.

Gertrude was usually somewhat suspicious of Jack Sanders. She always knew that naturally enough Jack came gradually to inspire a disgust for his work and to belong to this band of boy and girl scoundrels, for since she had observed him she had noticed his actions had ended in an almost entire neglect of his military boy scout studies. Jack always felt in his heart that he was acting wrongly, but he was a thoughtless reckless boy, and his sense of responsibilities was only poorly developed. He was of foreign birth, and did not understand the Aborigine girls and their nature and ways. Yet he always realized with growing unhappiness, that should he continue in his present course, he would be soon packing up and going home against his will, and therefore he had always tried to change but found it very difficult. Both Gertrude and

Henry indeed had no trouble in guessing the state of Jack's mind, but they had resolved to wait until some favorable opportunity should present itself for turning the boy out from his foolish ill chosen path. The opportunity soon came as Jack despite his silliness and carelessness was as brave as any boy can be. An incident later that morning brought it about. It was a gloomy morning and it was sultry, not of the weather which is hot for August but because of the fire. Jack was struggling along wearily from the refectory toward the yard, when he perceived a little beyond the house on the flood entered a long sailing craft on the flood provided with provisions with raft refugees and it was being attacked by the Glendalvinian foragers in boats. Quickly picking up his cartridge belt which he had dropped in his excitement he hurried to his yard and sought Harry Anderson. Jack had been rather out of spirits this morning—he was totally unprepared in his military lessons, and he had looked forward with unpleasant feeling to the day's work. But this sight he had been wholly unprepared for.

"Why the dirty stinks!" he said to himself. "I'll fix them."

He found Harry without difficulty, and drew him aside.

"Look here Harry!" And Jack produced his glasses. "What do you say to taking a peek in the direction of the flood."

He accepted the invitation.

"Halloo, what's up now?" Harry exclaimed. "Glendalvinians attacking a provision ship coming to aid the refugees. But it seems impossible to prevent them. They got the ship in their possession."

"Yes but we can lay a trap for them," pleaded Jack.

Harry placed his hand affectionately on Jack's shoulder, and with his honest face and eyes beaming earnestness said:

"Jack old fellow, I'm afraid Glendalvin is in going wrong too far—but we must do something you know. Of course there nothing had about attacking them in the heat—but—but—but—we'll I ain't no philosopher, but we got to do something any how. We'll inform Miss Riches."

This speech was incoherent enough. Harry had endeavored to tell the truth and at the same time think of something better. But honest words are more than power, and he tried to think of something to capture the whole bunch, and after they are captured well—

Jack added in explanation:

"You see Harry, we've got to do something or they'll get away with all the provisions. Oh God. Think of the poor starving refugees. Come on, you won't let them get away with it."

"Nixie!" responded Harry, shaking his head and grimacing. "And I'll tell you what Jack they won't get in it on this raid on the al. It doesn't pay. They are doing it under our very noses and we'll prove our noses are sensitive."

Seeing Harry's determination to do something well, Jack respected it, and they forthwith sought Angeline Riches, but came upon Dolores Mc-Hollister and Jean riding together.

"You are just the girls I want to see!" exclaimed Jack enthusiastically.

"And for what?" asked Jean.

"See that ship over there?"

"Yes," answered Jean and Dolores together. "The men are at work unloading."

"You are greatly mistaken," said Harry. "Those are Glendalvinians stealing the stuff."

The girls forthwith took out their spyglasses and looked. Then they whitened like marble.

"You boys came on time," gasped Dolores. "You see that old church building. Come on over to that corner between the walls of the hand ball alley. It's a safe place now. We can plan something quick."

"Now," resumed Dolores, a few seconds later, unless you wait to be seen don't do too much of yourselves boys. We can watch what is going on from here and then I plan. It's a great trick, I found it out myself."

Jack gave audible approbation to this advice, and proceeded to carry it out to the letter, and for some minutes the four looked on in silence.

"Isn't it awful!" Harry at length inquired.

"Isn't it though?" answered Jack, repressing a cough.

"Say," resumed Dolores—"can you Harry make for the house without attracting too much attention?"

"On that's nothing," responded Harry, and he executed the required feat.

"You can't make signals," persuaded Jean to Jack.

"Of course I can, but I don't care much about it. They might see me on shore and get wise."

"Well I'll tell you what you can do, you can go over yonder and watch them more closely."

In answer to this, Jack crawled forward keeping himself hidden behind brush and shrubbery as Dolores said—

"See that's the way to do the thing."

"Excuse me they are dumping some big boxes into the water."

The two girls were now absorbed, Dolores glasses in hand, intently intently spying the dastardly raid, and Jean also spyglasses in hand eager to see also what she could find. Just at this most interesting juncture, Dolores quick

ear caught the sound of approaching horses. . . .
 "Look out they might be Glandelinians," Dolores whispered, and as she spoke she hid behind a tree. But Jean was not so quick, but fortunately it was not Glandelinians, but the terror of Glandelinians just turning the corner accompanied by Peirce, Jennie Turner, and some others. This was indeed a meeting that was ardently desired. Dolores still had her eye glasses in her hand, and she was not without resource, she and her companion were nestled together. Jean with her eyes full upon Gertrude, was inwardly congratulating herself upon the lucky chance of Gertrude's coming. Dolores who was not in a happy frame of mind was also delighted.

"Good morning girls," the girl scout general began.
 "Good morning Miss Aronburg," answered Dolores, who aware of the predicament of the provision boat was resolved to do to do the talking for both.
 "There's a strange place for you two girls to be living in that position," continued the girl scout general with a peculiar smile.

"Yes Miss Aronburg there is," returned Dolores gravely. "Do you see that boat over there. I wonder what those skunks are doing up there."
 "I hardly think they are skunks. But what's the matter with you Dolores. Are you ill?"

The question was pertinent. Dolores was now in a state of excitement, her eyes were almost bulging out of her head as she beheld the going going and on the boat, her mouth was closed tight and she was determined to do something. It is superfluous to add, that that Jean or Dolores rather for that moment returned no answer. Jean made an attempt to point toward the boat saying:

"But Gertrude, if those ain't Glandelinians Glandelinians what is that crowd of men by to. Look as if there is going to be something wrong then."
 "Glandelinians what tell what you are suspicious of?" And Gertrude, regarding Dolores remark, fixed her penetrating eyes on the boat. A moment of painful silence followed, one moment and then Gertrude looking through her glasses said:

"Dear me, they do in deed appear to be Glandelinians all right."
 "I guess you are right," put in Jennie Turner. "Anyhow I hope we can frustrate them. Let's go come all of you. Then there was somewhere a strange sound and with a shriek of pain Jack suddenly jumped to his feet and clapped both hands to his bosom--shock he was streaming from the side of his coat. He had lain on a piece of smoldering wood and did not know it. None of his carelessness.
 "It looks as if your carelessness continues," remarked Dolores. "Now you are on fire outside."

With some rubbing and slapping--accompanied by a round of hopping and wriggling--Jack saved his coat from utter destruction. Later on however the plans of Gertrude worked out, the Glandelinians were suddenly frustrated in their attempt as they came ashore by Gertrude's cleverly escorted, and those who did not escape were all shot down and the booty restored to the ship.

During the noon hour or an hour before dinner, Jack and several other boyscouts were summoned to the room of Gertrude Angelina.

"Well Jack began Gertrude. "Angelina R. A. Niches wishes to see you and you other boys in your room."

The boys forthwith were ushered in.
 "Well boys," said that Miss Niches when the boys had presented themselves. "Now are you getting on all?"
 Jack began lost in the contemplation of his feet, but the others stood rigid and did not wince.

"Nank a cent you boys," said Angelina Niches, indicating a number of chairs. "I want to have a talk with you. Now Jack," she resumed when Jack and the others had seated themselves. "I have had a good chance to watch you especially in class, during your paddling, and your scouting work, and your other doings; for all the time since I was here with you and the others, since leaving Ayletine army, and I have come to the conclusion that you are a very stubborn boy in your work and missions. Isn't that so?"

"Yes Miss Niches," said Jack timidly.
 "You don't seem to mind anything what the enemy do. Day after day it's the same old story, bad actions at night, dangerous forays. And many other things. Outside of your strange carelessness says your manner shows that you have a little or no intention of changing. You caused us to frustrate the enemy raid on a ship this morning morning. Do you deny that?"
 "No Miss Niches," answered Jack beginning to feel very strange, and very excited.

"If you could cure yourself of your slight carelessness you'd be a great boy. Don't you know that?"

"Yes Miss Niches. I'll try to stop being careless."

"Good. And don't you know that a stubborn disposition when for a good purpose is a good thing for a little boy scout, and if you try to do better you may be a general some day?"

"Yes Miss Niches."

"And don't you think we'll reach the ark at Evangeline St Claire by water in a very few days?"

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"Yes Miss Niches."

"Well I don't," said Angelina Niches.

"You don't?" exclaimed Jack in surprise.

"Not entirely. Generals Consentinian Aronburg, Glandelinia, and the Vivianians are in a sense stubborn men. In deed I think all our truly great men have a fair share of stubbornness in their composition, and yet the foe and those disasters and their complications have them all flabbergasted. I bet it'll be near the middle of August before I or any one succeed succeeds in getting there."

Jack's face betrayed no less astonishment than before.
 "Depror Vivian," continued Angelina Niches. "By stubbornly clinging to one idea in spite of these disasters, stunning blows, and so many disappointments, discovered a way that in the future he believes can frustrate the enemy further purpose of making these disasters. His brother Emperor Hannan in the face of the most dreadful and disheartening difficulties--difficulties from friends and foes, from these disasters, and so forth--is still holding to his purpose, has better success, and creates a good name for the Nations cause. If Emperor Vivian had not been stubborn he would have given in at the news of the first disaster, and Calvernia would have been devoted ten times worse than it is now, if his brother had been less stubborn, perhaps our country might have never achieved her success as she really is in the winning side despite how things look to those who are discouraged. Did you ever hear much of Gertrude Angelina's Uncle Uncle Consentinian Aronburg who is nicknamed Whillhaberger Zimmerman?"

"I have not heard anything of him Miss Niches."
 "Well he isn't much another man--stubborn for the cause as he could be. When he was a young officer nothing would satisfy him but to become a great general so he studied every year after year, till he became one of the learned officers of his day. Then when Emperor Vivian fourteen years ago raised him to a high rank, and then as this was is on he became just as stubborn in helping our cause to win as he had before been stubborn in his learnings. Not a Nothing now could divert him from his new work. Laborious campaigns, difficulties, fierce battles, were bravely endured to this end, he has only Gertrude his niece and his sister now, and yet despite it all Consentinian Aronburg became the greatest general of all time."

"Well it seems to me, Miss Niches that if stubbornness would be such a good thing, why didn't they able to now forward a spite the fire and flood. It seems to make the very elements not wrong."

"Oh it may," answered Angelina Niches, with a smile. "Isn't broad a good thing?"

"Yes Miss Niches."
 "But you know it would not be good if anyone were to pass the streets with it. Stubbornness is very good too, but only when used the right way. Still stubbornness is merely the sign of a strong will--a strong determination. If you expect your stubbornness a strength of will to doing what is good, you are all the better and not for your stubbornness as stubbornness. But if anyone overdoes it for a bad purpose, then they are so much the worse. What what a pity if any of our generals would misuse such a good gift of God. Why my dear boy, I have known not a few Glandelinian generals who bent all their energies of trying toward the good christian generals, and yet could not do so. And you too Jack have always guarded against misapplying this energy, this determination, this perseverance this set stubbornness--you see it has many names--to good purposes. It's a gift to you from God Himself and you have shown your gratitude by using it right. Do you remember when the Glandelinians attacked you when Jean was wounded, how stand fastly you resisted then till you were rescued, and you then even repulsed them with severe losses?"

"I guess I do."
 "You were determined not to give in till they were licked. You have taken your lessons the same way. You have never let trouble, weariness, memory work gave in or yielded to them, you have made them yield to you. Then you have seen that your stubbornness has been a gift to God. Now if you use that same stubbornness against your carelessness, Jack you'll make yourself entirely the greatest boy scout we have, in fact you have done that already. By the way you make your daily Holy Communion don't you?"

"Yes, and I'm always anxious to make it. I'm going on eleven Miss Niches--here the boy lips quivered, and he caught his breath--and--and--and well when ever think of Holy Communion--I--oh--think of my mamma, sir and also my pappa Miss Niches. They were murdered by Glandelinian agents when I was seven. But I remember how they were always asking to me about making my daily Holy Communion, and I have always done so."
 While speaking these words, Jack repeatedly shifted from one foot to the other. This indeed was his expression of strong emotions. And he had reason to be affected. For as he spoke, the sweet pure face of his murdered mother came thick vividly to his memory, and while her dark tender eyes kindled into love, her lips

"I can't," said Jack. "But I've wanted to revenge her death a deep more than I ought to."

"But you did do much to deserve it, or I am sadly mistaken in you. Now I'm going to tell you a secret Jack; but mind you keep it to yourself. Three weeks ago I received a letter from the Marian 021 Pen Prisoners in which they asked me to give them a report of you."

"And they added, unless I could assure them that you were still giving perfect satisfaction, they would become disappointed in you. But you haven't have not changed. I've answered their letter half an hour ago. Listen to what I have sent them by wireless telegraph. Or read it. This is it."

Jack's lips quivered, and a softness came into his dark eyes, he made no attempt to speak. The little fine noble head bowed low, as if he could have fallen at Angelina's feet.

"No you were not. Hang it," blurted forth Jack "if you or the others had kinked me once or twice, I'd feel better now."

Angelina Riches held out her hand. Jack caught it in a fervent grasp.

Jack departed, carrying a new range of ideas in his little brain, up and down the yard he paced buried in thought. The seed had fallen on good ground, finally going to the chapel he knelt for a long time before the tabernacle and prayed with all the earnestness of his little soul, that he might be cured of his

"What's the matter Jack."

Jack complied with this sensible advice, and stood by a tree for full five minutes building golden visions of what he could do in the future to better himself. At that moment "Hot stepper" came passing by.

"What's the matter!"

"Enter nothing. You stopped on at least ten of my toes. Do it again and I'll handle you. You are more careless than I was. Go ahead now and see if you

were to confront him, and under what tragic circumstances he was to continue his work the reader may have been quite sure that he would love "his girls".

were not to be had. The war was not raging against the Christian cause only but also against Nature and the elements it created. Throughout Galvernia and all other states mankind had suffered much more than could be written, by reason of the happiness of the naturalists who had been with them.

can ever list. Throughout Valvernia and elsewhere because of the disasters there was incalculable distress and perplexity, and even men's hearts were failing them for fear. Remedies had been sought out to stop disaster, to frustrate

"A true and complete remedy for the evils and disasters resulting from the enemy can never be found without first ascertaining the real causes or how the enemy accomplishes the means to make those disasters."

of our country can be directed to these disasters, but knowledge of the pro-
 vidents for such relief Jack must be hard before the needed relief can be embraced.
 Again an endeavor has been made to aid those who desire to acquire the knowledge
 of proving who is the real cause of those monstrous war crimes from the fac-

"Why in so doing it will become necessary to make mention of some of the great evils of this most disastrous of wars that have fallen upon Calvernia and her sister states to show you is reasonable, therefore to show the magnitude

"But there is no such provision "said fact to George.

to learn. The Holy Bible is an expression of the Will of God written to the people of the Apostles to enable men to who are sincere to learn the truth. The Bible is a light to guide the course of men who want to walk in the right way. The Bible is the truth, the way, and the life.

discloses that God in the Jehovah of Eternity, which means he is without beginning, and without end, the Great First Cause and the Author of all and Builder of that which abides forever. He is the most High, is Almighty, Unmoving

Now even before him as we see ourselves the world is full of sorrow and
because of this dreadful war. There is such a great amount of suffering

powerfull loving and kind, why would he permit Glandelinia to do all ..

him, and so terribly devastated Galvernia and her sister states. The correct answer to this question is absolutely essential to know the remedy for the disasters, and at least most of all the preventive remedy."

"But what subject would that be?"

"Well to consider the subject fairly answers clearly," said George, every side of the awful disasters must be examined. For this reason each reference should be made of these enormous war crimes, calamities we call them, and other evils that had so thrown down the Galvernia countries. They say that from Jealousy killed Cain. Able his brother. Glandelinia is so wicked that to her Cain is a saint. Since the war we are on things have occurred that shocks the world. The record of every horror that has occurred since the war came started the whole Christian and Glandelinian countries with human blood unrighteously shed by Glandelinia in the frightful battles, massacres and calamities. We know that at the birth of our blessed Lord the Angels of Heaven sang "Peace on Earth, and Good will towards men." This war looks the part don't it. Murder from Glandelinia, malice, emburder of innocent children, and rampaging battles rage and continue unabated. Even our blessed Lord we all know was cruelly and unjustly murdered. He was God, Good, All Holy, Humble, without fault or any sin, and yet because the Hypocrites hated Him they got to it. He was nailed to the cross of wood, and murdered of a broken heart. Nearly all the holy men who walked with Him served with him except to a cruel death after suffering great indignities and persecution. When the followers of Jesus organized into a body or organization, to bring Christianity into the world, the Roman Government under the Emperors persecuted them without a clemency, and put many of them to a most violent death. Then the Roman Catholic Church, became a very bloodstained sea for years before it finally won out. The cruel Inquisition has made a record too horrible for description in human words. In that time up to the slightest suspicion or rumor a man would maliciously hate his neighbor before the court of inquisition, and then upon no proof at all the man was subjected to indescribable tortures. These instruments of torture were manipulated in such a way as to pull apart the joints of the body and tear away the flesh from the bone. Some of the victims were required to sit on a metal stool which was then filled with molten lead, while other instruments were used to gouge out their eyes or cut out their tongues."

"But that is nothing," said Jack. "This historical record of Glandelinia is far worse stained with human blood shed to free Glandelinia from the other country so she can continue her wicked child slave trade, and of which the massacre of so many children is a striking instance. I remember just recently from what I have seen in the newspaper on the 24th of this month of July just past at the instance of General Fiedler, all the women and children of towns captured, with thousands of war and flood refugees were brutally massacred. So terrible was the slaughter as the newspapers reported that the edge of the flood ran red with human blood. Then throughout that region followed a long and most bloody persecution carried on at the instance of the Glandelinian generals for under the influence of these terrible generals was committed one of the most flagrant murders in the history of this war which in the course of a few days caused the massacre of four hundred thousand persons. The malicious generals of the Glandelinian army, together with the arrogant officers of other rank continued the oppressive disasters until the storm of the terrible war horrors broke with redoubled violence. Then again the tide of slaughter was renewed, and the Glandelinian soldiery went mad and resorted to deeds of cruelty and awful slaughter that beggar description. Because of this awful war Glandelinia had produced great calamities which began in description all calamities of every nation. Cyclones, tidal waves, earthquakes, and floods and diseases, pestilences and famines which have swept away millions into their very graves and suddenly plunged millions of others into great sorrow has nothing on our own great war disasters. We seen by the press and bulletins that the surviving ones cry out in desperation."

"How was Glandelinia able to force these terrible calamities to come upon us?"

"But how does Glandelinia get away with it?" asked Jack.

"No one can say," answered George. "Why the official reports of the nation of Abbeccinia show that the annual disaster list of lives lost has increased in number since the beginning of the horrors last June, and that the other other sorrows and miseries have increased in like proportion. Glandelinia leaves no clues so she whether she really is responsible or not. The Abbeccinian rulers have appointed a war horror commission to investigate and ascertain the cause of these awful disasters, and suggest a preventive remedy for such disasters in the future. I read that in a public address about that time that Emperor Vivian said, 'Because of the enemy life and property are relatively more unsafe in Galvernia at present than any other section of the war storm districts.'"

"And Villard is afraid the enemy is winning the war," said Jack.

"I have heard that too," said George.

"We entered this dreadful war in January 1918," continued George, and have already already bent hands of millions of men to the house of battle. Shortly after began the coming and the increase of war disasters produced by the enemy, and since then disasters have continued to increase, all of which it seemed properly at the door of wicked fanatical Glandelinia, who we feel sure caused also the unacceptable and immeasurable Abbeccinian Reign of Terror and its long continued cruel results. Therefore Emperor Vivian have urged the most rigid measures to put a stop to these disasters."

"I believe that's going into effect," said Jack. "I saw in a paper where half a ton of unexploded mines were found in the basement of a munition store at Tynnaia Atlanta, resulting in two strangers being sentenced to thirty three years in jail and fifty thousand dollar fine. On the same day two others were sentenced to ten years and a fine of two thousand dollars because explosives were found in their pockets. Since this month passed public records show that 77,747 men of strange and suspicious actions have been killed in the attempt to prevent disasters and all these were found to be Glandelinian vandals up to some attempted destructive work."

"Yes," said George. "And I remember a Galvernia Court recently handed down a decision holding that any person who knows that there is a suspicious man in his neighborhood and finds he is in possession of suspicious papers and explosives, and fails to report the fact to federal authorities in writing of the same crime as if he was going to do it himself. This means the only way so far to try to prevent in the future disasters that have caused the deaths of so many hundreds of thousands. Everywhere throughout the world the public press is filled daily with accounts of these horrors of these disasters of the war and the suffering in even high official places as well as among the poorer classes of people. The nations of the world at first did not believe such stories thinking them too far exaggerated and that the news paper men were crazy. Continued little children are devoured by fire, floods and struck down to destruction everywhere, and the mothers are crazed with grief because of their great loss. The clergymen and priests who officiate at the funerals say in substance:

"These little children were innocent and harmless but Glandelinia has done this, but never fear poor parents God took them away that He might have them in Heaven to testify against Glandelinia. Glandelinia is bringing on herself dire ruin. You poor broken hearted mothers or fathers will some day have fair satisfaction. Our blessed Lord is all merciful, and Holy, and forbearing, but there is a limit to a thing. You may say why does Glandelinia do all this? Well the question is why. But she will be punished sooner or later. God is just and loving, and He is not to blame for these disasters one bit. Glandelinia shall render an account to Him."

"I believe everything is true," said Jack. "The history of the world shows that the Glandelinian generals have been committed either directly or indirectly with the dreadful horrors of this war, persecution, murder of thousands of child ren, these disasters and deliberate massacres. Every one can tell that wicked Glandelinia is fully responsible for all the disasters that have come, which have increased the sorrow of surviving parents. The whole world shares Glandelinia with some dying and approving all manner of horrible war crimes, and these stupendous calamities. In the name of the most merciful and wicked laws are made and maliciously enforced, and many other crimes are committed. The result is that Glandelinia stands charged with all the war crimes and calamities that have befallen Galvernia since the war began. The charge is not only true and proven, but Glandelinia does these disasters for the purpose of a cruel and wicked domination of Gods Great and Holy Name and to defy Him and our nation. Reference is made continually to the sufferings of all those innocent droves of refugees from Glandelinia crimes and the production of those calamities. And there is a wide difference between the calculation of explosions, forest fires, massacres and floods but they all count the same cause."

"Glandelinia is a great evil to the whole world," said George. "Glandelinia through her wicked child slave trade created this war, and her efforts was very bad for our own side. Villard however told me that if our followers do good, the nation would sooner or later befall Glandelinia. Glandelinia has even violated the very laws of war itself. That means that Glandelinia has for med the war, and caused all these disasters, and destroyed peace. And the enforcement of these disasters worked evil more to Glandelinia, because it brought the enmity of the whole world against her. However ver Glandelinia no matter whether she left any clues or not is guilty of these two big disasters now raging on. It therefore follows that Glandelinia has committed a crime which never came from natural disturbances. Glandelinia has committed an crime which is wicked, malicious and mischievous, a wrongful act disaster brings sorrow and adversity, and therefore probably evil upon us both, but will result worse for the nation that had committed it. I know Glandelinia made this disaster with malice. Such a wrongful act on the part of wicked Glandelinia has been done

511

doing all this without regard to what it may result and it worked adversely to our side. Glandelinia we are all sure sent on a cursed the Abbeism calamity. Glandelinia did that to frustrate a christian pursuit of an army. When a christian army pursued general Glandelinia's army and attempted to force it to battle, the enemy generals opened a levee of noise river and caused the flood to envelop the christian army and almost destroy it. Such was a cowardly disaster to our army, and it was unjustly and unfairly inflicted, and therefore beached in the town of Jerusalem Galverinia State, and a defying Our Blessed Lord as captured the town and after the surrender, delivered the christian general and eleven hundred and eighty five thousand of the inhabitants by sword and fire. That too was a disaster, and a murderous crime. Though the enemy feared the captured army it did not spare the women and the children of the town. It is therefore easily and clearly seen that Glandelinia is to blame and also responsible for the sufferings of our millions of refugees. It is the commission of the wrongful act of war, and Glandelinia deserves a just punishment.

"But who is going to do it?" asked Jack. "Where a creature attempts to inflict wrong for wrong even for that cause, and so forth, an evil too, some wrong on the act of vengeance. And God says we should forgive."

"What is done in reply for a war or crime is a different thing as long as the fight continues," said George.

"I cannot understand that," said Jack. "From time to time during this war, there are great 'Glandelinia' of war disasters, terrible conflicts, floods, and other devastations that destroys such property and life, and these are calamities. But though Glandelinia is responsible would we not do the same if we had had the chance when invading our country?"

"That's queer question," said George. "But before this I hardly think so. We would how do it sure for reply. War is war you know."

"Another thing," said Jack. "The question has been frequently asked, if God is Almighty in Power, perfect in wisdom, exact in justice, and in love, why does he permit so much horrors from Glandelinia. Why does he not prevent it?"

"That's hard to answer," answered George. "The wrong answer to those questions has misled many persons outside of our nation to think that God is not able to do anything to prevent it. There is a false answer which I have heard many remark."

"Tell me what it is so we may better appreciate the true answer."

"The reason often given, and which is not correct, probably is this: That God permitted the practice of evil in order that he can keep the people under his dominion, to free men from the path of evil, and in order that the angels might learn similar lessons by observation. But that is not so. The true facts may be that he allows it to try our faith in Him or the faith of the nations. It is our Cross as well as for his. He asks for the Cross he bore to cheerly and he allows a certain thing to go the limit and no more. Fifty percent of the human race of our nation because of the war died in infancy and without the chance to learn between right and wrong. The less of what are and without the Scriptural knowledge so they had to see them Glandelinians have caused many child slaves to grow up as mental infants, regard less their souls, and prevented baptisms. Glandelinia is responsible for all and therefore there would be no opportunity for anyone to learn the needed lessons by experience. I feel sure Our Blessed Lord will restrain Glandelinia in the near future for future, and therefore just now there must be some good reason why he has not restrained Glandelinia."

512

CHAPTER NINE, Part 2

IN WHICH GERTRUDE CONSIDERS THAT ADVENTURE IS NOT ALL IT SEEMS.

WHAT THEY FOUND IN THE CRIBBAGE OF THE FOREST FIRE.

WORKED Glandelinia.

IN WHICH GERTRUDE GIVES JACK A BIT OF ADVICE: WHICH AIDED BY BEING UNDER FIRE IS NOT WITHOUT ITS EFFECT....

FROM morning till noon of this day August 2th the current of events around the Orphan Asylum except the encounter with the ship raiders flowed on with scarcely a ripple. All that these Gertrude Angeline and even Jack Sanders had become more friendly. Indeed with the exception of Francis Green, they had not a single troublemaker one among their troop, and even Francis Green's foolishness had grown less demonstrative. As a fit preparation for his own good Jack Sanders had resolved to make himself for some carelessness, and he now regretted that from his carelessness he had made a laughing stock out of himself, and he was on the alert to do something toward even closing the breach between himself and Dolores Mac-Holleston, the whom whom he had suspicion was partially his foe if not exactly one. A slight chance in the routine of the scout work gave him the desired opportunity. Near the ending of the moon time dinner, it was found necessary to make some repairs in the western corner of the Dormitory.

In consequence of a variation of the horses, and eighteen of the police occupying beds in that part were assigned temporary accommodations in the attic of the main Orphan Building, a structure towering high above all its fellows. It was probably a Wednesday evening noon when Angeline Riches announced the names of those who were to change their sleeping quarters. Jack, his two best friends and Green, and others with whom our story has nothing to do composed this privileged number.

To add a zest to the privilege he she allowed the seventeen boys and eighteen girls to explore their improved bedrooms immediately after dinner, and therefore very quickly after dinner Gertrude at the head the building resounded to the tramp of many feet ascending nimbly up the stairs, as though on a mission of life and death....

"Whoop-la," cried Jack as he burst into the great room, armed and ribboned overhead with heavy bombs. "It's like the big attic of a haunted house only bigger isn't it Miss Gertrude?"

"It's an immense place for you boys and girls to have fun," responded Gertrude. "Look at all the corners and hiding places. We can play 'I say here' if we don't feel too sleepy and tired at night. My hat its hot."

"Yes I believe its hot," assented Jack. "And at night we might climb out on the roof and count the stars if we can see them. Do you ever count the stars?"

"No, did you?"

"I tried some night when I first entered camp life, when I was lying in bed outside and it was too hot to sleep. I got as far as one hundred and fifty seven and then I went off sound asleep. But there are lots more than one hundred and and fifty seven."

"I guess there is over a hundred trillion billion," said Green reflectively. Both felt that their remarks had fairly reached the mark.

"Come on Gertrude," said Jack. "Let's get out on the roof and see if we can see the stars better from there."

As he spoke he pointed toward a ladder which led up to a cupola rising some twenty feet above the roof of the building. This cupola gave access to the roof of by means of a small door which opened at the side, and was secured from within by a strong bolt. Followed by Gertrude, Green and others ran up the ladder, shot back the bolt, and made their way upon the roof.

"I'd like to have a signal station on a roof like this," said Jack tranquilly, as he walked over the eastern verge, and gazed down upon the yard nearly sixty feet below.

"Come back you careless idiot," cried Gertrude, in what she considered her most persuasive accents. "You'll get dizzy and reel over."

"I bet I'll won't," answered Jack. "Don't you think I've ever been on a high roof before. This one isn't steep like ours, its flat, but we are a heap higher. I say Gertrude how would you like to stand on top of that tall lightning rod?" and Jack motioned with his index finger toward the tip of a tall rod, which rose above the cupola. Gertrude ran over, caught hold of the rod and shook it.

"I wouldn't like it at all, unless I wanted to break my neck, and besides its loose. What will you bet that even though I'm a girl I'm strong enough to pull it down."

"It isn't ours Gertrude."

"It'd just as soon as pull it down as n't not to prevent the enemy using it," continued Gertrude. Nevertheless she let go her hold upon it, and turned away.

275 1411
128 Jack had occasion to remember this episode subsequently, though at the moment he and Gertrude discussed the subject so lightly. Some thirteen or fourteen others now found their way to the roof, and the conversation made up in great part of "Oh" and "ah" and became quite general and noisy, when Penrod appeared, and advised all to come down as they were needed for something.

"Better go," said Gertrude. "I'll remain below till Dolores comes to meet me." Jack and Gertrude, were the first to descend, followed by the others in Indian file. The last to consider about the door behind him, but forgot to bolt it. The procession passed unimpeded.

"I say Miss Riches," observed Jack solemnly, as Mildred Maxwell came walking up. "I thought she said once she did not believe Angelina Tall ever won the war." "Indeed, I wouldn't advise people to tell everything I say," said Mildred. "It gives bad example." And she winked an eye.

"Well Miss Maxwell, you gave me bad example."

"How?"

"I tempted to feel you are right."

And satisfied with his answer, Jack was about to hurry away, when he was arrested by Gertrude's voice.

"You'll have to do more work for us, Jack and I know you don't mind. Want five or six boys to bring over pillows and bedding, the soldiers will attend to the beds and mattresses. You might get some of your girl friends to help you." "All right Miss Gertrude, that will be fine." An Jack made his way out, then look upon Dolores's face, and I say," Gertrude he continued, "can't Dolores direct us, she is willing...."

"Of course," was the cordial answer, accompanied by a look at Dolores. Poor Dolores, there was a real wholeness which shone upon her handsome face as she blurted forth some disjointed words of thanks.

"Well commented Gertrude to herself, as the lads and the girls went pattering down the stairs that boy scout Jack has unconsciously taught me another lesson. I didn't forget to notice the hard cases now and then. Unless the mistaken Dolores will be his friend in another week."

"Gertrude is one of the best girl scouts we have," Dolores observed, as they went trotting across the yard.

"Isn't she?" said Jack.

"And so are you, and you'd be better if you could cure yourself of your carelessness," added Dolores.

"I'll cure myself."

"Hark let's shake on it," said Dolores.

Jack did so, but grew very red as he did. Dolores laughed. Her only enemy was won over. Dolores had brought a diary from home having made a promise to herself on buying it to write something in it every day. That early afternoon she opened it for the twentieth time and made this entry.

"August the second, 1913.

Since being a girl scout, I have noticed that we can do wonders if we try. To day I am ten years old going on eleven. This year near Fall I'm going away to work on some mystery pertaining to Abbe-Linn disaster. My new friends are Jack and Dolores. I guess he is one of the bravest boys we have. He saved Jenn when Jack Hans deserted her, and captured the dog star."

Dolores Nic-Hollister Jennings.

On the following morning August the 3th Gertrude Angeline and her whole force were back again in the ruined city of St Gertrude, having gone to try and get a more survey of it, hoping the ruins had cooled by this time. This day with a west wind blowing the air was then quite clear, and as they came well high near the city they received a shock. Where the picture city of St Gertrude had stood, the whole of Gertrude's forces found only a heap of still smoking ruins. The funeral pyres of charred bodies. Since the air was how more clear of smoke, the scene to them was far more appalling than what they had observed the few days before, and charred bodies were to be seen in every inaccessible position in the city as they fell when the "fiery fury of this 'Red Plague' overtook the city without warning. Among the first to reach the city, was Penrod, Gertrude Angeline and Jennie Turner. Gertrude felt she could not give any graphic description of the sights and scenes of the stricken city. With the west wind partial darkness overhung the city, as the girl scouts entered the suburbs owing to the pall of distant forest fire smoke which rested far above and low of mountains and slopy hills forested with burning ruins. The flood of the small craft. To make Gertrude and her followers more surprised the water running sluggishly nearest where was filled with swollen bodies and thick masses of debris from wrecked flood towns further up. Flocks of scavenger birds swarmed over the water, and the scouts shot a number of them for sport. The waters

entire of the flood was infested with dead animals of all kinds. Gertrude taking the lead entered the town nearest the town docks. Near a small stream which ran into the town at this point several big houses far separated from others were found little injured but windows were out. But their occupants had all perished. They were lying in all postures.

"I wonder how they must have died?" asked Penrod.

"I believe they either died from suffocation or by strokes produced by the awful heat," answered Jennie Turner.

"But it is sure the fire didn't kill them, as they are not burned. See there are two of them a man and woman sitting in position as easy and natural as though still living. How does that count?"

"That's a mystery," said Gertrude.

"Why this part of the town which was thought to have perished has escaped almost unscathed," said Dolores. The flood of fire stopped within two hundred feet of this district."

"There's a big gap between this part of the town and the burned area," said Jack Sanders. "Maybe that had something to do with it."

"Let's go through the principal streets of San Sebastian, San Pedro and others," suggested Gracie-Lina.

They did. They found that the residences on the upper section of the big town were utterly annihilated and these ruins were still smoking. A wide street divided the upper and southern part of the town. Go plate destruction had fallen upon the southern part of the city, which stood upon a tree charred slope above the northern section of the town. The smouldering wreckage of buildings and of trees torn from the forest by the "fire hurricane" had been swept down into the level below. Gertrude said:

"This wreckage is astonishing. Why this uprooting, and twisting and breaking of these trees looks the same as if it had been done by a tornado. The trees are all lying charred and bent toward the flood. The heat of the fire must have produced this terrific wind."

"What seems more astonishing," said Angeline Jennings is that we have traveled far into the city now and we have found only a small number of bodies. If it is said a great loss of life occurred what is this accounting for?"

"It seems strange but I don't know," said Penrod. "It is known that some fifty thousand perished, but if they did they might have died while in flight through the burning forest and not here. Or evidently the bodies may have been totally consumed by the flames which consumed the town. See indisputable evidences of this is found. Here is a part of a body I have dug it up, the rest has been consumed. I believe therefore they have been consumed consumed. I believe also that the forest fire produced a suffocating heat which caused the deaths of the people before the fire consumed the town. This we see girls is indicated by what we can see of the corpses. Many of which have their hands lifted to their mouths as though to prevent suffocation. The heat coming so suddenly from the conflagration must have been dreadful."

They continued on. Many strange incidents were observed by the scouting force. The charred remains of a woman, with a cloth over her head, unburned and in perfect condition, held to her lips, and wearing an unburned nightgown was found in a half burned brick house. Side by side with bodies turned to crisp were bodies but slightly or not burned at all. One was found whole except one leg which had been burned to ash. Strangest freak of the conflagration was that some articles of clothing on the dead, had scarcely been scorched unless they lay in the smoulders. Persons were found almost intact. Contents of burned houses had not been entirely destroyed though some were still smoking, such as mattresses, piles of clothing, trunks and so forth. Remains of charred furniture were left in some cases with all the contents not even scorched, and in a few instances complete articles of furniture were found, but with such articles as clothing and paper ruined.

While they explored the ruins Gertrude at the advice of Angeline Riches placed the city under military guard to cover their own force in case of enemies coming in, but Gertrude felt it would be impossible to explore the entire area of ruins that day as the city was too extensive, almost Chicago in size. In spite of the almost complete destruction, valuables were everywhere exposed, which would be a rich temptation for thieving Glandelinian invaders, so at the command of the leaders the boy and girl scout who found or saw anything of value would should secure it to take it softly to the house when they returned. To make a clean sweep as to leave nothing for Glandelinian vandals. Goods in the store houses were found burned and destroyed, but much that was of value remained to be prayed upon by rebels and they decided to prevent that was securing all that was possible and to have their soldier a form a cordon about the town until either everything was secured and brought to the home or until they were able to remove their trip for Evangelina St Claire. Still this time the smoke of the smouldering fires of the ruined forests beyond the town was heavy, and the town was darkened by this low cloud of thick smoke which formed as if from many volcanic discharges. It would take days for this forest smoulder to burn itself out. The roadstead of the flood nearest the town presented to them a forlorn appearance.

It was full of ships, hanging to towns further up but borne down by the flood, and it was along shores littered with wrecks floating by as far as eye could see. The wreck of one big ship half charred lay close to shore, stranded and jammed with the wreck of floated houses and other materials. How could relief ships be expected to reach refugees by means of the flood. This is what Gertrude said as she and the whole force took a rest in an open square of the town where there was not quite so much heat. ||||

"I would not want to be with any of the survivors who went through this dreadful horror and lived. It is a town, nay a whole country seemingly accursed. Fire, flood, explosions and complications of horror which we cannot measure. There is the flood, yonder but for us water is unobtainable. To drink flood water means death unless you boil it first. The air here is hot and stifling, and that we stand and can stand the sickly dead, yonder odor of burned flesh which pervades the whole place seems wonderful. But I guess I'm used to it."

"War hardens us," said Joan. "The sights and the scenes in the streets could make all but strong men ill. Yet we stand it."

"But I couldn't eat here," said Gertrude.

"Neither could I," said the rest.

"No body could recognize any these these dead, they are too badly burned," said Penrod. "If anyone does try to identify any of these dead, they will have poor success. And it is impossible to inter the bodies. The rescuers may soon come when everything cools off and pile up the bodies in heaps to burn. But what need. Many of these ruins still burn constantly. And the troops and population of this part of the country is suffering from the general demoralization because of the disasters being so wide spread. The whole country seems to be under a terrible strain, and shows the results. No wonder Mildred, you don't believe we'll win. I'm almost believing the same. What you say Miss Maxwell?"

"I do not know for facts," she answered. "The whole country is demoralized, and it is impossible to serve order under the circumstances. Armies can't come this way because of flood and fire. The whole situation seems for too immeasurable to be real. It puts me in mind of the World's Last Days already here. And it looks it too. Why no matter where you look, from even a high point there's nothing east, north or south of us but burning desolation, seas of smoke, and smolder, and to the west, flood filled with wreckage floats sky like the ocean ocean. It seems incredible but we see it and got to believe it."

"But what do you think of the outcome of the war?"

"I'm discouraged it is true, and fear we'll lose, but I'm always praying that I'm mistaken."

"I believe," said Miss Ruth McWhirther, "that the only living persons who are believed to have come through the forest fire alive are those who might have been awakened in time and escaped to shore or through the forest to large clearings and lakes. I believe the hundreds from neighboring districts, whose bodies we see strewn the waters of the flood in this locality were lost in a maddened flight from the city and burning forests, which they attempted in small boats. I heard that from the survivors it was learned that in the insane panic which attended the sudden approach of the forest fire from the east the people who escaped the town seized upon the fraillest boats to get away. I believe in this way many were lost who otherwise might have been saved."

"Interviews with survivors of this disaster between us might confirm the awful suddenness of the catastrophe," said Angelina Riches. "If we could find any we could question them. But I believe an enormous quantity of parching heat preceding the flames produced awful atmospheric pressure, which overwhelmed everything before it. I have heard of the dreadful force of these so called 'fire hurricanes'."

"Yes," observed George, "and the awful heat absorbed suddenly by the bodies of the victims caused them to burst, and the fire consuming the town soon afterwards, or catching many in flight, carbonized them or cremated them."

As minute after minute went by, for the passes slowly even in a scene of forest fire horror, their work of investigating the ruined city advanced with varying speed. Sometimes the distant fires of freshly burning forests were apparently close, and then again would come some distant explosion that would shake the earth, and even from that distance rain torrents of small stones sticks and ashes over the exploring parties in the desolated city. Gertrude found it was possible to penetrate the outskirts of the city only from the southwest nearest the edge of the flood, where she had landed by water at the other times. She noticed where the houses were more thickly built, the storm of fire had done the fiercest work, and the ruins probably were hiding the bodies of the many thousands they engulfed in an indescribably horrible doom. On every hand there had been found funeral pyres produced by the conflagration. And scenes beggaring all descriptions had been produced by the effects of the dreadful "Red Plague." None of the streets were narrow, and yet in the widest streets, in the gardens of woods partly covered by the deposit of ashes left by the conflagration hundreds of bodies of animals also were lying lying. Wherever

they came to a spot that was easily reached and not too hot or too hard to climb over, the little girls and boys came closer. They saw a pile of corpses that were part charred bodies and part ashes. This they believed was even partially destroyed by the possible annihilation of a pestilence. Gertrude thought that even the plague could not stalk in the wake of the conflagration as the fire made sure work. Reeking with the fumes of smoke from smoulders, her face almost showing the horror of the work in which she was engaged, Jennie Turner stepped back from a dreadful pile of bodies. She believed nevertheless that the thousands of dead that may not have been cremated by the fire must sooner or later be totally disposed of or the country will after the disaster alike be given over to the plague and blotted from the earth entirely. She had asked some of her soldier escorts to make some disposition of the dead that they may not remain a menace of the living, but there was no fuel of any kind anywhere within any oil and it could not be done and they told her that simply enough. Though Angelina Riches was directing the work in person, she explained to her followers that their explorations needed little directions.

"Though it's a disagreeable duty that we do it is altogether for our cause, for the motive of humanity, and to get profits on the enemy," Angelina Riches said to Gertrude. "It is duty to the living, to the cause, and to get it in on the Glandelinians. We have no proofs that the enemy is responsible for the floods, but we have proofs ample enough that the fire is Glandelinians doing. We should from cause of necessity burn up all the remaining bodies that are found, but our soldiers cannot procure the material for the work. The fires have destroyed all the coal and oil that may have been obtained, and wiped out also the wood that could be had. Alas a lake of oil and a forest of wood that could have done the work we even may have been consumed. I've seen there are still countless of half cremated or not cremated corpses in every direction in this city of death, and unless some means of cremation will be found sooner than now the population of this part of the country will be wiped out by plague."

"We mustn't dare try to approach the center of the city," said Dolores. "And we cannot progress in our salvaging. It would be impossible to do anything at all if it was not for the courage we all have. At least I believe curiously merely overcomes horror and fear. How many people lost family and fortune in these great catastrophes only Heaven knows. But we are here now to see the calamity at its worst, but no one yet has any means of telling how many have died in the overwhelming of this city."

"I've seen by some papers," said Joy St. Claire, "that for many Calverline city is crowded with refugees from both disasters, and there even because of such an enormous body of refugees food is becoming so scarce, and communication is cut off by fog and disaster that alarm is being felt that it would be exhausted before supplies approach there. I believe Mildred is right. I'll bet we'll lose the war."

"Refugees arrive by many boatloads," said Daisy Jones. "The Calverline River, cruiser Turthet, and many brigs, lighters, and small river vessels of all kinds that could be used were still busy bringing refugees to Calverline and other cities and towns out of reach of disaster."

"You and as a result of their efforts the people who had fled the war zone, the number is nearly four million," said Jane Helfort.

"And they are all in a most pitiable condition, thousands of them ill from exposure to hot weather, ill from bad food, many thousands of them injured or frightfully burned, and in urgent need of medical care, and such ones now hard to find with so many doctors and surgeons and nurses in our hard battling armies and elsewhere. All the doctors and nurses who are in Calverline, Francis Atlanta, and other cities are said to be working night and day among the injured burned, and sick, assisted by scores of volunteer nurses, many women of the wealthiest families of Calverline giving their services. The hospitals and large public buildings, schools and so forth are crowded with injured sick and burned. I heard last Sunday a number of river steamers taking chances with the flood, including the Calverline City Government vessel Rubin, started from Saint or Zenaisopolis for Mildred Greening. They carried government delegates, a number of soldiers, provisions for the refugees there, a detachment of regular

army," said Dolores. "The effect must be told sooner."

"But who's going to bring the correct answer?" asked Miss Ruth McWhirther. "That's easily explained," said Penrod. "We cannot do anything to restrain Glandelinia properly, because to the world both sides seem involved in the

It was full of ships belonging to towns further up but borne down by the flood, and it was along shores littered with wrecks floating by as far as eye could see. The water of the river was half covered with wrecks to shore stranded and

Domobian men, infantry, and thirteen priests, and several nuns. The vessel also carried a quantity of fire wood, petroleum, and pickaxe for use in the cremation of the bodies of the victims. Large quantities of disinfectants and stocks of clothing for the refugees were also shipped for Mildred Greenburg. Let the news gave the awful news that these were seized by Glandelinian soldiers also in ship armed, and the materials either seized or destroyed and those on board the ships except the priests and two nuns taken prisoners. The latter were murdered. That shows what kind of an enemy in Glandelinian our nation has to deal with....

"The main number of refugees" said Jean, "As a rule assembled at Calverine, Mildred Greenburg, and Gontaria, each quite some distance from Calverine, and it was reported that over 10,000 to 15,000 of them had died since the time surprised the towns."

The force of scouts continued their investigations. From a close observation in the town, they could see that the flood for miles around was covered with the wreckage of broken houses, and of many ships crushed or sunk by the irresistible force of the floods beginning, and ashore only a few trunks that had escaped the flames, all bent inward in the force of the wind. The houses were left standing. Even this day the heat from the smoking ruins was suffocating and the stench from the corpses strewn streets was something awful. No matter where our forces and heroes went they found on all sides portions of corpses, with some limbs even burned away entirely. Not a drop of water was obtainable on shore and they began to feel dreadfully thirsty. And the darkness caused by the clouds of smoke and shrouded the city and the whole landscape, and continuous strange rumblings added to the horror of the scene. On a side street they came upon a spot where some burned and ruined walls indicated where some town orphan asylum had stood, and traces of the larger buildings could be seen.

They also found in that neighborhood hundreds of corpses which they observed were lying in all kinds of attitudes, showing that the victims had not death as if by a hot stroke. And still more curious to them, they observed that the features of the dead were generally calm, and some peaceful, although also in many cases terrible fright, and agony were depicted. Great myriads of bodies of various and animals also lay strewn about, showing that death had stricken every creature, while the crowds should not escape were mainly seeking to get away from the fire storm.

"Fortunately a good part of this country was evacuated in good time by most of the inhabitants, who fled to Calverine," said Dolores.

"But it does not seem to help matters," said Angelina Riches. "The dearth of provisions is beginning to be felt throughout the land. Countless numbers of families have been completely ruined and shelterless, while the means of the disposal of the authorities are terribly inadequate to cope with such immense cattle distress."

"The destruction throughout a large part of our country is indeed appalling," said Penrod. "In this city the streets are a number of feet deep in ashes and wreckage from the burned houses, which no doubt cover thousands of dead bodies scorched to ashes, or scorched black and shiny as if they had been plunged into boiling pitch. Many of these dead as have seen never were touched by the actual flames, and some of the houses and wood work destroyed by the wind show no signs of burning."

As they progressed still further they observed that in the extreme western portion of the city of St. Gertrude the city Post Office was still standing as high as the second story, while further on, in the northwestern part of the town the most massive stonework of burned buildings were literally collapsed. The tower of an old church two centuries or more old of Gothic work was now a huge heap of wreckage and the ruins of the church were still standing. Indeed the stench throughout the city of Gertrude was terribly offensive. They now came upon a street where they could not go further because it was blocked by huge piles of smoking debris, and dead bodies. The physicians knew that the work of cleaning the thoroughfares would need the employment of large armies of Glandelinian prisoners for many months at the point of the bayonet.

Penrod said: "All descriptions had been produced by the effects of the plague. None of the streets were narrow, and yet in the widest streets, in the gardens of woods partly covered by the deposit of ashes left by the conflagration hundreds of bodies of animals also were lying. Wherever

They observed that the extreme northwest of the town was still preserved, and a portion at the extreme west nearest the flood were intact. They felt sure the disaster was becoming quadrupled, and they knew also that the surviving inhabitants had been trying to reach a haven in boats by means of the flood, and that many drowning casualties would or were being reported, and assistance was not yet arriving. Fire and flood was preventing that.

Notwithstanding everything that occurred, disasters elsewhere were repeating an enormous harvest. What remained of outhouses and laborers cottages in the town were still aflame in places. This accounted for the smell of burning flesh. The heavy smoke, and the extreme heat of the moulders left by the forest fires, and the flames combined were trying. At one o'clock Gertrude went on foot to San Pedro street. Several more bodies that had been burned were passed on the street, and among them was the remains of a man in his nightshirt who had been killed while praying.

Outside roads to the city was almost impassable, even to a foot. It was filled with the trunks of an uldering half flooding trunks of trees and smouldering rubbish knee deep, and the entire hillsides all a shudder looked dangerous. It appeared as if though one hillside might entirely collapse because of the heat. From a careful inspection of a dead horse and rider it was apparent he had been a messenger carrying a note of warning of the fire storm approach and that he had been overtaken and both he and the horse killed. Their limbs looked as if they had become rigid the moment they fell. The man's right leg was in the air as though it had become stiff while he was in the act of falling. There was another corpse under the horse, showing only a portion of one arm that may have belonged to a little girl or boy. There was much odor of burning ground and other infernal stuff in this locality. But there was no odor of burning flesh. This may have been due to the reason that if any one were overtaken here all the exposed parts of the bodies were burned hard and dry. Gertrude hid one, and it sounded as though a stone had been struck. They also observed that under the fallen trunk of a large smouldering tree many bodies lying in a line.

"These victims," said Gertrude "had probably been crushed while trying to find shelter. The streets only contain charred and burned remains."

Several of Gertrude's scouts were engaged in breaking open safes in some ruined property to see what could be salvaged. Inside the fireproof safe of one they found the composition was melted into a peculiar mass. Considerable coin was found, but bank notes and paper money had been burned up.

"I heard recently," said Penrod as he surveyed a half broken down house "that that recently some soldiers chartered a steamer of which name I forgot, and made a special journey to the city of St. Ann to inquire into a certain story that a Christian officer had looted relics from the Cathedral of the flood ruined city of Mildred Greenburg. The officer was arrested by his own men, but on being stated at the Court Marshall he stated that he and his men he conducted took the relics and holy materials for safe keeping for now since the flood up there was nightly abating he met many looters the day he was there. They were a Glandelinian. After his return to the town of Gullene Run he had some opportunity to catch a river craft bound for St. Anne, and he went by although he said he was followed by secret enemies and had to be careful."

"But was it really true?" asked Jean and some of the other girls.

"Yes. We had no time to turn the relics and other materials over to the authorities at that place but deposited them with the Mayor of Calverine for transmission to their rightful Catholic Owners. The Mayor of the city of Calverine confirmed the statement, and hence set free."

"I've heard a lot about looters," said Gertrude. "The authorities of the various states, have now taken up to the fact that looting on an immense scale is being carried out throughout the whole disaster ruin as far as the extensive scale of looting can be done. The Mayor of Mildred Greenburg, found that Glandelinian thieves had broken into his own safe, and that bank notes money and jewelry and important city papers were missing. Later he had to call police and his assistants for protection against the looters, for they had returned and were closing in on him to rob or kill him to hide evidence....."

Penrod said: "The disaster and its effects must be told sooner."

"But whose going to bring the correct answer?" asked Marie Ruth who whispered. "That's easily explained," said Penrod. "We cannot do anything to restrain Glandelinian properly, because to the world both sides seem involved in the

It was full of ships belonging to towns further up but borne down by the flood, and it was along shore littered with wrecks floating by as far as eye could see. The river was a half-choked highway to where stranded and

"I seen in the Angelina Daily Times (14th of July) that eventually about four thousand one hundred and forty Glandelinian thieves were arrested in La Paloma and brought to Glandelin. A force of Abascoinklinian cavalry under Colonel St Pierre went to meet the river steamer bringing them and escorted them to the Glandelinian prison camp."

"The looters said Angelina Jennings still keep at work throughout the whole northern disaster zone, and many towns just recovering from the floods are infested as thick with them as a house is with bedbugs when no one is trying to get rid of them. The police themselves and the home guards of hundreds of towns and scores of cities are not able to cope with them, or with the awful situation, but they are doing their best, and the police and soldiers of the home guards have been killed or severely wounded in the course of fights with these Glandelinian robbers of the dead, and other rebels vandals who were even breaking safes in ruined cities. Among the arrested Glandelinian looters was a colonel. The looters were sentenced to prison for the remainder of the war and the colonel was shot. All looters captured testified that they do this to secure the articles and money to help carry on the war against the Christian tide against Glandelinia. The citizens of many towns have formed into guards to protect the property in their towns but it seems hopeless."

"Yes and many furious mobs of enraged refugees and citizens, always try to lynch ghoulie caught plundering the dead and the ruins in their flood swept towns and cities," said Angelina Riches. "Gris if lynch them" fill the air and only by the display of arms and threats to shoot by the troops and the police were the pillagers led safely in prisoners. In everywhere there are hattering crowds of grief stricken refugees and civil and citizens running along the wet water logged streets, and it is feared that many an attempt to lynch prisoners might yet be successful. Many bodies, safes, and strong boxes, and intact ruins of houses were robbed, and Glandelinian ghoulie overran many towns and cities. To prevent looting in these cities and towns the Government of various states in the disaster zone have appointed commissions to explore systematically every ruined city and town for all valuable, money books papers and letters of military affairs. Home guard troops were placed on guard to prevent any except persons with authority from entering or searching and orders are to enforce with bullets at the first necessity. But the looting still goes on. This city we are in I'm afraid will be the next as its loot for us to safe saw what we can while we are here...."

While they were here between one and two o'clock the human forces of war again resumed a more threatening aspect. From explosions mysterious and unknown but probably caused by the fires, the earth seemed to tremble continually, and on the slope of a still forested hill three conflagrations were visible. Gertrude's followers were alarmed, but she would not change her work now. She had consumed a police station, and was horrified to come across a large pile of bodies lying face downward, and many others who appeared to have fallen while in the act of running to escape the awful fate impending of them. Penrod who had gone some distance in advance consumed a distillery and found a quantity of rum intact in casks. Some of her boy scouts had picked up a few relics of no value save as souvenirs, but she would not allow them to retain the findings believing it might slightly be vandalized. Nowhere so far in this ruined city could there fortunately be found vault vandals any where, and many buildings in the city and the surrounding districts also were observed to be still burning. Angelina Riches, Jennie Turner, Mary Stanci, Ruth McWhirther and a score of other girls made a visit to the site of the great St Margaret Cathedral, where only portion of the room walls were left standing. The six large bells lay in the center of the smoking ruins. The greater part of the altar had been scorched, and destroyed, but the golden chalices were still there not discolored, but slightly damaged by falling debris. In one large chalice was seen the ashes of what had been the Sacred Host. Three other chalices were full of the Sacred Particles none of which were even charred though they were slightly intermingled with mortar dust. A large statue of the Blessed Virgin outside the church lay on the ground but not injured. This together with the scene of many huge burned trees having

dreadful "Red Plague." None of the streets were narrow, and yet in the widest streets, in the gardens of woods partly covered by the deposit of ashes left by the conflagration, hundreds of bodies of animals also were lying lying, wherever

been torn up by the roots and laid flat with all foliage and branches burned away, scarce none left standing, and other indications, showing the wave of fire which passed over this section of the country must have been preceded by a hot windstorm of extreme hurricane or tornado velocity. Many houses in the city of St Gertrude, even those that were most solidly of stone and brick were absolutely in ruins, and all wooden houses were mere ashes. The streets were piled many feet high in debris, and no matter where the explorers went they could see in many directions hundreds of bodies. Near Algrove street the girl and boy scouts saw five hundred bodies that were miserably distended and in an advanced state of decomposition, and nearly all these dead were lying on their faces on the ground. Those found in the ruins of dwellings were badly charred.

The body of woman and a child was found in a near by curb to which they had apparently fled in the hope of saving themselves from the fiery storm. They also found a large heap of bodies in one spot. They also came to a few houses which escaped almost untouched. The windows and doors were gone, and the roofs were blown off, but inside the furniture, plates, books, articles of various kinds, and the flooring, walls and so forth were mostly unscathed. The girls and boys also discovered safes and molten precious metals in stores and dwellings. Knowing what might occur Gertrude had given orders to the cowardly soldiers to permit no one outside of their parties to penetrate into the city beyond the street running along the flood front, and she and Angelina Riches had seen to it that a strong cordon of soldiers were placed around the town for the time they would remain in this locality. The St Paters Cathedral was also burned down, with the exception of the main walls, and of the priest house the walls alone remained standing. The great convent belonging to the same Cathedral which was believed to contain five hundred children during school days and forty six nuns disappeared. As did the High School where seventeen hundred boys and girls and twenty three priests, and fifteen nuns were domiciled.

The girls scouts discovered many strange incidents as they continued their investigations, and they saw evidence of how some of the people had really died. They saw one child's body lying in a bed with a half ruined picture in her left hand. In coming to another house they found a man's corpse kneeling beside the bed. Also a woman's body was found with two little girls in her arms. Also a man was found with a crucifix in his right hand.

"There is one thing I read when I look at this, it makes me think of it," said St Gertrude. "Throughout the whole country, many of the oldest families of our country were entirely wiped out. And three quarters of the people in the devastated city of Abasco were refugees from the war. Our country had been very hard hit. And all over there are many women and children so hourly starved, that it is feared that they might die before relief comes, and though the wireless dispatches seem to make it certain that food food for most would come in time it does not yet reach them."

"Yes, and only a few weeks ago," said Violet Pauline "there was great solemnity in the whole country, where there were many thousands of imposing funeral ceremonies and Masses and prayers for the repose of the numberless souls of the victims of the calamities, who were found. All the Governors of every State of the Province were present, and the grief manifested by all present was keen. The horror will surely bring bad luck to Glandelinia. Even there were in all surviving cities and towns numerous public meetings held for the purpose of organizing armies of which Francis Atlanta and Pandua were the leading towns. And all stores and business houses had closed for two weeks on account of the disappearance of the city of Abasco, which was the chief source of supply. It looks as if our nation was crippled."

"And many say that the disaster that brought on such an awful flood was caused by Natural disasters!" said Jane.

"In what way?" asked Gertrude.

"By strange volcanic phenomena from the ground near Abasco."

"I don't believe that," declared Penrod. "Some evidence clearly shows that there was no volcanic activity in the neighborhood of Abasco. If it can only be proved that Glandelinia was responsible Abasco with the help of God would be able to restrain Glandelinia in the making of his disasters in the near future, but just now there must be some good reason why no one has tried to restrain Glandelinia in other disasters so far up to this time."

"The effects of the disaster, a disaster and therefore the correct answer concerning the real nature of the disaster, and its effect must be told sooner or later," said Doloros.

"But whose going to bring the correct answer?" asked Belle Ruth McWhirther. "That's easily explained," said Penrod. "We cannot do anything to restrain Glandelinia properly, because to the world both sides seem involved in the

tremendous mysteries of the disaster, and Abbeismnia in wisdom awaits her own due time to find out the real cause of the disaster, and to demonstrate to all nations that with the help of God that sooner or later her own name will be without just reproach, because just now on the charge of carelessness we too that is the government of Galverinia too is blamed. If it can be proved that Glandelinia is responsible for this immeasurable disaster, she will be shown a greater enemy to the whole world than Satan may be himself. Originally the explosions are said to have occurred forty five miles north of Abbeismnia and thirty miles west of Poverty Row and Run Run towns, which means that that explosions originated between the two places. Because despite being nearer Run Run was not much effected is a mystery. Because of the disasters already known to Glandelinia, the world has known her as the Dragon of the world, and a beast."

"But does the nations of the world suspect her?" asked Angelina Jennings.

"Yes," said Penrod. "There was proof that Glandelinia created the disaster of the Lake Salacia Horror. General Curran who was made Emperor Viviana overlord with the power to command many great armies, which he was to do as the Emperor's officer, was the finder of the proof. Emperor Viviana there fore announced a decree that all men acting suspiciously near levees and dams would suffer the death penalty if convicted. The right to investigate proceeded from Emperor Vivian, and his law announced, that all who could bring proofs of the disasters cause would receive a gracious reward. This officer was willing to do it for the cause. To accomplish his purpose continued Penrod as the whole party was preparing to leave the smoking city. He gathered together a number of the gnomes. He therefore reasoned that if he, could find out the cause of the horror and Glandelinia could to prove true to its cause, he could turn the whole world away from Glandelinia."

He set about to accomplish his purpose, and to do this he began to tour the whole territory when the flood had receded in his attempt to prove that Glandelinia was guilty. He reasoned that if Glandelinia did it, and no clues could be found, that would then seem to prove Abbeismnia a liar against Glandelinia, because then Glandelinia would seem to be wrongfully accused, that if Glandelinia was guilty, and Abbeismnia enforced the death penalty upon all found responsible, that without perfect evidence would prove that Abbeismnia purpose was imperfect, and that the wisdom of her officials were imperfect, and therefore she could not fight a winning war against her foe. We could conclude also that in either event, if Glandelinia is not proven guilty the name of Abbeismnia would be reproached for her suspicions, the world to the world would be proven unreliable, and therefore all the world would think she was fighting only for power and not to crush child slavery."

Following out his god reasoning, this officer and his followers, did the work and though it took him two months he found enough evidence to put Glandelinia to shame before the world."

"And declared Joy," Emperor Vivian making good his word, passed the decree, giving no quarter to all Glandelinians who are engineers, vandals, and the result was that the war against Glandelinia only grew fiercer because of her own wrong fu wrongful act. It was after this disaster, that many others followed in succession, and hence by the effects of them all Glandelinia came under condemnation or disa proof before the whole world being responsible for the calamities. Therefore, as by one disaster, another came into fury, and horrors by calamity, and so death, destruction and horror passed through the whole southern states, for that all have and are still suffering. See even this ruined city, its horrors and the wake of the forest fire. Therefore as by the sores of this Red Plague, even so by the proofs of the Abbeismnia horror in the hope for near future could come the guilt upon Glandelinia."

"Sure," said Mildred Greenburg as they passed a smoking ruin. "All the disasters were not in one place, but as if by inheritance, they came like bedbugs brooding in a pest house, and all such disasters must of necessity be investigated. In due course of time the cause of the plentown horror was proved. Now since this horror just what we are witnessing everybody seems to be suffering and dying since. If Glandelinia is not guilty, who then, was, and is responsible for Abbeismnia and for instance, which resulted in such a wholesale loss of life, as if a nation was swept away. Surely it was not a disaster of nature, because Abbeismnia is not in any volcanic region. We hope to prove Glandelinia as the one responsible. What do you say Minnie?"

"I believe Glandelinia did it," she said. "The others and I'm positive she is the reprehensible and responsible one. If this can be proven, she is a murderer, and ought to be punished as any such Glandelinia then will be looked upon as the Mother of all War disasters."

"This wrongful act of wicked Glandelinia, which resulted in so many awful disasters upon Galverinia and other Abbeismnia Southern States, also from what I've read brought me up upon the Christian nations nearest to us," said Mary Glorinia. "Of all the Glandelinians we can suspect for the disaster I join his conspiracy a great number of his fellow officers, and since last June to this day, the great mass of our country, because of the flood and fires, are of the main country."

"The flood record as so far know of said" Catherine Ketrabreck is a picture of a course of horrors only exceeded by that of the Infernal Regimes, all this result that what her generals do she is not responsible. She denies before the world enough to resist the enemy now with all this flood and disaster horror going on as no one from the north can reach the disaster zone. By these disasters at least a reproaches upon the nations. Being all powerful Abbeismnia could have she would have proven her justice, and her power, but at that time she did not it seems display her wisdom, and she let the war progress. For that now there has been no opportunity to prevent what had occurred. Now Abbeismnia is forced to fight her own war. The time too remote the war in the proper way against Glandelinia and at the same time to vindicate her cause, and her name, but powerful as she is she surely needs the help of God...."

"I should not wonder that if Glandelinia is proven guilty of the disasters that she means," said Jane Walker "to purpose to destroy Abbeismnia, and to restore all the disaster disasters as you as is possible."

"Yes," said Angelina Jennings "but maybe you this fact may be known by Glandelinia and she will be on her guard. Glandelinia can go so far as her words, and Abbeismnia may in her own due time prove to all the world, that her cause is righteous and good, and that her name is beyond just reproach."

"Why we delay on this matter," said Mildred "maybe the purpose of Abbeismnia provide all efforts to prevent such disasters in the future, by means of having having was arises on all levees, and other important places at any great the Glandelinian forces, drive out the Glandelinians, and to make Glandelinia because of the disasters. Take course will fully prove that she Abbeismnia with the help of God can do all she says, and above all she will vindicate her own words and her name before all the nations of the world...."

"How do you make that out?" asked Jack Sanders.

"She will tell," declared Mildred. "Such things at present is beyond the understanding of any one. I might be wrong and I might be right, but what I believe is that Glandelinia may realize she is facing disaster in the war, and therefore she went on making these disasters, and went on in her course of disaster making, and defying all things in her gross wickedness brought on the horrors. As all are witnessing now. If precautions had been taken before Abbeismnia could have prevented Glandelinia from doing this, but the precautions were not taken, and Glandelinia was allowed to go her limit, with the hope to afford an opportunity to her wicked cause under these most adverse conditions to prove they could win a war wicked as Glandelinia is. All the time however our generals have proven their devotion to their country. And we and some their work in the case of the most difficult conditions. And I hope and will grant a special blessing of reward. And I hope in the time with all the help of God the country of Galverinia will be lifted out of the most distressing conditions."

"I'm afraid we are going to lose the war though," said Mildred Maxwell. "You are," said Gertrude. "What makes you so hopeless like that? I'm not. Why because many apes have proved that Glandelinia has builded a powerful organization, and during the war there have been been and are three primary elements comprising that organization, to wit, the abbeismnian element, the wavering element and the devastating element. These three work together at one time against us under the power and influence of the Glandelinian government, and also taken probably, the majority of the Glandelinian leaders being wholly strong enough to do all that is feared. All the Glandelinian armies Glandelinia has originated, and carried on in repelling our armies. Glandelinia is now a cruel and evil vine of the earth and it'll take only a miracle to win a war against her...."

"But I can't understand how you talk that way Mildred," said Gertrude. "Abbeismnia the Jews in God's chosen people, and the only prominent element of this religion is that of the Catholic Religion. I don't believe Mildred you are so prejudiced, and have no faith from the things you have and do say. Of course Galverinia is overreached by the Glandelinian disasters, but then nothing good can come out of the disaster."

"I think it is terrible."

"But so many of our generals are not able to cope with the enemy," said Mildred.

"That may be true too," said Angelina Jennings. "Without a doubt many of our generals entered the service with all the good conscience and with a desire to do the country good. But because of the subtle and crafty methods of the wily Glandelinian generals many of them could not withstand the foe and yielded ground to them. Men claiming to be good generals have been forced to yield ground and forced to retreat, and be unable to carry on their work in efforts to prevent Glandelinian from carrying on her own wicked work. This has gone on to the point where to day, our country is horribly devastated. But even then I do not see where we are on the losing side. Look what happened at Goderich. Marjorie's army was wrecked."

"I have read in the paper," said Glandelinia Evans, "a statement from some Christian International spy that Glandelinia is so wicked that there is not one person who lives a good life. It was the Marjorie generals who either caused or caused the well known wholesale slaughter of so many little children. It was the same class of Glandelinian generals, who caused young prisoners taken in battle to be worse treated than the well known French Impudition, which condemned thousands of innocent men and women caught there to a cruel and unusual death. Glandelinia was the puppet that caused all brought on all the wicked and unusual horrors of this dreadful war, and because the visible perpetrators of a so much wrongs got away with it, their course of action has brought great reproach upon the name of Glandelinia, and many nations charged Glandelinia with these terrible crimes of the war and she has been suspected her of it. But we have no clue yet of the origin of the Abbiannan disaster."

"What would not such a repeat of disaster be prevented in the near future?" asked George.

"That is hard to tell," wrote in French. "It was the Officials of Glandelinia that recently led the campaign that put in the law, that all remaining rivers, lakes, or any spot where the enemy could cause a flood disaster should be guarded by all standing armies, and guarded well. It was Count Bonafant, who urged the use of any and all means to enforce this or order for the safety of the people, so to avert the repeat of such calamities that have caused so many countries to suffer greater and unusual misery and sorrow, and caused the victims and artillery to be involved in. Merely to prevent such disasters which have already caused the horrible and untimely deaths of unknown numbers of a great people, which these nearly twelve or more months, from disasterous disaster. It was the Glandelinian Government that furnished the smokeless screens behind which Glandelinian generals should themselves while they join in making their disasters, storms and natural floods, and like natural calamities are not as bad as this flood of a disaster. I am sure Glandelinia is responsible for the disaster, and Glandelinia I have heard through her hypocritical statements caused these calamities to be charged up against our blessed laws, saying he did it. Carry our faith. Glandelinia claimed the disaster that destroyed Melondale last week. I don't know whether you have heard of it or not. Glandelinia has also brought upon the Southern Abbiannan States the calamities of fire and other calamities raging now. Glandelinia brought these calamities upon Glandelinia and in so doing was a prompted solely by defiance of Him and malevolent wickedness to charge these against God and His Followers and blame us."

"I know it," said Mildred. "Instead of our blessed Lord being responsible for the calamities, I know from proofs Glandelinia and her generals are responsible for all of them. If a calamity of frogs came up and covered the land it would not be anything compared to this. All the plagues sent by God upon Egypt is nothing compared to any of our lightest disasters. It is fools Mildred who said, 'There is no victory for us. It is the armies and the yellow backs who stand up on horns or outstuds, and say to the people. There is no hope for our side winning the war. If Glandelinia was not in danger of defeat, she would not have resorted to this. I'm sure. Many have proceeded to tell the people that Glandelinia is facing for defeat no more than before the war commenced. It is those men who tell the unfortunate refugees and sorrowing parents that Glandelinia will not lose the war. All such statements are absolutely false, and proceed from those who have no courage or faith. All those who utter these words may be ignorant of the fact that such a thing is not possible. The proof is conclusive therefore that Glandelinia who is responsible for these disasters is the loser already."

"There are no signs of it," said Mildred.

"We'll see."

"We sighs ah. What would have happened to Marjorie's army last month if it was not for the forest fire? The forest fire saved his army from destruction. After the battle general Vivian Johnston had expressed his own purpose to destroy the Glandelinian army, but it got away covered by that tremendous do conflagration. The situation is now returned to every one. Glandelinia is failing. The proof is therefore clear that all disaster and calamities produced by Glandelinia and other calamities that cause the people to suffer was induced because Glandelinia tried to win that way. Seeing then the real cause we must look for the further proofs, and from the proper source."

They had now left the edge of the ruined and smoking city.

As they were all leaving the ruined city, and the whole troop of boy and girl scouts were forming in line, Jack, Gertrude, and others were still engaged in earnest consultation.

"I don't think he'd allow it," said Harry Anderson.

"What do you think, James?" asked Gertrude.

"I'd be afraid to go and ask," responded Jack.

"Well he can't more than refuse, and I guess I can stand that," said Jack.

Yes I'm going to take the chances and ask."

"We you don't I'll ask!" said Gertrude.

And without further ado, Gertrude rode over toward Angelina Riches, who was directing some of the officers' men to deploy the scout troop.

"Well Gertrude," said Angelina, as she caught the anxious eyes of our heroine fixed upon her. "What do you want?"

"If you please Angelina, I'd like permission to talk a scout trip through a portion of that forest over yonder, with Jack and some of the other boys."

"Certainly Gertrude. But he back in time for supper, as you haven't eaten since breakfast."

"And Angelina," said Jack Sanders came along with us."

"He is not on the release list. You know the rule we both made."

"Yes Angelina, but he hasn't had a chance to go out since he has been with us."

"That is not sufficient reason for his going out now."

"But Angelina, yesterday you told me and my other officers that you would make it all right with me for showing you how to get the proper things for our camp. Let Jack come along, and I can't ask for anything I'd like more. You know Angelina, we haven't been friends to yesterday, and now he is turning over a new leaf," and Gertrude gazed at her friend wistfully.

"Gertrude dear," answered Angelina Riches, after a few moments of consideration, "Please tell Jack Sanders that I'm very glad to have an excuse for letting him out, and that I hope he'll have the freedom of going anywhere before we reach Major Vivian's army."

"Thanks very much Gertrude, I know every single word you said by heart, and and and and I'll tell him exactly as you said it," and saluting her she rode away."

"Say Jack won't you salute when you see me coming?" Gertrude inquired of that young gentleman, whom she found wittingly placed of wood with his knife. The boy closed his knife very promptly, and saluted with silent enthusiasm.

"Would you like to take a walk, Jack, with me and the other boys?"

"I would like to walk with anyone," came the rough answer. "But I'm not allowed to go out anywhere for a week for fouling up the water from the paddle that day," and Jack went on to express his injured feelings in a manner too realistic for writing.

"You needn't swear about it anyhow," interrupted Gertrude, "and besides both I and Angelina Riches have given you permission."

Jack opened his eyes.

"What?" he gasped.

Then Gertrude repeated Angelina's message.

Accordingly Gertrude and the six boys were soon outside the ruined city. It was a gloomy afternoon. As stated when they entered the ruined city the morning had approached with thick masses of clouds high in the sky rolling up from the distant blue hills. With the progress of the day, they had been accumulating, and spreading westward, growing thicker and blacker in their advance overhead till nearly all of the sky over the flooded districts was now veiled from the eyes.

"There's lots of distant fires making those clouds," added Tom Thomas. "It looks as if though the fire is moving toward the other forests they haven't touched yet."

"So it does," assented Dan.

"I ain't afraid of forest fires," said Jack.

"There's nothing wonderful about that," commented Gertrude. "What would you be afraid for? It's not yet coming this way."

"Lots of people get scared, when they hear the noise of the fire har-

ricane," explained Jack. "But I don't mind it one bit."

"I do," said James. "When the wind begins I do my best to run for a clearing or a ravine."

"That is because you are afraid," said George loftily. "I don't fear fighting a forest fire or anything."

"In other words," remarked Francis, with a solemn roll of his eyes, "You are not afraid of anything. One thing about you Jack for facts you are too go gosh darn reckless."

"Well that may be but I can't help it. But you see I'm still alive."

"You sure are reckless, that's sure," put in Gertrude in a matter of fact tone. "All the same, Jackie, I'd rather think you'd be scared if you knew you had the guilt of a mortal sin on your soul."

"I don't know about that," answered Jack. "Now about the Glandelinians who are in battle. They don't expect to go to heaven anyhow."

"They don't. I know it."

"I think it is terrible."

"And" continued Jack "I'm with Mildred Maxwell. I don't expect to see our side win the war either."

"You don't?"

"No. Many say we should have given up and gone home long ago."

"At least you might try and make a Nine Days Novena for the sake of our cause that our Army Chaplain Father Nelson talked to us about, this morning at Mass...." suggested Gertrude.

Jack stared at her heavily.

"We said you know" continued Gertrude, "that there is a promise from Our Blessed Lord that those who have faith and confidence in Him will never find their prayers unanswered."

"I made the Nine Fridays just recently offering it for that intention, and where are we now?" almost sneered Jack.

"Stalled by the flood" suggested James sheepishly.

"There you are. What good is there offering a Novena?"

"Just think" added Harry Anderson, "to-morrow the First Friday in August. Make the start of the Novena on your First Friday, it won't hurt you to try. Surely a Daily Communicant is not losing faith."

"I'm afraid I am" answered Jack. "And I guess I'll not begin no Novena" and he proceeded to eat some candy Gertrude had given him.

"One set of prayers don't always work," Gertrude observed. "Last year I prayed for something very worthy and special for Ten months, making Novenas, having priests say Mass for the intention, and offering up Rosaries and saying all Litanies, and now I got what I wanted."

"Yes indeed" put in James.

"And it would do you and the country any amount of good" added Francis. "Come on Jack, be a sport you sneaked out of going on guard duty last week. You needn't stare, I and Gertrude had our eyes open, and I saw you dodging. It's my opinion you've been dodging most of your Novena prayers ever since you came with us, because you are losing courage and faith. I'll bet that is the cause of your carelessness."

"Say you didn't tell on me, did you?"

"No one did yet...." Answered Gertrude, diplomatically. "she had never entertained the idea of reporting Jack to her authorities, and I won't mention it either. Now you'll go to-morrow and start the Novena. Novena for the success of our cause, and try to make Mildred more encouraged, won't you?"

There was a short silence.

"Yes" answered Jack at length, and speaking with an effort; "I'll go."

Making their way through a fringe of fairly unburned woods which fringed the edge of the flood, they presently arrived at a clearing upon the bank.

"Isn't it growing dark, and not awfully fast?" exclaimed Harry.

"Just look at those walls of smoke clouds, they are beginning to rise and advance forward faster and faster, and they're closing our way too."

Gertrude cried.

"Let's run back to the Cephan Asylum" suggested Jack.

Borne on the wings of the fire hurricane, the dark masses in the east were advancing gleefully, rapidly like a marshalled army. The wind which carried them on could be faintly heard, breaking up the dread silence which had come over the scene roundabout them as the ticking of a watch at midnight upon a nerve shattered invalid. And they could see flames piercing the smoke. Fascinated by the sweep of rolling clouds, and the way they rose in enormous billows and caluiflower or mushroom roofs and shapes, they stood the girl, and boy girls, with their eyes, first lifted toward the heavens, and then toward the direction of the smoke rising upwards.

"Goodnight."

This exclamation which seemed to break from all simultaneously was evoked by a sudden change in the strange upward and forward moving panorama. For it as they stood gazing, there rolled upward from the horizon a thick reddish colored cloud, and there came a noise like a volcano blowing up.

"What is that?" cried Jack.

"I don't know I'm sure" answered Gertrude, "I never saw anything like that in forest fires before. Maybe something explosive caught fire and blew up. Anyhow the fire hurricane will be on us in a minute. Just look how its rushing toward us. It's too late to start for the home, and we couldn't outrun it by that means. Where'll we go?"

And as they set about answering this question, the clouds rolling up along the ground came nearer and nearer. The tint of the whistling of the wind that moment before had seemed to emphasize the silence had risen to an angry scream and flames were already seen in the far distance piercing the smoke. The six and Gertrude, wavering and irresolute not knowing whether they should go for safety, pressed to a striking tableau, as they paused there in the open. Gertrude stood with her legs apart and firmly braced. Her hands were clasped behind her back, and with her girlhood hat tilted so as to show a shock of thick golden hair over her forehead, and her mouth pursed as though she were about to whistle, she raised her eyes in an unblinking gaze at the angry flames now shooting almost across the sky but high up, but throwing a great hat.

Next him was Francis somewhat pale, silent with an awe stricken look upon his pale face. He had put his arm through Gertrude's, and clung to our heroine as a drunken man or a drowning man to a plank. Gertrude was Francis's heroine. Jack Sanders was on the other side of Gertrude the usual grin still lingering upon his face, and his hands thrust deep into his pockets. But he glanced over and over from smoke clouds to companions, from companions to the smoke. He knew what was coming while the wind keeping time with the moving of the fire storm sent the trees ahead of them waving and swaying in a weird dance, all therefore weird for the unnatural darkness, that had fallen upon all nature.

"Had we not better run?" asked Gertrude.

"Yes" said Francis, eagerly "Come on."

"I'm afraid I can't run," said James. "I feel weak and dizzy, and I'm afraid it's the heat."

"Harry and John go ahead," said Gertrude. "I'll stay with Francis and you can bring help."

"No you don't Gertrude," said Jack. "If you stay we all stay."

"Come on, you boys" implored Francis Green, the other boy. "They can look out for themselves and we can bring aid."

"Go on yourself," said Francis. "You can take care of yourself."

"But I don't want to go if you don't."

"Then stay here" came the answer.

"Halloa" cried a voice. "Why you are smart scouts for your age, you've chosen about the safest top place around here." And Schofield Penrod, out of breath with running emerged from the woods, and placed himself beside Jack.

"We came near running away," said Gertrude. "We thought we could run through the woods, and find some ravine until the fire swept past and on. We are mighty glad to see you Penrod."

"It's lucky you stayed here. If the wind gets any worse, and the fire comes up, the woods will be a dangerous place—flaming seas of branches, branches, wind and all that."

During this conversational conversation, short as it was head and wind and the swirling fog of smoke had grown worse.

"Ugh, we'll be smothered in all this smoke," said Gertrude. "Why" she added Francis is sick, over her overcoat by heat."

Francis had pillowed his face on Gertrude's bosom, and before the exclamation was well out of Gertrude's mouth, the poor child scout had fainted.

"Here give me the boy" shouted Penrod shouting had now become necessary, as the ordinary tone of conversation. "I'll fix him in a trice. All of you go into the water or you'll be parched when the flames come near." And Penrod as he spoke, took Francis in his arms, carried him to a soft bit of earth, and depositing him gently threw open his collar.

"Halloa, Jack, what's the matter" bawled Gertrude, attracted by the strange motion of the boy.

"A girl scout running through those flaming woods. I can't stand here and let her face the peril," came the answer.

Penrod raised his face.

"Stay where you are. If he said sternly "If you want to die young, run through those flaming woods. I'll send Frank after her."

As he ceased a ceased speaking there came a dazzling flash somewhere near followed almost instantly by a sound like a terrific clap of thunder. With a wild cry to the girl in the woods, Jack rushed in that direction.

"Stop him Gertrude, boys," cried Penrod, jumping to his feet. "He's lost his wits. I'm sure the girl can save herself."

Penrod though many yards in the rear of both, had set forward in hot pursuit. As for Gertrude herself she scarcely needed Penrod's bidding. Jack had not fairly made a start, when Gertrude was at his heels. Anxiety for some one else's safety, they say, leads speed. But Jack seemed to be an exception to this as to many other rules. He slipped and tripped several several times, and once was within a little of losing his balance and falling to the earth. Indeed it seemed as though Gertrude, who was running at her best, would catch him before he reached the girl and the woods. But as Jack drew nearer the dangerous shelter, he gained something of his customary speed, and Gertrude who had thus far gained upon him, began to lose his advantage. Penrod meanwhile was lessening the distance between himself and Gertrude Angelina at every step. At length Jack in passing a tree, that stood like a guard, at the edge of the main body of the woods, tripped on a root, and before he could well recover himself, Gertrude had come within five feet of him. But now Jack had the lead yet of all, and was now actually upon the girl, and then just as the thoroughly frantic and frightened girl broke into a more regular speed, Jack sprang into the air, alighted on the girl's back, and bore her to the ground just as a great stretch of trees only a few yards away flared into a roaring billowing sheet of flame. And while they were still rolling upon the heathen earth, there was a sharp crack, like the report of a cannon discharged at once ear, a strange crackling and swishing sound, a crash as of many branches beating against each other, and twenty feet before them there came crashing to the earth a giant pine tree all aflame. As it fell a burning twig struck Gertrude in the face.

In an instant, though dazed and bewildered, Jack had sprung to her feet. But the girl rose only her to her knees, she was quivering with fear and beat her breast.

"Spare me, please Oh Lord, Spare me," she cried.

"Get up girl will you!" bawled Jack his voice rising high above the noises of the fire elements, as he caught the girl by the shoulders, and dragged her to her feet. "If you don't move away from here, you will not have a chance to get spared," and without further words, Jack dragged her back to the open as the full forest blazed up. Gertrude followed quietly, even her face it must be said, had paled a trifle. And there they stood as motionless as statues, silent and awed for fully three minutes, there they stood till in the swiftens of its might the fire hurricane and flow by them, till the flames in the forest were now rising straight up, and the storm of wind had ceased in its violence with the suddenness of its coming.

"Well we've been under fire and its blown over, and all is well," said Penrod.

"I guess we had better run for the house, Penrod," put in Gertrude "and change our uniforms as we are all wet and dirty. What's the matter girl?" to the one Jack had saved.

She pointed a quivering finger at the eastern or extreme northern sky.

"The fire is coming back. These clouds are changing direction."

"I guess we can beat the flames," answered Gertrude. "Penrod I'm awfully glad you can save me. We would have lost our heads if it hadn't been for you. Now did you come to be around."

"I was investigating the new course of the conflagration with Dolores, and we got separated, you can rely upon it our whole force and Dolores is safe in the orphan asylum buildings by this time. Now boys and you two girl friends of ours for a run home. Are you all right Francis."

"Yes Penrod," said Francis, who had risen to his feet while the race between Jack and the girl had been going on. "But I'm afraid I can't run very fast."

"Here put your arm through mine," said Penrod.

"And your other arm through mine," added Gertrude whose color had fully returned.

In a very short time indeed, they were changing their uniforms and other garments in their respective dormitories. Jack uttered not a word until he was about to leave his room. Then the girl cooing in said:

"Jack if you had not jumped on my back, and pulled me over, I've had that burning tree fall on top of me."

"Yes," replied Jack, adjusting his tin with more than wonted precision, "and if I hadn't tumbled over with you, I'd have been killed by it too or burned. I was scared that time I can tell you. But of course you were not scared, you were foolish."

"Scared, I should think I was."

"I'll do something for you in turn some day," she said, and she left the dormitory, and went straight to the chapel.

"Well Jack," began Gertrude cooing in to see him for a moment or two "do you feel shame from your trying rescue work."

"A little Gertrude. A falling tree affair is no joke. Did you hear what the girl said just after the hot wind died down?"

"What did she say?"

"She said it was coming this way."

"Oh well, you know she was most scared out of her wits by the fire."

"Gertrude it's coming here, I know it is."

"None sense."

"Well I feel as though something were about to happen. Won't you please pray for our cause with me."

And Jack caught Gertrude's hand and gazed into her sweet face with a sweet pathos inexpressibly touching. A beautiful face also it was that met our heroines none the less beautiful for the modesty which nearly every minute of the day veiled the eyes, and sent the blood purpling the pale cheeks. Now however Jack's eyes were wide open and fixed on so appealingly, upon Gertrude. And Gertrude as she returned the gaze was impressed with something which she could not define but which brought home to her for the first time that she indeed was in the presence of a boy of extraordinary holiness, bravery and purity.

"Why of course I'll pray for you and with you, if you want me to. What's what's up?"

"To-morrow, Gertrude I'll start the Novena with the First Nine Fridays of this year and offer it for the success of our country in its cause."

"Well I don't see what you want any praying for. I need it bad."

"Yes Gertrude. You know how to do things."

Poor Jack looked as though he would say more but words failed him. He again caught his friends hand, pressed it, then Gertrude hurried away. When she reapproached her dormitory she continued sitting on her bed for some moments longer.

"I didn't know that poor Jack Sanders," she soliloquized as she rose. "I thought he was a careless boy about but he's a mighty good careless boy anyhow."

And with a grin on her face she proceeded to take off her shoes.

THE FIRE THREATENS THE HOME.
AN ADVENTURE AT MIDNIGHT.
GERTRUDE ANGELINE AND OFFICERS NEAR HEART RENDING STORIES FROM
SURVIVORS WHEN THEY TO FINE.
MORE CONVERSATION OF GERTRUDE LITTLE.

It was about nine o'clock that night, and though so late in the season it being the month of August anywhere. There was no stars that night, and in the west a thick black cloud, as thick as an enormous thundercloud observed in the distance at night or late evening, and it was pierced underneath by a torrid lamp at the entrance was utterly insufficient to lighten the face of the one to perceive that Gertrude Angelina whose bed was directly beneath the cupola was wide awake and as sure it was, that she wondered how the best could be done for the best kept her awake. It tortured her with the whole of this had ever happened before. To her left lay Francis Turner, beyond her Angelina and about the cupola. The other occupants were at the further end of the room, he was content for all the readers to keep these details in mind. Gertrude as it was said before was wide awake. Also there was probably a sense of novelty subverting her to the situation, for she lay very quietly, she breathed of the sleepers, sleep broke the wall, without noise and not the slightest breeze blowing and no sign of man or beast to break the brooding calm of the night. Her fully as hard, Gertrude from their different places of breathing endeavored to place her various sleepers. She easily placed out Dolores Costello's, and with more difficulty Angeline Angelina. She sat this time, she grew very weary of this new study, and she cast about in her thoughts for some fresh diversion. It was hard upon ten children, when she could go to a window and look if she could see any sign of a star. As she was sitting upon the bed first deciding whether she should go to the window or not, a silvery, sweet voice, with a sacred pathos in every tone, broke or rather glorified the silence.

"My Jesus, how sorry I am for all this."

The voice came from little Jean Sanders.

Gertrude bent down, and gazed into the darkness. Into the darkness upon the slight, delicate innocent features. With a gentleness, which on recalling the incident, afterwards, surprised Gertrude herself. Little Jean, who usually, she called tender, yet so gentle that the facial muscles scarcely changed passed over to the lips on the whispering.

"Sweet Heart of Jesus I know you will aid in restoring Calvernia. Please be my love."

With her hand still resting on the little sleeper's cheek, Gertrude stood on a chair upon the radiant face in mute admiration.

"Amen," she whispered softly to herself. "I hope I will talk like that in my sleep some time."

She removed her hand. Jean opened her eyes.

"You're all right Jean," explained Gertrude, bending her head to whisper into the girl's ear. "I've been talking in your sleep, and I just passed my hand over your cheek. Go to sleep again. Good night," and she held out her hand.

"Good night Gertrude," and little Jean drew her hand from the coverlet, to sleep.

Gertrude, displaying as she did so, her rosary twisted about the fragile wrist. Then very guiltily Jean fell into a calm slumber. Looking on with a face, it seemed to imagine that the world was full of horror and war. Gertrude waited till she felt sure that Jean was sound asleep. Then she murmured to herself:

"I guess I'll see if there are any stars now."

Walking ever on tiptoe to one of the eastern windows, she looked out. The stars that night. For the dismal black cloud to reddened underneath, seemed to be in forward motion, advancing cautiously, swiftly swiftly in a direct line toward the girl's room standing in her girls night shirt at the window.

"What's that Gertrude?" Jack and others were right after all. It's coming this way."

Even as she spoke, the awful whisper of the approaching fire storm was heard, a whisper that lasted but a moment, when it changed to a roar, deepened into a groan, which grew louder, more violent, more threatening every second while the red glow narrowed and grew brighter.

"I think it is terrible."

"It's getting very hot too," murmured Gertrude to herself. "I guess I'll dress and see what is going to happen."

And very quickly indeed she was fully dressed—everything save her tie and shoes,——and with her usual calmness, returned to the window, to watch and wait upon the turn of events. The patter of some falling object upon the roof could be distinctly heard at that moment, while far off from the east, came the muffled thunder of some distant explosion. In attempting to take another look from the window, Gertrude happened to touch a electric socket.

"Heavens!" she muttered, withdrawing her hand very quickly, but not frightened. A queer feeling had passed through her body. No knew she had received a shock from electricity. The heating of flying stones, while Gertrude was still cowering, became louder and louder, and the girls began to move uneasily in their beds; many indeed were now half awake. The wind too was howling about the house in a fury of power and rage, a perfect hurricane. Gertrude had just reached her bed, when a loud banging noise brought everyone in the room from the deep land of sleep, and a gust of dust and smoke came sweeping in, bringing with it great heat. At that neglected bolt. The door of the house supposed had flown open, and was now flapping noisily against the lightning rod.

As with a very noisy recurrence it opened and shut, Gertrude caught a glimpse of the flames on the eastern horizon, and almost directly overhead that black sinister cloud of smoke hanging like a curse over St Gertrude's Oryphon Asylum. Even while she was taking in this strange aspect of the heavens, and the distant flames, smoke was pouring in. Jennie Turner, the two Jennings, and all the other girls had grouped themselves beside Gertrude. No wonder they were alarmed; the frightful banging of the door coupled with the fierce windstorm, and the smoke and heat coming in was an overtax on the nerves of the boldest.

"Oh Gertrude," muttered one of them. "I'm glad we all went to Holy Communion this morning."

"So am I," answered Gertrude. "Say girls I'm going to shut that door, even if I do get a gust of stones and dirt. Goodby." And she made a dash at the ladder. Unmindful of the dust and smoke which almost blinded her, she succeeded at length in securing a hold on the door. But pull and tug as she might, the wind rose at its height, held its own, till at last in a sudden lull, the door finally yielded to her greatest efforts.

"Now if I only can get my hands on that bolt!" she started to say to herself. A Oh Mary! Conceived without sin! Pray for us whenever comes to this, and had hardly finished the third time, when the wind in a sudden unexpected lull, went the door flying from her grasp. There was at that moment a sharp clanging sound, and the dull noise of some heavy object knocking upon the roof, and as the door torn from its hinges, pulled the lightning rod down from the eugula. Gertrude lost her balance, and was thrown backwards from her perch. Happily for herself, she was flung upon her bed, whence she rolled to the floor. At that occasion, Gertrude was far from being stunned, and she was unusually awake to every impression. Her senses had become sharpened, and as she rose to her feet, she took in the whole scene. At the other end of the dormitory stood huddled together, all the boys save Jennie Turner the two Jennings girls.

And Jane Penrod was just advancing from the group toward them. Gertrude could see all this, for the single simple reason that Penrod had just entered with a lamp that lighted the whole room. On the face of Jean there still dwelt that sweet expression, brought free from all, but softened now and beautified in a new way by concern for Gertrude's safety. Dolores face had strangely changed. And pity,——and at the fire, sympathy for Gertrude had touched it into refinement. All this notwithstanding just then Gertrude did not take any notice of.

"You are not hurt Gertrude are you?" inquired Dolores earnestly.

"Not a bit."

"Thank God!" murmured Jean.

"I'm glad we all went this morning," said Dolores.

"Gertrude," said Angeline, "we'll help you pull your bed away or it'll be covered with dust."

"Oh it is no use getting dust covered the way I am."

"We don't mind that," said Helen, and she and five of the other girls went to the window, and an officer sprang forward toward Gertrude's bed.

They had only taken a few steps when there came a terrible gust of wind. The ceiling fell from the shock, and Gertrude fell violently to the floor, pillows upon the body of some one who had fallen before her, where she lay motionless motionless, yet not unconscious and with a feeling as if she had been paralysed lay there staring upon into a sky not suddenly brilliant with a fire glow. The fire was burning clear but not touching the house. As she fell Penrod's lamp had gone out, and in the place of the distant fire which penetrated the room through the windows he has seen ten girls standing under the eugula go on plunging forward violently to the floor, while the smell of turpentine burning pervaded the whole apartment. Then about about suddenly simultaneously indeed came a deafening noise but distant. To Penrod it sounded like the explosion of a powder magazine at his side. He knew it

was an explosion somewhere, and it was the own consciousness of it that had stricken down the girls. As the flying wreckage from the walls and ceiling before his eyes, out in the broad light and darkness that followed, Penrod's vision clear and firm filled the room with the words of sacramental absolution as, "Ego vos absolvo a peccatis vestris in nomine Patris, et Filii et Spiritus Sancti Amen."

Another girl's out had in the meantime relighted the dormitory lamp (which had also gone out in the shock of the falling materials from the ceiling, and was now standing beside her supper).

"Every one of you girls," continued Penrod, who in the dim light perceived a number of moving forms. "Take your clothes on your arm, and leave this room quickly one by one to the main hallway; the fire store has passed us to the left, and there's not the least danger."

On occasions such as this the panic does not immediately follow the act of escape. As between the two there is always the lull—the time when the deep imagination of each is cherishing itself with the realization of what has happened and what is to come, with the picturing of what may come. That time the panic takes its course. Penrod had taken the right time for speaking. And that fewest boy's leader just his head for a single moment, there would have ensued, in all probability, a frightful scene. But his calmness gained the mastery over all. Quietly and noiselessly with painful half-closed eyes, the girls went down the stairs. Not a single one sagged. It was the most trying period of his own long career in the army as scout. Sixty picked thirty three years. Two hundred more. The last was the officer. Then there was silence. His senses then had not deserted him. He had been struck down by the falling materials of the ceiling. He had relighted his lamp, and the heat of the fire and the light.

Gertrude, his eyes closed her eyes closed, lay with his head pillowed on his arm. A girl's out had in the meantime relighted the dormitory lamp (which had also gone out in the shock of the falling materials from the ceiling, and was now standing beside her supper).

"Gertrude," said Penrod, stooping down and catching the girl's hand. "The eyes opened."

"Yes Penrod, I'm all right; what's happened?"

Penrod made a slight gesture, and bent over the other's head. She listened for the breath that would never return. He moved over to Helen, and a stifled sob burst from his bosom. Six of the girls who had been standing in a line, had never heard the crash of the explosion, had been called suddenly before God. Gertrude's standing posture had saved her. And heavier materials had not struck her. A beam however by merely passing bore her to the floor but not in jarring her. But she did not know at the moment that she had narrowly escaped the jaws of death, for not one of those now remaining in the dormitory, save the boy's leader was aware that the building even itself was afire on the left wing.

"Dolores are you hurt?"

Gertrude was bending over Dolores. He-Hollyster Jennie here, but there came no answer. Penrod touched Gertrude's lightly on the shoulder.

"Gertrude," he said, "Can I trust you to keep cool?"

"Yes Penrod, if you just tell me what's happened. There was a queer feeling went through me just now, and something seemed to hit me on the head, and I saw stars."

The house has been hit by the conflagration; and with the concussion of a distant explosion something fell on you and knocked you down. Dolores was hit by the beam, and ten others are seriously injured. Maybe dead. You and Jean, I mean them when they came to, what has happened to the ten others, and be sure not to show them a long face, or you'll frighten them."

"Catch hold of her hand I am," said Gertrude.

With tender care, they conveyed poor Dolores to the nearest bed. Then Angeline too was brought over, while Penrod still cherishing a faint hope in his heart, eagerly sought to discover some signs of life in the ten others. Both Angeline and Dolores shortly after being placed upon the beds gave signs of conscious-ness.

"Hailon Dolores," said Gertrude, forcing a smile.

"Gertrude," Angeline herself gave a gasp.

"Yes it is me, and you are all right Angeline."

"Why—what—what has happened?"

"The fire got loose or something," replied our ingenious girl here, "and spilled itself on top of the house. They let you have fire at the fairgrounds for two cents a head."

But even this comic view of the situation failed to win a smile from either Angeline or Dolores.

And I think it is terrible."

"There is my left arm!" she gasped.
 "You still retain your two limbs."
 "No my left arm is gone."
 Gertrude therefore sought the left arm and lifted it into full view.
 "Now do you see it?"
 "But it doesn't feel like it's there!"
 "Well, catch hold of it, then, it surely will not come off. You have me an awful wailing with it just a moment ago."
 "I'm choking," continued Dolores.
 "If you mean you couldn't speak."
 "But I am not able to swallow." And Dolores looked more and more frightened.

"What I did I ask you to swallow. Besides it isn't breakfast time yet, and there is nothing to eat in this sorry-looking kitchen."
 One of the Regimental doctors, who had entered at the beginning of this conversation, and who having satisfied himself that ten or twelve prisoners were dead, had now come to Dolores's side, here he spoke in.

"Gertrude, we have seen of the highest doctors at once. Am I permitted to the room on the next floor where the weary sleepers. The majority of them are putting on their uniforms now to dress up here and send us help. Take the first one you meet, or the one that is nearest dressed, and tell him to hurry off after the best doctor, we want him for Dolores and Miss Riches."

Gertrude did not wait for any second bidding, but started off at once followed by John. Luckily they met two cavalry men who were just coming up the slope and as the clock struck twelve, Gertrude delivered her message.

"I'll have the doctor here from the camp within ten minutes," said the soldier, turning about at once.

"I'm coming along to George," said Gertrude.

"No you had better go to sleep."

"I couldn't sleep now sir. I'm leaving with you undisturbed. This was a command."

The soldier made no answer, and Gertrude followed after him. As a matter of course, she came to her leader. On the way out of doors, they saw every thing at once, and took the high road leading to where they had left the raft and their camp. Dolores and her cousin were arrested, for a most unaccountable thing had come to pass. There was an insignificant creek flowing past the house and down to where the river should be but was now obliterated by the flood. Ordinarily it was very shallow, but the flood had burst its bounds in that locality and had caused the creek to swell into a muddy torrent. Worse of all there was no sign of the bridge.

"The flood had swept the bridge away," cried Gertrude.

"I can't swim a stroke," said the soldier. "I'll have to go to the help of the ladies on this side of the hillside and get help."

Scarcely had he turned his back upon them, when Gertrude pulled off her shoes, stockings and sailor shirt, and her uniform coat.

"What are you going to do Miss Armstrong?"

"Didn't you hear the soldier say any he cannot swim. I am a good swimmer and can certainly swim that far."

"Oh but Gertrude it is an awful current. You'll be carried down to the river that flows into that swirling forest fire over there."

Gertrude gazed at the swirling stream growing momentarily worse, apparently boiling some fifty or sixty feet wide moving in all the speed of a fury of a torrent at her feet.

"I'll bet anything I won't be carried presently. Anyhow I'm willing to take the risk for Dolores and Angeline Riches. I've good my companions. I'd better start higher up so as to land about here on the other side."

"Then for Gertrude ran some distance up the stream.

"No Jean goodbye. Shake hands. It's a risk you know. If anything happens to you send word to Violet and her sisters, that I did it to save my companions."

Gertrude was decidedly of the opinion that this bit of information would make up for anything that might occur. So somewhat nervous, yet light and bold of heart, she slipped into the water. It was very warm, almost hot.

She took one step forward, and found herself up to her waist, another step and then suddenly caught by the current, she was whirled down stream like a small piece of wood, but she struck out vigorously for the shore. Vigorous as were her strokes, however, she felt almost at once that she would in any event be carried far down stream before reaching the other shore. For all that she struck out bravely beating the water with over hand strokes.

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Gertrude at this period of her life "human fish" that means a very expert swimmer. She had often, even when four years old attended a swimming school and had succeeded in swimming even through the rough waves, and to do every stroke under water and above the surface, and to float on her back. She fortunately knew plenty of swimming with current, and in doing a consequence did not expend her strength. However all would have been much better if it was not for the unforeseen. The current rushing at her from the flood bore with it much of the debris from the flood and therefore she had to battle her way through this debris quite torn out, and slightly bruised on the forehead where a large piece of wood had struck her. But her presence of mind did not desert her. She could have made it easily nevertheless, but this trouble she was facing would delay her longer than she desired. And time was precious for the two other injured girls. Gertrude's mind was racing the prayer "Oh Mary Concluded without this prayer for us who have recourse to thee, for all that time she was in the water, and she suffered herself to be carried along. She had not drifted far, when her body came in a contact with a large floating object. She felt quite this stilling off from the raft she secured ahold on what stopped the raft with her hands.

"Burray" she shouted to those on shore who had gathered to watch her. "I'm all right."

"What did you reach?" some one called.

"It must be a railing of some bridge or a fence under water. Whatever it is it is not even two feet under water."

Gertrude clinging to this, and finally made her way hand over hand, as to be to the opposite shore. She soon found her camp on the opposite shore, and the military doctor was not at all surprised, when he opened his front door of his headquarters about the minutes later upon a kiribout leader he well knew the skin, who was battering away at his door with a log of wood, as though she would burst it open.

"Oh doctor my headquarters, where we house the girl and horseouts had been shaken badly by an explosion somewhere. Three girls are badly hurt, and two are afraid are gone. We need you there right away. Come quick."

"Look," cried the doctor to the aide-de-camp "saddle my horse at once. Come Gertrude, you'll need a doctor too if you don't look out. Now get you out yourself. It isn't raining."

"I couldn't find no bridge in the creek air, and I tried to swim across. I found it then or I believe I'd be swimming the river by this time through the fire. But let's hurry Doctor. We have no time. I tell you this are even odds."

"No Gertrude, who had caught these words, now came forward, and kissed her state of excitement and anxiety for the safety of the three others took no more notice off-draw off her net night gown and threw a uniform cloak about her.

"That's just the thing Mary," put in Doctor Jones. "Now get Gertrude a small glass of brandy, while I put her to bed."

"But I say," cried Gertrude, "Don't's bother about me, I'll go to be myself. I've made me think of the other three or perhaps none. They need you I don't."

The doctor took head knowing Gertrude's exuberance, and she went into his own sleeping room, and took off her clothes while Mary proceeded to rub her down vigorously.

"Ouch" cried Gertrude suddenly.

"Why Gertrude said Mary alarmed, your injured."

As the doctor was preparing to go, Mary was gazing at a spot on Gertrude's right arm about the form and size of the human heart, a bruise of some kind and painful.

"I thought there was something the matter when I pulled off the stocking, there where a bone in the flood struck me."

"In the river full of debris too?"

"I'll say it is, and the creek too. That injury isn't such. You ought to see the things others. Oh God I hope they pull through."

"It's good it is no more," said Mary, and she opened a medicine chest as the doctor left, and applied an ointment to the spot, bandaged it, and had Gertrude wrapped in her own bed before another girl entered the room with a glass of brandy.

"Now Gertrude said Mary. "Since you are a patient for a time you are now under my orders. You stay in bed till ten o'clock to-morrow. I keep you quiet you'll escape the consequences of over excitement and over exertion. We don't want to lose you too. You understand."

"I'm willing, but I can't sleep."

"I'll see that you can then. John, if Gertrude can't get to sleep in ten minutes give her a teaspoonful of this."

The doctor in the meantime aided by the direction of those on shore, quickly

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First of all refugees who passed through the seething hell of flame and smoke and reached Gertrude's refuge to tell about it, a number of forest rangers rode up. They brought with them a thrilling story, not only of their own experience but of the fire rangers elsewhere, and their heroic leader, whom they visited in an encampment hospital on Rufina Hill. These rangers are battling the flames without success, yet through nevertheless and reached St Gertrude on the evening of August the First, expecting to find shelter for the night. The state of what was left of the town showed that those who may have escaped must have undergone an awful experience. South and east of the town the countryside was covered with smoking ashes and forest debris and smouldering tree trunks still standing. Half the ash ashes was still in a red hot state. The fire had made sure work of itself, and this was shown by finding only portions of still standing but smoking trees. The scene of ruin in the town was deplorable. "The captain of the Rangers said to Gertrude:-

"We found St Gertrude under martial law by your own escort soldiers. Other soldiers were engaged in locating valuables to save from vandals. Some of them stopped this work to show us around. The town presented an awful spectacle. Indeed, and had the appearance of a city which had been sunk into the bottomless pit and pulled out again. In tearing away the smouldering debris they kept finding portions of human bodies. Hearing that the Mayor of this town had survived, and was at an apartment camp for fire refugees on a huge levee I and a number of my men went to see him. I was not at all prepared for the frightful sight which met my gaze. It was enough to frighten any one. He was hardly anything now. His face was burned to the color of teakwood, and huge patches of skin here and there were burned completely off from the bones. Both hands and his feet were swathed in bandages, and rested on his pillows. It was indeed to look at him. I told him who I was, and he was glad that a forest ranger had come to see him. Then he told me:

"I was awakened an hour before midnight," said he. "When the catastrophe occurred I couldn't talk sleep rather because of the terrible hot weather which I believed was produced by the distant forest fires. There was at that time a constant and very strong wind blowing, and increasing rapidly, and as the wind increased the heat, and a dreadful glare was in the sky lighting up my bedroom to the color of fire. I finally got up and went to the window to see what was happening. Suddenly I saw what appeared to be a huge fiery squall hurricane like a long wall approaching the city from the forest of trees within sight at a terrific rate carrying with it a huge cloud of rolling smouldering burning flame, and accompanied by a loud rumbling sound.... The air which had been so black before suddenly brightened, and the heat became intense..... I yelled out for everybody in the house to awaken and get out, and almost in an instant after I had succeeded in arousing every one and they were running out side, the foremost part of the city within easy sight in enveloped in total mass of flames, and even over head from the fury of the winds the air was filled with flame, and falling embers on fire, sparks and so forth and fire braids from trees, which ignited everything they struck. There was a terrible panic and the streets before me became crowded with refugees, many running out of their houses before they were aflame. The forest fire however spread through the forests on two sides with amazing rapidity, and finally it seemed the fire took hold of the town in nearly all parts, and the refugees and all of us seemed about to be cut off from escape. I managed to get my horse hitched to a wagon and a number of men came to help place my easily movable household articles in it. Hell certainly is not worse than what we went through while frantically trying to save our goods. When the wind grew stronger the wagon almost rolled over, but this shock only lasted a few minutes, and then slackened. Then I signalled to the driver to go ahead. The wagon seat had been carried away by the wind, and luckily I had wetted my clothes before going out. The horse tried to start but the wheels of the wagon that is the rear one was jammed in some fallen wreckage and wouldn't budge, and the fire was rapidly overtaking us. I kept the horses going ahead and backwards alternately hoping that the wagon could be drawn loose. Finally I succeeded. I remembered seeing huge clouds of flame rising from the nearest houses. Many fleeing people were wringing their hands and people were jumping from lower windows of their burning houses into the streets. Many of these coming near me were swept to death by a falling wall. After a time I got the wagon drawn loose from the rubbish and headed down a darker street. As I did so a terrific cloud of fire shot past and almost enveloped me, burning my hands and feet and face despite the wet clothes I had on. The sky was full of flame and the light was so bright that it was possible to see down the street enveloped in smoke. Men and children partly buried under ruins were screaming and writhing in agony all around and the rubbish that held them was red hot. People were running, and dying everywhere it seemed. I was in a bad state myself unable to lift my hands, and the blood from torn wounds and burns on my face and head kept running into my eyes.

I decided to make for the direction of the flood if possible, as it was the only haven, and with the help of a man I succeeded in making the shore of the flood, but I had to go into the water part way to save my wagon as it was on fire in parts. During that terrible trip I had seen many refugees who had succeeded in escaping through the fire. I saw one man who met a horrible death. He escaped from the first burning building when its walls fell on him.

He escaped from the first burning building when its walls fell on him.

undecided to get the wagon out of the way. Not finding his way blocked and and decided and trying to follow me he was struck by a falling mass of foliage from a tree in the street which burned side of his face completely off. I left him and escaped."

"What did you do afterwards yourself?" Gertrude asked the Captain of the Ranger.

"I learned full details as to how many may have perished in the city," he answered. "In the time occupied the experience of those who succeeded in getting out of the burning city, and from the path of the fire had an experience that was still worse than any one could ever describe. The Mayor of that town according to the testimony of others fighting through the fire, exhausted, burned, and blinded by smoke, struggled and worked trying to do something to assist their dying comrades. Those more able bodies strove to aid many others. I've heard the real number that perished out of that town of 157,000 is about 25,789 persons all caught by fire or falling walls before they had time to raise enough to get out of bed. They were caught asleep. The Mayor suffering the greatest agony succeeded in bringing his wagon and his goods to the shore of the flood. His driver certainly wiped the Mayor's eyes. And I think this accounts for the performance of this Mayor was most wonderful, and I think when I saw his pitiful condition. I do not understand how he kept up when forced to go through that hell, yet when the man was brought to the camp on the levee and medical assistance was procured, this brave man asked the doctors to attend to others of the refugees first, and even refused to allow himself to receive treatment until this was done.

I and my own followers had a terrific battle against the flames, and my 1000 men had fought desperately to try and save the towns, everything before us was a mass of seething flames but we worked like mad. Clouds of smoke obscured our vision at times and spread over all the land and the flood waters darkening the sun. The flames and the heat drove us back all the time. When partial darkness came upon us everybody of my force were badly frightened. After the frightful stories we have heard tell, and the sights we had seen because of the fires elsewhere, and the results of the flood too, and fearing some awful explosion, we did not know but that we ourselves were to be caught in the fire or engulfed in the flood, though we were ten miles from the water.

"Make a quick retreat!" I ordered, and none of my men and officers within hearing needed any urging. Slowly but surely our horses drew us away slowly through a hot suffocating atmosphere, and at last we managed to outrun the conflagration but then the sun did not shine. We had passed beyond the hurricanes of fire, and when I looked at my watch I found that we had been four hours trying to escape the blaze. George Anders of my force was one of the few men of my command of rangers who miraculously escaped. In flight his horse stumbled and he was thrown into the water of some creek with four others riding horses with him. All were more or less scalded by hot water. George held on to a piece of wreckage brought down the swollen creek by the flood, and was a scene of magnificent horror. There was an incessant blizzard of burning debris hurled forward by the wind according to what he told me and he saw a big village burn. The air whistled and cracked, and the wind howled and the flames boomed and snapped as if a heavy battle was raging. Meanwhile he had been drifting toward the flood, but the current and also the wind shifted, and he was carried toward the fleeing forest. However he and his companions kept afloat on their improvised raft for two hours, and saw a burning ship while drifting about after being adrift for about three hours the party saw a boat and they went to it. They found it full of smoking rubbish. They emptied the craft and they got in it. Some hours afterwards they were discovered by some of my party, and they were rescued from the hot waters. After we retreated from the fire we strove to rescue those from the fire perished town of Florida. Many men we rescued were all badly burned, and some of them died. While we were doing this work of rescue the heat became unbearable. We approached the town, and discovered it to be burning. We made signals but no rapids were received. We then remained close to the flood shore for the night, and witnessed a remarkable spectacle of fire and smoke, and many detonations were heard. We decided to be nearer, but the smoke became denser as we approached, and many dead bodies were floating on the flood. They were burnt and swollen, and floating in groups in some cases twenty or more each.

As we approached the city of St Gertrude at that time we saw it a mass of smouldering mass of ruin. We then joined some big river craft and went toward another endangered section known as Tillis. The thickness of the smoke was heavy and surrounded the boats. The boats from all two ships were then put overboard and the rescue of the fire refugees from the shore commenced early in the morning. We were all half stifled by smoke and heat and our eyes were weeping, indeed the heat was intolerable. Some score of the refugees came to us in boats, they were nearly naked and some of them were crying, and none had anything with them. The refugees were sent to the upper docks to get something to eat. The refugees were all saved by the afternoon except a few who refused to leave the shore.

We were still waiting and signalling for them to come when there was a sudden tremendous wind blowing, quickly rising to a terrific gale. This hot wind caused great excitement on shore and the last boat returned to us bringing the remainder of the refugees including those who had refused to leave. They had been frightened by the frightful rise of the winds, and jumping into the flood waters swam to the boat. We save sixteen hundred people from the jaws of the flames!

"You Rangers are the best men known," said Gertrude. "If you could yourselves bring us through this region to Emperor Viridian's army at Evangelina St. Clara we would like it very much."

That evening a gust August the third Gertrude contemplated on the effects of the disaster, and an argument she had with Mildred Maxwell that late afternoon. The final end of the cause mentioned as Mildred said will come with the greatest effects of this disaster the world had ever known, and unless the mobilized armies can come down from the North, this end of the Christian cause will come. Mildred said that in further proof of this was already the worst of these troubles already raging, but Gertrude thought a little different and she was not in the least bit discouraged. She knew Abbeismine poverty, she had studied histories of Abbeismine, and she knew Glandelinia really really was her prey, for if necessity she would in her determination gather all other Christian states, that she would and they assemble the mightiest armies, to pour upon wicked Glandelinia or any other foe her indignations, even all her fierce anger. Gertrude had once that afternoon said to Mildred:

"It looks pretty bad for us now, I won't deny that, but in some battle sooner or later Manley's organization will fall. Manley is as bad as that 'old serpent' which is the Devil, and as his church might be just as wicked I do not see how he or Glandelinia can win. One day come one or other will be shooting down these vile Glandelinian chiefs and I'll bet it'll be the Virgin Girl too. When these Glandelinian Christians and his or their confederates have been removed, we won't have no fear as to what the outcome will be."

But Mildred Maxwell could not, and did not see the point, and though she knew Emperor Viridian ruled the nation in righteousness and led them against such a foe as Glandelinia, and that he and his followers were great and wise counselors to instruct the generals through their administrators in the right way of campaigning and battling and so forth she did not nevertheless believe that Calvernia would be subdued. Of the increase of the war's dreadful fury, there shall be no doubt; she did not believe the seal of Emperor Viridian would perform any good outcome for the nation, and many of the other Glandelinian followers backed up Mildred in her argument, and besides there were too many dangerous Glandelinian spies to draw the Christian armies into trouble, and besides it could not be possible that any one should be brought to an accurate knowledge of the truth as to the cause of the calamities now raging, and even if knowing the truth, it would bring no good results, as Glandelinia was too powerful to be withstood. The majority of the people who have fled from the war zone preferred an end of this dreadful conflict, if they knew how to obtain it. And to make matters worse many officers have been deceived and misled by many fraudulent schemes of the enemy spies, who which had the appearance of good. The whole country Mildred said was in distress and perplexity, knowing not what to do, because of Glandelinia's dreadful war operations at this time. Gertrude however argued that under the proper efforts of Emperor Viridian and his best generals, the army officers will learn what Glandelinia's purpose is and will be, and this will lead them in campaigning and fighting the enemy enemy right. Glandelinian officials and generals and the like who have and are debauching themselves with making such calamities, are also their own greatest foes and are a menace to all civilization. The making of bloody massacres was filthy in the extreme, and a great curse to the human race. Not only does the making of such calamities work great injury upon Glandelinia for it, but the exciting effects is spread amongst the nations of the world, and brings all nations against Glandelinia. Calvernia will be relieved from this horror by and by. Gertrude argued that great attempts were now being made almost incessantly to eradicate this dreadful disaster evil, but Mildred also argued that all this was done without success. Floods, fires, explosions, frightful battles and all the disasters of the war are said have wrought great havoc within Calvernia's very household. All the disasters of war she said cannot be eradicated until the Glandelinians are driven out of the Christian territories of Calvernia. High financial losses upon the people surviving have brought great sorrow, and though the people wanted this redressed, it could not be done. Murderous massacres of children have drenched the earth in children's blood, and that too should be revenged, and is not. And because of disasters human experiences demonstrate beyond a doubt, that law enforcement or attempted enforcement by means of heavy fines, imprisonment, and death of the doers has not lessened the disasters. And she said this was conclusive proof that all

the suggested remedies of all advisers in the question of stopping Glandelinia in her disaster making are inadequate. Why then should the high officials of the Government make further time and effort in following after the suggested remedies of men and they know nothing the solution. Calvernia first must be cleared of all Glandelinians, and that alone will save the country plain for the nature of the situation to be reformed, and destroy the enemy who cause all this to go on. But go on, again argued that Emperor Viridian in due time will make the way for the people as plain and clear, and to achieve the whole country, and to drive such a foe out. They will learn that God can bring about many things, and that he can cause Glandelinia to be forced to make amends for the disasters she has created. And all the Christian armies will see that by putting forth their endeavors at the utmost to do the right kind of battling they will help the cause a long way, and if they continue faithful the country of Calvernia will sooner than be expected be fully restored to normal conditions. Gertrude said:

"A lion is used as a symbol of this devil. A ravenous beast is used as a symbol of the devil's cruel organization, and yet Glandelinia as a symbol works then that of a lion. Well we can find means to kill any I will say a dreadful dreadful beast, and Calvernia shall be redeemed. But Mildred could not see it that way. She declared that because of the disasters and their effects millions of people are suffering from physical and mental sickness, and the well refugees are making a great effort to restore what is left but are failing. She said God alone could save them from those sickness and give them health and strength. Gertrude declared it has been said that experience is the best teacher, and that man is permitted to experience the beneficial effects of the devastating effects of all wars and its disasters. And yet they do not profit by it. Those who have investigated the disasters have learned little or nothing by reason of the experience of Glandelinian generals in hiding all dangerous clues."

That the investigators must learn above all things, and what is of great importance to them in order to discover anything is of great importance who were really responsible, and not trying to find out who blew up the "works".

Not by imprisonment or otherwise, will any captured emotion confess. There is nothing that warrants the conclusion, that it takes men of long experience in investigating disasters in order to learn real causes. On the contrary it is seen that a lack of knowledge of Glandelinia's ways has been their great handicap. Even the investigation schools teach that investigation must happen principally one yet discovered what really happened at Abbeismine, and the disaster is blamed upon Nature."

Gertrude said: "The lack of knowledge is due to the deception practiced by the Glandelinian generals, and by this means they have covered upon us all clues. Yet this great hindrance will be removed, by some incident that we have nothing of yet. When investigations are in full swing some one will be able to bring a full knowledge of the truth. A man of knowledge you know increases strength. Then when the right discoverer comes there will be no hindrance in finding the clues, and then all people shall come to know what the catastrophe really was and who was responsible. For they all shall know then. To day as you read millions and millions of people are in great sorrow and distress, fright and horror, and perplexity because of the disasters, and the country had no knowledge of the cause and what they really were. The disasters Mildred have been established by Glandelinia, because of the lack of knowledge of the Calvernia authorities. We all desire to know the real cause of the disaster, at Abbeismine and its nature, or what it really was. When the investigation is in full swing we will then know it all. Not by experiments on the disasters but by proper investigation for clues, and what they were and so on. The only possible manner of clearing up on these clues is to know also their causes. Then all will be well, and that can and will be done."

CHAPTER IV.

IN WHICH GERTRUDE CONSIDERS A STARTLING JOURNEY
THROUGH THE STORY OF THE
ANOTHER STATEMENT AS TO WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE
DISASTER.

IN WHICH GERTRUDE SOMEHOW
IS WITH HER IN 1917.
ALL IS A LIE IN AUGUST 1917.....

As this story continues the outcome of the long trip toward better victims was
via Evangelina St. Clair city, and only incidents of the history of their
long detour through the disaster zone of 1917, fire, and water, the reader will
therefore be spared the sad events concerning the deaths of ten girls and one of
the surviving boys of mourning. Gertrude who was to do with, after her
interview with the survivors of the disaster came along with the doctor to
the infirmary part of the building.

"Every one has a matter which is assemblage for the roll call," she
said.

"Then as it was done she turned to the doctor and said:
"Here's one girl about who is to get complete rest for the next seven or eight
days while we continue following the search" and she pointed to Dolores who
had been the most shaken of them all since the night her brother was
standing behind the doctor and the infirmary, said gently, "and her
left leg and while balancing herself on her left or right, said it was
medically."

"What good will her resting do?" said the doctor, turning sharply and catch-
ing her in the act. "Just look at her!" she is trying to hide her injured leg again
and a faint something right now.

"No I am not," protested the disconcerted doctor, bringing her foot to
the floor. "I'm not a fool, you know," she said, and resumed her walk, for
she knew that her foot would be her companion, and the doctor then also laughed.
"Of course," doctor, perused Gertrude to the man of medicine. "You are to diet the
three of us: I, Dolores, and Miss Holmes."

"What is that?" asked one of the boys who was standing by the door.
"It means Miss Holmes in the ranks," answered Gertrude. "I didn't give
at rest," "I'm not a fool," then she asked in an undertone what the diet
would be and the doctor answered in a low tone. "Fruit, bread of wheat, and I
milk for breakfast, dinner, and the same for supper."

A boy not having much sense and overthinking this and thinking it was meant
for him broke in with:

"I'm not sick."

"You look it!" put in Angelina Nichols herself. "For as speaking when you know
you are attention I'll leave the matter with Gertrude." And she suddenly
broke in. "You don't go outside of the camp for a drink of water. And if you don't
keep quiet after this, I'll not let you out at all. Now remember, when you
hopping over beds, like you used to, no ok lying, no jumping about the room
no talking. When you walk a walk slowly, but the best thing you can do is to
keep quiet, and for a week you'll get three pieces of toast, and black tea
with cream or sugar, breakfast, dinner, and supper for all that time."

"Oh, please," she thought to herself. "The boy was disgusted, and even his
friends, who as ever could not reconcile him to his imprisonment. Nor did his
peers reconcile as the days passed. After swallowing his small pieces of
toast, he was wont to seek out the infirmary."

"My piece," he would say. "I believe I am ready for breakfast now."

"You just had your breakfast."
"What? You call that a breakfast? Look here, brother, I'm a scout and I'm
paying for it."

The soldier would answer with a grin, and finally say: "Speak to Miss Angelina
about this. I'm acting under her orders and can give you no more." And the boy
would turn away grumbling. However his penance made it that he was never again
in ranks again unless he was allowed to.

On that same morning Gertrude herself received a telegram. It was
which brought a whole lot from her.

"What are you having about now?" asked Dolores, who with the rest of the
lot of a slight smile and a touch of stiffness, was as well as ever.

"Send the letter yourself," ordered Gertrude, tossing the letter to Dolores, and
hoping, about the time in an ecstasy of joy.
Dolores received the letter, opened it, and read it.

"Evangelina St. Clair, July the 28th 1917, 11:15
To my friend Angelina Nichols, 11:15
Dear Gertrude:

"I have just heard from Forest Rangers, and some, and others, full of
details of this awful calamity going on, and of your injuries, and of your
to be sure, and so forth, and how the disaster has blessed your progress. Now
too that all of your fellowworkers have been given for the better--that
Jack Sanders you are missing, --but here comes --here falls in his duty--and
three others to be sure, but of his carelessness, and to learn too, that you
and to your fellowworkers are saved, but far too reckless. But of all I'm told
your company is good in its work of investigations of the ruined cities of St.
Gertrude, and Francis."

Although I have heard you are all quite well, I think a few weeks rest
and change might be able, and you ought to have a furnished for a few days. As
I wrote you last September, I have moved off from Evangelina St. Clair, which
I wrote you this letter to take command of my army that is west of here. In
a few days Superior will move up with his army to strengthen the city
and I'm leaving the part of my army, and General Hansen had already planned
to force an engagement with the Wallis, but just now is only concentrating
upon Evangelina St. Clair, and the Wallis are still far away.

When you get to Superior, if you can, which I doubt, start for
me at once. I'll be at Ship Cove, will telegraph an escort to meet you at the
camp. Have advised General Henry Dargat to give you a strong escort of
Cavaliers, and send you a pass through the proper territory.

Good bye till we meet, and God bless
you, and may His Blessed Mother and the
Saints intercede with for you and
guard you through all

your adventures, really.

Your Uncle,
Conrad Hansen, Ardenburg.
Also, William Dargat, 22nd Street, N.Y.

Gertrude that morning decided to do some secret scouting to see at her post
that morning August 2th Gertrude was standing on the platform of the city
half an hour before the train, waiting her handkerchief to her eyes and she waited
for the coming of her brother. She reached the city of St. Gertrude fifteen minutes
after the time she had intended to, and Gertrude who was waiting for the last
three hours on a grand lunch surrounded, and offered it seemed to go
hunger for the first time. But here even in the ruined city her forced put
to patience was rewarded. A squad of soldiers, belonging to the 1st Cavalry, the
city at her orders was squatted around a camp fire having a regular feast.

"Remember," Article has any of you seen? I found Gertrude
catching one of the soldiers by the sleeve, and fastening upon him one of the
most earnest game, this particular soldier had been surrounded.

"Plenty of jewelry without any chains. We also found a whole silver,"
The man was clanking between each word.

"I know to that all you can could find. My sister, I'd be willing to
do it I can for a girl. You are going to lose no money at later on this
trip. I've got a whole week to make up for it any left over, so that I
can eat."

"Yes," said one of the soldiers. "Come along and I'll show you a good meal
even in this ruined city."

And Gertrude needed no second bidding. A soldier with an empty face and
a dusty uniform showed Gertrude to a house not touched by the fire, nearest
order. Gertrude brown knitted as she read the bewildering words--a try it
about the "Cave jumping over the moon."

"I say you don't expect me to eat that do you?" she asked pointing to the
words. The man not at all changing his sad expression told her what he
could secure for her to eat.

"All right, for heavens sake bring them in quickly," said Gertrude.
The soldier changed expression.
"He's not in much."
"Anything you can bring."
The soldier came scratched his head.

"The enemy prevents most of the work that is necessary," said Bal Klino. "And if the flood does recede, the burial parties of troops, and even forced Olandelinian prisoners forced at the work will be utterly inadequate to this awful situation. Since they started, if they did do anything they may have buried 10,000 more of the corpses, but with already three hundred thousand known dead, that helps but little. Many bodies you know too have been swept away to mysterious unknowns. It is evident I'm afraid that soon the stench from decaying bodies of humans and animals will be so horrible, and the danger of plague so great, that even this work would have to be stopped. It's this situation I believe, that makes friend Mildred here believe we are the losers in this terrible war. If so I'd walk home this minute."

"But that would seem cowardly," said Mildred. "There has been talk of abandoning the site of the drowned out cities and towns altogether, and placing guards of soldiers around them to make sure they could not be approached by vandals. If this is done as planned so much quick, but responsible could be scattered over the ruins. Then time and the birds of the air could be trusted to do the scavenger work. If this were done it can even then be realized that a year or two at least must pass before any one of these flood swept towns could be entered. Oh if any one could only know the immeasurable magnitude of these disasters they could then only comprehend the awfulness of the situation we are in. No wonder I do not believe we'll win. I don't see why we ain't whittled whopped already....."

"There were proposals," said Jane Melfort of having batteries bombard the ruins of the towns and cities with the purpose of battering the stills still standing walls down upon the bodies in the wreckage and giving them thus wholesale burial, which however frightful as it seems to do this, would not be unifying after the burial they met."

"But that would be preposterous work," said Catherine Fetrabrook. "Not at least preposterous, but impossible. That many of these towns and cities may never be rebuilt is probable. Certainly there could be no cities on the spot for many decades even if the floods soon ceased, as the entire country is being devastated, and there'll be no lumber to even use for rebuilding if these fires continue burning up our forests. The enemy sure knew how to strike and dig....."

"Attempts were made by these girl scout officers to get a view of the far distant forest fires and see what the indications were for their chances of continuing the journey toward Hespero Vivians army through the burned territory."

It was a perilous and risky journey, how perilous it can be best understood when it can be related that on one occasion the fires were so fierce that the heat could singe one twelve miles away, and drove people of towns and villages all before it. The girls could see the flames and the smoke clouds as far as eye could see was all alike and a smoulder. Dense smoke clouds hid the view, but it was certain that their progress was no longer available. A new fire horror further away seemed to confirm the stories of the witnesses from the refugees they met with, that the flood also was rising.

That afternoon too the wind suddenly shifted north and as a result terror and fear were wide spread over the stricken country. Though the fire now was heavily fifty miles away from the burned country stretches, great flashes of brilliant light illuminated the sky when the smoke clouds made it dark in the forenoon like night. Also thick glowing red clouds interspersed with great flashes of light towered high into the sky. If a hundred volcanoes at that distance came out thick red clouds and vivid flashes of light, it they would not by any means make a scene as sublime as this. Taking some chances the girls decided to go forward a little further and especially up a high rise of ground, and from there believed evidently that they saw a new fire breaking out far to the northeast of their observation. Mountains even appeared to be volcanoes sending up dense black smoke. One looked like a volcano in great action, and the distant land was hidden by a dense smoke through which a red flickering glow that extended to the flood edge could be seen. A shower of embers and a sulphurous smell brought by north winds caused the adventurers to change the course of their journey, and they went a mile to avoid the smoke fumes. One of the girls complained of violent faintness because of the heat. After they all felt the heat more or less they retraced their steps back to the ruined city. The appearance of even the country was changed. Old ravines were filled with smouldering debris, and indeed the desolation was indescribable, and the scene of the city of St Gertrude looked more ghastly than when it had been smoldering and smouldering. In the face of the increasing danger of rising waters, the girls decided in order to bring home great reports decided to make a careful investigation of the situation in the "flood coast" districts north of the city of St Gertrude. They decided to try the trip on the raft as far as that point anyway.

Only the girls decided to go, and have some of the soldiers do the paddling. The raft therefore left the shore part of the ruined city at One P.M. with the principal girl scout officials aboard, and six men to do the work. Far too proceeded on their way to determine whether there was danger in per- mitting the examination of the ruins of the country side further up to be made in so much as it was said a large number of corpses were lying in the fire sweep.

As they were about to embark north of the city, a large quantity of mud from somewhere boiling hot flowed into the flood waters, and this accompanied by an enormous cloud of steam, and this mystery made it appear doubtful whether it would be possible to examine the country north of St Gertrude because of the danger of being lost in the smoldering smoldering wilderness. Therefore the party just then did not land, and the raft continued northward. In the direction of a northwest bend of the land the appearance of the distant conflagration was not so terrible. But the ground was covered with a thick layer of smoldering ashes, and trees still standing were giant skeletons smoking and flaring like torches. After the raft passed up about two miles the trees began to come thicker and less burned, and the scene of desolation to their surprise gradually decreased as the raft approached a long stretch of land going northward. This showed evidence the fire had taken a northeasterly course. Here the raft proceeded to land and a small boat suddenly came out from the shore bearing persons who were refugees of the fire and begged for shelter and food. But there was nothing on the raft. Gertrude learned there were some eight hundred people at this location, and a number of families had fled from their villages in the path of the flames being forced to leave all their household property behind. The small stream at this point was filled with forest debris, and with hot mud which appeared to be congealing, where the mud came from no one knew. The river water had ceased to flow. Here many persons swam out to the raft and asked to be taken aboard, and Gertrude allowed as many as the raft could hold to come on. About two hundred and fifty persons however refused to leave, and the soldiers sternly ordered them to come on the raft. The trip was perilous and the raft first returned toward St Gertrude. And here again the flames were still a strong odor of burnt flesh in the city. The girls could see the smoke in great masses, yet access to the mountains, the hills, and the forest. The town was still surrounded by thick clouds from distant forest fires, and at times it was impossible to see more than a few buildings. It was difficult, and even the soldiers showed signs of disquietude.

In company with a party of soldiers, and Penrod, Gertrude traveled across a part of the burned land as far a distance as time and heat from the soldiers would allow. They fortunately had a special relay of horses, and provisions enough to use if they wished to even cover sixty miles. They were the first of all persons to visit this region indeed since the forest fire passed through. They heard that a town called St. Maria was a little further east about fifteen miles southeast of St Gertrude but they couldn't see no trace of it even when taking observations from high grounds. And the country through which they traveled was not polished, and it was reported that where the forest fires had not swept lands of Olandelinian foraging parties were terrorizing the refugees, burning and pillaging. And that all refugees had been forced to arm themselves to protect themselves against these Olandelinian soldier robbers who have committed numerous assaults and with the war devastations during all around have no fear of capture or of legal punishment.

Men woman and children have been killed in many places. Gertrude and her fellow followers met hundreds of fire refugees hastening to points of safety and refuge. Every one expected a terrible repetition of the disasters of the past. The wave of fire in the forest blows was so sharply defined that a few few trees on the edge of the track was burned half way through on one side, and still smoking, and not a single bark was singed on the other side of these trees. The cyclonic fury of the conflagration was shown by the uprooting of half burned trees some of which had even been turned upside down, and were still smoking. Gertrude had witnessed several awful cyclonic storms along the coast yet nowhere did she observe the effects of the wind greater than she did in the path of these fires.

Gertrude learned that two strange men were approaching the city of St Gertrude that hour of night when the fire came. They were with a companion on horseback and who they were, and what they came for no one knew. The horses were killed by the fire hurricane and the first two men were thrown from their horses and badly burned. The third man escaped unhurt. During the night the people of St Gertrude as they learned had been warned of the approach of the dangerous conflagration, and a great number of them had become panic stricken, and therefore many of the leading citizens had placed their families on board some east bound train. Thousands of thousands of violent detonations, probably from explosions or blasting had been heard and they were accompanied by flashes that lit up the whole sky. The fire raged in its spread and a catastrophe was feared, but by morning the wind had changed its direction and the great horror occurred.

Even while the girls were trying to explore the burned area some distance from the city smoke had been hovering over the whole region all day, and this increased the fears of some of her followers, and they desired to turn back for fear of walking into some fire pit. The ashes were about two feet deep in some places and even smoldering. It was two o'clock in the afternoon. The scene appeared as if the whole country was abounding in active volcanoes. Gertrude Penrod, Jennie and Angeline Riches proceeded onward, while they allowed the more fearsome to go back. When they reached Carlin Creek, Gertrude stopped her party declaring that it was unsafe to venture any nearer in that direction. After a short stop they proceeded in another direction, followed by twenty of the soldier escort who were to be employed in cutting down smoking obstructions if necessary. As they progressed on they saw far to the northeast what looked like a most tremendous volcanic eruption, and they headed with all possible speed to a high rise of ground to see what it really may be. It took a few minutes but then a haze hid that great cloud from view just as they topped the hill, and they then descended with the object of seeing if they could come across some more of the fugitives. They reached the base, and shortly afterwards their soldiers arrived, and from the lower grounds they saw what appeared to be a number of tremendous eruptions. The sight was a terrible one indeed. Gertrude immediately climbed a tree that had escaped the ravages of fire, with Jennie and Angeline Riches following her. Penrod cut one smoking brush loose, while some of the others started running up the rise again, and Dolores went to seek to send them back. Immense quantities of falling brands were seen dropping into the curve of the flood as often to the northward but far away, and the clouds of smoke were many miles in extent. These on the tree top looked like those below in the gloom, but subsequently Gertrude and Angeline Riches were seen from th by their own comrades, apparently waiting to make another ascent up the hill.

They could observe that smoke rose in great clouds from the distant wing of the forest fire, and to the east a black cloud as if from a thousand volcanoes eruptions arose above the horizon accompanied by strange glowing colors. The girls could see that the wind had veered and a mantle of darkness was being swept westward across the burned landscape enveloping their observation point. Heavy was the smoke that filled the air that breathing became a labor, and a fear of suffocation came upon those waiting below. They too were greatly alarmed and it was not until Gertrude and her two comrades came down from the tree that confidence was restored. From the tree the girls had seen that the landscape far to the north over which the flames had recently swept had all the appearance of a gigantic blast furnace at which great forces were working. But they saw far off flames shooting skyward in sheets, or a few minutes the flames would hide away behind great clouds of smoke only to reappear with redoubled brightness. All that time since morning the atmosphere because of there being a northerly wind was full of smoke and the heat was indeed terrific. Life about a mile further on would be all but unbearable.

"I'll bet" said Jennie Tur or thereabouts "that the suffering among the refugees is extreme."

"I believe so" said Angeline Riches. "There are many rangers who are now I believe fighting their way among the debris of the forest ruins in their efforts to rescue the bodies of their members who may have died at their post of duty. The refugees told me Captain Consoled had been killed by a falling tree, and all strenuous efforts are made to find him. At the same time of course these rangers are hoping to discover the remains of many others who had perished in the conflagration."

"I can't understand how the places were taken unawares" said Gertrude. "It is said that with a feeling that appears now almost like a strong premonition of disaster many of the rangers had come to entertain a strange repugnance for their fire fighting duty. In this feeling even their leaders had shared. One had said to their men 'You had better get out of the path of this inferno.' I for one am getting out, and getting out as fast as I can."

"Oh you are just getting scared because we can't get it under control" said one of the men. "There is no need of deserting our post. We can breach it if we're sure. The other then had told him it is better to be safe than sorry."

"It was from this captain who witnessed the disaster a short time later from a neighboring elevation that one of the most graphic eye witnesses was obtained" said Penrod.

"Did they recover any of the dead rangers," asked Dolores.

"Hardly. As soon as the ruins of the burned forest land were cool enough, attended by a forest guide, the rescuers penetrated through the inferno. Under a fallen half burned tree were uncovered what were believed to be the remains of one of the officers and a private. Soldiers also made a similar effort to recover the bodies of refugees. Though none of the bodies were able for identification the position in which each were found left little doubt as to their actual identity."

In spite of the great imminent and terrible danger, the party of girls and the boy, and the soldiers continued forward a greater distant distance more. The daring undertaking, and the narrow escape of these brave children and soldiers was probably one of the most unusual exploits ever taken by any person in their childhood, and probably have to say even beat most of the exploits even taken or made by Violet, and her sisters themselves. In spite of the threatening aspect of the smoldering and smoking forest debris, they were determined to scout as far as it was possible without suicidal efforts. The parties were divided into two sections. One led by Angeline Riches, went to a part of the country where forests were not yet consumed by fire, and soon had reached the summit of a high hill to make observations more closely. Six of the most stalwart girls were the first to reach there, including Gertrude. In the meantime the other party, being of the soldiers, and I by Lieutenant Kaufmann had progressed north of a long stretch of pine and fir forests about half a mile to the northward of Gertrude's observation post. Fortunately this was in view of the distant forest fires further away. The lieutenant had just climbed a high fir tree, and getting some splinters in his hands for his pains, when some of his followers said pointing:

"My heavens! look there."

He did and saw a column of smoke and fire as if belching from all the sections of the Infernal Regions, and a wind was blowing eastward.

"Get down quick you men and I'll follow" he said to the others. "I must signal to the girls out on the hill."

Directing his men below to make all haste back to the burned country stretch which was safer the lieutenant produced a signal flag and waved it to give warning to the girls on the hilltop. He couldn't succeed, and therefore he descended the tree, and despite the heat, and smoke ran all the way with only a few stops until he managed to reach within speaking distance.

"For God's sake girls get to the 'burn stream' quick if you would save your lives," he gasped. "The fire is spreading for these unburned forests and destruction is upon us."

At that instant from the direction of the forest fire, there was a tremendous crash apparently as if it seemed in the sky, and it sounded as if it was a thousand thunder or rolls had been turned into one. As it died away some distant loud siren screamed some sort of a warning. Some of the soldiers almost immediately started running for the open at top speed.

Without cessation the whistle or siren from somewhere was blowing. Could it be from the flood waters? There was another rumble of an explosion, and the sky seemed filled with flames. A vast column of smoke rose more than a mile high. The girls were racing down the hillside as fast as it was possible. However by a fortunate turn in the wind the lives of all in the party were saved. The hot gases, smoke and winds instead of coming their way immediately moved northward the northwest, but the flames did not change their course.

Working among the trees with the purpose of making a breach to stop these fires were a few hundred forest rangers. These men became because panic stricken. They fled precipitately and were in hys terics. Under the circumstances however the presence of mind and bravery of the boy, and the girls, and also their escorts was worthy indeed of the greatest praise. They refused to abandon their investigation work.

"If we die" one of them said "We will die on duty."

All the rest had spirit enough to greet this sentiment with a loud cheer. It surely was heart rendering, and also served to cheer the rangers into a show of bravery. As rapidly as possible the soldiers made their way, the girls out being first. One of the girls stumbled, and they all waited until she recovered, and then all went forward again. Half a mile was covered in this manner. Each minute the sky darkened, and the winds grew stronger raising clouds of hot ashes from the smoldering landscape. The heat was becoming beyond comprehension.

"We got to be careful here" said Penrod as the dust and ashes in the air made breathing hard labor. "We must go with our backs to the winds or we'll get some fiery ashes into our faces. Good thing our uniforms are wet...."

Finally however the distance was covered even through this fiery ordeal, and it was discovered after all that their investigations would have to be temporarily abandoned.

"Heavy" roars of fire were sweeping toward these forests. It was with the greatest greatest difficulty that the parties managed to reach the open spaces for they had nearly got lost. But nevertheless it was accomplished safely and just in time. Straight out over the blasted landscape and toward the flood ran the fugitives, then all eyes watched the progress of the fire, indeed the grandest and the most awe inspiring sight ever witnessed by any one. In the center of the conflagration was an inner column of fire that rolled apparently like a cloud and extended perpendicularly into the air. About it was tremendous volumes of smoke that could be penetrated by the eye only when the terrible flames burned the brightest. Even several new conflagrations seemed to have been formed, and from them smoke smoke was pouring high into the air. As the flames came down to a river great clouds of steam were raised, and the sinister hissing could be heard amid the roar of the conflagration.

547547

When the girlscouts and their escorts were beyond the danger zone; they went up on another high rise of ground and took an observation. They were still close under this column of death. They were as close as possible without courting destruction. All about the water of a stream was boiling, and the steam that came up into the air was so dense as to make it all but impossible to see anywhere any here anymore. Again they made a run for it, and as it was seen that the wind had shifted the danger from them, Gertrude was for going back to the spot they had first seen this manifestation. But the rest were opposed to that, as Jennie said;

"Terrible as the fire is now, it may be mild in comparison with that which may occur later on. And it is now too dangerous a task to retrace our steps, and it seems better for us to go back to the home."

And this they did, reaching it at four o'clock in the afternoon. When they got there, they found the place in a state of panic. The day had been one of terror and wild alarm there. To them the very earth had seemed to lose its very nature and was turning into fire. Toward them the fires had seemed to pour out its storm of death. And the culmination had come at an early hour in the afternoon when there came the sound of an explosion so terrible, that the walls of one of the wooden buildings of the home yards had been partly shaken down, and the force of men and scouts had fled into the open yards. The excited girls told Gertrude on her return that a thick heavy cloud, lit up by flames and sparks rose high into the air and stretched far overhead. Most of the girls and boys had become panic stricken. Many of the more timid boys and girls had prepared to embark on the raft, and it was with difficulty that they were eventually reassured by the more better and those of more presence of mind. To them the entire aspect of the country in the forested highlands and low land had changed into something blazing inferno like volcanic eruptions. Smoke had filled the air darkening the sky. The wind was strong and ashen was borne in the grounds steadily from the burned territories. The very waters of the flood as Gertrude observed were lashed to a fury and words were utterly impossible to describe the actual conditions. Disaster was even then expected at any moment, and Gertrude did not know whether it was best to have all go on the raft and speed away or remain at the home and watch the dreadful conflagration.

"The fires are terrible in the extreme," said Nettie Kornmann. "The clouds have advanced even until they reached here."

"The spectacle is appalling beyond words," said Nettie Kauffmann another girlscout. "When this was first seen our whole force was thrown into a frenzy of panic, while overhead the glowing fiery clouds caused a lot of heat. Two of our boys boys penetrated the north of the land as far enough eastward to get a glimpse of the fire from there. They reported that the entire stretch of forested land as far as eye can reach is blazing with fire. They said that as the clouds of smoke would lift the flames could be seen and nothing could be done for us. We cannot go forth unless we chance the water."

Never before did any one go through an adventure as these girlscouts did. The observations they tried to take at the risk of their lives was unusual. While Gertrude was trying to encourage her followers there was a succession of deep muffled detonations from the forest fire region that sounded as if they might have come from great guns belonging to a mighty fleet. The scene was indeed so fittingly dramatic, another of those climactic situations which in such a succession characterized the whole series of events in their adventures. They had witnessed tragic details fit for the novelist of the future, who could have used his literary art to depict for millions the destruction of Abbeismann by flood, the devastation of a whole state by flood and fire. It is such details in which a human has touch mates with the majesty of this dreadful war devastation that can make the whole tale of these great catastrophes one of thrilling interest.

"When the Glandelinian rebukes plunged the whole Calverinian State into this devastating horror," said Fenrod to Gertrude as they entered the grounds. "Emperor Vivian gave his word that he would redeem Calverinia from this desolation and with the help of God crush Glandelinia, that he could and would provide all the armies necessary to do this, by through which he would bring a like disaster upon Glandelinia in due time."

"What seems kind of out of place," said Angeline Richee. "I know Emperor Vivian gave his word on that, Violet, and her sisters told me so too, but how can it be possible. I heard he gave his word that through this disaster he would set up a new Empire and that wayward Glandelinia would be forced to repent and return to her Mother Country. He said that the Glandelinian armies are commanded by cruel and most wicked generals, but he declared Abbeismann is a Kingdom that will never be destroyed by Glandelinia or any other nation, that it shall break Glandelinia in pieces and consume her kingdoms, and shall be made an example before the world. But how can it be? Is the question?"

548

"But Emperor Vivian will keep his word inviolate even as he promised," said Gertrude.

"I can't believe it," said Angeline Richee. "If he can accomplish what he said then I'll believe it only when he does. While before he had been carrying out his past purposes the Glandelinian generals had continued their nefarious and wicked work, and what has happened. No I believe it only when he does it." "Abbeismann's name has been defamed and reproached reproached by Glandelinia and all her representatives throughout the war and long before," said Mildred. "Glandelinia has even challenged the world, and defiantly bid all nations dare interfere and help the besiegers take Vivian Wickey, and defiantly told Emperor Vivian through letters that he could not put an army on the field large enough that would maintain success for the Christian cause. The Manleys have succeeded in destroying hosts of men and officers of our armies, and our losses have been terrific. They say our generals known as Conventinian Aronburg Jack Evans and such like Walter John Marrow, Rassondale and Glandelinia have proved their ability under the most adverse conditions. If there is any hope for our cause it will be through these generals. The remnants of their armies have been with these generals in their trials, and have stood firm and faith full to the cause."

"It may be those whom you've let Glandelinia go the limit in these disasters, and to vindicate Abbeismann's cause before all creation. The vindication of Abbeismann's holy cause is of far greater importance than anything. And Glandelinia is guilty of these disasters for I know it. She can't win fair, and she tries to win foul."

"I'll bet it was Satan who caused those wicked Glandelinian authorities to command the Glandelinian generals to bring on these awful calamities, and call it war, and therefore it is the same person as well as Glandelinia that is fully responsible for the evil results of the war among all parts of our great nation, and to bring apprehension throughout the whole world. This from Jennie."

"The Abbeismann nation," said Fenrod reminds me of God's chosen people remaining firm to His cause. This nation is and will be blessed and with God's help Emperor Vivian will provide peace and order for the full recovery of Calverinia, and her southern sister states and provinces in general, for the sake of the cause. I'm sure there is no other nation under heaven which has went through ordeals like Calverinia has and stood up yet to face the foe. The vindication of Abbeismann are therefore absolutely essential to the recovery of Calverinia and such vindication will for ever establish full confidence of all nations on the earth. When this conflict is over it will be both the names of Abbeismann God and Abbeismann that all nations will exult and praise. It will be the names of Our Blessed Lord and Abbeismann that all Christian people will honor and praise for ever, when they know and learn of a wicked cause that has been crushed and trampled in the dust. Every one will make a joyful noise unto Our Blessed Lord throughout all lands. They all will sing forth the honor of His name Name, make His praises most glorious. All the earth shall then glorify His Name and shall sing unto Him, the they shall sing to His Name."

"If the good result comes true yes," said Mildred. "But how can we win it? I'd like to know. It seems impossible. The world is full of sorrow over this dreadful squabble and its dire and dreadful results, everywhere in our lands there is a hail of suffering and horror beyond words, sickness produced by disasters, war arises from the foe, calamities and wholesale death, 'the red plague' can sweep all our beautiful fields, about beautiful woods and floods destroying hundreds of our towns and destroying all communications, and even the armies are blocked and you say that we will win. Glandelinia is the Mother of all these disasters, the instigator and prosecutor of all these war horrors, and Glandelinia holding out so good at Vivian Wickey, Grosser Andrean, and Crowley defies the whole world, and wrongfully charges Abbeismann with being responsible for all the disasters of war, and it is said the governments of Glandelinia bet the Glandelinian generals and their armies go on unhindered."

"Yes but Mildred the war is young yet, and our governments do not intend to give up. Look how they are mobilizing up north."

"But what good does that do?" asked Mildred.

"Plenty," said Jennie Melfort. "Glandelinia made these disasters to her own future total depravity, that Abbeismann can win and will recover all portions of her devastated states and thereby vindicate her name, Glandelinia will then be shorn of her invasion and her power, all her organizations destroyed, the enormous population of child slaves freed, and relieved from oppression, and if any living be restored to their parents, and then under the righteous Sign of Christ, Abbeismann will be the victor in our holy cause. Glandelinia like Satan has gone her length in this unfair way of fighting the war, and now sooner or later Glandelinia will vindicate her cause before all the world. In doing this she will demonstrate her great power to the complete destruction of all of Glandelinia's powerful army organizations. All nations will come to a knowledge of the whole truth and will know that Abbeismann is the nation that can stand up against all wicked array, as all her people are of one good and holy religion, and that it is impossible for her to lose the war."

"That seems a miracle," said Mildred. "You Jane dear have always argued with us on that subject. How can the mobilized armies get down from the north. There are no railroads running, because of the flood, to take chances by sailing the flood in boats is suicide, there cannot be any pontoon bridges, and where there are no floods the 'Red Plague' is turning up all the land, the Glandelinian armies are getting stronger, and portions of California is becoming depopulated. If we do win then it is a miracle."

"Our southern portions are open," said Peirce himself. Did you not know that Mildred's army can be transported by sea in our big warships and armed transports, which is of paramount importance now to our cause is for us to learn the truth concerning the situation, and the purposes of our Government. And besides forest fire cannot last forever. For some day will surprise us by sending rain. Did you not know it rained a little yesterday. And now in this time of our active defeat as it seems to you, we will some day as Joan said see the destruction of Glandelinian organizations. Emperor Vivian has and is still making provision, and he will put complete action into everything. It is still making then for all of us boys and girls out there throughout the whole land, including our beloved Vivian Girls to provide themselves with all instructions, to watch and precipitate into every event that occurs, to continue to take their stand on the side of Jehovah and His Abba-munian nation, keep up the masses and all intentions of the faithful and with God's help we will surely see our side come through with colors flying, and Glandelinian on her knees begging for mercy."

"Why Gertrude?" cried Angelina Riches rushing up and catching Gertrude's hand, "I'm glad to see you back and you look so hot and dusty. Have you discovered much?"

"Yes, and I'm real glad to see you too Angelina," said Gertrude returning the hearty shake with no less heartiness. "Indeed I am. You seem to have changed too. You are dressed in an awfully stylish uniform. I'll have to go and change to go out riding with you. Now do you like a riding tour through the burned forest region like I've had this morning?"

"It's a splendid idea," answered Angelina Jennings as they walked out of the yards and mead toward the road. "Such adventures are very nice and there is more amusement in it than remaining here all the time."

Gertrude took a stealthy side glance at her friend and companion. On these little girls some of them read characters with an intuition, which was humble the wisest experience.

"Yes, but I thought you were out scouting yesterday."

"So I was but today I was kept busy keeping the rust cooled down, that I haven't had the chance to go out yet."

"You look heavy around the eyes. As if you stayed up late last night."

"Yes, the heat, and then the fears among the smaller scouts," answered Angelina Jennings, puzzled to find that she was annoyed by the appearance of the reddening sky in the northeast, the dark mass of half night being produced by so much smoke. "How have you been doing since you left with your girls out?"

"Been doing nothing but watching the fire. I made a bad start, but now I'm doing better. You see Angelina I'm planning to remain here till everything blows over and Jennie Turner proposes to go on alone for Evangeline St. Claire. She's going by balloon when she secures one."

"Indeed."

"Yes, I hope it will be a successful trip for her."

"There was a few earnest sympathetic words from Angelina, and then Gertrude said:

"Here's our horse. Jump on yours Angelina."

Miss Jennings noticed strange expression on Gertrude's face, it was though the girl scout superior had received a blow. Now there was nothing unusual to produce these facts but usually there is something more potent than words. Major manner expression sympathy or the want of it is easily seen in many cases.

And because of Jennie Turner being forced sooner or later to go away Angelina Jennings felt blue. She fell into a train of reflection suggested by this coming incident, and while Gertrude with the lively interest of a girl scout took note of everything in her surroundings, Angelina Jennings maintained silence till at a signal from the scout escort, they stepped at a road crossing.

"Here we are at a mess tent. Hope hop off and we'll just be in time for supper."

Talking to a large tent, Gertrude pointed to a cheerful two story wooden building.

"Is that your headquarters, Gertrude?"

"No, that is where I sometimes eat, all the upper rooms are belonging to the boy scout officers...."

As Gertrude had so remarked they were in time for supper, at which meal, owing to the fact that Elsie Ruth MacFarther and Mary Glorina with other girl scout officers were present, Angelina Jennings worried about the coming departure of Jennie Turner was content to eat little and contributed her share ably to the conversation by an occasional word. After supper Gertrude proposed the adventure. Angelina Jennings, and the others were delighted with the suggestion and on her later fourteen girls were close to the edge of the great fire some again. An Gertrude it must be confessed was somewhat astonished at her surroundings.

The conditions of the land failed to impress her favorably, and the sight of the walls of smoke, the blazing trees, and the moving flames did not suit her ideas at all.

"Is this a first class forest fire, Angelina Jennings?"

"Yes, that is it is a first class variety."

"Would you like to go ahead a little closer?"

"No indeed," said the other girls, their disgust entering into and distorting their sentence, and they wished at that moment, that they were back in the char-stan armies. The smoke pall presently lifted, and for an hour or so they enjoyed or tried to enjoy, the progressive actions of the conflagration, and to find out how their whole troop could outfit this barrier and get to Evangeline St. Claire. But they found it weary work. The atmosphere too hot, and smoky soon gave them a headache. No one seemed perfectly happy. Gertrude glanced at them curiously.

"I'm glad we don't have to make a forced attempt at it," she thought. "If this whole business isn't hella region, then I'm pretty mitty. We are in hell or something like it without being touched by it."

"Say girls," she resumed aloud, as a smoke screen obscured everything again. "I'm getting apprehensive, and nervous, and if none of you have any objection, I'll go further on and alone and she wait I can observe."

"Gerta. Certainly Gertrude. But be careful. You're going into danger you know."

"I'll be careful, but you girls stay within hearing distance, and if I'm in trouble I'll give you my signals and you follow the calls."

"All right Gertrude."

Gertrude went forward to follow her course. From the moment she had left her other followers who had had no experience with the fires to use her own expressions. Now that she was this far out she was determined to make the best of the opportunity, and try and discover a way through or past. Nor did the questions of boys and means trouble her. She had with her only a boy scout and that was "Crazy James Green." In the matter of adventure Gertrude like every well constituted girl scout was of unfailing resources.

"Say," she began to the boy scout. "I'm going out to the woods not yet touched by fire. Now will I get back to my comrades without signals?"

"You can take a carriage," said the facetious boy scout. "If you don't care about riding a horse."

"I'm not asking for any silly remarks Master Green. I mean how will I get back without having to make any signals if I happen to get lost?"

"I do not know."

Without waiting to say more Gertrude sallied forth and cast her eyes about in search of a high tree, to use as an observation post. The forest indeed was brilliant with the light of the distant conflagration. Yet every variety of tree seemed to be in the neighborhood, but not the kind she wanted. Two pines across the road sandwiched them between a big oak, and stretching to each side were fir trees and hemlocks and other pines of many kinds, all thick and close together. Gertrude took a long look at one of the tallest pines. She was impressed not favorably indeed with the height of each.

"Phew!" she muttered. "They make me feel like taking a plunge for life."

She had scarcely made this reflect reflection when her attention was arrested by a small boy, who coming through the forest had a small bundle under his arm, and seeing her and the boy scout paused, and started to change his course. Gertrude saw that the lad looked lonesome. She had while looking at the trees dismounted from her horse, and there to re with a hop and a bound, she had crossed the road and noiselessly placed herself behind the little refugee. The object of her attention was a lad of a little more than ten. He was neatly but scantily attired. The sleeves of his jacket and pants were patched, and his shoes were open at the toes. The face was beautiful, beautiful with some hint of refinement all the more beautiful perhaps too that it was touched and softened by sadness. But the eyes large and brown—how they looked toward the fire. Gertrude was satisfied with the inspection. She walked up alongside the boy, and sat to staring at the glare herself.

"Is that fire going to burn us all up, little girl?" said the boy.

"What fire?"

"The one we are seeing."

"Not if I know it it won't. Now far is it led?"

"Twenty miles northeast of here little girl...."

"You needn't talk to me as if I was a small baby," said Gertrude. "I'll tell you what I'll do today. I'll take a look at the fire from that tree, and I'll give you a dime if you'll tell me from below what you see. What is your name?"

"Thank you little girl, my name is Hansa Gellie, and Gellie received Gertrude's ten centime with unmistakable signs of gratitude.

"And my name is Evangelina Arunburg, they call me Gertrude Angelina, and drop that 'little girl' and call me Gertrude. I'm glad to meet a little boy like you."

Gellie here smiled, and indeed the twinkle in his eye evinced that for all his address he was naturally a merry lad.

"I think Miss Gertrude is but in that it might be better if you condescend girls of your own class to talk and go with you. I am too low before you as I know you now from your name. You are the famous girlscout leader, the niece of the great General Conception Arunburg."

"Just listen to him," said Gertrude, apostrophizing the big pine tree: "talking to me as if I was the King himself. My name, I'm merely a girlscout officer. Everybody is the same to me even if I have a high rank. What does that matter?"

"But your followers mightn't like it," said the Hansa, very much astonished and embarrassed at being in conversation with such a great girlscout.

"I don't think they would care either," said Gertrude.

"But your parents and Uncle wouldn't like it."

"My Uncle is in command of a northern army, and my parents are in heaven," said Gertrude. "And what is more you are just as good off as most boys of your size, and as my opinion you haven't been in these building woods long either. I took a good look at you before I came up, and I'll bet but anything you are not used being alone like this, either."

"You are right Miss Arunburg. I've been fleeing from this fire for over two months. Papa died in battle, and mamma is gone too. My little sister is only living and she was burned badly by the fire."

"Your little sister too?"

"Yes Miss Arunburg, little Nell has been very badly burned, but now she's almost well. She's in charge of the kind sisters at St. Gertrude's Orphan Asylum. I was trying to find my way there, and learned that because of the fire the place had been abandoned, and I don't know where they have taken her."

"Instead of continuing the conversation, Gertrude caught Hansa by the shoulders and bending down stared straight in into his eyes.

"How here boy," she began after a pause "do you remember when you got a good square meal the last time?"

"I had a pretty good meal yesterday morning. But to day Miss Arunburg, I've had no luck. This morning I had to flee for miles from the fire, and then got stuck."

"On the Latin verb or a pitchfork or what?" queried Gertrude.

"The boy laughed again.

"You are speaking in the term of a newspaper boy or something, Miss Arunburg."

"Oh I say. And you didn't get a square meal to day nor a yesterday either?"

"I had a small bowl of soup and one piece of bread at noon."

"How much did you pay for it?"

"I didn't pay anything. I got it at some small refugee camp."

"Good night, and what are you doing away from the camp?"

"I got lost."

"Well say Hansa how do you like peaches or fried eggs or anything?"

"Very much," exclaimed the boy with great enthusiasm.

"I thought you meant something by looking toward a camp not long ago. It's the same way with me too," continued Gertrude gravely. "I'm unconsciously fond of anything that is good to eat, and so are all my followers but I can't stand myself anything sweet. Sugar I hate. Now I'll treat you go in and order all you want in that small town there that is if people are still in it. I'll go with you. There's company. It's a dollar and three-quarters. Is that enough?"

"I would like to take it," said Hansa gratefully, as he glanced at the money.

"But I can't from a girlscout. It isn't fair. I should be treating you if I had the money."

"But it is fair," answered Gertrude. "You are worth as much to me any day, and even more. Oh Hansa you don't know how tired I am of being stuck here when I should be at Emperor Vivienne, or my Uncle's army. That is all I have been worrying about for the last three days. It's terrible. It's got so bad that I feel like praying for the end of the world to come."

After further words, Hansa consented to take seventy-five cents. He was about to enter the house in the town, when Gertrude took from his arm the bundle.

"What are you up to now Miss Arunburg?"

"I'll keep this bundle for you, while you are eating. And I and my boy companion will scout around for a while. And without waiting for recompense Gertrude darted away.

"Here it is," shouted Gertrude suddenly putting her head in at the store to see right. "The fire is moving away from the town and it's safe."

"Forest fire, here!" exclaimed a portly gentleman of a old age, holding a glass of milk in suspense.

"Don't know which way it is going. There is always new course in a fire. And the flood won't reach us either."

The girl gentleman smiled and came out to look. Gertrude repaired to the next corner and there made the same announcement. He saw some kind of a person speaking around the place and she sternly ordered him out, showing her badge of authority. Then nothing daunted she took up a position at the nearest street corner, and started her eloquence on every passer by.

"I didn't get any news into that restaurant over there," chimed in. "I think I'll try it or otherwise the people will be leaving for nothing."

She passed in, and then was about to announce it, when she saw the same character speaking past a counter. Gertrude with a strong word, jumped over the counter, and with her astre drawn made a rush at him. He immediately left.

He left the door, and presently every man in the restaurant was in a paroxysm. Gertrude's pluck and her uniform had won their victory. In a few minutes the suspicious man had gotten away, and looking he was gone and the people on their guard Gertrude hurried away to find Hansa. She found her little friend seated alone at a large table with a plate of fried eggs and a few pieces of bacon before him.

"I believe I'm hungry myself," observed Gertrude, helping herself liberally to Hansa's dish. "Order a dozen more, Hansa and I'll help you eat them."

"A dozen?"

"Yes."

"Why Miss Arunburg I'll bust."

"No you won't. I'll eat what you leave when I'll be for them."

"Where is your camp?"

"About a mile from here. I told the people when I met that the forest fire won't touch this town. I tried to catch some one but he got away."

"You don't mean that man that wears a gray coat and a black hat?"

"Yes."

"Well you are the strongest girl I ever met. There is not a single girl or boy who dares chase him. They are afraid of him awfully. He's crazy. He lost all he had at Abbeville while in this town at the time, even his family perished and his mother and father, and his loss made him go mad."

"Is that so?" asked Gertrude. "I thought he was a suspicious character. When he was rushing for him he ran off before I could see what he would do."

"Miss Gertrude I'd like to join your company."

"Glad you like to. Hansa, go on and order more eggs."

"Thank you Miss Arunburg but I've had enough. Really too much already."

"So have I. Now are you on ice cream and cake?"

"All right. But I thought you said you didn't like sweets."

"The ice cream and cake is for you. I'll take the cream but not the cake."

"Let me treat this time, Miss Arunburg. There is a nice drug store around the corner."

Gertrude however did this time. As Gertrude paid the bill Hansa was pleased at the clock over the counter. It was close to ten minutes to five.

"Goodness gracious Hansa I forgot all about him. Oh Gracious."

"Who Miss Arunburg?"

"That boy scout who was with me. And I told the fool to keep me in sight. I left him asleep there in the street corner. It seems so good."

"Why I saw the boy go down that street on his horse. We took yours with him."

"Then Hansa I'll tell you a secret."

"What Miss Arunburg?" asked Hansa breathlessly, for he was impressed with his girl companion's fate.

"If the forest fire should turn this way after all I'm lost. I can not out run it on foot, though I could on my horse."

"So you met Hansa where your camp is?"

"Yes, but I'd not be able to get there before the fire if it should come this way. I'm surely lost now. Wait till I find that James Green. I'll surely persuade him within an inch of his life for leaving me like this. He feels."

"Tell you are the queerest girlscout general I ever met."

"I don't see anything queer about it. I'm lost if the fire should turn, and yet I'll try to make for the camp on foot. Want to come along?"

"Yes, but who's to take care of me?"

"I will," said Gertrude.

Hansa laughed merrily, looking upon him now as one would hardly recognize the sad-eyed boy of the previous hour.

"It's so funny Miss Arunburg, to hear of you being forced to take care of me a refugee."

"Where did you sleep nights?" continued Gertrude.

513
"I haven't had any regular place where we lost everything in the flood. I and my sister are flood and fire refugees. I tried to do many things till we got sick. Before the fire came to us we had a little house in the country."

"In the country?" ejaculated Gertrude.
"That is where it was. It was a great big half broken down country house. Little Nell and I were there, and happy as larks. She was just the best sister a boy could ever have, and kept the rooms so bright and cheerful I thought that I used to be so glad to come home after looking around all day for provisions. I could work and sew like a grown person I tell you, although she is only eight years and a half."

"Who paid for you?" Gertrude demanded.
"Well in the beginning we have had a little over a hundred dollars left by poor papa. But Glendelina stole it from us and we had nothing left. Then I had to go foraging for food and fuel. And in spite of all I could hardly scrape up enough to get anything to eat. I didn't mind so much for my self but poor little Nellie kept on getting thinner and paler."

"Did you have any friends?"
"No, Miss Aronburg. We were hiding in papa's territory. Glendelina was all about us."

"Then Nellie took sick didn't she?"
"Yes the first camp and surprised us in the house, and she got burned with the fire for a deep and wide wound. Her legs found us and they took her to the good shelter at St Gertrude's. She is now quite well. But I don't know what to do. I am not able to support myself, and I can't bear to think of poor little Nellie starving right under my eyes."

"They were in the forest again, standing under a big tree during this con-
versation, and Gertrude could observe the signs of tears upon her little new friend's face, and she muttered something about the Glendelina under her breath and almost wished they were in a well. Well I don't say it now."

"Well said Gertrude, shaking down her emotion, when I return to camp we'll hold a council of war to night before we go to sleep. Eventually if I don't come back when my friends will be looking for me. Do you know any good road around here?"

"There's a turnpike across the glen over there."
Gertrude glanced at the glen disapprovingly. It would be a good trap if the fire was to come up suddenly.

"No worry not that way, however. I'll continue down the road I came on. But it'll take us three hours to get there."

"The camp is four miles away you say?"
"Yes."

"We can walk it there in two hours," said the boy.
"We can try."

"That sounds better."
Indeed Gertrude succeeded in astonishing some people of that branch of the fourth of August than within the same period of time any girl could of things the boy surely realized she was a superior of all.

"We want a clean room of our headquarters, and breakfast at six to-morrow morning," said Gertrude to the old orderly, who had been unusually awake.

"We have no rooms in advance for the room Miss Aronburg," said the boy scold.

"I didn't didn't say any such thing. I said we wanted rooms for ourselves and breakfast in the morning," to herself I wonder if he has a wheel loose in his head or is the heat affecting him."

"Miss Aronburg," said the absent minded boy.

"Yes," said Gertrude as she pushed herself aside, and went in followed by the orderly. Others laughed, and Gertrude was using a soldier directed him to show the boy a room opposite to her own. Boycott aide-de-camp are boys of large experience in many directions, hence notwithstanding the late hour, and the fact that his superior had brought in with her a half ragged stranger, the aroused aide-de-camp was so taken with the honest little face before him that he showed the boy the room without asking any questions. I am bound to tell the reader however, that our two friends awaited themselves of the room in good style.

No sooner had Gertrude put on her field uniform, than the boy picked up a pillow from the bed in his room, and Gertrude proposed a game of "catch." Therefore stationing themselves at opposite corners, the two tossed the pillows gently at first till suddenly growing good and interested in their work, they began to throw with great energy. Finally Gertrude put the other pillow, and before long they came to a terrific pillow fight hurling their downy missiles and dodging about in a manner that sent the blood to their cheeks and caused the eyes of the two of them to dance with great excitement inside. The children who have no heart for pillow fighting are probably only fit for treasons, treasons and evil spoils, let no such child be trusted. The contest lasted far into the night and many other boys and girls seeing what was going on started themselves and there started a battle royal-very one fighter carried every moment, finally

514
at the height of the battle with nearly every one in the building at it. Gertrude pillow in hand, charged upon Penrod who too had come to battle her. There was a rapid interchange of blows much movement, and noise of little feet, and a saying from side to side of the room, till at length with a well directed blow Gertrude sent both her antagonists Penrod, and Hansen together sprawling upon the bed proving she was a strong girl indeed. It was then that outside the game had stopped and they heard John knocking on the door.
"Gertrude, Gertrude," she was calling. "J. M. Jones green is not back. No'll be in for it now."

Gertrude threw open the door, her hair all disheveled and found herself facing John who seemed excited and nervous.

"Good evening John. Won't you walk in and join the game?"
"I beg your pardon Miss Aronburg, but I thought to inform you that Jones Green didn't come back."

Gertrude looked surprised. I suspected that when I lost him," she said.

John now understood the situation, the light that shot from her eyes, and the smile that curled about her lips evinced that she really understood the whole thing.

"It isn't that bad," said Gertrude. "We'll come back. My new friend and Penrod over there got worried. Good night John. Girls and boys," she continued. "To be war taps. The games over. Somebody prepare for bed. Jones" to another boy, "Get a squad and go out and hunt for Mr. Green. When you find him bring him to us."

"What a pity," said Penrod, as the door closed, "that that boy is so crazy. He must be brought to reason. He steps on people's feet and then does not know he's doing it. He must have accompanied you Miss Aronburg."

"Yes indeed," assented the various boys.
"It's the old story my boy, some boys gets spoiled once they start in a tank of troops and Jones is a forger. He hasn't right ideas of proper discipline. Now if he had been the right kind of a boy he'd have stayed with Miss Aronburg."

"Yes," assented Hansen, "and she'll tell him something to-morrow."

"Just so, and it is the kind like him that spoils a gorgeous time for us. It's a mistake for our country to allow foreigners in the army unless they are known better. It seems to me if a boy is good, whether he is foreign or not, the best thing he can do is go into battle and die properly. Of course we have foreigners among our forces, and if he is he'll take his punishment better than we."

"Where did you get that idea Penrod?" he asked Gertrude.
"I do not know but I have thought frequently of that. You see if a boy is mischievous doesn't do anything bad, he's bound to be pretty happy; then if he dies in the war he'll go to heaven, where there is just no end of fun."

"Most of us have awful troubles and sorrows, Gertrude."

"Well then, the sooner we get to heaven the better. This is a terrible war we are experiencing. You know how many brave fellows have died already since we were in the army. Some let us say our prayers, and then we will get to bed and forget it."

IN WHICH JAMES GREEN THE BOYSCOUT PROMIDAL RETURNS.
EXPERIENCES IN THE STRICKEN REGION.
IN WHICH ONE BOY ATONISHES AND HORRIFIES GERTRUDE ANGELINE.....

When James Hansen awoke the next morning, he stared in no little surprise at a girl in long golden curly hair who was standing before a mirror in the hall outside his door and surveying herself with evident complacency.

"Why Gertrude," he called out, "how you have changed yourself—or is the whole thing a dream?"

"Yes I am a girlscout," answered the girl with her customary modesty. "It's a thing though that I have not transformed myself. What are you staring at?" she asked as she had turned around.

"But you surely are not Miss Aronburg!"

"I sure am not. I'm different entirely."

"But you've got my clothes on."

"Yes don't I look fine in them? I'm going on a long hunt to see what the enemy is."

"You'd look swell in anything Miss. But in the meantime how as I to dress?"

"Take a new uniform which has been offered you," came the sententious answer, as the girl turned her back to the mirror and crained her neck in a vain effort to see how she looked from that point of view.

"Whose uniform is it?"

"Miss. You can put it on."

"No I won't miss, you girlscouts have been too good to me already. I do not want to take another thing from you."

"All right then, if you don't want to put your new uniform on you'll have to stay in bed for a whole day. I and Gertrude are going to leave in about ten or twenty minutes for breakfast."

"I won't put them on."

"You've got to see here. Didn't you tell Miss Aronburg last night, that you would take her advice?"

"Yes, but then you know Miss—"

"Never mind this rust. My first advice is to put those tags of mine on. They are a pretty good suit, but I've got plenty of uniforms that is just as good, but those are the only one to the whole camp that will fit you."

The girl as usual had her way, and was enthusiastic over the new boys appearance. She summoned Gertrude.

"My Hansen, but you sure look grand. You see you are rather skinny or thin from so much fasting, and your own suit made it plain to everybody. Now you look like one of us for good."

Indeed the appearance of the boy had greatly improved, even to make it more stronger his face had changed for the better, the eyes shone with a with a joyous twinkle, the lines of misery and distress and fear had softened and the refinement and delicacy also had come back. Two months a refugee.

Who would believe of it of that gentle refugee boy, doubtless his little guardian angel could have easily explained the misty mystery, and also from that explanation would have largely entered the sweet prayers and tender sympathy and elevating influence of his dear sisters love. Gertrude did not hear any guardian angel say this to her, but it came to her, all the same as she gazed upon the boy who was blushing under the scrutiny of the two superior girlscouts, the other whom he did not think of asking her name but she was Angeline Richee.

"Master Hansen," said the other, "I want your sister to see you in good form. It will do her more good than all the medicine in the world, when you walk in on her the way you are now. We are going to have a high breakfast in a few minutes, and then we are going to try and move our troops down with the rest again, as the front has cleared somewhat. Then to-morrow you'll be signed and sworn in as a scout. But we'll have to try your mettle first."

"That is a nice plan Miss, but where is my sister? I wish I could see her first. She is gone."

"Gone," exclaimed the two girls. "Why you are mistaken. If she was it would spoil the whole plan. There would be no joy at all. She's here in our camp."

"But how could you tell her?"

"I could easily tell her anyhow, even if you didn't know it, and at first I had decided to fetch her around to see you too. Why I've found she's been in our girlscout force for two months. You'll be glad to come."

"But I never knew she was in the camp. I don't know how she ever did it."

"Fellow, that's nothing at all. You'd be surprised. She came here herself. Hansen turned took her in at Crossbys farm where she was picked up as a refugee there."

Hansen wrung the hands of the two girls, and so beamed over with joy that both Gertrude and Angeline felt as good themselves. About an hour later, they were walking along a vast road in the on my nearest home, when a little girl with streaming black hair, and shining eyes and in a yellow waist, blue dress, and red jacket came running toward them. She was uniformed like the rest.

"Oh Miss Aronburg, and Miss Richee," she cried, dashing straight at them, then seeing the boy the little girl suddenly checked herself, and sprang back blushing. And Hansen with great tact put an end to the surprise by catching little sister and welcoming her in true brotherly fashion.

"And now Nellie," he said archly, "let me introduce you to the girlscout you were first addressing. She's the best."

"Oh I say indeed," broke in Gertrude, "you needn't begin that way now. It's just Gertrude Angeline to all, and you are Miss Nellie Chaner. Glad to see you so early, Nellie," and Gertrude shook hands with great coolness.

"Oh Miss Aronburg!"

"Gertrude Angeline" interloped interpolated the girlscout leader.

"Gertrude" she went on, excepting the correction, "But I really thought you were out scouting last night till this morning."

"I was, and came back sooner than expected. And then despite Gertrude's protest, Hansen insisted upon describing at length the adventures of the long leg onto which Nell had conducted them, she bore it with what nookness she could since common for the occasion. The little child who faced the two superiors was very much like Hansen, with a beautiful almost refined face, but yet so pale and thin. Injury, horror from her constant burns, and her real loss delicate features, sickness from her experiences had worn away the rounded cheeks till the face lighted by large beautiful eyes was almost as thin as a stick.

"Gertrude," said Nell, when her brother finished his story, "I dreamed last night that the Blessed Mother and St. Joseph are going to help me and brother and all of us to get to our destination but Miss Turner would be there first."

"She always wears the Medal," whispered Hansen and prays often. "Or Mary Conchard without sin."

"I wish you'd pray to her to get us all out of this trouble soon," said Gertrude.

"The dream will come true, like in any book. And Hansen you look so swell now in your uniform. And I've got good news too."

"What?" cried Hansen.

"Can you guess?"

"The flood is receding."

"No. Guess again. It's a wireless telegram."

"Who from?"

"From a girlscout in general Aronburgs away far northwest."

"You are getting nearer Hansen. What is where our big brother is an officer."

"Come on and tell me please."

While brother and sister were speaking, Angeline Richee drew a paper from her pocket, and began looking it over.

"It says that papa and mamma are not dead, but had been rescued from the latter."

"Why," exclaimed Hansen suddenly, as he glanced at the submicro supercription "This is a letter or wireless telegram from the general himself."

"Surely you didn't guess that. Yes some one wrote to the general without saying anything to me, and why don't you read it?"

"Listen Miss Aronburg, you know our story."

The letter ran as follows:

"To the superior girlscout general Miss Angeline Richee,

"Where is a Mr and Mrs Galle in Calverine city."

"There now. They were not killed or drowned after all." exclaimed Nellie her eyes dancing.

They are in comfortable circumstances, and they are good and healthy. Every body marvels at their wonderful escape, and admires them. When they were rescued, they lost two beautiful little children, a boy of ten and a girl of eight who were probably drowned in the flood as they are still missing. Can you locate them. Their parents live on 455 Lombardine Street, Calverine city."

General
Conchardian Aronburgs."

"Why dear Nellie try this in sure good news," exclaimed Hansen. "This is sure good news. It is almost too good to be true. But Calverine is in Northern Calverine twenty miles west of Bongall State, and --and--"

"I didn't know any, that my brother was the best of men to try and find our parents!" broke in Nellie. "If we were not barred off by the flood we could go and see them. Couldn't we get a communication to them, and let them know we are alive?"

"Nellie I'll tell you a secret. When it was reported our parents had perished, my Uncle told me to take you to our Aunt in Grande Angolosa. But after our flight and mishap during the forest fire, and the enemy stealing on us we didn't have any money, and I thought it awful hard. Now I believe its best we didn't have any money, and I thought it awful hard. Now I believe its best we didn't go! Didn't think of telling you Uncle's order."

"How many days will it take to get there if we could go by train?" asked Nellie eagerly.

"It won't take ten hours by a fast train if the flood hadn't spoiled anything from Bongall State, but from here it'll take over three days. But we can sent your parents a wireless telegram," said Gertrude.

"Oh shall we Hansen dear?" and Nellie clasped her hands and looked anxiously at her brother.

"Yes," he answered. "The next question," pursued Gertrude, "is how much have you two got to pay for the telegram?"

"I've about thirteen cents, and a fifty cent piece," answered Nellie.

"And I've about her brother, have only ten cents."

"Well I happen to be somewhat well off just now. Now little girl, I'll see to it that the telegram goes, but let me have the address in that letter."

"And Nellie said Angeline Riches you better go back to your camp and get ready and if you don't hurry about it, you'll miss your breakfast."

"Miss Aronburg," said Hansen, "how will you make your way to Emperor Virvian?"

"Oh there'll be no trouble about that when the floods let down. We have enough raft, and we just now how to manage it."

"But Miss Aronburg, how can you tell whether everything turns out for the best?"

"I'll leave that in the care of the Saints in Heaven."

Gertrude however before intending to start decided upon another adventure to the stricken forest fire region, and to give them some adventure decided to take Hansen and his little of sister with her. In due time after breakfast preparations for departure were completed. There was yet no sign of Jennie Green and Gertrude felt angry and worried but she said nothing. Gertrude took possession of the calvacade and before brother and sister could fairly realize what a change had come in their prospects, she had given directions to her guides concerning the parts of the ruined sections she intended visiting. These two were to soon know the better things of the camp. The friendships between girls and boy scouts defied separation. It was that Gertrude again left the camp light of heart, and followed by her troops.

"Well I've had plenty of adventure since the beginning of this war, and now I'll go and find the place to give a good adventure, and after that to morrow I'll start again on my way as for the rest of my stay here I reckon I'll have to move or the flood will rise upon us."

"After the first shock of this or these two enormous and overwhelming disasters," said Gertrude beginning the conversation on this subject. "I have heard that the few crowds who might have escaped from flood or fire, or from the region of the explosion disasters, and the advancing enemy have entered into a state of apathy from which they were slow to rouse."

"How does that come?" asked Jan.

"Why such is often the fact, or case after some supreme grief or results following such catastrophes. I've seen in the reports that this was noticed by the relief parties on their arrival."

"What is apathy?" asked Hansen, as he had never heard the word.

"It the results of a heavy loss," said Gertrude. "The shock may be so great that for a moment it might effect a person as if he has a 'I don't care' feeling or so forth. When he really comes too though he breaks down worst than those who showed grief at the very start."

"When I was out myself," said Hansen "I was with hundreds of persons trying to enter a city, which name I've forgotten. Many of them hardly had any clothes on and not one had even a single belonging with them. They looked to me as if they were dazed, and did not know what to do to care for themselves. We could not hardly receive succor there, the city even in the streets were crowded with refugees, and a bulletin was posted on a sign board by the Mayor which read that there were so many burned persons, and sick among the refugees taken in that medical supplies were badly needed. I was struck with what you call the apparent apathy of the people who were looking for shelter. Their calmness while speaking of such catastrophes and the enemy and so on was something remarkable. A little bulletin had been placed also on a bill poster the day I arrived, and the people seemed more interested in the result than in the destruction caused by the disaster. At least that is the way it appeared."

"But it seems that this unnatural condition would and will soon change with the progressive forest fire, and the successive disaster that continue, and which threaten to imperil the whole nation," said Jane. "I have heard that streams of frightened refugees, by the hundred thousand pour into Calverine, and other far northern cities from all the surrounding country. Most of these people are not destitute from the cause as they are not exactly disaster victims, but they are terrified by the spread of the 'Red Plague' and other horrors. They want only one thing and that is to be transported away as far from the War Zone as possible. The counsils of every big city, are said to be waylaid by crowds of persons craved with fear, and begging to be carried away. The people of the devastated states, like Angelonia, Vine, Calverine, and Hengill, and southeastern Calverine believe that the country is doomed, that the land will burn up or sink below the earth, and are leaving by train trainloads where trains can be had."

"That is exactly true," declared Gertrude. "And as long as an effort is being made to bury such bodies of victims in the approachable portions of the disaster zone as were found, there was some attempt to police the ruins of such flood and explosion ruined towns and villages as are accessible to prevent the entrance of undesirable visitors, vandals, and curiosity seekers. The guards are maintained strongly, but nevertheless the Glandelinians vented their selves are hardly brave enough to brave the threatening aspects of the frightful horror and also brave the smoke clouds of forest fires that roll down continuously from the bluffs, and no one who dares give an account of himself is permitted to roam the deserted cities and towns. We have a number of cities that were so horribly devastated by the Abbeian explosions as St. Pierre and by the volcano on that island. And we have 10,000 horrors at odds like that of Calverine at the country of America. Up there we do not need to fear of wholesale looting however, as it is discovered there is nothing left to loot. Water and fire has destroyed everything. Our new Calverine Governor has large parties of Abbeian troops and revenue officers in the ruins of cities where looting may be done. But fortunately for us there are no looters. The Glandelinians seem afraid. But many Glandelinians who were dressed as citizens have been arrested to be questioned as to the cause of the disaster. As they won't or would not talk they have been sentenced to various terms of imprisonment during their trials, and also convicted. Some men were sent to prison for twenty years and some for life because they refuse to talk. Some of our out officials did not think the sentence severe enough and appealed the cases to Emperor Virvian. The Calverinian Courts had jurisdiction over penitentiary offenses of which there can be any maximum penalties except capital punishment without permission from the Princess or Emperor Virvian."

"Looting," said Dolores "in this country is a crime that belongs to the Criminal Court for Capital punishment. Yet there is no reports of such looting. So I myself believe the Glandelinians are afraid. We suffered a from vandals earlier in this war, and people had even tried to attack the looters while they were being taken to jail. The people and the authorities have been so highly excited over the looting and were so anxious that the wicked Glandelinians vandals be tried by the highest courts and severe sentences that now I believe the Glandelinians are afraid."

"They had now arrived within sight of the city, and observed that an enormous cloud as dark as storm clouds obscured the sky on this fifth day of August. There was danger of total darkness prevailing, and the girls felt somewhat uneasy as they had thought the sky had cleared up in this locality. Therefore their feeling of anxiety continued, and Gertrude did not know whether she should proceed or not. A singular phenomena also was observed far to the northwestern sky. Clouds like gigantic white ostrich plumes rose high in the heavens under the darker mass, and they had luminous linings which appeared to be flames. This enough is enough to throw the whole country of people into consternation," said Gertrude.

"Yesterday at noon," said Gertrude, "I heard news that the flood waters began to recede," said Perrod, "but it was caused only by a mysterious swell from the northeast produced by one of the forest fire hurricanes. I did see yesterday a long rolling wave spreading along the waterfront, but it did not do much damage. The flood again seemed to recede and leaving a considerable portion of the landscape uncovered for a time. But now it looks as if the water was back to its normal stretch."

"I have seen a day when a forest fire threatened my own home town," said Angeline Rae. "The winds had been blowing all day but toward evening it had become twice so violent, and even raised dust into the air, and flying pebbles and stones all about. They were even at times followed by pieces of rock some weighing from three to twelve pounds, and the winds lifted the roofs of many houses. I did not dare go out, but I saw the panic stricken people rushing out of their homes. Some made for the river near by and others made for the mountains where it was still more forested. Others sought to escape to the shipping in our river."

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"The whole thing is very unusual" said Catherine Westrabrook as she looked at the smoke fog hovering over the city. "I've received news from wireline as you all know, that from all parts of Colverinia, and even into Abayandinkia and Concoentria State refugees were and are coming into the cities and towns. The mountain roads north of Colverinia, and the hilly slopes of the Velanconas Mt John and Colvernia, were filled and covered with people stricken and starving persons all fleeing the "red plague". Arriving there their terrors have not decreased, and they are as anxious to press on to some safer place, so they are to get to the cities. All the roads for hundreds of miles north of the disaster zone were said to be dotted with dead, and many were reported to be dying having fallen from weakness on the way. Liberal wages are offered for rescuers to go out and assist those who had fallen by the way, but the laborers are too full of fear and dread of the approaching Red Plague to be tempted by any offer."

"I've read of it too," said Mary Stank. "The spectacle day by day is so appalling that the populace of cities and towns could not and cannot appreciate the sublimity of it. Rumors even came that St. Valerine had exploded and Mt. Joan was blasting the air and yet there was no volcanic erupt one. Quickly the streets were filled. Soldiers and even sailors were sent to mix freely with the frightened citizens, all learned witless. All in Valerine they would struggle to get to places of safety, they knew not, and cared not where. All believed that where they were then, was the place of greatest danger. Many cursed in their frenzy, thinking it was pray prayers they were uttering. Others fell to their knees onto the street and besought protection from above. None are able to refrain from tears. The panic is never subsiding it seems."

"Many lives shipping up north picked up 100,000 persons who were still struggling in the water, and took them to Galveston," said Mildred Ferrall. "Hundreds of thousands of others were said to have been taken to Pandora, and other islands. The small boats are out constantly saving many who otherwise would have drowned. They are all refugees of the Red Plague. It reads the supplies are plentiful for a time but great suffering is caused by the lack of water. All the natural water supplies have been polluted either by the effects of the heat from the "Red Plague" or from the flood. Water has been doled from by ships, and word has been sent to hear by towns and regions of pure lakes for a greater supply."

"Because of the magnitude of the disaster," said Jane McIlfort, "there are no prizes being demanded for any kind of transportation. Those fortunate to own small boats that were and are sufficient in sea worthy to make them run from city to city, city by rivers took away many who desired to escape the wathtail heat and fury of the fire. Hundreds a week at once, and thousands waited for an opportunity to get away. If we could have gotten a million these refugees we would not have been stuck here."

With the greatest difficulty the girls could ascend in making a landing at the shoreward part of the city of St Gertrude. They saw the ruins batter how for when they entered the haze had cleared away as a strong west wind blew mostly from the south. The effects of the conflagration in the city now proved to have been tremendous. The winds of the fire hurricane too was not sufficient to account for all this, even if there had been a pronging of a volcanic force. It could not have consumed more than the first of the city that the forest fire had affected. It was evident now to the girls that the distant appearance of the forest fire came from the north. Nor had the vast column of smoke still poured from the northern horizon as it northwards very opened on the landscape from the northern moving as it flamed. Smoke which seemed to form interlaminally now at one point, and from a fiery roaring destruction, St Gertrude had become a heinous sulphate lake. The girls knew that the

The girls knew that from reports received by cable and wireless the fire had continued and still continued for days to menace the existence of the entire forested country of southeastern Calaveras without stopping the flames were in progress northward and onward. A new conflagration they heard was timed on the north side of Mc-Hollister Forest and from this conflagration a secondary second fire moved down toward the forested pine. This new fire was probably the results of some terrific explosion that this new early the morning just past. It had been known too that there had been some further loss of life, and that was more distressing, the forest had been some further a course from three directions, and trying to meet in another, was making now such number of ferns, filled with mostly old men and women and even children, and mostly flood refugees were imprisoned in the burning woods which surrounded them. And worst of all it was impossible for assistance to be rendered to their by any human beings, as no one could get through the walls of the burning nothing less than miracle could save the thousands upon thousands to their awful death that confronted them. And this happened upon thousands from the Angelina to Glades.

These unfortunate towns were on a branch of the Pwangeville St. Claire
the fires were converging from different directions by the effect on sudden
turning roads red hot, boiled away creek and brook and ditch channels of
and reaching the Pwangeville St. Claire having spread upward, and turning
in sandy creek beds into such heat as to be almost insupportable, and turning
the worst conflagrations ever on record or ever worded. Efforts were
made by thousands of men and soldiers and rangers, and though they could
not save their food supply was limited if not entirely coming to an end, and
ration if not a more terrible fate confronted them 100, 100,000 peoples
and the rains did not come, a big wave of fire would soon sweep away
doomed victims.

563

original plan was that the city should be made to the city as soon as possible with a quick return to the camp to avoid all danger from falling ruins. While the early holiday meal was being prepared, the soldiers waited. But the work of ruin that had been accomplished. Gertrude felt the whole rumpstated region of Calvernia would be swept out of existence. Then an explosion came pretty close to the city. As flying objects began to fall many of the soldiers on guard in the city ran in a panic. Some did not wait to see what was happening, but hurried off in the direction of the camp. Others turned instinctively to the guides as their protectors. As they directed them to the higher walls of still standing buildings, telling them that the explosion would not harm the city, or that if anything was wrong they could not escape by fleeing, and that they should pray for preservation from the dangers that threatened them. This was done, several fell upon their knees but by far the greater number ran without daring to look behind them.

Part of this scene of terror was witnessed by the girls. They saw the great column of smoke and shooting flame rise high into the air. They watched the flying wreckage, all being dark and heavy. Such a display of fury as was seen then has not often been witnessed. It was terrific and awe inspiring. From the falling objects greater danger was apprehended than from the direct effects of the explosion.

When the start was made on the return trip to the camp, the soldiers were gone. Even through the panic the news paper men were left behind to find their way across the hills as best as they could, while for our little hardness it was a weary and a long journey. The distance was increased also by the lack of knowledge of the paths. It was an afternoon of terrors. Explosions continued making the ground tremble. To add to the horror of their situation the travelers encountered every now and then, great fumes of smoke. On all sides were refugees praying. Many fell exhausted by the way, and were unable to continue.

Gertrude had seen something like incandescent material flowing from the top of some hill swept by the forest fire. She believed that the fire would rage for a year or more or until the rains would come. With that threat of a danger hanging over Calvernia, it was inconceivable that a new series of events should grow up there in haste to take the places and repeat the fate that had befallen the others. So it was those who did not yet forsake the country where they had spent their lives sought home as far from the fires as possible. The scientists remained for a long time to study the terrifying phenomenon and the conditions that followed the passage of the flames, in the hope that something might be added to the mass of human knowledge sufficiently to justify the risk and perhaps be of some great value in averting such calamities in the future. The authorities and armies were reminding to perform their own official duties, in the burial of the dead, the avert of plagues, and the recovery of property. The Glandelinians remained, but excepting for these, no man looked down upon a country torn by miserable war, shadowed day by day by the cloud of smoke from many big fires, and the floods that destroyed unestimated numbers of lives in a catastrophe that could be told no longer as the world shallower last.

It was high or high upon four o'clock in the afternoon. Against the fifth Gertrude, alone was pacing up and down the front apartment of the room of the headquarters of the girls' scout officers, taking lively strides, occasionally clapping her hands tightly or striking her clenched hands upon an inoffensive table bordering the line of his her route, and over and over and a non to glance or stopping to glance savagely and "wickedly" out of the window. Gertrude utters and mutters now and then between her clenched teeth words that though not profanity in nevertheless severe criticisms of the boy James Green who yet had not returned. In short Gertrude Angelina is very very angry.

"I'll subside the wretched little brat of a town within an hour of his life if I ever get my hands on him. I could charge him with desertion, the little scamp."

This remark, with the adjectives a little stronger than hers written though not profanity issued from her lips as the last stroke of four came ringing through the air from a camp clock in the house or room, and Gertrude made one of her pauses at the window front. This time she gave a sudden start, followed by a gasp her eyes bulged from her head, as far as the economy of her bodily frame would allow, and she did stare.

Finally she recovered herself with some effort, made a remark that this time was almost a bad word, then a calling to her aide-de-camp and dashed down the stairway, threw the front door open with a bang and with vicious and unnecessary violence, and—

564

Could that surely be James Green? The figure walking up the front steps, looking more like some young tramp or beggar, and a very bad looking and disreputable young beggar at that. He was not even in his uniform. He had a long shaggy straw hat on his head and it was crushed as though it had been used as a football or gone on under a pile driver. The ragged clothes were splashed with mud and gravel while the trousers were torn one on one knee, and a long deep rent under the armpit, revealed what kind of shirt the boy was wearing. His face black with soot and dust was swollen, and his upper lip was puffed out to a ridiculous degree. James had seen many a strange thing since he was known in the camp, when he came in with the batch of reinforcing boys, but the limit was reached on this occasion.

"You brat. You vulgar little deserter, you beggar," screamed the girls' scout leader with an extra strong word. "Don't you dare come in here or I'll land you with a horse-whip, I'll cowhide you till you are as black and blue." James' aide-de-camp picked him up and carried him under arrest.

James however then paced half way up the steps, and as James the aide-de-camp walked him, tried to smile. However it was an awful failure. He probably was willing enough to give one of his silly smiles, but his upper lip, the most important part of his smiling "work" refused to do its duty under any conditions, and so instead of smiling he succeeded in distorting his face still more.

"Thanks for warning me Miss Aronburg," he slowly made answer. "I won't come in. I've been callopped enough."

"Have you been fighting among your comrades, you vulgar little gutter-snipe?" continued the enraged girls' scout leader, forgetting herself and saying the word the Glandelinians use.

"Yes, but not with my comrades," answered the vulgar little gutter-snipe as the aide-de-camp brought him to the foot of the steps, and she came hastily down, followed by Angelina Riches, Jennie Turner and Delores who heard the commotion. "But I couldn't help it honest. I was attacked by Glandelinians!"

"You were a likely story. Served you right for leaving me alone in the woods and not coming back till now." I supposed you'll say you whipped them."

Gertrude was a girl who believed nothing that she heard from boys and men who didn't like, or didn't trust, her anger asserted itself still more, and even the other superior Angelina Riches, looked serious, and Delores scolded.

"You could be held for desertion," the latter answered. "You have been gone for fully forty hours, and we have a hundred boys still out risking their lives looking for you and know not how to recall them. So I explain yourself. James or I'll call for you."

"See here Miss Ho-Holleston if you promise not to report me, I'll tell you all about it."

"I'll promise nothing," said Delores looking thunder at him. "You young scamp what did you do with your uniform. You know there's a penalty to change them for something else."

"I didn't give them away. They were taken from me."

"Were you robbed?" demanded Angelina Riches.

"Yes, I told you I was attacked."

"You did not tell me no such thing."

"No I made a mistake I told Miss Aronburg, all my money is gone, seventeen dollars, and my Miraculous Medal, and go Rosary, a prayer book, and I did you resist the boys who tried to bring you."

"No Miss Riches I didn't. I'm telling you the truth. It is as good as a story."

Angelina Riches took a step forward. "Where did you go that night you left Gertrude alone in the woods?" she continued, almost less savagely, for the humor of the situation was making its impression even upon him.

"Promise me not to allow me to be accused as a deserter, and I'll tell you all about it."

"I'll see about that after I've heard your story, providing you can prove you had no intentions of deserting."

"Forrest Miss Riches."

"I'm honest. Do you think I lie?"

"You won't have me whipped if I tell my story."

"No body is going to whip you, fool."

"Cross your heart, Miss Riches."

"Confound you, you doubting Thomas 'Hus."

"All right then."

"Lead him to his tent," said Gertrude to her aide-de-camp. "He'll have to wash up first, but I feel awful suspicious just the same. If he can't prove his innocence, it's the firing squad for him. The old foreigner."

The boy was brought to the washing department of the camp by James and two other boys, and they kept up a sawreciprocity of bathing for fifteen minutes without saying a word to him.

"Well!" finally snapped James the aide-de-camp. "If you were in a fight with a wild man!"

"Oh I've promised to tell that to the girls only. My uniform was spoiled from mud and sweat, wherever there was a quagmire, I was sure to go tumbling or stepping right into it! You see boys I was chased."

"Who chased you James?"

"Two Glandolinian officers and--- oh wait till I tell the girls."

In the meantime Gertrude and the others had to content themselves for the next five minutes with wild printing out remarks between their teeth which obviously were not meant to say at length James Green was apparently ready for his story telling, with the exception of his face do face he looked like the boy he should be, and also what he is and was.

"I was again brought before the four girls about 'Generals.'"

"Well now Master James let's hear your story please."

James took a sponge from a bucket of water and put it to his lips.

"Did you hear me sir?"

"Oh I beg your pardon. You want the story do you?"

"That's what I said boshed do."

"And you four girls better remember your promises?"

"Yes you best."

"You wouldn't call him a prisoner? Well girls I'm not going to tell you my story then you can't convict me." And he removed his sponge quickly and smiled maliciously. James Green was now nearest bounded from the log she was sitting on and James having been freed from the high-dump made for the raft.

"Well will you girls keep your promise?" he asked with his hand grasping a log.

"Yes, girls back," said James. "I'll not touch you. Come back and go ahead with your story, I'll promise not to whip you in a any case."

"Ah that is a bargain. Well the night I lost Gertrude," James gave a description of his adventures of how he really and truly was lost, how he had really lost Gertrude, how he three times he had narrow escapes from fires, how by a narrow margin he avoided stepping into quicksand in a stream, how he had intended to make a stream, and found the water scalding hot, and then how he came upon roving Glandolinian scouting parties who were also studying the course of the forest fire.

"And then girls," he continued, "I thought since Gertrude was separated from me how I could then try and make up for it and please her."

"What a ridiculous consideration," growled Gertrude.

"Wasn't it Miss Aronburg? I knew you wouldn't like me to be gone so long, that you feared I had deserted you, and besides I was afraid you'd shoot me as a deserter or call me a name, and lose your temper and you did Miss Aronburg. You swore at me dreadfully, and you said---"

"Go on with your story," said Gertrude. "Tell me about the fight with the Glandolinians."

"I'm coming to it Miss Aronburg. Well then I started to ride back to camp hoping I knew the way. You see girls I'd made up my mind to frustrate the enemy."

"You're wonderful ideas for such work I suppose," marveled Holman in surprise.

"Well when I had ridden for about a mile I came to a clearing in the forest. Beyond I saw it was all alive, and what soared in front there were three squadrons of Glandolinian cavalry on horseback, those kind we know as the Hussars and they had observed me and gave chase. And surrounded me before I could escape. I saw a saw rougher rougher looking Glandolinian soldiers since I captured the Christian army."

"And did you try to shoot them all down?"

"Nah! The wonder is they didn't cut me down first thing, as they had a mind to. The middle fellow that looked like a man called Jeff in the Daily Herald seemed to be the ring-leader. Another man looked like that Augustus Nutt. There was one Glandolinian soldier who had three teeth that stuck out. They were his higher up teeth."

"Upper you do, Legner," corrected Gertrude.

"Exactly. They were large teeth, larger than many men have girls, and---"

"Never mind the toothed on will you."

"Why don't you girls give me a chance? This isn't a grammar class. Well the girl who looked like Jeff said---"

"Who are you kid, and what you want here in this forest. Are you a spy?"

"And did you hit him...!!!!!!"

James looked at Jennie Turner reproachfully.

"Do you think I was going to commit suicide when surrounded by men with knives all drawn? I pretended I wasn't on your side, and made off as if I couldn't speak Glandolinian, and he finally spoke to one of his men who said he could speak another little and he then asked me:

"What was he saying both head?"

"I told him I was a forger lost, that my sister got scared of the fire, and some of the Glandolinians grinned and the one who looked like Nutt grinned. Then the Jeff fellow said in an awful savage way in broken English:

---just the way you were talking to me a minute ago---"

"Well for the love of Heaven, what did he say? Hurst in the excited listeners in a chorus this time."

"He said---"

"Have to get so suspicious papers about you!"

"I said no, and he used some words far worse than like what you said---he said---"

"Go on what did you do?"

"I said I didn't carry papers, and then he before I could guess what he was up to he gave me an awful slap on the lip, and he struck out again. I dodged the second blow, and I then was so angry that like a fool I struck back with all my might with my riding stick, and he went sprawling from his horse."

"Struck him in the mouth with my riding stick with all my might, and he went adding 'oh' down, and when he got up, he was spitting and coughing, and I could count only one tooth."

"And what did you do then?"

"I couldn't do anything girls. Two other rebel soldiers grabbed me tight, and while the fellow was hopping round, and swearing whenever he could get his breath, the other two went through my pockets, and got a silk handkerchief my sister gave me on my birthday, and a small map of my country home, and my few sticks of chewing gum and took away my cartridge belt, and guns."

They swore at me too for nothing having what they suspected me of."

"And did you not make any resistance?"

"I squirmed and wriggled around, and when they had emptied all my pockets, they brought me to the woods and dismounted from their horses, and encamped there. I realized I was a prisoner but I was determined to escape. It was real hard to have to come back to camp without proofs that I was a prisoner or that my story is the truth, and so when the guard was not looking, I knocked him down by hitting him in the back with a big stone, and then stealing a horse raced thru through them and sped away as fast as I could with my officers' coat, sash and hat in my possession. They are still on my horse when I got far enough I watched and saw the rebels were making a search for me. I saw the one who took my property come close."

"And what did you do?"

"I watched him closely and when he passed my hiding place, I followed after him quietly, and when he got off about a square from the clearing, I caught up with him, and touched him on the back with my drawn pistol. He gave a little jump. 'See here you Glandolinian skunk cat!' I said 'give me back my horse map and things, or I'll shoot you in the back.'"

He put on a savage look, and said: "Don't you fool with me, or I'll fetch you one on the ear, and I said, if you do, I'll jump you full of holes. I saw how hand over or I'll shoot." Seeing I was in earnest, he got pale, and handed over the map, and other things, but said another rebel had the handkerchief. I find him secretly to a tree, with long weeds and went in search of the handkerchief."

"That wasn't a bad adventure after all," commented Gertrude, forgetting her resolution to be stern, and uncomprehending with the young scapegrace. "Then of course you started to find your way back."

"No, Miss Aronburg, I began to think how bad my sister would feel when she learned what had become of her pretty Christiana Christmas present, and how bad you girls could feel if I didn't bring some proof!!--"

"Don't be sentimental now," cried the girls in disgust. "Go on the with story."

James Green stared.

"Did you step on a Glandolinian soldier's toes like you did me," said Jennie Turner with a grin.

"No, I didn't have the chance to. So I thought I'd go back, and see what were my chances for the map and the pretty handkerchief. When I got within sight of a squad of mounted Glandolinians it all seemed to be arranged just the way I wanted it. The men were grouped far apart evidently looking for me, and the fellow who was closest had my nice handkerchief flying round his neck. They were fiercer than I thought in their looks, but I saw a good chance. I didn't stop to stare but came riding up softly from behind, and grabbed that handkerchief, pulling him off his horse with a crash, and kept right on through the woods without stopping to say anything."

"Good work," said the girls unable to contain their enthusiasm. "Go on."

"I did go on and believe me I raced. They gave a yell as they saw us race away and before I got half way down the road through the clearing there was a roar as of horses following after me, and two swift riders were close to my horse on the side, and one crossed my path and got in my way, and I would then had been caught if I hadn't brought him down with a shot, and as I broke through the others kept yelling, and none of them came, and just as I got to the forest where I lost you Miss Aronburg a lot of lances and things came sailing after me, and one of them seemed to have hit me on the leg, and then my horse was stumbling and I went into an awful quagmire, and had to

shoot and shoot to keep them at bay until I ploughed to the other side, and recovered with mud recovered my horse. Just as I started again to ride, a man on a horse plunged against a horseman with red hair, and we and our horses went sprawling. As he got up he attacked me but I killed him, recovered my sword and rode on."

"Here James lost his breath."

"I don't know how I ever got away from those Glendolins alive. The last thing I did was to kick a Glendolinian officer in the ribs as I rode past him he howled out loud, and blasphemed as if he was crazy, and then I was half way down the road. There was a roar of shots and bullets whistled about me but I wasn't hit. Finally after riding a short distance, I looked round then, and found they were not chasing me. Then I got off some of the mud and started for camp. And now girls I'm sorry for the mishap and awful hungry. I haven't eaten for eighteen hours."

And James looked at the girls pathetically.

"Had you any more encounters?"

"Yes girls."

"Oh so you did."

"Yes. I encountered a girl refugee. I had noticed the sad face of the poor girl and I had ridden up to her, who with her shoulders raised and her head depressed was creeping away, and touched her lightly on the shoulder."

"I was alone" cried the girl to me getting scared. "You are a rebel boy scout and you and me is not friends."

"No I am not" I said. "Here girl you need this money and food more than I do. And I pressed it into the girl's hands. 'It's all I've got with me but I wish it was more.' And then I turned away and as I walked on light of heart and happy that I escaped the enemy and was about to mount the horse some one touched me on the shoulder. 'I exclaimed the girl almost of breath for I realized she had raced again up to me. 'Say boy I'll never forget you. Do you catch on? I should have said something to improve the occasion by saying something, but I could not find words to speak. I merely grinned gave her a hearty hand squeeze, and asked her to accompany me to camp for safety which after some argument I finally persuaded her to do. Joan is taking care of her now."

Gertrude was so pleased with the boys inference that she gave him a quarter of an hour's slight scolding, ending with a few lectures, which she valued very much with a prescription paper, and a good evening meal.

It was nine o'clock at night. Jack Sanders had arisen from his knees after saying his evening prayers, and then seemed to find some difficulty in getting off his uniform shirt. He was gazing very hard at James Green through a sort of lattice work of some kind formed by the bones of his shirt, which was now concealing his little head. In this dramatic attitude he stood still till James got into bed. Then Jack Sanders with a sudden jerk brings the shirt back to its normal position on his shoulders and said quite sternly:

"James did you not forget something.!!!!"

"No I didn't. What was it."

"You did forget something."

"What?"

"You forgot to kneel down before going to bed to say your night prayers. Hop out and kneel down."

"Mind your own business young man."

In answer to which, Jack sat down on a bench and began to whistle softly.

"Stop that noise Jack and go to bed. It's past taps."

Jack did not obey, and continuing his whistling a little louder, arose, walked over to another bench, and throwing a blanket about himself lay back with his eyes fixed upon James astonished face. Then there was a long pause during which James and Jack looked at each other steadily.

"What are you staring at?" growled James raising his head and leaning upon his elbow.

"I'm looking at your night camp James. It sure makes you look so queer."

"Get off that bench and come to bed."

"Not in that bed no sir."

"And why not sir!!!!"

"You did not yet say your prayers. Suppose the devils were to come right round to night, they might get things mixed up, and take me for you. Then there would be a pretty how do do."

Jack was entirely in earnest, and he spoke with a supernatural gravity. James still hesitated.

Jack arose.

"If you don't kneel down and say your prayers, sir, I'll report to you Master Penrod."

James sighed. Jack indeed had hit upon the best means of subduing him. He arose from the bed, and said his prayers, while Jack slowly undressed, then going to his waist took out a bottle containing holy water, which he proceeded to sprinkle over the bed, and incidentally and purposely dousing the astonished Green in the face. Then with a sigh he retired. He intended then to

ask Green whether he was a Catholic or not (Non Catholics cannot be boy scouts in the Abbotston army) but he fell asleep before the time came for carrying out this pious intention. Of course Green was unusually docile on this point occasioned. But Jack's threat was not in idle words. That very day a telegram had reached Miss Sanders announcing that the Vivian Girls were missing from the army and a country wide search was being made for them, and the one person in the world so far whom James Green feared was so baffled, and he still remembered vividly too (though it was not mentioned in the books) their painful encounter sometime after the battle of Delights Junction, and he knew what a severe character Penrod was. By morning on the sixth of August Penrod was the first to assemble all the boy and girl scouts in an open clearing. Penrod unbent so far as to give some of his boy friends a kiss. Then Joan said to Jack Sanders who was one of the boys who had returned from the search of Green:

"Jack dear! You must have received an awful shock when the Glendolins surprised you too."

"No I didn't Joan, it was just nothing at all. When my horse was killed under me I fell down all of a heap, and picked myself up as good as new."

Indeed Jack made light of the matter, he knew Joan and he had no intention of being pried with questions for a week. Gertrude then rode up.

"Roll down your stocking, Jack, I must see where you have been hit by the enemy."

"Do you take me for a tattooed man?" exclaimed the young boy scout indignantly. "Roll down your stocking," said Penrod.

And when Jack with considerable promptness exhibited the bandage over the part where a glancing bullet had struck him, some of the more emotional girls pulled out their handkerchiefs and began to cry. Poor gentle little girls.

"Oh I say girls, don't" exclaimed Jack earnestly. He was a warm hearted little fellow indeed, and under a boyish mask of civility, and former carelessness, concealed the great love he bore for all his girl and boy scouts. In answer to this remonstrance, Joan threw her arms about him and kissed and hugged him till he blushed as red as a rose.

"Why doesn't somebody take notice of me that way!" queried James Green, who felt that he was being ignored.

"I think I'll pull up my stocking," said Jack now really embarrassed. "Why there is no use in making such a fuss about. All of us that risk perils get shot a lot worse, and don't say a word."

"Jack dear" said one of the girls who had her cry out, and who was now after the manner of her sex thoroughly renewed, "You do not look quite well yet, you have lost your color. Maybe it's the shock of your wound."

"Gracious goodness," exclaimed Jack, turning his face to a look of looking places on a tree. "Every one call me pale, when my face looks all the world like its a beet, a-u-a"

"A-u-a or better still an Indian in his war paint," interpolated James Green.

"You don't say. After this Master Green wait till you told to speak and then you can say things like that" Jack shot back.

"James Green" Gertrude went on, after bestowing a withering glance upon him. "Just look at Jack Sanders."

"I have been looking at him these last five minutes Miss Aronburg."

"Don't get fresh. Can't you see that he is badly shaken after all his tour looking for you yesterday?"

"He was pretty badly shaken when the Glendolins almost got hold of him. But if you mean to say he is sick, I must give it as my opinion that he never looked better in his life. As for that wound it's nothing."

"Boys like you I suppose have no feelings," exclaimed one of the other girls with unusual bitterness.

"They can see through a doughnut, when there's a good size hole in it," said Penrod, grinning at his own wit.

"Now Jack, tell us all about that dreadful day." Said Angeline Richer. "By the way Master Green" she continued "Are there any other boys like you in this camp?"

"Two."

"Two will that's plenty."

"You can't have too many," continued Green.

"We might attach a fools cap to you," suggested Joan dryly. "You would present an interesting spectacle going round camp with a fools cap on your head." And she gave him a look--such a look, then turned to Jack, and with many a question succeeded in getting from him some account of his search for James and his almost calamitous experience with perdition of the enemy.

"Wasn't he brave indeed," she exclaimed, when he had detailed his experience in crossing a stream raised by a forest fire. "He might have been burned or drowned."

"If he had any sense at all" said the practical James Green. "He would have left around for bridges to begin with in stead of risking his life."

At the bottom of the page, there is a small table with the following text:

size	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
grade	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
model	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
size	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12

"Yes," said Angelina Nichols, "and if you were not a good damned honest head you'd mind your own business, Master Green. Any more wise cracks out of you and you'll be doing time in the guard house on bread and water for a week."

However his impertinence offended Angelina Nichols who forthwith proceeded to narrate how James had been abusing, abusing the racial hatreds, and so on.

"I don't like it," he observed at the end. "If you had not been able to prove your experience we could hold you for desertion. Indeed, sir, you don't know what a treasure you've really got when a scout in this army, and you a Irish forlorn. Indeed few boys would give all their money and their best suits rather than leave this camp and few boys would who are supposed to be gentle on would stay out all night in a forest, and run into danger headlessly, and then not so reckless as you did when you fought to recover your good for nothing handkerchief. And you call Jack Reckless."

"I forgot Master Penrod."

"And continued the stern boy-scout leader, whose very love for his work made him a severe judge. "It's very foolish to allow yourself to be lost from Miss Aronburg, our best girl-scout when she trusted you with her, but whose fault was it? Only yours of course."

"She gave me no signal, sir and besides I only got lost. The woods was so thick there was so much smoke and I couldn't see a thing."

"And then?" Penrod was roaring. "You should have gone back to camp immediately after you found you've lost Gertrude."

"It was her fault too," put in James getting in return a savage scowl from Miss Aronburg. "It was not," she said.

"And you should have taken care of her."

"Well, sir, I want to do right."

"I'm sure you want right, James, but you must be careful, and get over that habit of trailing on peoples toes. My big toe is sore yet from the way you walked on it the day before yesterday and I let it go at that. Remember by your actions your getting ready for your departure. So be careful if you don't want to receive your discharge papers."

Penrod it may be remarked was somewhat jaundiced in his ideas. All during Miss Nichols' account of James' experience and how it came about he had been deliberating whether the boy were of a fit age and character and mentality and disposition for remaining in the camp as a scout. He liked the boy but did not understand him.

"By the way, girls," he said turning to Gertrude. "If you wish to have a last look at the fine swept city before dinner, we'd better start at once. Of course you'll come with us Jack."

"Hurrah!" cried Jack, regarding his spirits. James wanted to come too but at this point the girls failed him. They would not permit him to come.

Before they started Gertrude said dramatically:

"Penrod, will you please look at that wall of smoke far to the north."

"I'm tired looking at that wall of smoke, Gertrude."

"And do you as a man to say that you are willing to expose our whole force in the face of the blinding fury of that nearer stretch of the forest fire?"

And Gertrude was not carried into exaggeration by her anxiety for the welfare of her commands. The fire was a dangerous one by but by no means as small as she might have said it was.

"Pshaw!" cried Jack. "It ain't dangerous."

"I don't see no particular risk," said Gertrude aside to James.

"In this present situation," continued Gertrude firmly. "It would be absolute suicide to go in that direction."

"Do you take me for a wax doll?" growled Penrod.

But despite all protests, Gertrude had her will, for she was right, and right always wins.

One of the girls who was more softer presented James Green with a box of candy and cautioning him to avoid future blunders, the good little lady departed with the other girls and two boys leaving behind her a very disappointed young boy-scout. Indeed, Jack was in the lead of the party munching candy and watching everything from left to right.

"Those Glandelinian boyscouts must be queer fellows if they're round scouting different than we do," he said to himself. "I'm glad we don't meet with any of them here." The evening hour passed very slowly. He gave most of the time giving ruefully about the ruins. The smoke continued to overspread the region by a thin fog-banking of this he at length took to examining the remaining walls of a ruined building and he was thrusting himself into a happier frame of mind, when someone came riding up to him. Thinking it was Gertrude or others of the girlscouts he hastened to meet them himself, but instead he saw coming a very small boy, with a very wizen face, and a very large package under his arm.

"Hello!" said Jack.

"Are you looking for something here, or would you like to have some candy from the ruins, sir?"

"It isn't my property, and besides I'm not the leader of the party," explained Jack. "But if you like I'll go and ask her."

"Thank you, sir," said the very small boy.

Jack returned presently, with the news that the leader of the party would have the city abandoned soon as the trip is resumed up north to morning.

"Thank you, sir," and the little boy touched his hat and smiled. Jack was touched.

"I say little chap, won't you have some candy?"

"Thank you, sir." The small boy did receive the handful of peppermints with a smile.

"How much would you charge for guiding me through these ruins as far as no one else dares to penetrate?" perished Jack.

"Fifty cents is the regular price I think, but I'll charge two bits, sir!"

"In that all you'll charge?"

"I don't know exactly. I never tried guiding before."

"Now does a dollar and fifty cents do?" continued Jack.

"That's too much."

"Not for you. You are not used to the work, and it may take you twice as long to do it as a man who is used to the guiding work. That is why I'll pay you three times as much."

This was Jack's first expression of opinion in this work. The very small boy was presently working away with a will leading his willing friend through almost impassable passages among the ruins.

"Here is your guiding stick!" asked Jack after a silence of five minutes as he surveyed the ruins of a factory.

"I didn't get any, sir."

"Here," cried Jack. "Is a long piece of wood. Use it."

"Please, sir, I don't want it," said the boy.

Indeed the small boy was very modest.

"Was asked you whether you wanted it or not? You're in my employ now and you've got to do what you are told. Come back here and take this stick. What is your name?" continued Jack, as he handed the lad the long pole.

"James Fredrickson, sir."

"Call me Jack or I'll be mad at you. I like your name. I got a number of Fredrickses in my command and they are good boys too."

James smiled in a good way, and resumed his leadership. One moment later a rock took him on the back of the head. Also something hit Jack, but when the two looked around no one was in sight.

"I did it," said the honest but undisciplined boy-scout George as he came running down a sloping hill of wreckage. "Say little boy you're tired are you not?"

"No, sir."

"Yes you are indeed, let me catch a hold of that stick. I'll let it'll catch it better than you can."

Against the boy yielded, and the three continued on till they came in sight of the girls some distance before them.

"There's the girls amidst the ruins of the Courthouse," exclaimed Jack. "Now we have found our way. Here's your dollar and fifty cents, Fredrickson."

"Thank you, sir," said the boy simply. "It's for me. I came from a refugee camp at far away."

"Take some more candy," said Jack.

"No thank you, good bye, sir."

"Hold on, let me meet the girls."

"Fredrickson grinned.

"There are some of them at that very corner," continued Jack.

The little boy was about to speak when a sound not unlike a scream started the three lands late.

"Why Jack!" cried Angelina Nichols turning the corner of a wrecked house with Penrod. "Glandelinians are looking for us all over. Go lead the way this instant. Are your pistols in good working order? We were charged from one end of the ruins to another. Didn't you see a way?"

"No," said Jack. "I've been having this boy lead me. Say Angelina," he added in a low tone, "this little chap has a sick mother in a refugee camp. Give him a dollar, and I'll do anything you like."

"You will indeed? Then I'll give him two."

Jack's promise cost him a hot time, but he bore it bravely and already fourteen Glandelinians hit the dust. He felt an uneasy feeling somewhere within as if their peril was greater than she believed it was, and did not know what to make of it. Like the young Spartan with the fox guarding at his vitals he tried to bear his misery and fear with unchanged downy calm demeanor. Glandelinians were all around all right, and finally during a fierce fusillade of shooting a ball glanced off his arm.

"It hit here," said Jack, laying his hand pathetically upon the wound and trying to stop the blood. The weapon during the shooting fray she took him to cover, and placed a clean rag round the gash, and sending herself beside the boy held watch till she was sure he was all right. In ten or ten minutes after he wanted to get up.

"You've got to bear it, Jack, poor."

"I prefer to get out and fight the Glandelinians," growled the invalid.

He attempted to get up but she was older. Then he begged for a glass of water determined once she left to go ahead and shoot some more of the enemy. But she sent someone else for the water.

"I think Angelina, you'd better let me check some more of those 'Glands' before 'Jack' when the watch had gone seventeen minutes. I'm perfectly well."

moment, and my heart burns actually to get at the man."

But Angelina Riches mounted guard, till twenty five minutes had passed. His round had stopped bleeding. The girl bent on making assurance doubly sure, now produced some saws and bandaged the wounded properly and let him go ahead but cautioned him to keep under cover. When she came back from some obscure part of the ruins she was horrified to find him dawning about the street apparently in an ecstasy of joy.

"Jack you reckless, careless boy, what are you doing now?"

"I was celebrating, for the foe is vanquished," he answered, somewhat discomfited at being discovered, and highly and astonished at seeing that she had a coil of rope in her hands.

"Celebrating what?"

"The Glendalians have stopped the attack. I feel so good that we beat them. But I say Angelina you are not going to hang yourself are you?"

"No Jack, I'm not that 'dizzy' but sit down there, and I'll tell you all about it."

Curiously gave Jack obedience a generous amount of propitiation. Then Angelina gravely tied one end of the rope to the post in the street.

"It's a strong rope Jack, and it will stand the strain."

"The astonished man had indeed begun to fear that the girl was losing her mind."

"What strain?"

"Jack pay attention to me, 'I'm going to have this stake pulled up. It's a good swinging weapon you know. If we are attacked suddenly you know, you can hurl this about in all swings. You are handy at swinging weapons like this you know."

"Do you really think, Angelina, that the enemy is trying to destroy every one of us?"

"We don't know what may happen," said the girl coolly. "There are storms of war and fires and floods and battles and other horrors all over the country. Now let's proceed as the others are now and bound. Wait here though till I come back."

Angelina had not gone for about twenty minutes, when she hastened back and then she gave a gasp. No one was there.

"Jack, Jack!" she called.

"Yes ma'am."

The voice was from a recession of ruins beyond. As she saw it all now as with a suppressed scream she hurried over to the debris following the course of the rope.

Jack was just about getting up. A man in a gray uniform lay on the ground still.

"The wretch---God forgive me---my dear Jack what a one on earth are you doing?" "Testing your new weapon, Angelina. It's barbarous. He attacked me unawares and throw me down here but I fixed him. I did not let go of the rope either."

No crowd up again and resumed the trip back toward camp. "I say he," he protested. "Now will we get back through this smoke haze?"

"I'll open the door for you Jack," said Penrod jokingly.

"All right go ahead."

They however managed to get out, and found their camp safe and sound.

GENERAL NYLETZE, THE GLENDALIAN GENERAL, WHICH HEAVILY DESTROYED VIVIAN'S ARMY AT RICHES'S FARM, STATED SOME UNUSUAL THINGS, WARNING OF VEN AND MANY ESCAPED BUT MANY ALSO PERISH. DESTRUCTION NEAR A PAIR CHRISTIAN ARMY.

IN WHICH GENERAL VIVIAN HOLDS A COUNCIL OF WAR.

THRILLING STORMING OF THE CHRISTIAN POSITIONS AT LEBANON BRIDGE. BLOODY FIGHTING. WHAT GRIEFING HEARS....."

During the month while the girls were having their troublesome efforts to reach Emperor Vivian's army, and before the very world had time to realize as realize the extent of the great disaster of war devastating Glendalians and her sister states, humanity was to soon receive a second shock from the region of Nyetze's "Glorious" Angelina Agatha. He was in possession of Riches's farm and though he had not been able to drive it out as he could continue his movements toward Angelina Agatha. The two crises before this had passed through a terrible baptism of fire only less terrible in number of dead, than that which followed the disasters of war. As the girls had recently heard from a couple Nyetze's generals had ordered engineers to release the flood on Riches's farm, and they had obeyed the injunction, although the floods had shown signs of threatening the places even earlier than the first notices on Riches's farm. Indeed the flood had been threatening to engulf the farms for nine consecutive mornings previous to the date of the battle of Riches's farm. On the morning of July the 31st 1913 the day broke with heavy thunders from many Glendalians' cannons, which soon changed into a continuous tremendous roar. This was done to hide the real designs of the Glendalians' plans. Great fires were started to the south of the armies, and vast columns of smoke rose over the hills, becoming denser and denser, and shipwreck like hail fell upon the Christian positions and upon the adjacent estates destroying a vast amount of property. At Chateau Belaire a demonstration was made against the Christian army. The action extended to Kingstown, where a column of Glendalians two deep moved forward, and many large artillery batteries opened upon St. George's town. The earth shook violently from the roar of so many guns, and at four o'clock in the afternoon from the smoke of the fires a midnight darkness spread over the country. However the storm of artillery roared about the region all night without cessation, but on the following morning it became intermittent and fainter. All this was going to keep the Christian generals from discovering the real designs of the enemy. It was conservatively estimated that twenty two thousand five hundred soldiers of the Christian side were killed and wounded in this artillery storm. They included most of the Abyssinians' gunners, which meant practical extinction of this troop of gunners. From St. Louis the eruptions of explosions by the shells was visible during the night of July the 31st.

Before carrying out the plans general Nyetze gave orders to general Hie Baum Hie-Whirther to try and force his way to Kingstown. He attempted this with a large division of troops but he was assaulted by troops of Glendalians and for three hours his division was practically helpless, and he could not either retreat or advance until large bodies of troops were sent to his assistance and drove back the assailants. When his division was finally reached by the reinforcements it was found attacked on three sides, and absolutely panic stricken. The ground was covered with swarms of dead and wounded Glendalians' soldiers. They were drawn back to shelter under a severe fire from the Christian guns. Kingstown Junction was fifteen miles from Riches's farm, and the enemy was also attacked there. From Chateau Belaire word came to Nyetze that the distress was great, and the loss heavy. He sent general Carl Turner to restore order, and he was killed as he led his troops.

In trying to break the Christian line to follow out his plan Nyetze did not make good progress. Nyetze during the action went out to scout along levees to see how his plans would work. From some levees or through them flowed hundreds of streams of small water flows, which uniting and separating formed a flood from which if there was a bad break there was no possible escape for any living thing caught within its grasp. The water had reached one of the fires and the hissing of steam could be heard for miles. From a distance a or dozens of fires could be seen. He could see the force of the Christian attack seemed to be lessening for a time and he hoped the time would arrive for his plan. Many scouting parties were without. Seven estates were found to be in ruins from his shell fire. Many houses were demolished, and two country chapels had been burned and wrecked. He saw that on the North levee of the Aronburgs Run he had a chance but it had to be accomplished under cover of darkness, and there was hardly a spot in the territory that already was not under from ten inches to two feet of muddy waters.

574
General Bennett's Glandelinian Brigade on July 31st ran through or charged through five miles of christian positions in the face of such fierce firing that surviving soldiers were nearly suffocated by the thick powder smoke. For more than an hour a series of fierce assaults had been kept up on a twenty mile front, and two hours later the Glandelinians had lost all the five miles of ground they had gained with dreadful losses. Mylæta had been determined to report to his desperate plans because for more than two weeks or over, general Vivianin had continually threatened to bring on an assault upon Mylæta's grand armies more majestic and fiercer than had been seen by any great general during all wars of the last probably five or ten thousand years. During the battles of Richman farms which had lasted in series of conflicts nearly a month, general Vivianin's armies had stretched for nearly forty four miles. Since he began his campaign Mylæta had been winning battles, regularly, and easily. On rare occasions it had been even held in serious check, the christian armies opposed to him up to the battles of Glandelinia had been regarded as harmless by Mylæta's Glandelinian generals, who told of their victories so easily won.

Two weeks after the Glandelinian fighting, greater christian armies under this fighter general Riches closed upon him, and Mylæta has been in the vicinity of Richman's farm yet, and saw no means as except to flood the christian army out to continue his advance. If flood would not work, he would have to retreat himself and leave general Vivianin's armies in the field.

His plans could not be carried out as soon as he had expected to carry them out. On the day of the battle of Chateau Belaire July the 31st he had failed to break any portion of the christian line and suffered the loss of 2,500,000 killed where the christian loss was only two hundred and fifty thousand. He killed and wounded, for many hours after the battle the christian armies made down demonstrations in a manner such as was new to the present day. Then Mylæta's nothing happened, and he made a desperate effort to carry out his plan. The flood meanwhile became greatly disturbed by winds from heated forest fire hurricanes, and he decided to take advantage of it. The waters of the Sanitary Creek began to boil and bubble like a great child, and steam arose from it in dense clouds.

He decided to open a new artillery fire upon the christian batteries, and under cover of the storm of fire attempt to break a levee of the flooded Aronburgs Run, even if a part of his camps too should be flooded for his plain aims. However he was again frustrated, the christian batteries increased their thunders in redoubled force, and at two o'clock the ground and hills about from the concussion trembled as though they were in the throes of a terrible agony, and Mylæta's losses were dreadful to behold. Then came a series of severe earthquakes that shook the entire region caused by the christians letting go a terrific broadside of high explosives. That night the artillery fire did not slack up and something like sulphuric flames played along the opposing lines of batteries giving the region a wild and most fearful appearance.

Mylæta watched the steam still continuing to rise from the heated waters of Sanitary Creek, and the thunders of the shells exploding in the sky were joined fearfully with those that came from the christian and Glandelinian batteries. All during the night the splendid horror continued. It was just before the coming of day that the levee broke from the very concussion itself, a great gap suddenly opened, sending six immense streams of water pouring in boiling foam over the landscapes. The christian positions lower down had to be immediately abandoned, the fane was quickly vacated, and death was everywhere in its most terrible forms. Lightning fireball explosions came from the sky, the fragments killing many who had escaped the ravaging sudden flood that was pouring over the landscapes sweeping away any so many christian tents and wagons. For this great tragedy the settings were wonderful, and still the artillery duel continued with redoubled fury. The landscapes literally rocked as if the world was in agony. Though Mylæta succeeded in making the flood, it a christian shell hit his mut munition store and from the explosion a majestic column of smoke, ink black reached skyward and there was a terrible ear-splitting crash that shook the air. The batteries in opening general fire looked like rounded drabers in hundreds vomiting incandescent water, and certain bombs seemed to give forth prismatic lights as they flashed forth.

By noon of August the 21st, the army under Vivianin under cover of its battery having lost thirty thousand men drowned had to retreat to far higher ground under cover of their artillery, and to prevent a greater disaster the christian artillery fire was directed toward the Glandelinian infantry, which threatened to move forward in great waves, and to hedge forward to take advantage of the retreat caused by the flood.

Such thunder as never was heard by man cracked and rolled through the heavens from bursting shells, apparently from the earth came tremendous detonations. These joined with the thunder, all merging in a most incessant roar, that added to the confusion of the retreating christian columns. This flood horror and artillery fire of the enemy lasted through the night. The christian guns hit something again and a huge column of smoke as black as to appear like coal arose to an unestimated height of a thousand feet from the ground. Debris dirt and rocks were hurled skyward mingled with water in this column to deluge the region and the christian armies while it continued its retreat. Gradually the column mushroomed at the top spreading out into dense clouds that descended to bring night that morning for a few minutes.

185
During such a tremendous artillery discharge, and so many terrific explosions, the atmosphere was so laden with sulphurous gases from the powder smoke that at times breathing was made almost impossible. General Vivianin believed that his whole army might be destroyed by the ravaging flood, and while the retreat continued, the whole time was given up to as many prayers as was time to be said. All that time the horrors, and confusion of such a battle was beyond description, and the earth quaked incessantly. The hills shook, and so terrible were the thunders that it seemed that the universe was being rent to pieces.

The christian artillery being on too high ground to be touched by the flood, done the best work, and finally winning gained a slight respite by the morning of the 31st. The batteries became less active. Then all was quiet. Then the officers of the christian troops having secured higher positions at Lebanon hills ventured out in scouting tours to take stock of the wonderful ruin that had been wrought.

Because of the flood all signs of a titivation were found to have been destroyed by the force and swift wash of the waters. The christian works between the Midway and Richmond creek plantations were torn up by shell fire and the smaller guns dismounted. This region too was partly under water which had been swept by it by a tidal wave from the sea. Twenty other plantations were gone, and the christian army had lost nearly half of the number of tents and provisions it had. Where the fires had swept that entire district was a smoking incinerated plain. Ashes were everywhere no place being less than two or three feet deep with smouldering tree trunks laying over them and in some places the flood had rolled over three burned areas causing enormous clouds of hot steam. Every artillery man who had manned the front batteries had been killed or wounded. If there was a survivor he was not to be found. All vegetation in this locality had also disappeared. Not a sprig of green was to be seen on the long stretch of devastated battlefields. Live stock had died. Houses had vanished. Rivers were boiling dry and in their beds ran blood. Everywhere north of Chateau Belaire were the dead bodies of the soldiers of both sides, some half buried in mud, others showing they had been stricken down by shell fire and bullets. A great number seemed to have been gored with grape and canister and bayonets. Decomposition seemed to be almost immediate. During the interval of quiet now reigning the any dead were buried as rapidly as possible. Kingstown was safe, the flood had not touched it, the christian troops under Mac-Gentler's ostello were still in possession, but Georgetown was in the possession of the foe, and it had suffered frightfully from shell fire. Even when the violent battle had ceased the air was still filled with smoke, and the heat of the atmosphere created intense thirst and causing such suffering as can hardly be imagined by those not in the district of such battles. Some of the terrific explosions of the battle were heard for nearly one hundred miles, and it was these that the girls had heard while exploring the ruins these days, and they had thought they proceeded from the forest fire. Following is the story of the personal experience of a foreign correspondent.

"The battle raging at Chateau Belaire could be seen from St Lucia Tom ten miles away, and in fact the noise could be heard for ninety miles. I was asked by the authorities of the city of Admont to go near as possible and report. I left St Lucia city at six o'clock on the evening of the first day of the battle. Just after Roddams troops had returned from St Pierre to reinforce general Vivianin's army. Terrible smoke from the battle field was visible during my entire journey. At midnight I thought I saw columns in eruption apparently about four miles away. I ran into a fire started either by the enemy or the christian army, and I was almost suffocated by the smoke. The atmosphere was so so dense that I could see nothing at all. I turned my horse about and rode to the west for two hours and a half before I was clear of the smoke of the fire. At three o'clock in the morning I put back toward the battle as the idea of cannon had increased, and was again compelled to retreat my steps as I was entering the shell fire zone. I arrived at Kingstown at about five o'clock in the morning. It was soon known that the Glandelinian batteries were in dread of and violent action, and there was a tremendous roar as the christians were repulsed. Scintillating lightning flashes played incessantly over the disturbed action. The flashes came from six hundred and sixty to one thousand a minute. Kingstown is twelve miles from the actual scene of battle was inundated with about ten inches of water. The drive of the enemy according to what I heard was observed on the last of July and the people in that district fled.

Huge volumes of water shot up when explosions occurred in the flooded districts. The northern districts of the battlefield was completely destroyed. It was impossible to proceed beyond that point both on account of the flood, and because of getting too near the dangerous enemy. The whole districts of country not touched by water is smoking, and the Christians are retreating toward Lebanon Creek near the hills of the sea name. Sixty Glandelinian officers some of them high generals are reported to have been killed as they led onslaughts against the christian line. Near Belaire the Glandelinian losses are the heaviest. Everything is ruined by shell fire and flood. Many refugees of the battle were brought in boats from Kingstown city. Two quarters of the refugees who arrived further north were dying of thirst. Many of these people have been forty six hours without a drop of water. All cattle were dead because of the lack of water. Those who dared to drink of the flood waters were poisoned and died. There is little chance in the surviving

"In or after this battle here just past" continued the correspondent the smoke vapors which still exhaled over the territory because of fires increased the sickness and mortality among the surviving wounded, and caused suffering among the new arrivals. In some cases disinfectants and the usual means of disposing of the many dead were useless, and devastation they may had to be resorted to. Myloto's however took advantage of the forest fires which caused some confusion at Chetumal Palace, then resulted from the horrors of battle. Shortly after the appearance of a cloud on August the first which seemed to literally blot from the face, Egyptian darkness enveloped the neighborhood, and while the Christian armies were retreating to Lebanon Creek, an alarming luminous cloud suddenly ascended many miles high to the north of the Christian armies and drifted slightly to the northeast. Thunderous rumblings again from the batteries lasted for two hours, and then diminished until they became mere murmurings. The remainder of the night was clear there being a westerly wind, yet the Christian generals with their retreating armies still on the move were frenzied with fear dreading a repetition of the catastrophic night caused such terrible loss of life to the army. They almost ran for the shelter of new positions crying and praying for preservation from another calamity. No one in both armies slept that night. Detachments continued that evening, and as the commanding diminished that evening at eight o'clock some thirty generals and other officers went to scout but still were apprehensive.

"It is terrible," said Jans. "And our whole country longs for rain. The heat and dryness is unprecedented. Because of this flood horror and the forest fires caused by the enemy there is no hope for the resuscitation of the State as for years and years to come. The streams that supplied water to other parts of the country for many purposes has dried up because of fire heat. The continuous conflagrations, and the absence of rain caused the region to look like portions of deserts, and smouldering infernos that do not go out."

"That the papers say," declared the correspondent, "a thick smoky cloud over spreads nearly the whole State, so that there is hardly no sunshine at all even as far as Abbeclania, all business in Galvernia is suspended, and every one is still terror stricken. The feeling of suspense throughout the country is painful, awful. People on all cities and towns up north they say keep on spending their time gazing at the eastern and southern skies, where the smoke clouds continue to gather like black thunderclouds, and westward where the mournful roaring of the flood is heard. At last Saturday night the dense clouds forming a canopy over so much territory lowered even over Galvernia as if a severe thunderstorm was about to break. This continued for two weeks they say as long as the wind remained southeast, and the temperature rose to ridiculous degrees for that time of year. The smoke fog that came also was so heavy that it disturbed the inhabitants in Galvernia, and the forests far to the south appeared to the citizens to give forth dense clouds rising to a considerable height and spreading over the neighborhood, and yet it is said the clouds at the rising point were three hundred miles away. This caused apprehension for fear the fire might head for the city. A great glow was seen from or at Galvernia for many days, especially greatest between Fair Saturday and Sunday.

However some few hours after the battle the conditions in the battle region were quite different when at last calm was restored, or such an approach to it as could be expected after the terrible calamities of that battle. However in the battles of Nichols farm so complete was the destruction that many soldiers died in a few hours of their wounds. There were very few survivors among the wounded. This is not true after the battle now occurring. And yet there are thousands of men, women and children left homeless now and without the means of keeping alive, except as they reclaimed aid from those in a position to help them.... Riding up to the city of Kingstown sometime after the battle the sight presented the last few miles of the journey was one of the most heartrending that has ever been seen by man. Graves, graves, graves on every hand, it seemed as if there were nothing but graves, ruins, and water had been concentrating armies as if preparing for another fray. Where the soldiers of both sides had fallen there they were buried. In front of every line of works there were long mounds that told the stories of the deaths of whole regiments of soldiers.

I observed many burial parties of soldiers and it was a ghastly work for men of them. It would have been almost impossible to urge my horse forward had it not been that outcrops were sometimes hung in bags in front of him. In all the near by villages wrecked by battle most of the houses were or had been shattered by shell fire. The blackened walls in many instances were the only evidence that once upon the site a handsome mansion had stood. And all around were those trench graves telling their tale of the end of those soldiers who had fought in that desperate battle. All of the trees, many of them, oak trees had been shattered by shell fire. In one of the villages which I and my company passed through soldiers were still at work burying bodies. In front of one house there were sixteen graves in trench formation, and to see ten graves within a radius of a few yards was no unusual sight. Before I left there was no sign that Myloto's vengeance would or had not been satisfied, that is there was no signs that a new outbreak of battle would resume.

"I fear there will," said Corbado. And she was right.

"Hey you head officers over there! you needn't try to do, dodge work now, come on now, and help the men haul! haul rocks and sand. Colonel I G. Colonel Harry, for goodness sake, go and show Captain Conway how to have his men dig that trench behind the wall of rocks properly. If he allows his men to go on the way he won't have the work finished in time for next Christmas. I say general Johnston, Johnston, stir 'em general. Stir 'em won't you. There he is falling around with a party of girls out, when he ought to be hard at work. Strange! leaving his position. The enemy might as well ask at any moment. We got to defend Lebanon Creek and hold it at all costs. They might hurl heavy masses upon us and we got to be prepared."

"Such were the quick and various remarks that came from the mouth of general Peppo Evans (the latter said) some two days after the battle just past. The events of former times had made this Christian general extremely popular among all his officers. All Christians are at bottom generous hearted. Selfishness is not known among Abbeclians, and no children ever had shown mean notes as they do here in our own country. Yet in the general chorus of praise for general Peppo Evans, there was not a single dissident or a dissenting voice.

Since the Christian retreat after the third battle in Nichols farm the left wing of general Vivian's army had secured a safe refuge near Lebanon Lebanon Creek, and all plans were being made to frustrate its capture as the Abbeclians it was found out was going to attack in all force and with a "battle royal." Various details had also been discussed until finally with the rejection of some and the acceptance of some others it was resolved to carry the matter into effect with their unusual energy the Christian troops were at rock, and Peppo Evans had not about to reconstruct ramps from natural positions on the slopes of Lebanon Hills a rise of ground a hundred feet above the creek, and therefore from necessity his orders went flying from right to left. He was an active superintendant general, he inspected everything personally, and in doubtful points he consulted the experience of either general Vivian, or the two Hansonians.

"I say brother" he said to general Vivian, "what matters were well under way, how long did you holdout again? I Myloto at Chasaplania early this year?" "About eleven or twelve hours. It was a bad conflict. The enemy stole a march on us that day. Before the action we had about four million troops ready. While we were preparing for movements some of the enemy troops moved unexpectedly against us. I couldn't hold in the general fray. The way we ought to get even with Myloto for that trick. I'm going to try to think out some scheme. I know we must hold this natural position at all hazards. Yes Peppo at Chasaplania they put us to rout toward evening."

"I know that won't go here. We are not going to allow the enemy to clean us out in that style this time. They done enough only a few days ago already." "Aren't you now? I don't know about that," put in general Vivian. "Some of Myloto's Abbeclian generals are just awful at throwing forward violent assaults. Once general Carnody hurled an onslaught that took my line of battle in the center. The attack came so hard, and so fierce, that I thought at first that my line of troops was driven into the earth, and would come into Chasaplania. Carnody was killed, but his troops went. I had to concentrate overwhelming numbers to regain the position. And my loss was lamentable. Those Abbeclians are dangerous in the extreme."

"Yes," chimed in general Hanson Johnston. "And once when I was in a position of the Battle of Delight's Junction last November on Thanksgiving day, when general Ryan of Myloto's command hit my columns on the left, I such such a rout as could never be restored. I thought from the fury of battle the world itself had become automatic. We got to keep our eyes open when we engage Myloto." "This excellent classical pun—excellent because so extremely bad—was lost upon Peppo Evans. It was lost upon general Vivian too, who at that moment was seemingly absorbed in thought.

"Peppo," he said suddenly, "I've an idea. Over by that schoolhouse on the hill—I think you're just this boy that can carry it out. I'll be the teacher and you'll be the scholar."

There was a moment's pause in general Vivian's face. The two rode away together, and held a long conference, but whispered conversation, sitting in the school desks as far as their large sizes would allow (children's desks). Presently they returned where the two Hansonians were still standing, directing the work.

"Now the question is to get Peppo to find out, who are the best generals and Myloto."

"That's so," said Hanson John Johnston. "There's general Ryan, Mic-Jeff, Fu-Lan, Mic-Murphy, Hanson, Peppo Johnston Evans, and Mic-Gann. That's all I can remember that is with him now." "He Hansonian command I wish was he. I'll let off an arrow of paper with a pencil, and blink his eyes."

"To let out," Peppo Evans put in general Hanson John Johnston. "Peppo Evans and Hansonian."

"That's true too," said Peppo Evans, as he walked away.

"Say general to Vivian!" "What scheme are you and Evans hatching," asked Hansonian who had perceived that something was on foot.

"We are going to steal a march on Myloto—so as to try to deprive him of a part of his position, as he attacks us."

"Oh come on—that's the big idea. That can't be done."

580

Meanwhile the work on went on with ever increasing rapidity and on Aug. 23, it being early in the morning of August 23rd, so that as somewhere the event of the Angeles bell announced the early morning, and the army with band heads played from their work to reach the angelic celebration, they heard their heads and breathed their words in the presence of a fortification general in it's way, and strong as a nature and man could make it. Also any of those who reached the Angeles this morning, were never to make it again. It had been arranged by "Lyette" that the starting of the war's work on Lebanon Creek should begin precisely at one o'clock in the morning of August 24th. Contrary to the general custom on other days, there was much talking and less eating at breakfast among the officers and troops and even the advent of the favorite pie, and pan cakes aroused but little enthusiasm. They were all excited about how they were to carry general Vivian's position. While all the generals and officers of the Christian side continually busied themselves in inspecting and strengthening the fortifications, the artillery commanders saw to the proper placing of all the batteries, and the storing away of munitions and horses. The right of the intramurals which I forgot to mention were situated in the angle formed by a stretch of the Sanitary Creek, near Kingstown and a brook, near an old Country Church Building, and the St. Mary's Catholic Country School, and Infirmary.

Precisely at fifteen minutes to seven in the evening, general Bepko Evans, assuming an air of coolness which belied his real feelings, presented himself to another general of his name.

"Your Excellency," he said politely raising his cap as the other did so, "could you please tell me if any of your scouts know who is the best Glandelinian general under inner Mystra?"

"Best general?" repeated, Moro, almost discouragely. "He doesn't need one to point us Christian from our position. To win on his alone is a miracle."

"Maybe they think they don't," general Moro, but I hope they'll change their minds before the attack goes far. Will is there isn't any such general, could I please have a talk with some of your staff?"

"Certainly," the last of the staff, answered the general, in an encouraging tone, for he perceived that general Evans was strangely worried, and partly embarrassed.

"And general Moro," continued Evans, "could I please have one of your strong batteries of machine guns, so we can strengthen our position on Sanitary Creek? It won't take more than two hundred guns."

"If the artillery commander can spare them?"

"Thank you your excellency. And will you please tell me if you have any signs of the coming assault before the attack?"

"Yes, the nothing in your mind?"

"You sir, just one thing more, I want to see all of your staff officers!"

"All?"

"Yes sir," answered Evans, modestly.

"You know their names, probably you'll find most of them in my tent."

Bepko Evans sought them out at once. They were sitting at his proposition to hold a meeting, and good naturedly yielded, and followed him over to the Catholic School Building.

"I am," said general Evans, as they sat at a bridge in the tent, how long do you expect us to hold the work?"

"If we hold it five minutes we are doing well," volunteered Colonel Erickson Brown, with a look of worry.

"Perhaps we may hold it or hold out against the enemy two hours or so remarked general Hodgekne, with a view to encouraging the general.

"Well I'll tell you that," said Evans, "if we stand it out half an hour, do you believe the victory will soon become?"

"Of course it should be so. For sir, you'll retreat until I have to," said Henry Warren frowned and the others looked their stubborn will to try anything once.

"Well," said Bepko Evans, as he unlocked the door of one of the rooms. "If you'll walk in, we'll settle everything in less than no time. Evans stood holding the door open, with the key in the lock, waiting for the wily leaders to enter. All entered. Evans too. Suddenly from seemingly no where a stealthy man hidden in a dark corner sprang forward, grabbed the door knob, and the door banged after him, while coming close upon the sled grated the ominous sound of the key turning in the lock followed by the quick patter of schoolroom to get out the windows was impossible as they were barred on by the teachers desk and battered the door down with a crashing blow, and they were in pursuit of the one who looked them in, but he escaped. They did not know whether it was just a prank or an enemy trying to frustrate their plans.

481

One of the officers notified general Vivian that everything was fixed the way he wanted it. He told too if the fight lasted over half an hour at the start and they held out he might win. The officers of various arms seeing suspicious signs among the army and believing the proposed attack might come ahead of the started off at breakfast speed for the trenches, and such programs did they make that one of them was within a few hundred yards of his intramurals when there came the signal from Moro that the enemy was moving forward in heavy numbers, and that the Glandelinians were changing their batteries. The sound of the signal, with the sudden rolling roar of Molates batteries, coupled with Bepko Evans as a sentence, drew shrill hearty cheers from the Christian troops, as still being uncertain they almost impatiently awaited the onset. By way of echo a hoarse deeper sound came from the large columns moving in front of the well known battle yell of the Glandelinian soldiery confidently moving to victory. Scarcely had the devil yell been fairly heard when the enemy appeared rushing forward in a long wave, moving in the slight rise of ground, and spreading around toward dormitory brook. The Glandelinian artillery fire was terrific, evidently covering the charge, but the broadsides were a little too high and struck above the Christian positions bringing down avalanches of dust and stones.

The Christian artillery finally opened in reply.

"Bepko," said Evans to his officers to their regiments. "Don't fire a single shot, till I give the word, or you hear the signal. Be sure not to forget. All you have to do for the present is to keep your eyes open, and dodge every bomb."

Thicker and thicker came the smoke from the batteries, nearer and nearer the Glandelinian wave. The right left of it, was moving for Bepko Evans, but a certain wave of the other part of the line brought it up against Vivian and it struck like a tidal wave.

"Well, how clear out of that you see," shouted general Evans, who was well in front of his troops, as he saw a number of refugee children going into a dangerous spot. "Those Glandelinians will eat you!"

They obeyed in panic as a deafening halloo crashed somewhere along Vivian's line.

"Forward boys," continued the energetic aggressor officers to their men. "Let's carry their fortifications."

Inspired by their officers, the Glandelinians gave a rousing cheer.

"Now give it to them," was the order along the Christian line, as he lifted up his arms. In prompt obedience to this order, all the line in front and rear and in works behind, and in angle and cross works opened a simultaneous fire with musketry and machine guns, the smoke made the air white, and two wings of the Glandelinians were torn to fragments, and recoiled back, in confusion, but the rest pressed on.

"Woop-la!" Now is our time," cried Evans, as the main line of Glandelinians came within better range. Every one fired again.

An amazing destructive fire from all make of war machines tore into the ranks of the Glandelinians, their expressions of astonishment, so subdued soon before shaded off into blinding expressions of astonishment, and discomfiture and embarrassment. They however tried to stand on, but the upper batteries tore avenues in their ranks, and shattered the whole line, and presently however

astonishment pure and simple stamped itself on the faces of the survivors, for before they had fairly begun to reach the works in the face of the well directed fire of the troops, the shrill cry of change came from the positions upon their startled ears, and presto, there issued at a run three waves of the Abdominians and Angulians. To meet them and their terrible bayonets was impossible in this open space. Aid shouts and their terrible bayonets

the crash of several the beat of drum, the blare of bugles and the awful noise of countless thousands of muskets snapping, and the drum drum roar of artillery

disperished through the battle line—the foremost Glandelinian troops turned and fled, some threw down their arms and surrendered, and others hurried then

alone flat to escape annihilation. Not the whole line however. In the confusion of onset, general Hodgekne and a few of his divisions resorted to maneuvers. Quietly

rearranging their ranks they allowed pursuit and pressure to pass, then suddenly advanced upon the fortifications. But though the troops had left it, new force

had immediately entered, and they let go a withering fire that tore down the Glandelinian regiments by the nose. On pressed the enemy, and the defenders

fought bravely. General Ryan, and Colonel Koppin were wounded but their men still held the position. Still the issue could hardly be looked upon as doubtful. The voices of the Glandelinian leaders were becoming hoarse with joy. They hoped

that in a few minutes the works of the Christians would be theirs. The fighting was fierce and bloody, and stubborn, but the Glandelinians recoiled without their best. They were still urging their men on forgetful of the fact that

in his wake, when general Hodgekne's voice came above the din.

"Hold the fortifications!" He was shouting, "hold the general."

He came up in the and hurled his forces upon the enemy. The enemy nascently

leantians were none the less and must say three to one, and driven from the slopes toward Sanitary Creek, and the other line was hurled across Lebanon Streamobilious in the meantime of the galling fire of the main body of the enemy, who advanced from another quarter. From that moment the fighting on the part of the enemy was torn. Deprived of over 1 several generals and

suffering a dreadful loss, they displayed a masterly inactivity. Whenever the Christians pressed on they had a capital opportunity of capturing many prisoners and finally driving the enemy back to his positions. In the meantime general Nero and some of his head generals stood looking on. Among them was general Turner. He had a quick eye, and it struck him presently that a number of the large Christian divisions on his own right were on second to be absent. Where could they be? There was a disaster. For did the enemy along that point worst the Christian line, while Beppo Evans was driving the enemy back along his own front. And why did the noise of battle now sound so frightfully fierce along Vivian's line? His suspicious was right. Some were prisoners. Perhaps those divisions had been driven in by the foe or having taken advantage somehow had taken upon a position in a new place where they had not been ordered to go by mistake. But he was worried. Though he saw Beppo Evans win, and Hannonia with his troops crush the assailants, and was still holding them, the sound of battle was so wild in the vicinity of Vivian's position that he was apprehensive. Perhaps a dreadful thought—the enemy might come back to resume the assault upon the Christian troops now moving forward and catch them unaware and do a lot of harm.

General Nero was familiar with the ways of general Myletso, or his dangerous generals. And he remembered some sad experience of what had happened in other battles. He gave a sigh, took out his note book, and ran over the list of the officers in charge of those Corps. His face grew longer as he read and compared. Yes, all the leaders, and the troops whom general Beppo Evans had asked for to reinforce him in case of necessity were not at the front. They seemed to be missing.

He feared a disaster somewhere. "This is too bad," he muttered to himself. "They are the last officers I would suspect of being hoodwinked to the enemy. Why in the world is general Vivian in such dreadful action? I hope we won't have a disaster that'll disgrace us all. We have none but good generals, and it would be a pity to have to have all our troops expelled from these positions. It's a pity I don't know Myletso better. Perhaps he's up to some tricks and knows our plans. Now where is that new sound of battle coming from? Listen to Vivian's battle line. It sounds as if it has gone crazy. But perhaps the enemy are attacking him terribly. I'll sure make an effort to see what is wrong first."

Just then, Beppo Evans on a grand triumphant charge, came sweeping past him. Regardless of the flying missiles, general Nero rode forward fast and caught up with him just as a crashing explosion tore up the fields before him. "General Evans!" he cried, raising his voice above the din. "Do you know anything about the Thirtieth, Sixteenth, and the Sixty First Corps that were supposed to support you? Where are they?"

Nero's face as he spoke was clouded. Beppo Evans judged the expression to be one of vexation, and inferred, that he was worried about something. He replied demurely:

"No, something happened somewhere but I cannot tell. Tell general Francis Hannonia he'd better support Vivian before it is too late. He is at tacked by general Muebaum, Mic-Wilther and Gannonia."

This answer confirmed, general Nero's worst suspicions. "There's no doubt about it," he muttered, as he made his way out of the thick of the fight. "Disposition of the Glendelinian force had stolen a march on us. But I do hope we'll discover it before a disaster occurs. A great scream rose from the throats of all of general Beppo Evans' troops, as in the full flush of victory they charged the enemy and drove him back as far as his own position. It was a disgraceful rout, and at that time general Rao on the foe side fell mortally wounded, and two other officers were killed, and a whole line of Glendelinians dropped before the Christian fire. General Tannor, a runner on the Christian side rode past Beppo Evans to deliver a message, and under cover of the cries of victory beyond and without, and the grizzling of the defeated enemy warned him not to charge too far as its dangerous to go into the enemy's territory. He then started away, and as he did so a shot killed his horse, and the general was thrown, injuring his leg. He was holed away to the rear, and Beppo Evans seeing the receding fire of the enemy leaving voices ordered his victorious forces to halt along the banks of Latham creek and form into position. On the enemy side Gannady and Ryan were killed, general Ziegler Zee Rao was wounded, Cleary Whillins was disabled, while general Miller peering up and down was shot dead while trying to rally his troops. Though defeated the Glendelinians were nothing like enraged. They were.

Through Beppo Evans was victorious, the enemy would not desert in his attack upon Vivian, and Beppo Evans then received another notice from a courier that Vivian was being worried.

"Confound it," burst forth general Mic-Meff. "I never was so badly taken in since I was here. If we are attacked again here, sir, and we are not able to retain the position, Vivian will have to retreat again. Listen! Now the firing is so dreadful."

"We haven't been here so long yet," said general Maudens counsel story reflect ion. "The enemy may be afraid to resume the attack here."

"It'll be a pretty how do we do it," growled general Grains.

"If we are licked everybody will have the laugh on us."

"We have strong enough forces here yet to paralyze the next assault the enemy would make," said general Mic-Goy Johns.

Just inside that the result would be if we were to lose him. He muttered general Grains.

The task of examining the results seemed to be attended with some great difficulties for in truth induced a silence that lasted for several min minutes.

"That's some one going to tell us what we are to do," burst out general Arthur Johns at length. "The fight has raged now for nearly over an hour. Haven't any one got a courier?"

There was a sudden silence.

"Well, come on," cried general Arthur. "Let's go a little ways with our innative troops, and see what is up."

"The goodman asks," cried Colonel general Ryanda. "Don't. We have no orders to do anything. We can't send a courier to general Hannonia and ask for orders."

"Well," said another. "I don't propose to stay standing idle here forever. I wonder if I couldn't climb that tree and see what is happening along general Vivian's line."

"You might try," said general Gannon earnestly. "It would be just like Mel Myletso to be driving the men in assault upon Vivian. If general Vivian's could be worried all will be well."

While Gannon was speaking, general Kremer had taken off his coat and vest. "Now have give me a lift," he said.

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585
"Over an hour," said Garmon.

"And what did any of you see?"

The officers looked at each other.

"Do you mean the results of the fighting," said General Grant. "We observed Beppo Evans' march, but we could see nothing elsewhere because there was so much smoke. There wasn't anything else to see, but we did not like the sound coming from where General Vivian was, and we wondered why Vivian didn't come to his aid."

General Nero flushed with anger.

What they said made matters worse. They had acknowledged that the general that was Vivian was fairly caught. The general told of the Corps he was missing before they were gone a few minutes--and that he knew something was wrong as they showed some signs of worry too--and that they had acknowledged they saw bad things for over an hour that they were at indiscretion of over it, that there was a clear case of Vivian facing dire disaster. And he finished by saying:

"So now it's up to you to move to Vivian's aid, call for Vivian's aid and bring on Francis Henson."

"We will," they said.

"Someone must have made a big blunder," said Nero. "They don't know the lay of the position you see. But sincerely I'm glad you happened along."

There was a whispered consultation among the officers. Then Francis spoke, "Your Excellency, we want you to do us a favor. You and General Evans are the only ones that know what is going on--we'll do as you say, and we'll make the enemy become 'quid' if you promise to lend us the aid of your batteries."

"You can do so, and trust me," answered Nero. "I can have some of my troops too if you need them."

"Thank you sir," came the general response.

About two hours after this, the Glandelinians who had been rallied, were after being routed by Beppo Evans were reinforced, and they renewed the attack and concentrated most heavily upon Beppo Evans, driving a sledge hammer like assault upon all his line. Henson had to throw all his troops into the action to save the main division of Beppo Evans' army, and the battle along his line now was fiercer than ever along General Vivian's. The enemy rushed irresistibly against Beppo Evans, crushing his line, and hurling him back, but they could not penetrate Henson's, though they delivered one onslaught after another in endless succession. However Henson was so heavily assaulted that he had to call for help. Vivian's division sent a large division, and so did Nero and after four hours of terrific battle, racing like a thousand Gattysburgs in that space and time the Glandelinians finally failed to make any further progress, and aided by artillery, Beppo Evans by a bounding charge was able to recover his lost ground. The losses on both sides were frightful by this time and many officers were down.

Francis Henson was also severely handled by the enemy under Bolander. Snyder who held the works near St. Hennes Schoolhouse and grounds. The battle also raged violently here, and for a longer period the enemy hurling forth five tremendous onslaughts with overpowering numbers and so covered by a heavy artillery fire, but Henson was not to be dislodged and he cut to pieces every charge that was made against him. General Vivian for the first notion of the battle was caught roughly with, and driven from his positions, but the generals in consultation with Nero just mentioned did as Nero suggested, and also with the help of troops from both Nero and Vivian and their batteries, almost infiltrating the attacking Glandelinians. Finally held them in check until Vivian's division could be rallied. General Mic-off, and also Cleary, and Garmon were wounded but they retained their command and restored Vivian's broken line.

General Mic-off was disabled in the foot, and was brought to the rear. Seeing that it was necessary, General Vivian brought up all his available troops and concentrated heavily upon the enemy at all points, sending heavy reinforcements to Beppo Evans as well, and bringing up all the artillery and the enemy was so honeycombed with gaps and openings, that the survivors finally were glad to withdraw from the frightful combat and fled from the bloody field and hill to their own works.

Vivian suggested an counter charge to Vivian but he would not take the chance and was content with victory as it was. It had been a bad fight however, and hundreds of thousands of his own dead lay on that bloody field, all in that five hours conflict. The enemy's loss was more terrible but not yet known, though the wounded was estimated at three millions.

It was a long time before Gertrude knew anything of the real outcome of this battle. The total Christian loss was three millions. The enemy was nearly seven.

Nevertheless in the events I have recently narrated as happened long time and again since Angeline Riches began to come back from her work and Jennie Turner's first meeting with little Jean, I have purposely avoided enlarging upon the grief and horror of many dreadful incidents that had occurred with them which was not written as it would take too long. Jennie Turner was gone, on her way alone, having secured a bullet and would write to Gertrude and the others as soon as she reached Emperor Vivian's lines. Many cried at the partings.

586
Evidently the reader would think, judging what has been related of Gertrude

Angeline, and her best followers since the story began, that she had been strangely unimpressed by the many awful and tragic incidents of the war, and especially the great flood disasters. This however is a wrong inference. True Gertrude being also a guiding scout like Angeline Riches, by being sent from one army to another, though rightly belonging to Conscientious Army, and being a lone independent scout, had been wisely spared the end sights, and all horrors incident upon the greater disasters, though probably she did almost partake in the "Abbasani Ocean," as the disaster is nicknamed. After being sent to aid Angeline Riches guide the girls and others back to Emperor Vivian, as Jennie Turner now left, she felt lonely indeed, and too she never saw the faces of those who had lost their lives. Nor did she ever see the faces of many of her best friends who had been killed at duty, and those who had asked her prayers. Had she seen them, she would have recognized the same beautiful expressions which had thrown a halo upon the faces, when the dying brave little heroes and heroines had uttered "Sweet Heart of Jesus, be my Love."

To those who knew Gertrude well, they knew her ways and feelings, but those who did not know, her thought her uncomprehending, as she seemed refined, shed no tear, always smiling or smiling which ever it was, showed her severe dignity and went about her ways as if nothing extraordinary had happened. She even acted and went about her work as if no war had happened, and if the disasters flooded close by, was merely a sea, and the fires had been sent in the forests by her own hand just to see a "big fire."

Nevertheless the incidents had deeply affected Gertrude. She knew that her own frequent and countless numbers of escape from instant and frightful deaths, or waiting for life had fallen little short of a miracle, and every time she thought of prayer, praying she from her innermost heart thanked God that she had been spared to serve her country well. Then even one known as Jane had been taken away just as she had done her utmost, and that two or three good boys had been called to God on the very days they had completed their first Friday week to Gertrude as to be a wonderful manifestation of God's mercy. It was a lesson too to Jane Halloway who had always been so cocky. She too knew now the enemy have a more mercy on children than she would for a hard battle.

Her losses, the disasters she knew of, and all what she had had the chance to see, filled Gertrude's little heart with a burning desire to serve her beloved Country all the more, just as she always. Reclaimed Our Lord in the sacrament of His Love. Among all boys and girls--as I have heard of them, and known them--such feeling and affections for Country show themselves outwardly in a somewhat negative manner. They do not always manifest themselves in deed and conversation, save by increased carefulness in avoiding anything sinful. Joke and jest, play, work, military study may go on as before. But the change for all that, may be radical and life long. It was a heavy day that 5th of Aug. at for Gertrude, when as she was organizing her troop she received word Vivian had repulsed Hylton at Lebanon Grove. I dare say no girl or boy could not about the work of preparation as Gertrude did. Each day she attended of her own accord her military lessons and prepared them with a thoroughness that was beyond criticism. Nor in the practice did she neglect her other studies, and it seemed as if she was merely a scholar and not a superior girl scout.

There was one catch in her however. She didn't like James Green, the boy forlorn. He never applied himself very hard in order to put himself on a fair footing with his classmates. He stood always at the foot of his class; and once when waving one of his signal flags for practice he somehow wrapped the banner around Gertrude's face, and she and he had some time to disengage it. Gertrude's face was red with anger but she did not say anything. He even broke one saddle given to him.

"I hope Miss Armstrong, won't get mad about it," he remarked to Jack Sanders.

"If you try to correct your ways, she might be all right," said Jack. "You've been acting mighty foolish lately, and as you're a forlorn James you know you haven't much pull here."

"Yes," said Miss Armstrong is mighty strict. She thinks or knows I'm awful careless. She doesn't even know what to make of me. I'm afraid I'll be discharged. And there is no one to teach me how to be careful or watch my mistakes. I don't fear Gertrude so much, but it's Angeline Jennings and her sister. They are the ones who do the disciplining, and they are more severe."

"I'll assist you to do better if you'll listen to my advice."

Said Jack. "You are right." And Dolores is always watching you. She sure gave you a fully black look yesterday, when you failed to catch your flag signal lessons ten times after all she explained to you. If you want me to do this for you must listen to my advice."

In these few words, Jack had set down the relations between Dolores and her sister very much. Dolores and Jennings loved all boys and girls, but wanted them to be as she wished them to be. And the wall of misunderstanding had been rising between the two girls and James ever since James was in the camp. And it was all his fault. Stepping on girls' toes, bumping into them by not looking where he was going, getting him self lost from Gertrude at the risk of his life, and other foolish acts. Even Emperor Vivian would not permit that, and as for Violet, and her sisters, well---He'd better look out.

587
James forebodings on this occasion were not without foundation. That evening of the fifth he was summoned to Angeline Jennings by Gertrude, and she gave him to understand that he's poking up within a week if he does not change. And she showed him the prepared discharge papers. Th

"That will be given to you a week from to day if I do not hear better news of you," she said simply.

Later Angeline Jennings was summoned to Gertrude's headquarters. On entering with her usual sweet smile, she saw at once from Gertrude's face, that something had gone wrong.

"Are Ah Miss Riches, how are you faring?"

"Pretty hard Gertrude."

"P. And how are you getting on with your classes of girl and boyscouts?"

"Very good."

"We can do lots can't we."

"Yes, and I guess we can proceed to tomorrow."

"Are you sure we have had no troubles lately?"

"Yes, Gertrude, I'm getting ready to start the whole column if you say so."

"Well Angeline, I've very bad news for you."

"Any more sick in our camp, Gertrude?"

"No it regards you, and your plans. I am very much displeased at our situation. We can't go anywhere for the present."

"Oh I got low notes because we can't go through the files, and because I've missed a lot of days. Penrod says I've got up already. We surely can go ahead."

"Angeline Jennings knows the situation too, but there must have been some thing more in your bulletin--some remark which indicated that you were not, could not give satisfaction in your guiding ship because of the files, for Angeline Jennings says, that you, or I, nor any one, can get through this region unless we turn ourselves into beings of fire, and then go. Angeline to progress forward now would be a miracle. We are stuck here, and heaven only knows how long. The fire and flood has outwitted us."

A strange expression, came over Angeline's face. Every nerve seemed to be a quiver. Till that moment, Angeline, or nor Gertrude had had any idea of the ardent desire with which they had looked forward to their "days" of days to reach Emperor Vivians army.

"But that ain't all," said Gertrude. "The Vivian Girls have disappeared."

Angeline started.

"Don't take it too much to heart Angeline," continued Gertrude, both touched and edified at the way in which Angeline received the news. "I have a hope that a further examination or investigation will discover some mistake. It seems they went out scouting on the first of this month and never returned. But we mustn't give up hope yet. I'll inquire about the whole affair, and find out just how things stand as soon as possible. Jennie Turner will inform us when she reaches the army. She'll be there by midnight."

"Thank you Gertrude," said Angeline piously.

"In the meantime offer all this trial to God, my friend. It comes from His ways are not our ways. And when He sends us trials, we wish to bear up under them cheerfully."

"I'll try to swallow it Gertrude. But it's hard."

Angeline Riches went directly to a little chapel in the home, prostrated herself before the altar, and there prayed fervently. When she entered she was dazed, bewildered, and saddened, when she left, three minutes later she was comparatively calm. There's no sorrow that prayer cannot soothe, and children's sorrows, God is thanked for it, are quickest to yield their bitterness to fervent prayer. No one observing Angeline Riches, doing her duties half an hour later could imagine that the nimble girlscout, all gaiety and motion had just met the first great sorrow of her life. The disappearance of the Vivian Girls her best friend was some awful shock to her. The wounding of her father too had been a shock. Gertrude knew how to get a wireless telephone connection to the christian camp under Emperor Vivian, and she decided right away to get definite news. Gertrude called:

"Give me Emperor Vivians camp I please."

An hour elapsed, and Angeline was again summoned by Gertrude.

"Well Angeline, things are looking a little brighter. I've got into communication with the camp, and it's hoped there's been a grave blunder about the report. It is believed they might have stayed three days longer than expected and may come back to day. Now we hope the report came from some error but we'll receive the final report to night. I have just learned that Heaven Jennie's there and she answered me when I called. She'll tell me to night how matters stand, and I'm quite sure that all will then be right."

588
Angeline Riches smiled excessively, and finding some difficulty in keeping her both feet upon the ground, hastened to leave the tent, whereupon she almost tumbled all the way back to her own tent. About eight or nine o'clock that night Angeline again received the summons, and before this since she received the second report that she had been in high place. How eagerly she hastened to Gertrude's headquarters to hear the final word. She entered all aglow and smiling, but the glow gave way to ashen whiteness and smile disappeared instantly. There was something in Gertrude's face which warned her that the bad news was about true.

"I've been shocked out of my boots, by the terror of Jennie's telegram. She says that couriers and scouts reports the Vivian Girls have been made prisoners by Glandelinians and sold into slavery by the enemy, and that all the Gemini and Jack Evans have gone to try and locate them and rescue them. She says she's glad to know someone one of them has been sold and taken, and that the couriers have done well in bringing the news in time, but she adds that she has been doubting for sometime whether they can be recovered soon or not. If they are not Emperor Vivian will refuse to take prisoners, that is Hanley and his various armies will not receive quarters."

"They always give us of trouble to the Glandelinians," explained Angeline lamely. "I guess they are done for."

"Well Emperor Vivian is prepared for anything. If they are not returned within two weeks Hanley will be notified of the degree or degrees of 'No Quarter.' Emperor Hanley is up to some devilment."

"Yes," assented Angeline sadly. "They'll be better off if they would have stayed where they are safer. It looks as if we all have to go around with long noses."

"However," added Gertrude, suppressing a tear. "He leaves the matter in my hands."

Angeline brightened at once.

"Judging from the drift in Jennie's turners letter, though, I think that he would prefer for us to wait and not do anything rash ourselves. I'm to send Penrod to go in quest of them, with ten of his scouts if they are not back in when we get there."

Angeline's face fell.

"Now Angeline, we all have our choice. If you insist, I shall allow you to take the chances of leading on us through if you think we can do, or of remaining here...."

Angeline thought for a moment, then suddenly a light flashed from her eyes--a light of inspiration.

"Angeline or Gertrude I'll tell you what I'll do. We must remain here till every path way is open for us. It's suicide to proceed."

She did not explain her reasons, but for Gertrude no explanations was needed.

"God will bless you for that safe resolution, Angeline. Our success with it will be all the happier, and we can offer our Holy Communion in Thanksgiving. You have chosen wisely, and God's blessing will be upon the choice...."

Angeline departed sad. She did not wish her friends to be "done." At three intense longing would consume her. She wished she were in their place so she could find a way to save them. On the early morning when all the regiment of child scouts knelt to receive their Divine Master, Angeline's eyes were very moist. One tear trickled down her pretty face. After this there was no relaxation in her studios, mountains. But poor girlscouts. Between their time to get at Emperor Vivians, and their adventures other tragic experiences were to intervene. Upon these brave heroines and heroes God for the good of Abhannians holy cause seemed to have special designs. Their little were to be tested and especially James Graham's.

189

AN UNUSUAL AND MOST DESTRUCTIVE AFTERMATH DUEL FOLLOWED THE BATTLE OF LEHONON CREEK. THE WHOLE COUNTRY FEELS THE SHOCK, AND GENERAL VIVIANIA'S ARMY SUFFERING GREAT LOSS OF LIFE AND DESTRUCTION OF MILITARY PROPERTY.

IN WHICH GENDRUE HAS A BRAND NEW STORY.

THE HEAVY artillery duels which preceded the battle of Lebanon Creek the night following, were no doubt related to the latter convulsions of the two armies. As the battle was determined to cost Viviania his position, though a failure in his assaults upon it. In the battle his divisions under General Cammonia suffered the heaviest loss of life and numbers of wounded. His artillery under Leo Costello also sustained heavy damage. And he was determined to get even. On that night a blinding flash like lightning lightning followed by a storm of artillery firing along the whole of Kyleston line, and torrents of shell fragments, all in the space of a few minutes at the start, caused the christian infantry troops to rush for shelter. In an instant however the shell fire was upon them crashing frenetically into the darkness, and through the own shell swept hillside and ravines, anywhere away from the surrounding woods, was the multitude of soldiers. The following shocks were less severe as the christian artillery responded with a roar heard as far as where General and her sons were, and during the meantime the infantry were rallied behind strong natural positions.

During the time the artillery storm was raging so wildly news soon began to come in from the hill country, where General Francis Hansonias army was situated. A terrific onslaught was hurled against it with crazy fury. His left wing attacked by cowards being numbers suffered the most. Hundreds of men were either totally destroyed, or seriously cut up and thrown into confusion. The narrow ways however often not more than three or four yards wide, and the irregular manner in which they were constructed set served to make death traps of the christian positions for the assailants, and before the assault was finally repulsed fully two thousand bodies in gray uniforms mingled with purple had been discovered by morning, and many soldiers of both sides were badly wounded. As well as flood, and terrific explosions added to the horror of the night's battle with the result that many refugees went insane and others crazed committed suicide.

Generals Amstittan, San Juan, San Marcos, Secumilla, Santa Gracia, and others of the christian side were also attacked, and hard pressed but held. Approximately five million Glandelinians were in the assault covered by the terrific artillery fire, but Hansonias held desperately. A river steamer known as the Gracie which left Lebanon Creek that time of midnight brought additional news of the Lebanon horror to Evanvaline St. Claire. General Quenmen out of a troop of 107,000. Death and damage to artillery, and artillerymen and horses were also reported to be heavy, and the divisions of General Quenmen, San Marcos, San Juan Ostencallo, Ruania, Has stenico, and others were believed to have been driven back by the intensity of the enemy's heavy damage was done on many plantations on these hillside. The ship Gracie was near by when Kyleston let go so fiercely with all his artillery. Though the ship board felt the shock or concussion of the distant cannonading. The crew either thought a volcano was erupting or another big explosion was occurring. The thirteenth Corps under General Oco's met the shock of a Glandelinian assault. A number of his works were carried, and the line thrown back, but he held the other positions successfully.

The Glandelinian columns "rolled" up, and at his lines in three distinct waves... each wave was torn to pieces and repulsed. The Glandelinian wave of left standing. The town of Kingstown was shell and there was not a house. Storm reached the village of Pandora by another ship unknown of name, which was in the locality at the time. The gun on board stated that the city of Kingstown was almost completely destroyed. The shock was felt for a whole night on board the ship. The loss of life was between one million, and one million five hundred thousand on both sides. General Secumilla of the christian side had about 100,000 men before the battle, and terrific explosions cut rays in the fields and shook many houses to wreck.

590

After the terrible struggle the scenes between the battle lines were terrible. The bodies of the fallen were even dug from the ruins of houses on the hillside and picked up from trenches and in the open fields. Corpses were heaped with dead, which were buried in the trenches.

Of General San Jose's divisions, 100 Regiments were destroyed by the Glandelinian charge, but only two quarters of that number were killed, the rest wounded or captives. The railway passing through there was much damaged, and progress was stopped, for telegraph wires had been badly torn up, and rails spread in many places.

The number of horseless in the region as a result of the battle and destruction caused by the battle was believed to be at 130,000. General Escalco was wounded and his losses heavy. By advice brought by a courier from General Para Bruinia it was learned that in thirty seconds, 11,000 Glandelinians had been killed over forty thousand hurt, maimed and crippled by a terrific sudden christian discharge of masonry and cannon, and also General Quazaltanango of commander of a force of forty million Angelinians killed, and his positions for a time captured by the enemy. Only fragmentary reports and accounts of the disaster had been received up to that time owing to the interrupted telegraphic communications. But there arrived from General Paras lince a courier who was in the battle at the time of this war disturbance. In speaking of the second action of the battle, he said it.

"The artillery duel came about eight o'clock in the evening after the results of the enemy's frightful charges at five o'clock. I was out on open ground and so fierce was the concussion of artillery firing that I had the greatest difficulty to keep my feet."

The very motion of the ground produced by the shocks resembled nothing so much as standing in a small boat that is being rocked by the waves. I saw the ground rise and falling great clouds from dreadful explosions, like eruptions, and everywhere it seemed to me the earth was a splitting and cracking from the blasts. I witnessed the Glandelinian assault upon the christian front under General Quazaltanango, and his division was practically destroyed. All the regiments that were left are shaken shaky from the violence of the fray. The loss is irreparable. My brother who is an officer had a Brigade in the engagement and it is now a total ruin. Many other officers all brigadiers commanders suffered in a similar manner, and in addition suffered a greater loss than that of some members of their staff. There were three distinct Glandelinian assaults, each more severe than the one preceding, but the damage was all done within a minute and a half by the Glandelinian artillery fire. Those who were forced to retreat from their shell work, escaped with slight injury but many of those who were with the columns resisting the Glandelinian attack were either killed or wounded. The loss of life was greatest along General Vivianias center. It is practically impossible however to give anything like an accurate estimate of the dead. During the midnight hours the driven christian troops encamped out on a big plain near Lebanon Creek. To add to the horror of the situation towns and small villages are all afire. Many of the wounded suffered greatly from heat and thirst, owing to the fact they were too far from water and the enemy cut off the rail supply from the Spituary and Lebanon Creeks.

The battlefield is a ghastly sight. Bodies are lying everywhere about the trenches as beyond. There would be a head, there a trunk, and limbs covered by explosions, over where are piles of debris in the rear by towns can be seen protruding arms and legs. The sight is horrible and one that cannot be forgotten."

All the additional later details of the battle of Lebanon Creek only added to the horrors. Refugees arriving at Pandora City on a river steamer, and taking chances with the flood for safety undertook that one million fourteen thousand fourteen thousand dead were buried after the terrific conflict. One refugee who was there and who was forced to aid in burying the bodies said that over 1,000,000 had been buried in trenches twelve hours after the first action of the battle. General Topanahuala had a force of about 10,000 to 10,000,000 men and his loss was estimated at two hundred thousand dead, he being the enemy's General San Marcos division was destroyed. General Lachon lost three quarters of his numbers.

It was said in justice to General Angelina and her followers that the record of all so far was very pleasing. Indeed Gertrude herself expressed her pleasure in such terms, that some of the scouts especially the boys blushed to the tips of their ears.

"Say Gertrude" said Angelina that a morning of the fifth, "What about trying the trip on the raft?"

"You and we can make it Angelina, just as soon as it is safer to continue our traveling. Perhaps a little more in nature is a little power on us, but it might do us a lot of good in the end."

There could be no doubt about the approval of all of Gertrude's followers though truth compels us to add that they all made things very lively whenever they could. The morning breakfast passed quickly. Toward the end of the breakfast hour Gertrude came upon one of the boys. She was snatching about the yard of St. Gertrude's Orphanage when her attention was caught by the following conversation:

"He's over suspicious."

"He wants to speak always to us about disaster."

"Give him a calumny Jane. She'll be his sister."

There were a few of the remarks from John Hitch, and a few other of the boy and girls came admiring to one of the boys about whom they had gathered. "What's the matter?" Gertrude inquired of the victim.

"He's afraid we'll be staying here for a year, but you'll do Gertrude."

volunteered Dolores. He's a second William Maxwell...."

"Come on Johnny what's your name," said Gertrude.

This boy known and Frank Jantre, though long in the Regiment always said very little, but his eyes always spoke volumes of gratitude. He was a quiet, ivory complexioned boy. His eyes dark and heavily shadowed had a trick of passing from one suspicion to anger at times and to knowledge of things others knew nothing of. Gertrude since she had first seen him had taken a liking to the boy and had come to always notice his change of face, and as the days had slipped by and their intimacy grew Gertrude wondered, she too was puzzled, and being an outspoken girl scout was only waiting a favorable opportunity of satisfying her curiosity. This day the occasion presented itself.

"What makes you look so nervous Frank?"

"Do I look nervous....?"

"Just as if you had been training a flock of ghosts, and had not made any good success...."

Frank shivered, and his face paled.

"Well, now I say," cried Gertrude, clapping his heartily on the back, "Come and tell me, what is the matter anyhow?"

"Oh Miss Aronburg," and Frank long pent up emotions escaped in a flood of tears. "I'm afraid we'll all be massacred here...."

"What passed Gertrude?"

"Just listen. You know about two miles from here I was scouting near a large farm. I was hidden hidden away but I saw a large force of Glandelinians cavorting somewhere close an awful noise as if a big battle was being fought. The leader of the squadron was colonel Martnett Apple. He was a short, dark ugly looking man with bristling black whiskers. The horse he rode was coal black, and he carried a Gargantuan "Theclor" standard. He was alone in advance of his men and I knew he was up to something. A little later I passed the farm house, when I heard a noise inside, as if some little girl and boy were trying to shout or scream, but couldn't, then I heard a tremendous hubbub, as if a there was a scuffle, then the crack of a pistol, then all was still again. In spite of my fright, I crept to the window, and oh Miss Gertrude how I was frightened. On the floor lay a man and woman in pools of blood, and over them stood that dark man, looking still darker, while two others were strangling the children. I was so frightened that I couldn't stir, and there I stood with my face against the window pane. Somehow it seemed I couldn't move. Then my heart gave a big jump, when suddenly the colonel's eyes met mine. At first he turned deadly pale, then he swore a dreadful blasphemy and made for the door. As he moved, and some of his men inside followed, I sprang out back, and I tell you I mounted my horse and raced down the road at full speed, yet not so fast but that I could hear the thunder of many horses following as the Glandelinians pursued. Oh it was awful that I had race through the dark, rocky woods. I don't think I'll ever be as frightened again, not even when I come to do it. When as I urged on my horse, I could tell that they were gaining on my rear, and I called to God to help me, and prayed as I had never prayed before. My horse stumbled and fell but I was able to pull out my pistol and in my terror I shot that dark leader down. I was then rescued by a party of your men who had also been out scouting. They came just as I shut my eyes and said what I thought was to be my last prayer."

"Boy," said the Abyssinian leader. "I know you, and you never need to fear that the Glandelinians will ever forget your face so be careful. They'll get you if they have to massacre the whole Regiment to get you. Those Glandelinians are Osaarians and they are dangerous, child murderers."

Gertrude put her hands into her waist pockets and stood straight. It was her method of expressing astonishment.

"Gracious," she said, "but those Glandelinians are bad men. You oughtn't to be afraid of them massacring us though. We can put up a good stiff fight."

"But I can't help it I am. It's not so much fear of them as of my own just that worry worries me. Sometimes I wonder if I should have exposed their sure murderous work or not, wiping out a helpless family like that. Do you think I have?"

As Gertrude was speaking, a look of horror had come upon Francis's face. "Oh Miss Aronburg, I've forgotten how many of the Glandelinians there were. I've told you who the leader was but not the number of men."

"Gertrude was startled. Her hands went deeper into her pockets."

"Well," she inquired after a few moments reflection, "You did not mean to take that mistake did you?"

"Monor bright, I didn't," prose protested Francis.

"Well then, it is not any offense, because you can commit an offense against us unless you mean to-- that is what we are told in our military training. But if I had been in your place I'd have kept my eyes open."

"Well do you think I'm obliged to back go back and scout some more?"

"I don't know about that. I don't know but I'll tell you what," all ask Dolores about it, so she won't know that I mean any particular boy. What do you say to that?"

"I think it is a very good idea."

Gertrude did half an hour after breakfast, and learned that a little mistake like that is not any offense.

"But," said Francis, when this news was imparted to him, "What shall I do about it? Do you think it is my duty to report the massacre?"

"I don't know Francis, you'd better think about it. Come on lets play catch, and Gertrude prose produced a ball from her pocket. They were hard at it, when Angelina Richee came riding up in great excitement.

"I say Gertrude," she began, "Have you heard what the Glandelinians under general inner, yet to have done...?"

"No what?" inquired red both in a breath.

"They heavily cannonaded Vivianias army last night on Lebanon Creek, and made some fierce assaults, and were repulsed."

"It's sure good news, especially for you," said Gertrude. "That proves that general Vivianias army was the best army of all, and that the leaders are the strongest, hardest, and most skilful and active of all. They are the instant those of admiration to the world--an admiration not unwarranted inasmuch as the Glandelinian army under Myletze had over and over again defeated other christian armies. The results of the twenty four hours battle of Lebanon Creek consequently was in the eyes of all an opportunity to win glory."

"I'll tell you what," said Gertrude, "Let's make up a plan and help general Vivianias by wireless beat Myletze to morrow."

Francis allied, and looked at Gertrude as though he doubted the the seriousness of this offer.

"Get out," said Angelina Richee in disdain. "Well have to have all the armies grab stronger day by day, and swell out in every direction before anyone can totally beat general Myletze...."

"That's what you say," retorted Gertrude. "But if you'll agree, we'll see about that. No look here Angelina you can make good plans, can't you?"

"A little," was Angelina's modest reply.

"Very well, you can make the plan, and I'll tell you its making. We'll work it together, and fix things as to at least fool some of Myletze's generals. Dolores may get the makings too, she's a good plan drawer, and isn't afraid to make up anything you ask of her. Jean can write any kind of wording, and you Francis can make any kind of figures. Angelina Jennings seems to be good at anything she does, and she can we sent it off by telegraph. Then general Vivianias can try to put it through, and we'll beat Myletze in his own game. That'll be a chance."

"Pshaw," grumbled Angelina Richee. "All those Glandelinian generals are fools. Do you expect to see them beaten so easily?"

"That's about it."

"Beat Myletze and his generals." I reiterated Angelina Richee.

"That's just what I said, if we take a few days for practice."

"Here a hall," said Angelina Richee.

"Just wait will you. Now you and Francis go round quietly and get our girls together without letting any of the camp know what is going on."

With but little delay the boy and girl scout captains and other officers were brought together, whereupon Gertrude in a very low voice unfolded her plans. Indeed her hearers at first received the idea of Mylet Vivian's entering Mylet's in such plans as a bit of "ruse," but as Gertrude went on, they settled into earnestness. In each case, that when finally she came to a place, all agreed finally to her wishes. For at that moment on, Gertrude saw to it that her officers assigned were taking up the code, and yet the work was so unobtrusive, unobtrusive so hidden, as to excite no comment among the others.

"During" the morning Gertrude had received a goodly news as to the outcome of the great conflict. She learned that general Francis Mannonia had taken extreme chances to hold his own ground, and gave the whole time to the holding back of the enemy's assault, and the replying to their artillery, the cowardly had stoped the Glendolinian artillery sometimes and repulsed the foe cowardly, while Evans and Nero employed most of their time applying their batteries. Nero was a plucky fighter, and even if he failed sometimes to hold successfully against a Glendolinian onslaught he was not afraid to try and stop it. His main idea in regarding it in regard to general Mannonia was to initiate a "all his officers" into such military risks as Nero's experience could supply whenever a hull had come in that dreadful nighty command he had put his infantry into their positions, his smaller guns in front and rear, and his cavalry a little further to the left. It had been pleasing to Gertrude and Angeline Riches to read how deftly these officers had held their positions and so roughly handled the enemy. To read of general Nero, being assaulted and his lines banded into almost impossible positions, and yet preparing to deliver a counter attack. Then there it went, right over the works, driving the enemy into the trenches beyond, and into an inflicting fire, and the Glendolinian officers wonder how it happened. From the way general Thomas Garrison throws his columns against the Second Glendolinian division, a person would think it was a matter of life and death. But it is shown too far, however general Riches seems to think the repulse of this column also a matter of life and death, for he hurled forward his platoon commanders, only to see them repulsed and gets wounded himself.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Polores. "But general Vivian can fight all right." "You're right," said Jack as he walked in. "Say Gertrude I think general Vivian can fight the enemy any time, now, and right away."

"Not much," said Gertrude emphatically. "There's a big thing he's got to look out for yet, if we fix that through our plans he'll be all right."

"What's that was the general query." "He's got to get used to Mylet's methods so as to do him easily. If he can do good work, Mylet's some day will beat him badly. Now I'll tell you what, I've got a scheme to get the thing or bring the thing the way we want it. It is this: I'll bet any boy or girl here my own cakes and ice cream for the next two days, and apple pies too, my favorites, that general Vivian will still hold his ground at Lebanon Creek against all of Mylet's assaults if he follows out my plans."

"The cakes, apple pies, and ice cream were favorite stakes in the camp. They bet no money. By these terms was understood the daily desert."

"I'll take you," said Angeline Riches, who whose twinkling eyes gave evidence that she understood Gertrude's plan. "And I'll give you my deserts if Mylet's wins...."

"Done," said Gertrude, clasping Angeline's hand, and he held it until dolorously kindly "cut" the bet. "And I'll go half with Polores if I win. And what do you say, Angeline if all these girls here, who have heard us make the bet, do the accounting to see how far away the battle ground is from here."

"I agree to that," answered Angeline Riches, with a solemn wank. All now perceived the ruse, and were delighted with their parts. No matter who should win the bet, it would be a splendid opportunity for studying the situation, and for getting some practice in real scout work. Therefore an hour after breakfast, Angeline Jennings, and Minnie Saunders were somewhat astonished to find themselves waited on by a delegation of girl scout officers.

"What are all you girls up to now?" exclaimed Angeline R. Jennings. "Look here Angeline," Miss Riches began. "I want you to do me a favor. You see I made a bet so day, while those other girl and boy scouts were standing around, that Mylet's cannot force force Vivian from Lebanon Creek. Now if he does, you'll get my deserts for a week, if I lose, Gertrude will give you hers for a week."

Angeline Jennings jumped at the offer. "Why of course I'll agree to that. That's an fun for me." "Thank you," said Gertrude gratefully. "And I say Miss Jennings's gratefully these girls are helping us for a plan that general Vivian can carry out."

"Oh that's all right," answered Angeline Jennings, putting on her cap. A scouting force was then appointed to the return of the girls. They had to try and lose to the distance of general Vivian's army. They hoped that for at least some time general Vivian could continue to hold general Mylet's hottest charges and artillery storms with nonstop ease, while other generals could improve their own attacking and standing positions. Strange to say unknown to the girls, some of his losses general Vivian's army that had been by four or five hours contest had begun to show signs of weakening, and there was danger of Angeline Riches winning the bet. Gertrude however when she discovered this protested that she was sure she could win the wager when Mylet's would renew the contest. For she knew that by a variety of devices general Vivian had succeeded in getting his officers getting in his officers an opportunity of at dying and solving, Mylet's advances, and forays and other demonstrations. Nor was he satisfied once they had caught the knack of hitting Mylet's. General Vivian went further he insisted on forming higher positions and of strengthening the force to get ready in case Mylet's should attack again. No one had a good reason for this, as the issue will show.

The camp High Mass at eight thirty this morning had just ended. In one corner of a small yard of the orphan home, where now the girl scout officers had been sent up their own tents, a host of boy scouts had gathered together, and were indulging in a hearty laugh.

"Oh Jupiter," Hank Pitch exclaimed. "If Gertrude plans works won't Vivian do Mylet's up?"

"Mylet's generals though are pretty cool for wicked Glendolinians," remarked Jason Jones, the captain of his own scouts. He was holding in his hands a note.

"What's the fun or argument now?" asked Jason Saunders, who had arrived late on the scene.

"The best joke of the season," Jack," said Corner. "Go on and read it to him, Jack."

"Listen to this, said Jones, with a smile."

"St Gertrude's Orphan
Anyhow.
August the 5th, 1913.

To Miss Anna Aronburg,
"Dear Miss Aronburg, We of the Christian army under Vivian have received your plans and will when the opportunity presents itself challenge the enemy to a pitched battle on the afternoon of August the seventh."

Respectfully,
General Francis Mannonia."

"But Jason did not laugh.

"The Glendolinians generally under Mylet's, may be wicked, but they are no slow about assaults. As for Vivian, and his generals they have not fought a pitched battle since they opposed one another, and some of the generals need reinforcements badly."

"Oh Pshaw," said Pitch. "They need no practice to whip those Glendolinians. Vivian's battle against Mylet's near Casaplania, and though he didn't win it shows nevertheless that when he received enough help he can knock Mylet's all over."

"I can also capture the moon!" said Jack scornfully. "I know Mylet's. Mylet's like my own father, and it'll take mighty good commander to lick that Glendolinian, general Grant."

GENERAL C VIVIANIA TRIES TO FRUSTRATE THE ENEMY.

THE HORRORS OF WAR EXPLAINED.

TROUBLE AHEAD....!?!.

No matter what the doubts were of James Sanders, many of the girls said to boy scouts knew that general Viviania would decide to follow out the plans of Gertrude as soon as possible. Accordingly after the interview of the boys they went to their respective commands to do some drilling.

In the meantime general Viviania decided to make his preparations to carry out his plans. All of his officers had hurried from their headquarters to an open field beyond a stretch of strange blue glass, where they were presently swelled in number by the arrival of the officers of lower commands, who having heard of general Viviania's plans, and knowing him as a good fighter, were anxious to study his methods in the plans which Gertrude had written down and sent to him.

At five minutes to eight, general Calahan sent a five cent piece spinning in the air.

"Heads," said Tomah Sanders.

"Heads it was, and the captain general glai had to do the main work.

"The boys were forward," bawled emperor Vivian, as general George Keenan rode up to the front. "But be careful do not draw the enemy's fire." The column of troops that came hurriedly from the right into a new position assigned to them seemed to be in a great hurry. They fairly came at a run.

"On column to the left," shouted the commanders.

Then came another column, and deployed to the left also.

The third column could have been a tempting to the enemy had he observed the movement, and was just then where Mylette would have wanted it. But general Viviania according to Gertrude's plan had started big smoke fires to hide his movements, however it was one of those deceitfully slow fires, and Mylette could see nothing, and thought that the forest nearer his enemy's positions had been set afire by Viviania himself, and thought within himself:

"We glendelinians do not make all the forest fires."

Early that night Mylette's troops had lunged vigorous, but as the resistance of the christian troops had been fury to wildness, he had been forced to withdraw the onset, and had been within an ace of losing all his men in that attack. Before he could recover himself the christian artillery had done up some of his batteries, and now it was all silent.

"Two divisions to the center," cried general Hansonia.

Some of the other officers laugh d, general George tried to look on queer, and general Thomas's troops moved up behind the other columns. George next put in his forces, but because of the mud and slant of the slopes he was too slow, but he brought them up and finally rode away to sent forward his artillery wearing the hollow mask of a smile, while the soldiers all in favor of the position applauded lustily. General Hanson next came into the new position, only to extend his lines further, and ordered general Conly Peters forward. General Hansonia and others followed, and took possession of the field a few near Sanitary Creek.

General Harrison opening the main demonstration for his own side of the troops by popping up an easy section of the positions, and before reaching the advanced works, changed his mind and placed the artillery there instead and the infantry behind. General Thomas Rhines now advanced his divisions to the right forming them into an angle of positions, and after placing two batteries placed his cavalry in the rear as a covering party. As the troops deployed to the right of the works, Thomas ran up a second division. Then arose a shout of triumph from the crowd of soldiers, as general Joseph White brought up his park of machine guns to place to defensive operations in case the enemy should resume the fray. General Rutherson Whillies gave variety to this stage of the placing of troops into position by moving out to give place for Beppo Evans Veterans. General Aldine followed with his Abyssinians, and Pitchington and Conway, who had the po mchians both threw in their own men so that the positions were full.....

Two generals however, made a blunder. General C. I. Call Calahan put his troops where general Hanson was supposed to have placed his, and general Hanson placed his division where Calahan's works were.

"You idiot, what did you do that for?" general Pitch blurted. "You two are in the most exposed positions."

"Who me?" inquired general Calahan, as he looked over the scene to see what his mistake was.

"Yes you."

"Oh I thought you were talking to the other. I couldn't help it. Hanson searched his troops in here first. I wouldn't do this on purpose for a moment if I could help myself."

"Well get out, while the getting out is good. You'll be annihilated yet if the enemy should attack."

Taking advantage of this altercation, general Joseph Hardrude, who had taken possession of the third new line of works along Sanitary Creek, moved in. The next division, the Concentinians under general Hendro Underwood, got into position with ease. Conway also brought up all his field artillery, saw a good place to put them into position, and did so, and played them so the position would be a snare if the enemy should make an attack. These nine divisions of the best trained Concentinians which had recently covered themselves with honors, came into position with Pitch and Conway bringing up two batteries of artillery. Each position in long rows was for several yards each above the other. In the fifth position general Pitch who had lost his head column in the battle of Richone fern, let several batteries pass him to go into position on the right, while Conway brought up his Calvinians, and two Corps of Anglinians. Therefore or consequently generals George Keenan and Outdare were ordered to take position in the rear.

"If the Glendelinians can carry this new position, I won't fight any longer," said general Pitch, as he directed the placing of his last battery.

"If they do it'll be a miracle," said general Conway.

"We have every thing in position now," said general Hanson at this juncture.

"We kept the big smoke screen before us, and there- therefore the enemy could not see what we were doing. We are all finished now, and we can only wait now to see what Mylette will do."

The suggestion was good, and they hoped Mylette, with his red hat-d officers would be beaten in the field, outwitted at generalship, and to be worsted in attack would not be then in condition to continue the camp campaign.

As all were in position, a tumultuous epilogue arose from all the troops.

"General Hansonia," said Viviania, "I've been an officer in the army since I was twenty years old, and honestly I've never seen a bunch of officers better trained than yours. We sure deserve to win a good victory this time."

Viviania's words voiced the general opinion. If a Hansonia's training had been successful. On one occasion during the placing of troops, general Hansonia called Calahan out of a dangerous section of ground, when he thought he was safe, but not by the least word or look did Calahan or any one of his staff, show dissatisfaction. So it was during the entire time of day and night of placing troops into positions, the officers cheerfully accepted every direction. This is one point of their training, but it is a point which I enlarge upon for the simple reason that few armies had these kind of officers, and which for the wonderful commanders was to turn out for Viviania the best of all christian armies in the war.

"Glendelinians," said Gertrude, seems because of this war to be already subjected to constitutional derangement. The fires and horrible impurities of this dreadful war have as we know manifested themselves in the shape of great conflagrations, floods, terrific battles, all kinds of calamities, massacres, and a complication of other disasters. The internal heat of the earth, and the chemical changes which are constantly taking place in the interior of the globe, and which manifest themselves outwardly in the form of earthquakes and volcanoes are outvalued by these great calamities of the war. In other words, girls, it does look right here, as if we were souls placed into hell by mistake, when we have committed no sin. That are we going to do. Try to cross the gulf ourselves or wait till the earth swallows us up. Isn't there no way to general Vivians army. Are we to be stuck here for a whole year!!!!"

"You Gertrude," said Angeline Riches, are asking us girls a question, which the highest and most learned kind of a school teacher could not even answer. I'm going to ask you a question too Gertrude!"

"What is it?"

"The same one you asked."

"Well then we are stuck here. Scientists have advanced many great theories concerning the primary causes of our war disasters, and many explanations

relating to the dreadful consequences. Investigators say that the heat of these forest fires have turned the rocky slopes of mountains for a time like the molten matter discharged from volcanic orators. Like the doctors who disagree in the diagnosis of a human malady, all scientists are equally unable to agree in all details concerning how the enemy had been able to create these disasters which seem far greater than that done by nature. After all theories relating to the cause of the Abbieann horror, those gigantic floods and forest fires have all been considered, the one that is most tenable and is sustained by the largest number of scientific men is that which traces back to our "Red Plague" and all know that can be done by bonfire or torch. Only in this way can the forest fires be accounted for.

"One thing I would like to ask," said Angeline Jennings, "Is why the great heat of these forest fires do not produce rain. You know great heat generally does."

"How could you expect it to do it?"

"Why we children ourselves when we went to school learned in our Geographies that heat generates an upward, and outward force, and like all other forces that it follows the path of least resistance. Up high it is said to be always cold. The heat of these fires seems as great as those of the internal regions of the heart. Yet it does not rain. And I have heard that locally forest fires produce gigantic storms."

"Maybe they do sometimes," said Gertrude. "When conditions occur by which which they can outwardly manifest themselves, and follows the natural law it may. But the forest fire can prevent it too you know. And what they say prevents the rain, is the 'fire hurricane'."

"But that seems strange," said Angeline Jennings. "Does something more than the mere presence of forest fires be necessary to account for big rainstorms, although it may in a large degree account for hot waves and arid dry spells over good sections of the country?"

"We do not know," said Gertrude. "The elements which enter into these forest fires are fire, and hot winds and smoke. The characteristic phenomena of such forest fires as these in Southeastern California is the heat which when the wind if from the base or toward it, is felt at a long distance. This proved theory is plainly illustrated in the reported high temperatures in towns a more than a hundred miles away, which is merely a small account. That is why it seems California in her eastern part has sunk into great internal heat, and that all the men clustered from towns and cities and even soldiers cannot stop these blazes. If it did rain, it would be worse for us. The country would be smoked and steamed out. The fire are by now a hundred miles in extent in one blaze, and hundreds of miles in smaller conflagrations and that accounts for us not having sunlight. Yet rain seems our only hope."

"One thing the Emperor planned to stop these fires," said Dolores, "and it seemed the simplest plan was likewise to illustrate a long line of mine explosions. Observations of the extent of these Red Plagues, showed him that probably only terrific explosions mighty enough to raise wide clearings in the path of the fires might stop their progress, and that also a great quantity of water which have been temporarily imprisoned in the neighborhood could be suddenly let loose upon the burning territory. If it does happen to be done it would be a tremendous effort, a great work indeed. But the smoke is harder to battle than the flames. In minor forest fires, the presence of so much smoke is not noticeable in such quantities, which is simply because the extent of the fires are small, and the amount of smoke formed is merely a smudge. The awful rolls we see in these fires is expelled by the upward force of the great internal heat rising so high into the air. The two lines of ruin fires, one north, and south and moving northward the other east and west and moving northward, the one holding us here, which intersect this neighborhood of the western Mic-Hollister Run Forest Territory, follow the courses, where the extensive forests are thickest, and where there is very little moisture. The terrific heat therefore of these fires which are imprisoning us here is sufficient to cause even rocks to melt on the sides of flame forested mountain slopes, and the character of the conflagration is determined largely by the sizes of the forests so burning, and the amount of fuel which the fires burn. The temperature of these forest fires can only be guessed at, but some idea may be formed of their intense heat from the streams of melted slope rocks we have seen go down hill-sides. You remember we saw one run to ten or twelve miles in the open air before cooling sufficiently to re-solidify. From this strange event it can be seen by ourselves that the forest fires are much hotter than are required merely to reduce the rock to a liquid form. From this fact too may be seen the instantaneous action by which the waters of streams and brooks converged in these fires are

converted into steam, and the streams dried up."

"The calamities which have befallen all parts of California, and her sister states" Gertrude went on will unquestionably lead to many discussions of the causes of these strange disturbances, as they will be investigated for the good of the cause, and to see whether the Abbieann horror was really strange eruptive disasters or whether the enemy was responsible. Not all of the strange phenomena involved therein of these catastrophes are yet fully understood, because of their awful magnitude, and concerning all of them except the forest fires, there are perceptible differences of opinions among many of the experts. On at least one point however there is general agreement, and that is of our forest fires. Of the other disasters, there is a general disagreement disagreement...."

"On what is the general agreement?" asked Jane.

"That the fire has been caused by both battles, and the enemy."

"And said Dolores, "the heat of the fires are said to be great enough to melt every known substance exposed to it. There is a growing tendency moreover to recognizing the importance of fierce winds to spread the rapidly advancing forest fires. The extent of these fires have become almost inconceivable, and it certainly ought to concern well the governments of our States to draft every able-bodied man who is not in the army to sent out to help the townsfolk and Rangers fight this 'Red Plague'. The Rangers Russell Mic-Hollister, Gilbert Hunt regard this as a complete necessity, at least when the fire has gained such a proportions. As to the extent to which the waters too could be used, there is some lack of harmony among the forest rangers. Hanson, Gheler, Milne and others hold that if dams and levees protected lakes would be in the neighborhood, and could be gradually released upon the 'Red Plague' it would probably be quenched. And they too hold that the enemy largely, if not entirely is responsible for the trouble. They pointed to the fact that many of these forest fires are also raging near the coast of our Californian Continent, and away from where out floods are raging. Russell on the other hand regarded that if any portion of the flood could be released upon the conflagration it might be the initial factor to the fires finish, but he too suspects that the waters are on too low a level to reach the burning mountain slopes. He suggests too that when the fires have traveled to a considerable distance it encounters rivers and streams of small sizes, and steam is suddenly generated until all the water is boiled away, and then the sandy bottom becomes red hot. The flames originate the enormous clouds of smoke which darkens the whole country for many thousand miles. Whatever the fires strike to produce great explosions no one knows but explosions occur, and shocks of greater or less violence are also produced. The less severe explosions no doubt sound like the discharge of big fire crackers or artillery and give rise of tremors in the immediate vicinity. Either the explosions can be that of Rangers dynamiting or something explosive that fire hits. The culminating episode of the Abbieann Abbieann 'eruption' resulting so disastrous a disasterously throughout the country is believed just now to be due to the cause of underground volcanic eruptions produced by recent floods and their weight. To these particular explosions too it seems safe to assign the upheaval of so much water as if from a tidal wave. The greatest mystery of all pertaining to the catastrophe is where did all the water come from."

"Couldn't it have been from the 'Rainie Run River'?"

"No. No water came from there, and its levees were not the least affected," said Gertrude. "The water seemed to come northeast of Abbieann."

"The precise manner in which the waters came upon Abbieann, and then swept across so much country and still remains so many weeks is not entirely clear," said Angeline Niches. "Nevertheless, it is possible to get some light on the matter."

"Now?" asked all the girls in one voice.

"Why it is well known that in many places far up north of Abbieann there are monstrous reservoirs or 'dams'. Some of them have been wide and deep enough to hold enough water to fill a lake the size of some of the distant American lakes. One who have not yet investigated believe that some of these were bursted by the concussions and that the flood was therefore formed by their outbursts. It has been observed that many other floods have been caused by similar faults."

"Yes," said Jean. "But the telegraphic reports from what up there say all the reservoirs and dams are safe, and nothing was even felt there. So the waters must have come from the northern portions of Lake Angeline. A levee there was thrown down investigators say."

"No," said Gertrude the waters did not come from there, as the flood went partly into Lake Angeline rose it enough to inundate Abbieann as it did and go southward. The lake received the flood."

"Then what could do it?" asked Jack Anders. "The existence of these dams north east of Abbeism could suggest the probabilities, that they must have given way somewhere and that the flood followed a northeast course going southwest though the issue of the waters may have also been limited to a few isolated points. If these dams are safe then the waters must have sprang from the earth. If the dams did it not, where did the flood all come from?"

"Just where this flood came from is one of the most difficult questions still left for investigation," said Gertrude.

"And who is going to do the investigating?"

"You," joked Gertrude.

"I? A dumb dora like me investigate. What do I know about science?"

"Nothing."

"And I investigate. I'd be telling a pretty story to the authorities."

"Why not suggest the work to Wendro Barger the great Gemini?" said Jane Nelfort.

"Professor Barger has plenty to do besides that," declared Mary Stanok. "Yet," said Professor Barger suggests that the breaking of levees from the Mic-Hollester Run or some other exciting cause may be responsible for the flood. Other geologists have found a similar explanation in the case of floods elsewhere during the war. The theory has much to commend it to favor as all rivers were flooded by recent rains up north during spring."

"Yes but rivers could not make all this water!" said Marie Gloria.

"Yes they could. If levees were all broken."

"The Abbeism disaster already has drawn from geologists, flood investigators and even volcanists many expressions of opinions, and explanations of probable volcanic phenomena which set forth in details the causes and effects of volcanic eruptions, in particular and earthquakes in general," said Mildred.

"But I don't believe they were volcanic phenomena and earthquakes," said Gertrude. "And so also Violet, and her sisters."

"I don't either," said the other girls.

"I'll stake my life on a bet that the enemy did it," said Mildred.

"Whatever it is," said Catherine Katrabrook. "Barger and many of his members have made a special study of the causes of these disasters. Barger has made a trip to the Abbeism horror as far as it is possible to go for purposes of study to see whether the disasters were of volcanic origin or not. We too you know is an authority upon volcanography...."

"There are too monstrous stretches of the Glandelinian armies throughout Calverinia," said Elsie with mis-enthuse. "One extends along the southern boundary of Calverinia, and extends also northward and southward, the through a part of Angeline Vine State, and down through western Calverinia, the other north and south through southeastern Calverinia. These Glandelinian armies as the maps seems to indicate seems to intersect at two points. One of these is under the Rickmells, which includes Raymond Richardson Federal, the others are under the Wanleys, and the Tamerlines. Of the latter so far little is yet known, they are only soon coming into the drama. Of the former the main leaders in charge are the Terrible Wanleys. It is of these generals one or the other we can suspect reason responsible for the terrible disasters, and where later on we can expect unusual activities of the war, and is from them sooner or later we shall soon find it. There has been more or less theorizing as to battle disturbances, moving or raging, in cycles, but it cannot be proved. One fact is established girls, and that is the best way we can worst the enemy is to know exactly what he is up to. This is proved by the great losses the accompany the action when you do not know the enemy and his ways. The old theory that the very center of the Glandelinian army is the most powerful is no longer held sure. Barger asserts the latest idea is that any portion of the enemy's army can be apparently held for long time more rigid than steel. The ever advancing foe causes massive christian lines to give continually, to sag, and form what is called "winkling" when the opposing forces do not understand the enemy's methods. The same with the enemy's purpose of making disaster, and the result is what we observe now, explosion, flood, and fire and a combination of many other disasters."

"I'm afraid," declared Mildred, "that there is no part of the countries of Calverinia which is exempt except the part of the disasters of the war, and there will be no regularity in their appearance. We all know that all wars are always complicated by all disasters and scourges. Recently there was disasters at Lake Solis which resulted in that big flood last November in which many lives were lost, and unusually great suffering was produced. As it is impossible to predict where the next great disaster will take place girls, it is also impossible to tell where it will be. It will certainly be somewhere where disasters have not occurred yet...."

"And" said Francis Picford. "All this is of unusual expectations as showing that the enemy is still as dangerous as we suspected her to be before and after the great conflict began. We see the same thing in our big forest blazes. And throughout the war some the most decided changes have taken place since the last three or four months. Even now else have been discovered, and seismic theories as to the Abbeism disasters not confirmed, and mostly disproved. A volcano always throws off all kinds of materials, and the lava is of two kinds, and none of these have been found in or near the great explosion craters forty miles north of Abbeism. So the disaster is a mystery greater than any to be ever solved. The government has offered a tremendous reward to those who have solved it."

"You are saying something unusual," said Gertrude "but you may be right at that. Owing to the violence of the concussions of the explosions it is probable that most of the tallest buildings in Abbeism had been overthrown as if there had been an earthquake, and that many of the victims not swept away by the flood were smothered under the debris or crushed and so died quickly. Others doubtless were buried in all kinds of rubble or were over whelmed by the flood. It is indeed a horrible disaster and one which we and the whole world may well continue to pray that god won't allow to be duplicated. Science however has no means of knowing what the disturb disturbance really was, and whether it may not occur again...."

"Nevertheless," said Joy "the danger of living in proximity to a war zone is usually well known, but the foolish people hate to leave. They sometimes don't believe the enemy is that bad."

"Well the survivors of these disasters know it now," said Penrod dryly.

"The country east of us sure is in in grave danger," said Angelina Riches.

"Now!"

"Across the Mic-Hollester Run Stream extends a sea of majestic dense pine forests as thick as an impassable jungle, and evidently the forest fires will come up to them at some unexpected and inopportune moment. These dense forests traversed by only few wide roads, and many narrow trails commencing with Tanners Woods, near Evangeline St Claire, and ending with the Marie Os borne woods consist of all but turpentine trees, and trees with resin and other inflammable sap, and on the ground high weeds and growth that burn like gasoline. For nearly one hundred days in that locality it has never rained a drop this year, there has not been the slightest sign of rain and therefore we have grown to class these beautiful forests as dangerous. The strange pine trees that make the forests like a sea of giant paralyse at a distance is the greatest menace. If these catch fire, god help Calverinia."

"What I would say now," declared Penrod, "The outbreaks of the disasters at Abbeism, in the Bengall State, near Polig county is apparently the culmination of a number of recent war disasters of the past few months, and last November too which have been unusually several. Lake Solis in but a few months previous in last fall was devastating the country because the enemy destroyed its levees, while Firetown and other places, the Capital of Angeline Vine State was nearly destroyed by forest fires that came up. Only a few days before, an explosion occurred somewhere near Arunburgs Run, and the cities of southern Calverinia were destroyed by the concussions and floods that followed. Glandelinia denies all these but the of evinces evidence was against her on these occasions. And people at first thought these shocks were nothing but tremendous earthquakes."

"But supposing that the enemy is guilty, why does he do it?" asked Mary Stanok.

"We one knows," said Penrod. "Glandelinia's outbreaks are merely like the exposures of steam under high pressure. Her worse method of devastation though which I believe is her creating of forest fires. Many rangers wrote that even the rocky slopes of thickly forested hills which are afire are subjected to such tremendous heat that when the conditions are right they run into molten matter, and the very dirt is burned three feet deep, and those who do not know forest fires would literally believed believe the whole scene before them is terrific volcanic eruptions. The common belief is that forest fires are hotter than even lakes of molten lava. That makes a forest fire worse is the foliage on the ground which leaves fallen from trees in fall have lain on the ground for many ages becoming buried deeper and deeper under masses of like peat and so forth which are constantly being covered from more falling foliage from above. This process is called the blanketing process which I've learned in school in my geographies. When the first layer had reached a depth of several yards or more and they are then subjected to the terrific heat of these fires, these burn on for weeks when the main fire sea passed and create all the smoke that kills our sun-

light throughout the whole country. This heat and smoulder generate these huge smothering dense clouds of smoke and no wonder it seems as if thousands of great volcanic eruptions occur at one time in that locality. And that is why I believe rain would be more disastrous at this time. It may quench the blazing trees, but soaking the upper lay of the burning masses on the ground would create ten times the amount of smoke which would put the whole Nation into frightful darkness for weeks and weeks. Measures have been caused by the terrific flames burning through the ground, and where the vapour explosions come from no one knows unless the fires reach some gas pockets in holes of unusual gas caverns. The smoke too has risen so high no doubt as to escape the earth's attraction and float by itself through space. Leave the Rocks have been melted by the heat on mountain sides, that I have heard persons say who observe it, "volcanoes are erupting. See the lava pouring forth." And yet this is merely melted rocks on the slopes of hills which was turned so by the heat of the dreadful flames. Rangers have proved this. They say the heat is so fierce it could singe you to death ten miles from the conflagration if the wind is from it or not.

"It may be then violent shocks and tremors came during the Abbiemann explosions," said Minnie, "but it does not necessarily follow that the two may have occurred together. Oftentimes we hear of many big explosions with no inapparent accompaniment. This was true of the Lake Salicis crash of November 1912. The destruction of it was caused by the mysterious disturbances in the air called sudden violent air waves. And the exactly so much accepted belief is that the air became more disturbed than a cyclone from these explosions and that does the damage."

"Nevertheless," continued Penrod, "the Abbe Abbiemann horror will be known as the greatest shock and disaster in all history. Fifteen explosions occurred at one time, and outlived even the eruptions of Krakatoa for shock and blast. Both the ground and the air was badly shaken so as to overthrow everything. I was told that the explosions could be heard for more than 10,000 miles and the earth tremors were felt all over the Nation and for thousands of miles beyond, and the air nearly all over the world. That this is true we cannot confirm. The air waves following the explosions did like the Krakatoa explosions, are believed to have passed around the world eighteen times or more. We all know from the description of the S. intistis the face of the land and water ways in the vicinity of the Abbiemann horror had been completely changed."

"What made you think, and say that?" asked the girls in a chorus. "Why because a majority of these great explosion disasters have been believed to have been volcanic eruptions. Why it even is now the accepted belief that the explosions are of natural consequences. Yet whatever it was it was these explosive outbursts which brought to our country such wide spread destruction, and now as the world begins to know more about it, they found and find it astonishing beyond their belief to learn and know of the tremendous power even one of those Abbiemann explosions have unleashed."

"That may be so," said Mary Stanek. "It would be just like cold water going upon a molten mass or as would the pouring of water into a red hot boiler. Fortunately it is not like this with forest fires. We have readily observed how the heat of flames have evaporated away the streams and creeks, and the fires crossed at those points. So if water were now to search out those terrifically hot ash cones to a deep and smouldering it is not hard to imagine what the result would be. There are we know two classes of great forest fires--those with the greatest heat, and they are the ground, and the crown. When they are both at once then nothing can stop them."

"How about a cloudburst?"

"Maybe. But who is going to produce one if you."

"I'll pray for one."

"Go ahead. That's better than fire."

And every one laughed.

Then Penrod said -

"Hendro Dargar who is the highest authority in the world on Volcanic and explosions, and forest fires, classifies forest fires into two grades, "Those that move very slowly and are scarily hot and smother the whole country in smoke. Those that advance and destroys most rapidly. The latter if they are a combination of ground and crown fire are the most dangerous to human life and the very physical face of a forested country. Worse than the worst volcanic eruptions even. Forest fires that burn slow are comparatively harmless if fought on time. But if it is not resisted it will grow and grow

unf and finally the blazing and smouldering fires accumulate that sooner or later must burst forth into a frightful conflagration, and then the terrific disasters of this nature take place. It is the same case with a combination forest fire."

"Is it likely that there are spots in this country at present?" asked Jean, "where a greater disaster than any of those yet may occur?"

"It is almost certain there are," said Gertrude.

"Some in Calvernia?"

"Many in Calvernia. Calvernia is wiped out for one third."

"Some in Abbiemannia?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Hendro Dargar the eminent geologist and authority on forest fires, earthquakes, and volcanology, declared that there is grave danger that most of the softer earth inundated so deeply by the floods will sink lower than their former level before the weight of the flood, and that the country will lose all means for wooden materials because of the great "Red Plague" ravaging the country. More than that, he says the Rio-Hollister Run region is in great danger, because it is in the path of the "Red Plague" zone."

"It's hope he's mistaken," said Mildred.

"Yes," admitted Penrod, "but in my opinion the forest fires and floods are not the only things to be feared. It is altogether likely that the forest fires for one now going so fiercely may result in the collapse in all lumber businesses, and to ruin the nation. The constant progress of the flames you must know must mean that a desert as it were is being made where our forests once stood. When this sea of smouldering waste reaches a great size, then serious consequences may follow. The Rio-Hollister, Tanager, and the Marie Osborne Woods and the forests of the neighboring regions of the Cardean State are situated in a region where the forests are bound to be so thick as to be only navigated by roads and paths, and they are parallel with the big Rio-Hollister and Aronburg Run Rivers and extend to the opposite side of the Norma's Run and Evangeline St. Claire Rivers. The rangers and drafted and volunteer citizens are fighting most madly to prevent the blaze from reaching these sections. This endangered region extends westward across the Franks Run into Calvernia proper, where are located some of the most inflammable forests in the world, the Rio-Hollister Woods, the Marie Osborne, and more dangerous still the strangely named "Red Riding Hood Woods, the latter which if they catch afire, all else will also go. This region of Red Riding Hood forests includes nearly the whole of eastern and south central Calvernia. The Rica, Nicoragua and Guatemala forests have been repeatedly watched, and thousands are out to work if necessity compels it, but it should be no surprise to hear sooner or later of either one of these forest sections bursting into flame. We do not worry so much about some of the other forests, the main danger of all lies if the fire sweeps up to the "Red Riding Hood" mountains and Rosen and tar forests, where there are so many pitch and inflammable oil and tar bugs to boot. Every means is being effected to prevent the "Red Plague" from coming up there."

"What seems strange to us," said Edwina Jennings, "is that our own National Geographic Society sent fourteen men and geographers to make a special study of the supposed eruption in Bengali State north of Abbiemann. Professor Dargar of the Smithsonian being the leader, who after a careful examination of the desolated area related important scientific phases of the great disaster but declared there were so much signs as of eruptions having taken place. He took collections of data concerning the main and nearest explosion craters, and this had been immediately begun. He declared the situation was practically like that of the Lake Salicis Disturbance of November last year but of far greater scale. He said there was no evidence of there having been any earth shakes produced by the blasts, and that the explosions caused tremendous air waves that raged Abbiemann and other cities and towns. Dargar even went to see if Mt. Calvernia was in eruption as had been reported and found it was not so."

"But that does not show that any one ever could find out the real cause," said Mildred. "One witness who was a refugee of the blasted town of Rio-Hollister told me he saw a vast column of what he mistook to be volcanic dust clouds blocks of lava and means to rise many thousands of feet into the air spreading in all directions, and that a large portion of this cloud reached high into the upper regions of the sky encountered a new wind up there was carried westward and began falling. It was again divided, and he then said he saw fourteen other clouds like that follow in quick succession. He stated there were no earth shocks where he was, but the wrecked houses

of his town showed there was some disturbance caused by the explosions, the windows on the side facing southward not being injured while those facing the north were wrecked by some strange and fierce motion of the air. This they say facilitated the devastation of so much of the country that horrible night. "Inlets of all kinds he said fell from the sky striking persons and causing bad wounds. Great blocks of stones were thrown great distances, which could be distinctly seen sixteen miles from one of the craters." "How did the city of Triantown be surprised by the forest fire that struck it?" asked Penrod.

"Concerning that disaster" Gertrude said "No one knows for they had ample warning enough. An increase in the temperature of the weather was observed by the citizens of that city as much as two weeks before the fire came, while a stream of water then runs through the city from the south east was unusually warm. The residents of Triantown however, all considered that a change of wind would favor them, and that the dreaded fire would not come up. Three days before the fire there was an increase of temperature in the winds and air, and soon afterwards more manifestations of the dangers were more pronounced. Winds began to rise, suffocating heat filled the air at intervals, and the warning phenomena increased until they became alarming. Landlords town was overwhelmed by the flames which he burned toward the village with fearful rapidity. The pretty little lake which occupied a beautiful park had disappeared, and the flames had rushed on spreading death and destruction in their wake. Then the final drama took place and devastated the city of Triantown, wiping out the buildings and not allowing the refugees to even have time to save their belongings. Great columns of smoke rose to a height over seventeen miles above the conflagration as measured by a telegraph correspondent at Sperryville which too was in danger."

"A forest fire is a dreadful thing," said Jane. "But what is a 'fire hurricane'?"

"It's a tornado of hot suffocating wind and gases that blows in advance of the conflagration," said Gertrude. "This accounts for the statement which has been made that suffocation of the fleeing refugees sometimes proceeds the burning of the trees. The gas is said to be some kind of dangerous hydrogen produced by the tremendous heat of the flames, and it and the heat of the conflagration produces some sort of whirling whistling in advance which blows like a cyclone. Some times the fire hurricane blows like a tornado and nothing stands before it. Sometimes the people who see the fire also observe something like molten lava flowing down the slopes of the burning hills and they therefore mistake such a scene as a volcanic eruption but that is not lava just-melted rock substance not able to resist the heat of the terrific flames. The great emission of suffocating smoke gas are among the new features which these forest fires have added to the knowledge of forest fires. Dargar was the first man who got foot in the area of explosion craters, fissures and rents in the Abhiann region and because of his high position not only as a scientist but as the Supreme Member of the Gemini, his predictions and stories are valuable and fully believed. He said there were three well marked zones of devastation in Fair Calvernia. First, a center of annihilation, caused by the explosion explosions, in which all life in big cities, vegetable and animal also were utterly destroyed, secondly the greater northern part of Abhiann was in this zone; second, a zone of flood extending over the country beyond measure, third a zone of a lapping, his blistering forest fires of some unknown extent, burning everything even deep ground foliage, consuming even what persons believe fires could not destroy. The focus of annihilation was the strange explosions north of Abhiann where so many believed existed an area of volcanoes, but found not to be so. The destruction of Abhiann was due to both earth concussion and air waves. The explosions as it seemed from the method of working had great superficial force, acting in radial directions, as is evidenced by the leveling of whole towns closest by and also by the conditions of the ruined houses not under flood in Northern Abhiann. According to the testimony of some persons there was an accompanying flame. This is a long investigated mystery one who went is following the nature of this danger wrote to Juliet and her sisters that he had first started to visit what he could of Abhiann and returned the same evening fully the "first nearly exhausted." He was near the unlocated ruins of Abhiann after the series of explosions, and was able to describe the nature of the ruins from close observations, though his attempts to examine the flood region was futile. He succeeded however in getting close to north Abhiann higher up, where near by the most frightful explosions may have occurred. He wrote to the Vivian girls, that while the enemy continuing continue to create such disasters no one who is sane enough the population should attempt to remain in Calvernia."

"And Dargar took many photographs, but did not hesitate to acknowledge that he was scared," said Mary Stenck. But he was not the only person so frightened. Three foreign newspaper correspondents who were close to Abhiann some hours before Dargar arrived, saw a party of Glendelinians, become scared, ran three miles down a road, and hastened into a dense forest to hide. The people far north of Abhiann are terrified, and are fleeing. Nearly all the households of these disasters are extremely new to science, and none of them have yet been explained. And the terrible war is still intense and aware, the enemy is greatly active, and no one can see any predictions as to what it shall do."

As she finished speaking the girls and boys noticed a gigantic mushroom shaped cloud of smoke ascend into the murky sky, and spread in a vast bank rolled up about to the south and directly over their heads and over the house. This for them was a most important observation and explained in part the awful catastrophe continuing.

Gertrude's improvement in her work was not limited to just scouting, and other militia military work, though in times and out she had advanced most rapidly. However nothing perhaps, had so helped her as her choice of friends and friends. And from among all the boyscouts, she had selected as her chief chums and helpers and advisers Penrod, Jack Sanders, and Joe White. Penrod himself severe in military bearing as he was had a great amount of practical common sense and piety. No one enjoyed a joke or a laugh more heartily than he did, but he knew where to draw the line. When in military affairs however, in his from sheer necessity could not and was not too easy of disposition, in fact any one who knew him could see he was not easily led, nor was he fooled or bribed. Those who knew him and yet did not like him feared him. Penrod however was sensible and would rather yield to anything when he knew that he was wrong than quarrel or make trouble. But when it came to a choice between right and wrong, he was firm as a rock. When he drilled all of Gertrude's troop for her, he was to the mark, and every one did as he commanded or else— one instance will give an idea of Penrod's method on such occasions. During the time that Gertrude was in conversation with her girlscout leaders on the horrors of war just recently read, he had draw all the rest into the drill fields of the yards. Every body did their work properly, but once though not paying attention James Green did not hold his point, when the army was to do a double swing, and the drilling line to Penrod's notification was thrown out of shape entirely. He did not need to narrate what Penrod said here on this occasion, but after this James Green watched himself and took care that he did not make the slightest mistake, though after drill hours he had to live on bread and water for three days. It seemed a little too severe no doubt, but somehow or other nobody seemed to like "Mr. Green." Despite that he had been a little careless when he was first known Jack Sanders, and his friend Joe White were very bright, pleasant little lads reflecting the virtues of all their boy and girl heroes, especially Gertrude and Angelina nichols.

Of course of James Green all the girl and boyscouts whether leaders or not were something more than ordinarily pious girls and boyscouts. They all actually revered both Gertrude and Angelina nichols. They were every one of them remarkable for their gentleness to each other, and their bravery. Even their weak little ways wrought wonders upon some both Gertrude and Penrod. They seemed unconsciously to catch their gentleness, and always joined with him or them in their little devotions, that touched and refined their lives into spiritual beauty. Gertrude and Penrod were often overawed by the piety of their boy and girlscouts. But James Green, well he was an exception. He went to Mass it is true, but to Holy Communion — never.

"Say Angelina" Penrod remarked to Miss nichols that morning. "Though all of our forces have got more praying simplicity in their little fingers than you or I have in our prayer books and whole bodies put together, there's something wrong with Green. Late every week day for early Mass, comes to the Mass. On Mass and yet never receives Our blessed Lord. Did you notice him last Sunday after Holy Communion. He left before Mass was finished. I don't like him. The others who received our Blessed Lord their faces were as bright as ———— anything, and I watched them till they looked like those little child saints in a picture. But James Green, he never received Holy Communion when he was in general vivians camp. Here we are on a serious adventure and still he does not go. I'm either afraid he's loony or an evil character. I'm going to watch him."

One of the first friendly words that Penrod imparted to all his friends who knew nothing of it was the true story of his own own experience at the downfall and destruction of Abhiann. They all took as much interest in Penrod's descriptions as they would like to tell stories themselves, and

yet they would speak so lovingly of Our Saviour in the blessed sacrament that Perrod felt his heart burning within him.

However on this morning two things came to pass both bearing closely upon the fate and fortunes of our brave little boy and his dear comrades. The camp fire was burning it was just an hour after breakfast, and all the officers had collected in the yards of the Orphan House. The elder sister of Jean was sitting by a camp fire and she was busy peeling potatoes, while Jean stood near her critically examining into the merits of a prayer book.

Just as Perrod had said the last words about the disaster, a brisk gallop from a horseman heard coming down the road, and a Norwegian moved into sight.

The girls' officers were at attention at once and awaited the new comers who were dressed as a forest ranger.

To the surprise of all it was George Glinggore. Howie got through to come back to them the girls could not tell.

"Well girls," said Mr Glinggore, as he dismounted and saluted. "How are you all and how come you to be here?"

They were sure glad to see him, and after all the hearty greeting he said: "We should be all happy to night, and my followers here succeeded well today in my saying matters, and best of all I have a letter from Jack Evans."

"Hurray," cried Perrod, and all the others joined in, and they all danced about him to his great amusement. He was a gentleman, who could so easily disguise himself to make himself look like any Glandilintan general he wished to impersonate. Better from Jack Evans, why how's general Evans, how's Radcliffe? Tell us all about it Mr Glinggore."

Gertrude Angeline, was just as demonstrative as the rest, and was very anxious to hear the contents of the letters.

"Sit down every one around the fire," he said. "And we'll all soon know what the great men have written."

Mr Glinggore, he it observed, never opened the letters from any one but unless his list were more beside him. It was a delicate attention, and a very small thing it may be but it was the small thing of life, and he had a little of it but murders and so forth.

"Well here goes," said Glinggore, as he opened the envelope and read out the letter.

"SUPERIOR VIVIAN
"MILITARY HEADQUARTERS
EVANGELINE ST CLAIR TOWN."

TO MR GINGGORE,
DEAR SIR:

At he got that far there was the sound of another horseman coming, coming so swift, as to make them start violently, and Gertrude Angeline to jump with alacrity from the chair she was sitting on, here later running the reading. The man rode up and saluted. He seemed to be a short dark fellow featured man with bristling dark or black whiskers, and he dismounted from his horse. For a moment the girls and Mr Glinggore gazed at the stranger in some perplexity.

"It's Mr George Hartnett," said the man. "I've tried to locate you people and have finally succeeded."

"Oh pardon me Mr Hartnett," cried Gertrude, advancing and shaking his with visitor's hand. "I've never seen your face though. Sit down."

"Well," he made answer, as he seated himself. "I can't blame you for not knowing me, for I, although I have called on you girls a great time I have always missed you."

"It thank you sir for your goodness," cried the girls, "and especially for the interest which I understand you take in the service of our country." "Thank you and Mr Glinggore here take breakfast with us," said Angeline.

"Thank you with pleasure. By the way have you heard of the forest fire lately? You can't imagine what it is. Also have you girls heard from the Vivian girls lately? I have taken a mighty great interest in them. I met them once or twice and am convinced that they'll one day make their mark."

"We but we have just received a letter from their friend and guardian Jack Evans," said Glinggore. "Highly pleased to see you would not be so actually at the presence of his dearest friends. And perhaps if I read it to you sir, you may not take it amiss."

"My dear sir," said Mr Hartnett with much warmth. "You are too good to should be delighted to read you little courage," he said to the nearest girl. "Come here and look at what I brought."

The girl obeyed, while the others stared curiously on Mr Hartnett. It is said that 1844 children have an instinctive knowledge of people. Whether this be true or not, but it is certain that these about a had decided views relative to this so called Mr Hartnett, and they knew he was a man by no means favorable to the Glandilintans. He was wanted, and a hundred million dollar reward was offered for his capture. They try and get him.

"Where's the way the letter runs," said Mr Glinggore.

"My dear Mr Glinggore—

"I'm so glad to learn that you are safe and have accomplished your missions with great success. I am going away from Superior Vivian soon, as I am on a special leave message myself. Try and locate General Burger and also W. Schlander if possible and come together I have also a secret I wish to write to you."

"What's this?" said Mr Glinggore, who knitted his brows, and bending what followed to himself. He did not notice that Mr Hartnett's face changed color, and that his right hand was quickly thrust into his belt, and remained there. For a moment there was silence, an awful silence—had the truth shown the thoughts of their visitors?

"My this is strange," said Mr Glinggore at length. "He says, that he is going to try and find the Vivian girls. They have been missing, and he has sworn he'll not give up until he finds them. They are stupid."

"What the Vivian girls?" asked Hartnett.

"Yes, gone for four days already."

Mr Hartnett's hand returned from his pockets, and with a forced laugh he said:

"Oh indeed. Perhaps it'll turn out to be a regular adventure for them. As the harsh treatment of the visitor, the girls could not refrain from shuddering."

"Well it's drawing on late," remarked Hartnett, hastily drinking his coffee, "and I'd better be going."

Acknowledging enough he took his departure.

"Perrod," said Gertrude as the man rode away. "I know that man. He's a bad man, he'll become dangerous. You know he heard the Vivian girls are gone."

"You think so," said Mr Glinggore, in surprise.

"I do indeed."

"He is a bad bad man to the Glandilintans," said Angeline. "He'll do anything to get even with them. He is no soldier only a citizen from some town. He lost his family in the flood, and the Vivian girls have befriended him."

Their suspicions would have been confirmed had they seen Mr Hartnett on his horse a few hundred yards from their camp, his clenched fists raised in indignation, and condemnation in the direction of Glandilintans. About midnight, Hartnett, leaped from his lonely hiding place, and set off rapidly toward the flood. Many were sure feared this man as it may some day be shown.

ANOTHER THROPHY.

SORROWFUL RESULTS. DEATH FOLLOWS.

THE YOUNG MAN'S STORY OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN, AS THE HAZARD
HAW IT

On this day Gertrude Angelina was determined to take even chances with the distant forest fires and other perils to go out foraging. The supplies of the camp were becoming low, and that is saying a great deal. Luckily it was a good day there was a strong southwest wind blowing, and any one who desired was allowed to join the hunting party. Angelina, who was selected as leader, as she knew how to guide more than any one else did. For weeks the eyes of every girl and boy and other scouts were good and their nerves were strong. They went out, but did not deploy in line. They decided to try and hunt by the flood as ducks and wild geese flocking from fires may be on the ravaging waters and they were not mistaken either. Penrod brought down the first duck, but he did not dodge quick enough and it in falling struck him resoundingly on his head, and destroyed his hat to his mortification. The others tramped through the woods which were far from the forest fires, stealing cautiously up to trees under cover of tree and shrub, and hush, and sneaking along the margin of the flood, and rearing flooded lakes near by, and Penrod within three minutes had three ducks in his hunting play pouch, and he was gleeful indeed. James Green did good work too, but he had the first look like Penrod, only a little better two ducks and a geese shot at the same time, fell upon his head one after the other before he could even get out of the way. Luckily no one was around at the time to hear the "prayer" he uttered.

It was a mid morning, cold hot, blustering, gloomy, sticky at some places, and how they could hunt is because so many birds were flying from the red plague.

"Well I'd be glad if it was only cool for a change," Gertrude said. "Penrod when he shot her." "A boy scout enjoys walking more in that kind of weather. Of course this is August, and early too, but heavens! I've never seen the hottest summer in my life as hot as these days are. I feel more like going under, under, cold water."

"No," said Gertrude. "I'd be glad too if it was cloudy and going to rain than with all this smoke in the sky always as dark as snow or rain clouds. Anyway we are not in any danger of spoiling our complexion."

"Every kind of weather is good, if it is not for forest fires," said James Green.

"Yes I suppose even hot weather," retorted James. "Dear me, and there's been such a heap of people drowned because of this hot weather, its strange no one seems to know how to swim."

"Yes," said James his eyes twinkling, "and on the same principal I reckon this coming winter if the great number of refugees do not find shelter there will be heaps of folks frozen to death, because there'll be nobody be able to find means to keep themselves warm, and we'll have lots of arctic then to feast on 'dear old haughty' Glandelinia."

"Suddenly James stopped walking.

"What's the matter?" asked Jack Sanders who was immediately behind him.

"I thought I saw Glandelinians," Jack. "I believed I saw one of them holding the muzzle pointing where your brains are supposed to be. Here now you boys nearest us deploy the way I do, and should the skunks open fire on us they may bring down birds also for us, but they won't hurt any of us."

"Tahaw," growled Jack, as he and some of the others complied with the request. "I thought this neighborhood was clear of Glandelinians."

"Just the opposite, the more you'll learn to know about these Glandelinians, the more reason you'll have for them. They'll shoot us girls and boys down as well as any soldier, believe it or not. The children who know how to use a gun is the equal to the worst Glandelinia a Glandelinian. You have dreadful weapons and one little load in it will carry death to the bravest Glandelinian. But other unfortunate children who do not know how to defend themselves are massacred. No wonder we all try to get as many and kids into our army as we can. No wonder we all try to defend ourselves."

James Green spoke earnestly, he was fired in the cause whether he was good or not in case of his actions, and he knew the foe, therefore his words made an impression on all.

At this point the conversation was cut short by the appearance of a rabbit flying out of the smoke curtained woods, which James himself dispatched with a skillful shot. Because of creatures flying from the distant fire game was plentiful that day, which gave them reason to suspect Glandelinians were out hunting too, and even Gertrude had succeeded in bagging her first wild turkey but she refused to shoot a rabbit, neither a quail would they harm ducks being the main game. Thus wandering along the banks of the flood and following the direction of the flood, and also keeping an lookout for Glandelinians, who however if they were around did not molest them, they stopped shortly an hour afterwards at the skirts of the woodland which weeps along perhaps for many countless miles on this side of the land, and partook of a hugely but hearty repast. Cold beans, ham bread, crackers, and fruits and milk disappeared with wondrous rapidity, and there were about fifty too on this hunting trip.

"It's too bad we did not bring much more," said Gertrude, who was still hungry.

All echoed this sentiment.

"I tell you what we can do," said Penrod "let's fix up a number of ducks for we have so many per scout already. James even has a full bag full he is the better hunter even though a moment ago a wild turkey shot by him found a landing place on my head. We can build a fire easily, and I'll do the cooking."

The suggestion was favorably received, and in a trice, Penrod was preparing the birds, James was lighting the fire, while the others collected sticks and dry leaves. Gertrude however also advised that as soon as all was finished the fire should be put out for fear of extra starting a new forest fire and in a wrong location. They had hardly put themselves to their interesting task when the air began to become clearer and evidently a few drops of rain began to fall.

"Hurrah," cried Mary Stanek, jumping to her feet, and dancing about the fire, "We'll have a good rain now."

"Hurrah" shouted the others, and all began dancing about the fire and playing they were Indians on the war path. There is an inexpressible charm in the rain that was starting to fall, especially when it was needed on such a time as this. Round and round the camp fire the girls and boys danced, faster and faster, while more briskly fell the rain. Their dancing might have been prolonged indefinitely had not the others given warning that more fuel was needed, and also that it would some protection from the rain should it come heavy. The rain was caused by the heat of the fires surging over the floods, but unfortunately the storm which was severe was not raging in their locality and it soon stopped.

"Hold on everybody," cried Gertrude, who had just executed a hand spring "we want more wood, James, get your ducks ready and off they danced in different directions. By the time the birds were cooked, the rain which had fallen enough to soak them and the ground gradually stopped.

"We'll have plenty of time today ourselves in this heat," remarked James as they began to eat.

"Now's that?" asked Jack.

"These hot winds will dry almost anything in a hurry."

"Hurrah for the rain if it would only fall some more," shouted Gertrude with fresh exhilaration.

"I wonder if we'll ever have another meal as jolly as this?" queried Harry Thomas.

"No right?" this from James Green.

"I say," said Gertrude, who was too healthy a girl scout to indulge in conjecture, "I'd rather be here in camp eating like we and the soldiers do than at a turkey and ice cream dinner at Christmas in the most stylish house."

No one seemed inclined to renege this statement, and a few minutes later having done full justice to their fare, they resumed their hunt, each one peering in every direction to discover more game, and to look out for Glandelinians.

As they pushed along, Gertrude noticed that James who was lightly clad shivered occasionally even though the weather was so hot and sultry.

"Ray James, you seem to be in a fever."

"No, no I have not any fever," retorted James. "But I apprehend some hidden danger."

At this Gertrude still believing she was in a fever, whisked off her uniform jacket before James could protest, and with her grandest air of authority made her friend put it on. Then clad in her own sailor skirt and uniform dresses the sturdy young girl scout leader trotted on as comfortable as though it was not a very hot day. They were about three miles to the southwest of the Orphan Home, when to their great joy

they came upon a portion of the forest and landscape where the air was more clear and thinner of smoke. On they ran with more energy, but came coming to a road they discovered the forms of many horses' hoofbeats, and this brought them all to a sudden halt. One of the prints were even confused with the tracks of wheels, and even the forms of countless numbers of shoes as far as it extended. It also may be observed that the road ran through the woods, and first skirted the shore of the flood, and a long strip of land known as the valley which stretching on either side of a railroad track, which now to say no trains were running on, changed gradually into the wild and dark forbidding Red Riding Hood Woods far beyond. Gertrude wishing to know what was wrong and why there were so many footprints on the road was for following the road, Angeline richness for moving through the valley, while James Green favored taking to the woods. By way of compromise they agreed to scatter, each following their own plan. Five were to be in each party, and there were two hundred and fifty altogether, the other five hundred having remained in the camp. So Gertrude followed by her own so selected party, trotted along briskly for some ten and fifteen minutes, when James out of breath, begged Gertrude to slacken her pace. He did so. So Gertrude paused and suddenly from right beneath her feet a rabbit which had been concealed in the brushwood scampered scampered forth.

"Bang went James gun, the rabbit fell dead.

"Ain't I getting to be a great hunter," roared James in great admiration at himself. "Wait one moment please, till I load up once again. Here goes for a deadner," and he loaded or inserted his loaded shell. "There's five fingers of luck shot in that—enough to kill six six rabbits standing in a row."

"I say Gertrude," said Jack Saunders. "It's getting dark."

"So it is indeed," assented Gertrude, taking out her watch. "Why hello! it's only eleven thirty o'clock. I believe we have enough game now and we'd better be starting for camp so we can bring in our provisions. Come on we must gather the rest of the Company."

Vigorous shouting, and signalling soon brought the rest as far as known to their side, but about as they sighted, Jean Sanders, and three other girls, and six boys gave no sign of being within ear shot. Some minutes passed—darkness was coming on apace, as if it was really going to storm. The whole force began to betray signs of nervousness, and Gertrude caught the feeling. Suddenly it was an awkward circumstance as well as accidental—all ceased shouting, and the hush of the coming for-noon seemed to take grip upon the air. All eyes turned to the first to break the silence.

"Well I guess they're lost, and we'd better take a trot into the woods and search for them," he observed, she observed.

"Isn't it gloomy and silent under those trees," said Jack, as they picked their way among the trees.

"Isn't it though Jack," said another boy. "I feel as though I had the night mare."

As they plunged into the smoky woods, they became more and more solemn. Their shoutings had ceased entirely, and indeed no one hardly spoke above a whisper. The gloom and grim silence of the darkened forests of great pines and the stillness of the air, had cast a strange spell upon them. Suddenly they heard firing, and a sound also that men made their blood run cold; it was a groan.

"Good God," whispered Gertrude, crossing herself, (the rest did the same). "But that sounded like James voice. Come on every one softly. Listen there is lots of firing. Don't stop on any twigs, but pick your steps. I'm afraid the other party is in danger and I have reasons you don't know of." And Gertrude as she moved forward, followed tremblingly by the whole force held her rifle at full cock. The sound of firing grew louder, and even a scream was heard. Gertrude's face became pale as death, but her whole expression was none the less determined. Bending low, and partially protected from view by the thick vines and high weeds and sun flower stalks, they moved on in a line till Gertrude paused, her pretty face alive with horror, staggered, but recovered herself and raised her hand to the others in warning. Judge of their terror as in obedience to Gertrude's sudden gesture, they ranged themselves in line and gazed on the sight that had so stricken them. Ten boys lay on the ground, and in a pool of blood contrasting so frightfully with the green carpet of the ground lay Jane Melfort. Jean and sixteen others were stooping kneeling behind stumps answering the fire of Glandelinians beyond. As Gertrude gazed, her expression changed from horror to determination. Making a slight gesture to her companions to follow she drew up her gun, and the whole troop suddenly rushed from their hiding place. The majority of the enemy got

away but their captain a stained dagger dagger in his hand did not escape, and Gertrude and others covered him and cried—

"Wait, drop that knife, and throw your guns away or we'll fire."

"So sudden and severe came the shock upon the Glandelinian captain, that as he saw himself covered, and his comrades flying for safety his nerveless fingers let the dagger fall to the earth, while his face assumed the look of the most extreme terror.

"Raise your hands above your head pussy out, at once or I fire," continued Gertrude, in the same tones. The guns of the others and Gertrude's all directed at the man's breast, were as steady in the hands of the brave children as though they were held by statues, and the determined faces of the girls and boys utterly cowed the man. His hands went without delay. The others of the party had routed and shot down a number of the Glandelinians giving no quarter, and as they began to come back, Gertrude said to her prisoner;

"Now catty, take that path right behind you, and go on at a good steady march, till you come to the road leading to St Gertrude's Orphanage, and I give you my sure word, cross my heart on it, and hope to die, that if you dare to attempt to move from the path, put down your hands, or even make a motion as if you were going to turn around, I will shoot you at once. Turn round now you assassin of little girls and boys, and walk straight on."

"Take down that gun," chattered the Glandelinian. "It might go off accidentally y."

"Accidentally or not, it will surely go off if you don't do what I tell you. For what you and your followers have done, why should I worry what the gun might do. Forward march."

Completely mastered, the Glandelinian officer turned and moved forward keeping Gertrude's directions to the letter indeed. Though only a little girl as Gertrude was, the Glandelinian officer perceived that it was the same as if he was dealing with a dangerous man, as far as after determination went and a very determined man at that. As Gertrude proceeded by her captive moved toward the camp, the others raised the dead and wounded scouts, and tenderly bore them toward the home. It was entirely in vain to attempt to describe perfectly the state of Gertrude's mind as she tramped steadily on after the murderer. Her imaginations never wandered, her whole being was fused into the determination to bring that man to justice. The road was lonely and deserted, not a sound save the strange stillness the minutes passed on into the quarters, but the steady tramp of captor, and captive beat equal and silent upon the ground, the heavy gun covered its object as though supported by muscles of steel, sensation, fear of his escape, hope—all were kept in the abeyance to Gertrude's present purpose, why she even made him keep time with her foot steps, promising to even shoot if he ever once got out of step even. The blinding heat of the weather dimmed not her eyes. Whether it was a minute or an hour, or a day that the stern tramp might have even lasted, Gertrude would not have cared. The Glandelinian tried to make excuses, to talk but all she would answer was "shut up." Her senses concentrated to a single purpose were dead to all else till the camp was reached, and crowds of boys and girls scouts came thronging around her and her prisoner. Then speech and her normal activities returned.

"Confine this man," she said. "He is a murderer and I'll hold any one responsible for his or her life who lets him escape. He's to be tried." Soldiers however came up, strong hands were laid upon the Glandelinian, and Gertrude walked away. The prisoner was deprived of his trousers, and confined under guard in a tent.

All the boys who were brought in were found dead, and the girls too, Jane being the only survivor and Jean had been knocked unconscious when a minute ball glanced off her head, when she was fighting the murderers. The Military doctor, Jones was called, and his face was graver than usual as he examined the two surviving patients.

"Both are critical cases," Miss Aronburg, and indeed I have more fears for that brave little Jean, than for the other. Poor James' wounds are not necessarily fatal, a good constitution and great care will surely bring her through. But little Jean is in great danger, in danger of something worse than death. The strain upon her mind, in firing back upon the attackers, the force of her emotions, the terrible ordeal to which her remarkable will power has subjected her into a high fever with the results of her head wound. No she may recover, but even then her mind may be impaired, or her nerves shattered for life."

"God forbid," said Gertrude. "Do you consider it advisable to write to Jennie Turner about this affair?"

"Well it would be no harm to tell her, but as to notifying anyone else, there's time enough. We had better wait though to see how the case of both turns out. What are you going to do with the prisoner?"

"Have him for the girls and boys to target practice on," said Gertrude with a sneer.

Both little girl sufferers, who had been in this condition because of their defense of their comrades were in a private room of the Home itself, for they had not been placed in the common ward of the infirmaries. Jean Melfort, weak, pale, hardly conscious, was lying on her left side, which had not been injured by the bullet wound--now and then giving forth a feeble moan of pain. In another part of the room lay Jean, her head covered with a bandage, and her cheeks flushed with fever, her eyes bright and wild. Angeline Riches, and Jean's sister sat on each side of her, and occasionally bathed her forehead. Whenever the doctor approached, Jean would shiver with horror and rage, and would beg Angeline Riches, whom she called by the name of her brother, to take those "Glandelinian soldiers" away, for they were going to commit a big massacre of children, there was blood upon their hands and uniforms--could they not see the blood,--there was murder and hatred of children in their every look. About two o'clock in the afternoon, when the whole troop of girl and boy scouts had been housed in their respective rooms, and tonto to be out of the heat, Dolores McHollister, and her sister, Jean's dear friend, entered the room, and strangely enough Jean, recognized them at once.

"Oh Dolores, and Angeline Jennings," she cried, "Will you two girls help me please?"

"Certainly my dear friend," said Angeline, grasping the favored hands entrancingly extended to her, "what can I and Dolores do for you?"

"Come close to me," said Jean. "I don't want them to hear it; especially those sitting at my bed. They are all enemies, I hate them, all, they have me prisoner, they're dirty Glandelinians. See how they are all watching me accusing me of steel stealing their very country from heaven to put in my pocket!" she cried, pointing around the room, and especially spitefully at Gertrude. "They are all in the crime. See that one!" pointing at Gertrude. "That skunk of a Glandelinian destroyed Abbieann, and flooded Calvernia. Stoop down Angeline, I want to whisper to you."

The girl scout officer bent low.

"They all want to kill Jane, and they've tied me down, even poisoned me so I can't help her, wiped out my girls and boys, but you'll take my place and go on with the defense won't you?"

"Yes, yes, Jean rely upon it, no one shall touch a hair of her head."

"And Angeline, 'I'm going to make my first Holy Communion to-morrow (she made it four years ago). 'To-morrow is Christmas you know, and I've waited, oh so long! Look see, there's six feet of snow on the ground. Ain't it grand?"

"To-morrow ain't Christ as Jean."

The favored patient took no notice of this answer.

"There she is lying on that bed."

Jean raised herself and looked in the direction indicated. Then a strange perplexed expression came upon her, as though the true ideas as what had so lately happened were striving vainly to square with the wild vagaries of her fever. Exhausted by the mental conflict, she fell back, and still holding tightly Angeline's hand, closed her eyes. Toward five o'clock that night, as the three were still sitting beside the other sufferer, Jean Melfort recovered from her stupor.

"Miss Riches," he said, "How did Jean come to be so sick?"

Angeline Riches told her the story first of Gertrude's heroism, and of how she herself (Jean) was wounded and of the high fever which the exposure and mental strain and the peril she had faced, had brought on her. Jean's eyes filled with tears of gratitude to her two brave friends, but on hearing of Jean's great danger, her face grew troubled.

"Jean too is a real heroine," she said, "and I and the whole force must and shall pray for her night and day, that she may get well."

By the shock of this new disaster all the girl and boy scouts were unusually subdued. Gathered together in knots, Gertrude's bravery, and the fate of twenty of their number and of Jean's condition were the subject of universal panegyric, while even all the most flighty, were concerned at Jean's danger. All that time and later toward evening, even Gertrude, the two Jennings sisters, and other girl scout leaders were on the side of their two friends. Nothing could exceed their devotedness. Over and anon Jean's face quivered with intense pain, but there constantly dwelt upon it a gentle expression of resignation. The doctor however was satisfied with her symptoms. Jean's case and the case of another wounded scout, a boy who had been brought in seemed to trouble him more

Toward two thirty o'clock in the afternoon, another young girl dressed in a long thin purple coat, and yellow inside dress, and a "Henry Flight" fashion of hat, entered, and kneeling beside Jean, covered her face with kisses.

"Don't be troubled Mattie," said Jane, holding her friends hand tenderly as she spoke. "I'm not suffering much, and my wound is not serious, indeed I'll be all right the doctor says in a few days. Jean is in danger, and you must pray for her."

Mattie Kauffmann who was not a girl scout, though in the same camp, but despite her young years, as famous and daring as a spy as violet, and her sisters, and who had heard the whole story of the fatal adventure with the Glandelinian foraging parties, presently went over to poor Jean. The poor wounded child, who had been tossing restlessly all the time since she had been brought in, started up on seeing her, her face softened with joy.

"Oh Dear Blessed Mother," she cried, "Why didn't you come to me before!"

Come to me I please Dear Mother of our Blessed Lord, and stay with me always."

She tenderly embraced Mattie Kauffmann, "The blessed Mother, poor child, was not there, but in heaven." Dear Mother of God," she continued, "There's something I am terribly anxious to tell you. I wish to hard to make my First Holy

Communion to-morrow which is Christmas, and all these dirty wicked Glande-

linians in this room wish to prevent me! Ask you please just for me, that

I is able to do it in spite of them. I've worked hard to be able to receive

and its partly or all on your account dear Mother of Our Dearest Blessed

Lord. I know that you have been my Mother always, have always prayed to

Nia for me ever since you ascended into heaven on your Assumption Day, and

I remember what you said to me just before Our Dear Blessed Lord died on

the Cross. I was there and saw it all, and it was terrible. All these in

the room are His enemies, they they are all Glandelinian generals, see (point-

ing to Gertrude) there is general John Manley, he wants to poison me and strap

me down on the stakes so I can't make my First Holy Communion. But

he can't prevent me. I used to kill all these wicked Glandelinians now. I'm

glad I'm a girl scout. No one can fool me, I know I'm a girl scout, why I'm

one of the Vivian Girls myself, I'm Violet, and its just as easy to keep

from sin as it is for the good saints themselves. If I had the chance and had a

gun I'd shoot everybody in this room. I'd shoot---I'd shoot,---shoot" and

Jean ended this strange monologue with jumping up into a sitting posture and

drawing to draw a supposed gun from her side, while her eyes flashed in

furor. About sundown, she changed for the worse. She shrieked and cried,

and screamed, and cursed at every one in the room thinking they were

Glandelinians, and could hardly be held down on her bed. She struck Gertrude

once and tried to scratch her eyes out. She was wild as a puma. Toward

seven o'clock the doctor was hastily summoned.

"If her delirium last to even three more hours, she'll die," he said.

"On hearing this, Gertrude, called Angeline Riches, and all the other

girl scout officers to Jean's bedside.

"Girls I want you all to join me in prayer," she said. "I have made God

a promise which I know is right, to risk an engagement with the enemy if He

cures Jean. It may not be His holy will to do so, but let us unite in prayer."

"Led by Jane, in low fervent tones, all recited decade after decade

of the Rosary to the Blessed Mother, while Jean hovering between life

and death, was soothed and restrained in her wild paroxysms by the kind

hands of powerful Mattie Kauffmann, and the doctor.

It was ten o'clock that night. Jean's ravings had gradually lessened. As the

hours wore on she became more and more quiet. At length, for

the first time since the eventful morning, she fell asleep.

"Her life is safe for sure," said the doctor, "but the danger to her mind

is not yet over. All now lies in the hands of God."

"We shall never give up praying," said Jane Melfort. "Come on everyone

"she continued, addressing all who were at the time in the room. "Let us take

Y heaven by storm....."

Night wanted into midnight, midnight turned into sunrise (if there was any)

and still Jean slumbered. Standing about her head, the doctor, Mattie

Kauffmann, and many other girl scouts and boys too anxiously watched the

face of the sleeper. A little before breakfast time, probably seven thirty

Jean breathing began to change into normal. Then at eight o'clock

she suddenly opened her eyes, as all stood with bated breath, awaiting

to hear her first words. For a few minutes she gazed about vacantly as if

she did not know what to make of her position, then she stretched out her

arms, gave a low sigh, and said:

"Leaving Miss Richards, but for some reason or other I feel as if I'm

broken up. How did I come to be here. I was out hunting this morning."

At this there was indeed a smile upon every face, for the tone was so natural like Jane's.

"Jean, dearest, don't you know me?" cried Angelina Riches, and Gertrude together unable to restrain themselves.

"I certainly do. Why shouldn't I? I am in bed here in a room with all of you girlscout leaders. But just the same what is the matter with all of you here? I'm not a ghost am I or a sprite?"

"No."

"Then why are you all staring at me so. And where and what part of the home am I and what is the matter with my head?" It feels as light as an empty barrow."

"Do you know Jean," said Nettie Kauffmann. "That you've been very sick for over thirty six hours? Very sick indeed."

"I can't remember being sick," but it seemed to be anyhow as if I was in the hands of the foe, and general Hanley was glaring at me while I lay on the floor. I must have had a horrible dream. Then I thought I saw the Blessed Virgin standing near me to protect me. Then she continued more slowly as she passed her hand over her brow. "We were out hunting for forage for the camp, and we were attacked by a party of Glandelinians who wanted to take our forage from us, and --- what --- what did we do anyhow?" Did I get shot and fall down? And did the Glance Glandelinians win the fight and try to murder me and my whole command? And what's become of Jane?"

"Here I am Jean," cried Jane who was sitting up in her bed, and literally brimming over with joy. "I'm all right, and so are you but eighteen of us are gone, and thirty wounded six fatally. Gertrude captured the man who was trying to kill you. Don't you remember her?"

"Did you?" Jean inquired of Gertrude.

"That is just what I did do!" said Gertrude hotly, "and he's going to pay dearly for my loss."

"Listen," said Angelina Riches, and with no little astonishment, Jean heard all what Gertrude and her followers had done, killed sixteen Glandelinians, mowed a hundred of them down, routed, the rest and captured their chief officer bring him a prisoner to the camp.

"Well dear me," she said at the conclusion. "It may be all too true, but there is one question I would like to ask!"

"Ask away," said Angelina Riches cheerfully.

"Well I'd like to know if I was there, when she did all that?"

All laughed at the serio comic way in which Jean put this query. In truth her question under the circumstances, was not extraordinary, nor was Jean the only one who had been puzzled by the mystery of her own identity.

"Jean," said Nettie Kauffmann when the invalid had heard a full account of her recent doings. "Do you know me now?"

"Yes," she answered. "You are the famous girlscout Nettie Kauffmann."

"While you were sick, you took me for the Blessed Mother, and indeed if the love and gratitude of the One who has not the Sacred Name of Holy Mother of God can do what she would if we were here now, I shall do it for her. It was the Blessed Mother who so nicely pulled you through."

And stooping down, Nettie tenderly kissed the little girl, as though indeed she were her sister.

"So say that all the rest of the girlscouts were happy in putting it very mildly, they were beside themselves. Their joy threatening to become uproarious, Gertrude very wisely ordered them to their respective dormitories to prepare for outside doings for the coming of day. The doctor declared that from on that time on Jean's improvement would be rapid, that she would soon outstrip Jane in the race for health, but six of the wounded boys evidently would not recover. Jean was allowed to get up, and as she hustled in and out of the infirmary, Jane still was forced to keep her bed, her wound healing and her cheeks growing more normal every day. But the boys especially one whose name was James Green the former new careless boy from the effects of his wounds grew paler and thinner.

"I say Jimmy," said Gertrude sometime after breakfast. "Why don't you eat your breakfast?"

"I'm not hungry Miss Aronburg."

"But that is no way to do, eat anyhow, you are getting thinner all the time."

"I know it Miss Aronburg, and what is more, I believe I shall never recover again."

"Nonsense, Nonsense," said Gertrude sturdily, though her cheek blanched as she spoke.

"I surely do have to believe it Miss Aronburg, and I have full reason. The doctor looks troubled. He complains that my wounds won't heal. And Angelina Riches knows that I am in danger, for her face grows very sad when she thinks

I am not looking at her or the others, and already to day when she had afterwards spoken to the doctor, I saw her cry. But don't think Miss Aronburg that I am so anxious to live, I'd rather die for my country, and her cause, and I am perfectly ready. Should I live Miss Aronburg, the day might come when I am acting so foolish as I did, might come when I'll fall into some mortal sin. So far God has been very good to me, He has given me a holy pious mother and father, and many very dear good friends. He pressed Gertrude's hand as he said this, and by His Grace, has kept me out of all dangerous occasions. So since I'm mortally wounded from that fight with the foe, I am happy at the thought of dying now."

"Well James," said Gertrude, with the tears starting to her eyes. "I know you are ready, though I did not believe so before, and I did always hope you was more good than we thought you to be. After all despite some of your careless ways you've got the makings of an angel, a saint, but you surely mustn't die. I'd lose again one of our dearest boy scouts and friend and comrade."

"No, no, indeed you won't," answered James green earnestly. "Please God I will be your best friend in another world. As now I'm mortally wounded, I'd be crippled for life anyway if I did live, and would be of little use here, but there I'm sure I could help you better. And Miss Aronburg I'm not sorry nor afraid to die, for another reason. I don't think I could ever be happy here below, and no telling what will happen yet. It's a terrible war you know. And I fret about things so easily. That's what made me so crazy or careless. The awful sights I have seen and these disasters worries me so that I did not know what careless actions I was doing half the time."

"Yes that's so," admitted Gertrude. "I noticed you did fret and worry a great deal. I'm not that way myself, though I feel rotten about it just the same."

At that moment Penrod who had been out scouting to see what caused the attack upon the girl scout force arrived at the Home, bringing with him Catherine Estrabrook, and Mary Glorinia. The three entered the sick room dancing with joy, but on seeing so many wounded ones laying in bed they sobered very much.

"This will make sixty of our number among the lost," said Penrod running his fingers through Jean's hair. "What's the prisoner Gertrude?"

"In a isolated ten under guard. If he does escape we'll hound him down till we take him."

James since he was wounded was so weak that he was absolutely unable to leave his bed and he suffered much pain and discomfort. It was evident the boy was drawing nearer to the grave very rapidly, three of the six others had already died, and two were dying, but nevertheless their spirits were drawing closer to God. Even at times the light of sanctity flickered upon the faces of the dying ones---such as a light as nothing but great purity and exalted holiness can kindle. Now was Gertrude idle. Many an hour she had spent with her wounded friends and comrades, speaking of the dearest of all miracles the miracle of Our Saviour's ineffable love. She had knelt, alone by James' bed when she had been so sick, praying for love and grace, and all had begun to remark that in stead of the dying saintly children, Gertrude was the head of them all. About half an hour before dinner Gertrude repaired to the dormitory to pay a last visit to James. The wan face of James almost glowed with joy at her approach.

"Oh Miss Aronburg," he said, "For I want to tell you the news. To morrow Gertrude, as you and your comrades again go to Holy Communion, I shall be receiving the last sacraments of the Church."

Gertrude was not dismayed, she had long, but reluctantly expected this news.

"That is good," she said, "And I shall have then all offer their communion for you."

"Thank you Miss Aronburg. You are so good. But I wish now to tell you something else. Do you know why I expected to die since I was wounded in the fight, when James' squad were attacked?"

"Why?" asked Gertrude.

"Because when poor Jean and Jane were so badly wounded, I prayed and prayed hour after hour that if it might be God should take my life and spare theirs. I knew they would be of some good use in the army. Gertrude, you surely did not want to lose them, Gertrude, But if I lived I'd be a life long cripple now and could do nothing. So Gertrude you must try to do what you can, and that you know is little enough."

Gertrude was weeping.

"For the sake of the cause of your Holy country, even though I'm a forger I'm very glad to die," pursued James Green. "Even at first when I prayed to God, I was a little afraid I'd be asking too much, but now since everything is O.K. I am ready to go."

Gertrude was still weeping.

"Girls and all you rest!" said James, as many crowded around his bed. "I know none of you around here, or the whole company will not refuse to give sleep to our Blessed Lord. I'd be even dying for you all."

"No James dear, if we all loved you a thousand times more, He should have you, as he has our thirty others."

"I'm so glad comrade; to-morrow I'll be in heaven. Would it not be nice to be in Heaven then?"

Gertrude that sad morning had before breakfast returned from the Communion table, her heart beating in unison with the heart of her sweet Master, her radiant soul in the life giving embrace of her Spouse. How the minutes had flown, as she had knelt in earnest converse with her loving Jesus. She was like a real saint that morning, one of those little children whose souls are not only now the glory of the Sacred Heart, but doing duty in a dangerous territory for His and Her or their holy cause. How long, how fervent, had been always her preparation every day. Gertrude had instead of prumbling thanked God for the difficulties and delays bearing the crosses for his sake. Her soul, and the souls all of all girl and boy scouts had been constantly purified by trial. And now even that the probation was worse, and the trial heavier, Gertrude even then felt she had been in God's hands. It was truly her days of days.

Now dinner was over, and she had seen that all of the six mortally wounded boys were dead, and all around were sobbing, while James was still the same, and now the doctors were believing he might survive after all. On the others who had died there was a sweet sweat expression ineffably sweet as though their bodies themselves had ferocious last moment shared in the very happiness of the liberated spirits.

"My God," murmured Gertrude from the fulness of her heart, as she threw herself on her knees besides James. "They offered himself up for us. Let me have some others to take his place if it will be your will My God, to even spare him in spite as he should be but not my will but Thine be done."

Still the same morning, in a isolated tent, lighted by one close tent candle light, was the Glandelinian officer, a captain no doubt, worn no less by confinement than by anxiety. His face had grown darker, his fierce eyes had become bloodshot, while his smooth face, shaven closely imparted to his appearance an increase of loathsome ness. Like a caged tiger or lion, he was fiercely, doggedly pacing up and down the floor of the big tent. Occasionally he would pause to catch the interchange of greetings from the girl and boy scouts who happened to pass each other on the outside. They were words either about food, fire, or what the enemy might be doing, warning words in themselves, but nevertheless showing how the scouts took the fortunes of the bloody war. The words few, the meaning simple indeed. Yet link them with the warning look in their faces, the suspicious eye, the look of apprehension—the pressure of the hand—and what a wealth of meaning there is in these expressions. It is also the full hearted utterance of human sympathy for all who are facing all kinds of peril, the kindness of love raised in deed in to priceless value by what may be known. But upon the prisoners heart long since attuned to the chords of a anger and hatred, these words grated harshly. He knew their meaning. The scouts with whom he was a prisoner knew all about the progress of the war, and the probable cause of the disasters. Muttering maledictions upon the authors of these greetings and warning conversations—he resumed his wary tramp—not blessed by so small a gift as one kind thought. By and by a sentry came in.

"Well Mr. Catt," said the march 11 "our Angelinians always called the Glandelinians cats, as they are called 'Christian dogs'—your guess is about up now."

"What's happened now?"

"The girls and you and your men, as well as your attacking parties fired upon died this morning excepting two. Many boys too. So to-morrow you are to be removed to the house if you are not lynched before you get there."

The Glandelinian prisoner wiped his brow with a handkerchief, his breathing grew short, and an expression of abject fear came upon his face.

"What do the whole troop of girl and boy scouts, say or do about me?" he gasped.

"There is nothing at all said, or done just now, indeed they're all quiet, as if nothing happened. It is that way with them even following a loss, as if they didn't care. But their way of looks makes me absolutely sure that you won't get out of this tent more a foot or two before you are in the hands of a mighty mad crowd of girls and boys. They are more dangerous dangerous than the men. But I guess we'll put over a gun on them."

Miss Aronburg tells me to take you off to-morrow to a secluded room of the 225
Here right now, before any one knows what is going on."

"When are you taking me?"

"I said now."

And he was brought.

Then the Marshall said when he came back about two hours later:
"I will have to move you again to-morrow. It's likely they'll storm this building."

"When are you coming for me?"

"Oh, about three in the morning. Anything I can do for you."

"No I'll be ready for you when you come."

"Ain't you sorry you and your men killed so many of the girls and boys?"

"There was no answer from the Glandelinian prisoner."

"Where was he so nervous to night, with the faces of those girls and boys

"Won't you feel nervous to night, with the faces of those girls and boys before you in the dark?"

"See here now Marshall Godfrey," said the murderer, "Don't try that game on me. You needn't try to get me frightened. They are dead, and that's the end of it. Were they not firing on me and my men when we observed them on a forage, and is it not the laws of the war? If they don't like it why don't they get out of camp and go home?"

"You Glandelinians will massacre children any way and you know it." retorted the Marshall. "That's is why they are in the army. It's safer than at home. I sure do wish that you may come to realize what an awful thing you Glandelinians have done in this war, these disasters, and— and—"

"For the sake of Neptune, leaping lizards go away from me. Get out. Leave me alone. Leaping lizards, great guns and little fishes, LEAVE ME" shrieked the Glandelinian prisoner his blood shot eyes growing hideous with rage, and his fingers working in important passion.

"One minute," said the Marshall producing a pair of handcuffs. "Here's a pair of bracelets, you might as well try on."

"How exasperated the prisoner aspest."

"Why not? Don't trust you Glandelinians."

"Can't you wait till to-morrow when you come for me?" he exclaimed drawing back.

"Come on. Now is the time."

"Marshall I've haven't asked you many favors since I've been here. Please let me go free till we start to-morrow. It's an ugly matter to have those affairs on, and I'd like to put them off as long as possible."

"No I can't," said the official dubiously.

"Why I can't escape man. Look at those bare stone walls—four ugly ugly walls, and a wretched barred window, and that long dismal roof that I can't touch with my hand."

"Well they go on," snapped the Marshall. "I'll leave them for you to admire. I'll not be responsible for you." and the handcuffs were on. Had he seen the lurking smile of triumph on the prisoner's face, he might have sworn to it that his feet were handcuffed too. The Glandelinian prisoner listened intently till the retreating footsteps had died away, then going to his coat he turned it inside out, and inserting his hand into a small opening concealed from others, drew forth a slender as steel saw like instrument. After pausing to assure himself that no one was near or outside in the hall he started working on the chain that held together the handcuffs, and in a short time had cut himself free by using strange as it would seem one of his feet to do the sawing with. Then he started working on the iron bars of the window. His first act he being a strong man was to cut through and then jerk from the window three iron bars. The work already done however had cost him two hours but he hoped to make a hole large enough to enable him to escape. His instrument was small and in appearance unsuited for the appearance. He put himself to work now with redoubled energy. Presently he had six of them out. Two hours and a half had passed, he had eight more to go before noon time. He grew nervous at the thought, and pushed his knees back and forth with all his might. Suddenly there was a snap and cracking sound—the legs of the chair he was standing upon gave way beneath his weight, and in the agony of the moment the Glandelinian prisoner for got himself, lost his hold, and fell heavily to the floor with a resounding crash, where with a smothered curse still lingering on his lips he lay for some minutes stunned and helpless. But the sound of footsteps in the hall without soon brought him to his feet, and hearing some one coming to the door he with an agility wonderful under the circumstances, again climbed upon a new chair, deftly replaced the bars, and the chair legs, then lightly dropped to the floor.

"Who's in there?" came a voice.

He tried to imitate the voice of a little girl, and answered:
"It is I. I wanted to close the window to keep out the smoke outside and lost my footing and fell."

"Well for heavens sake!" came back the answer. "You don't have to bring down the whole place do you? Next time don't make so much noise."
The sound of footsteps retreating made him feel more at ease, and for the rest of the morning he passed the time brooding and sullen, now traversing the room with hasty, impatient strides, now tossing restlessly upon the bed. Darkness came at length not that of night but from heavy smoke in the sky, and the sounds of wind had risen. He now believed his time had come. With the handkerchiefs off from his eyes, and one in each hand he again mounted, and finally began to remove all the bars, and then then his escape was secured. Seeing no one down below he made a rope out of his blanket and haphazard bedsheets, and then climbed down to the ground—then stalked through the deserted portion of the camp, across the railroad track, and out toward the great undulating deserted "paralely" looking forests beyond. Whether he was going he knew not. It was too dark to find a road to rejoin his comrades. But as it did seem no sooner was he free of his room prisoner, than an overpowering sense of terror came upon him. Did he seek the dangerous looking "Paralely" looking forest of his own choice? Why was it so hot, and why was there so much smoke, and wind? Those were the questions he could not have answered, and he knew the winds were off the northeast. Indeed he seemed to be fleeing from some pursuing evil in red color. It might have been the fires hot northeasterly winds, but there seemed nevertheless to ring in his ear a strange dying groan, there seemed to dance before him the visions of the children he had killed or allowed himself to shoot down, and the wild angry jargon of many strange voices haunted him as though a horde of demons were at his heels. The very sky was as dark and threatening as if a tornado was coming, and strange weird shapes, clad in the sable vest of the dead, seemed to spring up at every step before him. His startled eyes. Hour after hour passed away, and still he pushed wild, and wildly on, his face quivering with great fear of a coming doom, and with horror. With the first glare of fire, brightening the sky as red as white. Hot molten iron; his strength far supported by terror deserted him, and coming upon a big fir tree he threw himself beneath its shelter, and losing some of his terror, fell into a deep sleep.....

Let us dear readers turn from this wicked-wretch of a Glandelinian officer to the brides of the dead child scouts. Their delicate frail hands clasped upon their bosoms and intertwined with the heads they had so loved in life, their faces calm and serene, and telling a tale of full beatitude in mortal they lay in their beds, surrounded by their mourn mourning comrades shrouded into unwanted gentleness as they entered the chamber where death had clothed his strokes. It was a few minutes after dinner, and because of the necessity of it they were to be buried as soon as possible. "Not" said Gertrude, "that we should be tired of gazing upon the dear faces of our brave boys and girls, but because death in a camp and house where so many of their comrades are together would keep them in a sadness not suited to the time."

Penrod who had been at the scene of battle also spoke a few lust words. He told them all of the Child Jesus, of His hidden youth, and of His love for little children. Then he narrated, almost in the beautiful language of the gospel, the story of how Jesus, when He was asked by the very Apostles who was the greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven took a child and set him in their midst. And he continued: "when I consider what I have seen of this war, when I recall how earnestly how devoutly every one of our followers have sought to love and follow in full imitation the Sacred Heart of Jesus in spite of all the perils of this dreadful war, it seems to me that such brave little departed ones as these must have been chosen by our Divine Lord to stand in the midst of His Apostles. So what the enemy do to us and our Country, and its people are sure the enemy do to Him."

Slowly and solemnly the whole troop, even the cowardly soldiers in ordered ranks devoutly reciting the necessary as they moved, marched from the house toward a knip vied-browned like graveyard, which lay half a mile or so near the "Paralely" like woods. As they neared the newly made grave, smoke began to come from the northeast in a foggy mark. Before the burial service had concluded the smoke became blinding in its intensity. Angeline Riches who was the leader and guide was alarmed.

"Comrade!" she said in a loud voice, as the brave fighters were completing their work, and the whole column was about to start for the house and the camp. "I warn you on the peril of your lives not to disappear on the road back. This promises that a forest fire is coming this way, and it promises to be a terrible fire, and were any of you to lose your way death in the flames or from suffocation from smoke might be the result. Form into ranks as before and I will put two boys and myself who knows the region best at the head."

It was very happy of Angeline Riches to have taken this decisive measure. At first some of the youthful risecorps crumbled, but when with difficulty all had arrived safely at the camp it was generally acknowledged that any other course might have led to all of them losing their life, as the fire came quick enough within sight, and the trees as far as eye could see burst into flames at once.

When the Glandelinian prisoner awoke he found it dark as night, and very hot, and rubbing his eyes, discovered with dismay that he was alone in the trackless forest in the face of an oncoming and fire-hot and most dreadful fire hurricane that had ever come under his experience. The wind was tossing and writhing the trees in mortal agony of sound, and smoke was so thick he could not see before him. Starting to his feet he pushed vir-violent ahead. But whether he was going? He could not tell to save his life, indeed mortal eyes were it ever so strong, and steady could not have pierced the smoke veil which stretched from earth to sky, and the terrific winds which almost hurled him from his feet did not break the murk. And the winds were hot. Yet he must go on. To remain in the woods in such a tearing fire storm were to perish, the fire would soon come and he would be destroyed. As he started out upon this enforced tramp, leaves were being wrenched from some of the trees, and fires started to smoulder from the debris on the ground. But it was a tramp against death, the flames were coming a great mass and rushing, and in waves, booming and roaring as if volcanic furnaces were active, and as the echoes of the horrid voices rang in his memory, he pushed on as though the whole demon world were at his back. Several minutes passed, and finally the wanderer came to a familiar tree. One look, and he perceived it was the very tree he had started from.

The wild horrid explosion of curses and blasphemies that burst from his lips fell idle upon the dreadful fire storm, but to his distorted fancy they seemed to be rebuffed by a million hideous tongues of the wind, and more frightened affrighted than ever as he saw a long wall of sky reaching flames swiftly approaching like the spread of birds on the wing, he set forward again from that direction. Travel had now become difficult because the wind would buffet him and drive him mad from the heat, kill his efforts to breathe, and almost scorch him. At times the gale would hurl him to the ground, or threaten him with a falling tree, and on one occasion the storm hurled him into a dust pile and he was almost suffocated before he could free himself. As the dreadful flames still advanced nearer a feeling of languor stole upon him, his senses were losing their sharpness. The heat was torture now. This but terrified him all the more, for he knew that should he give way to this weakness before he reached a clearing, he was lost. On he went then, swifter, with the desperation of despair, on, on till thicker smoke closed about him, till the rude wind rose and howled and raged more fearfully after him, and threw itself irresistibly against him pelting him with flying branches and gravel, till the roar of the winds like voices of the night were changed into shrieks and groans and thundering sounds and dirges, on, on, till weary, frightened, hopeless he was suddenly struck down by a tree and hurled down in such a manner that the earth served as a pillow for his head. The feeling of languor had now become a great force, he would not rise again, let hell or heaven do its worst, he cared not. A pain there rang in his ears a wild shout as of demon triumph. Over head the flames stretched now, and again forced him once more to open his eyes. Looking straight before him, he saw, could be but a line of children blind in white and passing him, one after the other looking down upon his face. His eyes started in terror; the fire came up like a storm wave all over, an expression of the damned came over his features as the flames singed him, and with one more dreadful outcry of frightful pain he was gone.

The morning following the passage of the dreadful fire storm, Gertrude with some of her followers decided to take the chances to brave the dreaded "Paralely" to see if it had since shed the marks of her dead comrades. As they approached Penrod remarked:

620
"Look we certainly did not put a black tombstone," by the graves."

"No," said Gertrude, "that's wrong!"

"Why there is one standing up right beside the grave of little Hattie Thines herself. It stands there all in black, like the ghost of an evil spirit in the glowing embers of the fire."

"If I were to see that on a moonlight night," observed Catherine, "strabo rock."

"It would almost seem to be death."

Gertrude had just removed a layer of smouldering smoking debris from Hattie's grave, revealed to the horror of all, the head of the Glandelinian officer, all and his body too horribly crumpled, all horrible, ghastly, despairingly--resting on the grave stone of the girlscouts he or any of his men had murdered.

"So?" said Gertrude. "The fool escaped from his room and met a fate far worse than if he had remained with us. Well so it goes. Comes everybody. This is no sight for us."

The sad accoutrements of the company of girlscouts was foreseen now. On the day Gertrude when she first had entered camp life, and made her First Holy Communion, she may be said to have made her first start in life. All the events of her experience dating from her first introduction to the reader--the great horrors of the war, hair breadth escapades, encounters with the foe and false friends alike--delays in her undertakings, disappointment, sorrow, disaster to herself and her followers, witnessing what her friends the Vivian Girls had gone through, partaking in disasters--all had conveyed and converged into the shaping and perfecting of her girlhood work into the moulding of a fierce but noble character. Of all girlscouts she was a leader of leaders, even greater than the Vivian Girls, and they had admired her for it. Gertrude had met with thousands of tragic experiences beyond the lot of most heroines and heroes of older years and condition in life, and she had borne them bravely, though she was more spiteful to the enemy than ever. She had suffered more over one bitter trial after another--none the less, trials that it was in part self imposed--and her acts of obedience had purified and strengthened her and made her one of the leaders she was. But she was still a little girl, had her girlish ways, yet the evil effects of the flood disasters upon her were not a bit effaced. About her there still lingered a touch of forwardness, and the shadow of a childish hatred toward all Glandelinians. The horrors of war and the method of Glandelinians way of carrying it on had woven itself into her very texture. Despite her character she felt somewhat "revengeful." She united her character or in her character great physical and great moral courage but because of her experience, the sweetness and gentleness which impart a lustre to perfect bravery seemed gone. She was a good girl, subtly but she was becoming a menace to Glandelinia. She was more dangerous than any one of all the entire Christian cause. Gertrude could never forget when poor Jennie Turner finally found for herself some way to reach the Christian lines, as she had to go, and how when she tapped at the door of Gertrude's room to exchange a few words of farewell.

"Ah Jennie!" she had said. "I'm glad you have come. You are always welcome, but now--so you're going!"

"Yes Gertrude, and my going will be better for you as it'll bring you there sooner than if I stay here as I'll be able to find some means to bring you through. You know Gertrude I can hardly wait for the time, and it's so hard to keep quiet for hours a day, when there's such a good chance for a little adventure sometimes, and then Gertrude I've got lots to do for the Vivian Girls you know, so I can't hold in. But I hate to leave you and the rest."

"Well Jennie I haven't complained have I?"

"No Gertrude. You are so patient and good, you bear up with so many trials without complaining. If I were in your place I'd raise a row, sure. You know how I shout up when my sister Francis was killed. For weeks I kept on hunting and killing Glandelinian officers."

"Well Jennie if I have been a patient, I have had my reward, for I'm glad to tell you Jennie that while you was even here your improvement in military work and in application has been so steady that it could be noticed almost each day."

"Thank you Gertrude," said Jennie blushing.

And now she was gone, and now Gertrude did miss her. Like most generous, noble hearted girlscouts, she too was a hero worshipper, and from the time of the memorable interview with her friend Jennie, Jennie had been her hero. Gertrude had been conquered by all her kind friends--a conquest it is scarcely necessary to say, no less creditable to the victor than to the vanquished.

621
Jennie had issued from the interview with her friend Gertrude that latter's girl's best friend, and a faithful follower she had been even to Angeline Nichol, Jean and her other friends. No wonder then, that her chubby cheeks colored with pleasure at these kindly words of commendation from Gertrude. "You remember Jennie?" Gertrude had continued, fixing an earnest eye upon her little girl friend. "You remember that letter I sent to Violet, and her sisters nearly two years ago?"

"Yes. It was a most important one, and had a good deal to do for my good commission's commission. I shall never forget your favor Gertrude."

"-I Jennie I ventured on a bold prediction in it, and I have not been disappointed. I could not have exaggerated it."

Jennie had kissed Gertrude then.

But Gertrude now was in a misfortune. She had lost friends and comrades because of the enemy which she could ill spare. So many of her scouts outside of military work and battling the enemy, had a gentleness and sweetness of disposition which exacted exerted a marked influence upon Gertrude and all her followers for good. They were true friends, Gertrude needed such friends and so did Angeline Nichol and others. Gertrude and Angeline Nichol have helped each other too, but the others who had been killed had an influence that stepped in where the influence of others stopped short. They were in a manner a visible guardian angel to them. They were indeed like fairy princesses Gertrude had read about in books in her younger day. She got to thinking of her loss, and missed them very much. They were the nicest child scouts she had ever had. Penrod that afternoon had said to her--

"Ah Gertrude if you could find other girl and boy scouts like them?"

"Well Penrod, I'm young yet, the war is young yet, and in a country like ours there's no end of good boys and girls in the world and in our armies, more are coming in so I hear every day, and we'll have the chances of finding them out. Maybe before we see another year there'll be lots of nice boy and girlscouts."

"We can all pray Gertrude for other such scouts, and for better luck."

"We will indeed Penrod. Then she smiled kind of mischievously. "I'll take the count. Angeline Nichol has drawn the stake. The enemy will pay for our loss. I know where the camp of the foe is and I and my whole force is going to capture that camp and there'll be 'No Quarter' she fairly hissed the last words."

On that very day throughout the country where Christian armies could be found so many girl and boys were enlisting as scouts, and other military commissions that it indeed was unusual. This was the beginning of events which bore closely upon the conversation just recorded. Knowing nothing of this Gertrude and her whole force started a Perpetual Novena for the new scouts, and later on as we'll see her and their prayers were heard.

"Jennie herself told Jean who was in bed yet from her injuries but allowed to be up once in a while a story of the Abbeism disaster as she said she saw it. She told it to her toward evening, when Gertrude and Angeline Nichol and many others were gathered around also to hear. She said:

"In the history of earthquakes, floods, fires, eruptions of volcanoes and other worldly disasters nothing is more remarkable than the extreme number of them recorded since histories were first made out. But I do not believe they were as bad as what our Nation is suffering from the enemy. This may be partly accounted for by the fact that since the outbreak of this titanic war there was then only a small portion of the disasters than known. The vast increase in the number of these great war disasters in recent times last year before the outbreak at Abbeism is therefore undoubtedly due to the enlargement of the knowledge of the Glandelinian intricate commissions, and to the greater freedom of communication now subsisting among mankind, and of the materials that the Glandelinians can use. I was a partial witness of the great Abbeism horror. And girls and Jean dear many of these war disasters of the past might have been as frequent through out the entire region as now, but the war correspondents, and newspaper men, and the historians and investigators of Abbeism might have at first known nothing of their occurrence because the enemy breaking all kinds of communications has tried to hide all this. Even at the present time, a disaster might be happening somewhere in our states or in central California of which we would never hear till three months have passed. It wouldn't do

the enemy good of course to bring in disasters to parts of the country where he does not know for sure whether there are children or adults or not, or where the country is thinly inhabited and where there are no large cities to be overthrown, even though the disasters could have happened there unheeded. The few inhabitants might be awestruck at the time, but should they receive no personal harm the violence of the enemy made correction and the intensity of their terror would soon fade from their memories. The explosions that destroyed Abbiann, and Gattanne are not only the most unusual on record but one of the most remarkable. I know that at first all newspapers and magazines printed the disaster as a great volcanic eruption from the plains north of Abbiann, but whatever it really was it surely does the most unheard of thing in all history of disasters.

"That was that?" asked all the girls in one breath.

"It upheaved a district of several hundred square leagues, and caused the subsidence of a tract of land not less extensive, shivered like cracked glass five hundred miles of ground altering the whole water system, and the levels of the soil, and done other great things. It was a worse scene than the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah and four others of those wicked cities. I did not see the explosions as it was at night, but I heard the, then, and later I saw the flood come like a rolling sea. And while I lingered watching the progress of the flood men laid hold upon me and ordered me to escape for my life neither not to stay anywhere near, and that I should escape to the mountains which was the safest place. I do so grieving for I feared my parents were drowned in Abbiann. The flood overthrew many cities and swept over all the land and I saw nothing but smoke, fire, and water and floating buildings.

Yet many think the disaster was a sudden volcanic eruption like that which destroyed in one night the cities of Pompeii, and others. But investigators could not find any evidence of clouds of smoke having ever been emitted from the explosion craters seen near there, though a vast tract of country comprising many cities and towns was violently shaken and overturned. Of the valleys watered by the Horna River, that of the Abbiann region was the largest and the most populous. All the southern part of this valley, with its beautiful woods, its cultivated fields, and its broad river was said to have been obliterated by the flood. Upon this day the waters of this dreadful flood still continue to rage. Many who visited the region girls found the whole aspect of the district changed. The flood has receded considerably up that far but came down here. The Abbiann of that day has ceased to exist, and of its lower portions an immense sheet of water covered the space which it once occupied. Only higher Abbiann still is free of waters. Everything seemed to have been involved in the cataclysm. Beyond this vast flood as we see some rivers have disappeared. The whole country within our view not touched by water is devastated by forest fires, and covered with scouldering ashes.

The record of this great disaster girls will be always from now on preserved not only by our own historians but by the living, and spoken traditions of all our later peoples, as well as latter historians who will always relate how the greatest flood in the world was forced during the terrible mysterious shocks of unusual "eruptions" as supposed, and how great cities and towns full of people were swallowed up in the great deluge or destroyed by fire of shocks. But girls even if popular traditions will be forgotten, and if the writings of later authors would have been lost, the very aspect of the country will be always enough to show that it had suffered from the convulsion of a most terrible war on all record. As it was on the morrow of the catastrophes themselves, so it will always remain, with its devastated fields, burned remains of forests, its masses of lakes formed by flood, which may remain forever, the rough ravines made by the explosions north of Abbiann, the unusual loss of life, and the vast lake Abbiann which may cover the city forever. This seas of waters girls will ever evoke by its terrible origin, and its mysterious horrible aspect, the dolorous image of death and destruction.

"How far do you think these waters extend?" asked Gertrude.

"I can show you by this map," said Minnie. "It was published by a paper in Pandora before I came here, and I bought it."

She produced the map and unfolding it very carefully placed it on a table for all to see. It was a splendid map all in colors showing the whole status of Abbiann and everything that happened of the disaster.

"See this," said Minnie.

"Yes."

"Well the flood extends over thousands of miles westward of us and hundreds of miles northward. The deepest of the flood is over Abbiann of the lower

portions of the city in the depression of the soil caused by the dreadful convulsions, mistaken for any earthquake, and this lake extends at its deepest over an area of five hundred square leagues and joins a little with Lake Angeline. One can detect no trace of vegetation or animal on the verge of the flood, not a sound is heard upon its shores. It seems as if nature itself mourns over the great disaster created without her permission. Even birds they say avoid flying over the dreary surface of the waters, and when a breeze stirs the waters of this silent sea, it sounds a funeral dirge and makes people feel as if this portion portion had been the end of the world. Nothing alive moves in the waters save the thick masses of debris which now and again flows back and forth nearest the shore or float lazily on the desolate lake."

"It sure was some catastrophe," said Penrod. "I was at Abbiann when the disaster occurred. I heard the noise, and felt the shocks and saw the buildings fall and thought at first it was an earthquake. Never again do I want to go through another such experience. I have heard mention a portion of the disaster ranging in Palestine State which rent the city of Beningtonia. The event was so great that the nation was wild with confusion; and the chroniclers of this time are going to use it in dating occurrences of our war disasters. Nearly all the writers however have been from their own fears tended to cultivate volcanic phenomena respecting them. Even at first Dargar, Schloeder, Gingigors, and other great Gemini Members, and Scientists were quite ignorant of the true causes and are yet, and even mythology are entering into their speculations. The investigation has now become a science. Even the Nations of the world now knowing of the disaster are becoming pioneers in this direction, and great kingdoms are appointing with our permission, but at their risk from the seas, Imperial and other commissions to inquire into the subject. It will be doubted however that what they report, will be considered of any scientific value to day. The causes of these great manifestations, and the strange results of them, have been ever active whatever the cause may be."

A LITTLE TOWN OF SPRING. THE SPY APPEARS AND DISAPPEARS.
A DOG. A DOGS FOX.

Gertrude Angelina, Angelina Richau, and the rest of her officers had already written down in their diaries the whole particulars about their experiences in the war since their first entrance into the army as girlscouts, knowing nothing back as far as they could remember, and also soon needing a bigger diary for they were to go through more yet. While Gertrude was writing down one of her last accounts as far as it was already written here, a man who the girlscouts had never seen before came striding up toward the house. Gertrude wondered who he was as he came apparently plodding toward the entrance, to be halted by the guards. He was a tall strong heavy nut brown colored man, and he wore strange long bobbed hair, and he had on a soiled blue coat his hands ragged, and scarred, with black broken nails, and a sabre cut across one cheek, a dirty livid white. She noticed he looked round about him in every direction, and then whistling to himself as he did so, and then suddenly breaking out in a song that sounded very much to Gertrude like a foreign idioleque. Yet it was something like english and she did understand some of it.

He was singing it in a high, old tottering voice that seemed much out of tune, and as if he was yelling more than singing. Then as he showed his pass he was allowed to go ahead, and he rapped on the door with his hand and when Conrad appeared, asked if he could have a drink of cold water. Conrad looked at him queerly, but he ordered the water to be brought, and when he received it he drank slowly, lingering on the time, and still looking about him at the distant fire swept hills, and up at the house, and about the camp.

"This is a handy shelter and beautiful one," he said at length, in Abhennian, "and a pleasant place for any one. Are you all camp orphans in those clothing?"

"No we are not orphans," said Conrad. "you ever see orphans in uniform uniforms? No are you, and what is your mission? You are not a forerunner are you?"

"No little boy I'm not."

"Not brought you here to our camp?"

"Well then," said the man, "I was looking for shelter from the enemy and from the fire and flood. You see I'm awful dirty. That is because of my tramp. This is the berth for me I hope here sir," he cried to the solemn soldier who had followed, "help up with my trunk. I hope I can stay here a bit," he continued. "I am a plain solitary man, coffee, bacon, and bread and even eggs or anything you can spare I will gladly accept, and the top floor to watch for everything. You may call me Jha. Do you charge for my stay here?"

"Well for the support of our cause, yes," said Conrad. "but if you want to remain you'll have to ask either of them," pointing to Gertrude and Angelina. "They have more to say than I have, especially the girl with the large orange colored ribbon."

The man walked to the girl with the orange ribbon.

He told her what she desired, and after looking at him carefully she said yes, but I'll charge you, as you are not a military man. It'll cost you fifty Pexarons a week if you stay that long."

The man handed her three or four gold pieces.

"You can tell me when my time is up," he said looking as fierce as a commander.

And indeed bad as his clothes were, and coarsely as he spoke, he had none of the appearance of a man who ever was in the army, but seemed like a citizen accustomed however to be obeyed or to strike. The man who had accompanied him to told both Gertrude and Angelina Richau that the fellow had traveled miles through burning foliage of scuddering forests, that he had inquired what shelter there might be found along the shore of the flood, and hearing of a camp near an abandoned orphan home had chosen it for his place of residence, and that all any one could learn of their strange guest at though secretly they kept him under careful surveillance. He was a very silent man by custom. All that day he had hung round the edge of the camp, or upon a hill top, with a long telescope, all that evening he sat in a corner of the room he had been assigned to, and ate his sup or in silence. Nextly he would not speak when any of the scouts or soldiers spoke to him, only look up sudden and fierce and blow through his nose like a forerunner, and every one

knowing that they needed to be careful, pretended to let him be, but kept him watched nevertheless, to see who he really was, and what his purpose was. Every minute when he had been back from his own scouting he had asked if any other person had come by along the road. At first the girls and boys thought it was the want of company of his own kind that made him continue to ask these questions, but by night fall they at last began to understand that he was desirous of avoiding them. When some soldiers passed by, he now and then would, he would look out at them before he came down below, and he was always sure to be as silent as a mouse when any such soldiers were present even though they were of Gertrude's cavalry escort. For Gertrude, at least, there was no secret about the whole matter, for she was in some way a sharer in his alarm. He had taken her aside that late night before she retired and promised her double pay for his stay if she would only keep her eye open for a long man, and let him know when he appeared.

That night the horrors of the war haunted Gertrude's dreams. That night was stormy with hot winds from the north, and east, and the howling winds shook the four corners of the house, and the surf of the flood roared along the shore, and in her dreams Gertrude saw the war in a thousand horrid forms, and with a thousand diabolical expressions. Now the whole world would be devastated by flood and fire, now the enemy was a monstrous kind of a creature, a creature, who had never anything else but a bloody paw, and that in the middle of his body. To him his leap and run and parade her country over moon and stars was the worst of nightmares. Although and altogether she realized war was something like these abominable fancies. But though she had been so terrified by the dream she had had, she was far less afraid of the results of the forest fire and the flood itself, than anybody else who knew nothing of it. That morning the stranger ate a breakfast a little bigger than usual, and then he sat and started singing some of his strange english songs, singing no one, and then he called to the whole company to listen to his stories. His stories would have frightened people worst of all. Horrible stories indeed they were, about hundreds of thousands perishing of famine, great disasters by scores devastating the country, massacres of children, wars mighty battles, and storming disasters of fires, and wild deeds of the Glandelinian horsemen or wheelers, worse horrors than any one could imagine happening in a war. By his own account he must have lived his life and fought through some of the most wickedest Glandelinian regiments that ever was known in the war, and the language in which he told these stories, shocked every one with the true state of affairs, and giving a realization of what dire peril Glandelinia was in. Gertrude told him that Mildred Maxwell was always saying that the country would be ruined, that the war would not be won, then he would slap his hand on the table and say that Abhennia cannot lose, and that no one ought to say that.

Gertrude thought too that people would cease coming to Glandelinia, to be horrified and put down by such a foe, and sent shivering to their beds, and after all Gertrude believed his presence did her and her followers good, and that he really was a friend, and a refugee. Everybody admired him and said that there must be any man of his sort that made Abhennia terrible to Glandelinia. He was an escaped spy from a Glandelinian camp who had done some spying work, and learning who the girl was and all her followers he gladly revealed his secret. Should they dare and kill me, you know where to find my hidden secret," he had said. It's in a chest which I left up in my room."

In one way Gertrude feared Glandelinia bade fair to ruin Glandelinia for the floods had kept on staying week after week, and had lasted month after month, the fires still raged, so that all things were becoming exhausted, and Gertrude was sure that even the annoyance and the terror this poor man must have lived through had greatly hastened his early and unhappy death. All the time he stayed with the company the stranger made no attempt to change his clothing. One of the cocks of his hat fell down, and for some reason or other he let it hang from that time forth, though it was a great annoyance to him when it blew in the breeze. Gertrude remembered the appearance of his coat, which he had patched himself up stairs in his room, and which before the end, was nothing but patches. He never wrote or received a letter, and he never spoke with any one but the girls and boy scouts, or the soldiers. The great bang bar he had in his room was one had ever seen open. He was only, once crossed or questioned, and that was toward the end when poor Jones Green was far gone in a decline that finally took him off to his heavenly home. Dr. Jones came that morning to see the brave little patient, took a bit of breakfast with the girlscout leaders

and went into the parlor of the home to admit the coming of his horse. Gertrude and several of the girls and Harold followed him in, and they observed the contrast, the most bright Appalachian doctor, with his hair as white as snow, and his bright blue eyes and pleasant manners made with the best country folk, and above all with that unusually filthy, heavy scarerow of a spy of the place, sitting with his arms on the table. Suddenly the stranger began to pipe up a song:

"Fifteen million homeless because of Calverlin's plight,
To--ho--ho, and a battle with all our might,
Glendelina and the devil go hand,
and we'll shell crazy Glendelina with a hiss and bang."

At first Gertrude had supposed that this song must have been newly made by some song writer on the disaster, and the thought had been mingled in her night-mare with that of the dreadful floods and forest fire. By this time many of the scouts had all long ceased to pay any particular notice to the song—it was new that night, to no one but the doctor, and on his Gertrude observed it did not produce an agreeable effect, for he looked up for a moment quite utterly before he went on with his talk to one of the soldiers, on a new plan for saving more lives and preventing such losses among the scouts. In the meantime the stranger gradually brightened up at his own music, and at last Gertrude clapped her hand upon the table before her in a way all knew which meant self-ness. She thought she had heard something outside. The voices stopped at once, all but doctor Jones, he went on briefly as before speaking clear and kind, and drawing briskly at his cigar between every word or two.

"Oh doctor," came from the stranger.

"Were you addressing me sir," said the doctor.

"Yes Doctor," I have only one thing to say in argument to what you are saying to that soldier. That if Glendelina keeps on doing as she is doing now with Calverlin, the world will soon be quite of a very dirty scoundrel of a nation. Glendelina, she go to—"

The old fellow's fury was awful. He sprang to his feet as he said these words drew and opened a long sharp knife, and balancing it upon the palm of his hand, demonstrated what he would do if he heard General Hanley in the room right now. The doctor looked surprised. He spoke to him, as before over his shoulder, and in the same tone of voice, rather high, so that all in the room might hear, but perfectly calm and steady.

"If you do think you can do up General Hanley or his Confederates it would be a wise plan, but I promise you upon my honour, and cross my heart to hope to die, that such an undertaking is like sticking your hands into the mouth of a hell. Hanley is too dangerous."

Then followed a battle of looks between them, but the stranger soon realized it was true, and he put up his weapon, resumed his seat and said:

"Well believe me some day some one will get him."

"And now sir," continued the doctor, "since I know now that there is a man like you in this district, you better keep hiding as you know General Hanley is also and I know why you are here. You are an escaped spy, and a shadowy one, coming the country to get you for something, and you may be hunted down and routed out of this. Let that suffice; that you must be on your guard. Let any one of those girl or boy scouts have you guarded."

"You are right and I will," said the man.

"My are you dressed like that?" asked Gertrude.

"It's my only hope at disguise," said the man. "I'm General Conventinian Archiburg's messenger boy. I got the communication through to him but I'm in peril. If anything does happen to me, destroy what I have in the bag in my room."

Soon after the doctor's horse came to the door, and he rode away, but the stranger held his peace that evening, and the girls and boys secretly watching him, observed he never stopped reciting his poem Rosary.....

It was not an hour after this on the day of August the 5th that there occurred the first of the mysterious events, that caused the tragedy. It was turning out to be a hot windy and a dry day, and heavy but girls

and it was plain from the first that poor James Green was little likely to see the approach of the evening. He sank hourly, and Angeline's niece was kept busy enough, without paying much time to their unusual but pleasant guest. He said more than was his due for the rest, saying a "Give it to your holy cause, and damn Glendelina....."

It was still very early in the morning—very early—a hot windy morning—the atmosphere all gray with smoke fog, the flood waters lashed into a fury of great waves, bending the masts that were flung with the noise of a rapid battle, and as usual the sun failed to shine. The stranger had risen earlier than usual, and set out down the floods shore, a cut-throat man swimming under the broad skirts of an old blue coat, his great bald-head under his arm his hat tilted back upon his head. His breath hung like smoke in his wake as he strode off, and the last sound they heard from him after the doctor's departure, as he turned a bend in the road, was a loud snort of risky indignation, as though his mind was still running upon Glendelina and her method of carrying on the awful war.

Till at this time Angeline's niece was then upstairs with poor James Green and Gertrude Angeline had taken her own turn at going to the laying of the breakfast table for all the girl-scout officers, and against the stranger's return when the parlor door of the home suddenly opened and another stranger came stopped in on whom no one had ever set their eyes before. He was stopped at the entrance by the guards however who demanded of him the counter-suit and asked for his pass. He was a tall pale, tallow-colored creature, in a long grey coat, with long fingers on each hand with longer finger nails than his hand, and though he wore a short shirt, and a brace on his life side of two pistols instead of having them on each side singly, he did not look much like a fighter, nor a spy, or a messenger.

Gertrude and her girl-scout followers always had their eyes open for strangers and persons whom they have never seen before, and especially for any persons who may not be suspicious characters, for she knew since the slaughter of her eighteen boys and girls a few days recently that the whole camp and even the home was in grave peril. Therefore the coming of this man puzzled her and others, and she gave a cry to the guards:

"Don't let him pass till I get a good look at this man, cover him every body there."

She came up, and called Angeline's niece down, and the two Jennings girls too. He did not appear at all like a soldier, and yet he had a stack of the soldier's ways about him too,.....

"Who are you and what do you want?" asked Gertrude.

"I would like to have a meal here, and take some rest!" Gertrude's suspicious nature aroused.

"You cannot eat or drink with us in the officers' quarters," she said somewhat hotly. "Well, indeed, do you think we run a saloon in this country now? You can have some coffee if you like in the parlor."

He smiled something to himself, and said he would take nothing but tea, or not drink at all, and as Gertrude was going out of the room to fetch strong coffee he sat down upon a table, and whispered to her to draw Hanley.

"Come here Miss," he said. "Come nearer here!"

Gertrude keeping an eye on him took a step nearer.

"Is this table for a man by the name of a George?" he asked with a kind of leer.

"I do not know any man by the name of George, but this room is for a guest who stays here, whom we know as a 'Hobo'."

"Well I understand," said the man. "I know a man who may be named as a 'Hobo'—he has a long cut scar on one cheek and a slightly pleasant way with him, a particularly in drinking. The cut is on the left cheek. He wears a short of long grey coat, and yellow trousers. At now I told you. Now is that man in this house, George?"

"We have no one by that description. But our guest himself was out walking."

"Which way? Which way did he go?"

Gertrude told him that she could not make the giving too much information that she has her work to do, and if she wished to see any one to call till he returns, and another he was likely to return for breakfast, and soon as possible.

The expression of his face as she said these words, was not at all pleasant, and she had her own reasons for thinking that the man was greatly mistaken in the one he wished to see, even though he meant what he said. The last of his suspicions that he was some Glendelina agent dismissed as he was to find some Christian and she could have set a trap for him. If she was going to catch clearly when the coming man met with the first stranger. As it was duty for country, she believed it was a good affair of her own, and in case of necessity it was not difficult for her to know what to do, she would shot a man on short notice once he showed his real identity. If he started to do anything out of the way. The stranger kept

604

hearing around about just inside the entrance door, hearing round the corner, like a cat watching for a mouse, or watching the firecoat forces at their work of "Policing" about the grounds, and the company streets of the camp, and the plying back and forth of those on guard at the flood shore. Once he stepped a little outside into the road, but Gertrude in a softly called his back, and as he did not stay quick enough to suit her fancy, she screamed at him enough to make him jump. Horrible face bent on, but he obeyed, half crawling, half sneaking, and Gertrude said:

"To scout demand obedience. No matter who we are, we have authority, and the great thing for even men in our camp whether strangers or our soldiers is discipline. If, discipline. Now if you had come along with our commands long enough, you wouldn't have stood there to be spoken to twice--no sir. That is not the way of any one, and here sure enough is the man I believe you are looking for, with the spy glass under his arm doing this way."

The stranger seeing him coming, went back into the parlor. Gertrude was very uneasy and alarmed as to the outcome, as any one can fancy, and it rather added to her fears to observe that the stranger was rather frightened himself. It was not the man he saw to be a bit of a coward, and the tilt of his sword, and loosened the blade in the scabbard, and all the time he was writing there he kept muttering as if he feared. A lump in his throat. At last in a stroke the ragged one, closed the door behind him, without looking to right and left, and marched straight across the room to where his breakfast awaited him.

"Who are you please?" said the stranger, in a voice that Gertrude thought he had tried to make nervy and loud.

The beggar spun round on his heel, and fronted him, all the brown had gone out of his face, and even his nose was blue. And he suddenly had the look of a man who happens to see a ghost in the dark, or the evil one, or something worse, if anything can be, and Gertrude felt sorry to see him, all in a moment turn so old and sick.

"How does business, you know me you are in my grasp now," said the stranger.

"What were you doing in the Glendelinian camp two days ago?"

The beggar made a sort of gasp.

"The way you look like," "Hutt's" "Jeff," said he.

"And who else?" returned the other, nothing more at his own. "You had I didn't bring Hutt," Jeff as ever was, if that is how you know me, come for to regain what you slipped from the Glendelinian camp. Ah, Christian spy that you are, we shall soon see a sight of time when you come back with me to see general Hyates."

"No look here," said the gnat, "You've succeeded in running me down, there I am, well then, speak up, what is it?"

"That the way you are you, an international spy," thought Gertrude, "I have the tape on you, and if you do anything rash I'll drop you from my hiding place."

"You are in the right of you, you a christian spy," returned the small man. "As I cannot have a glass of rum here, I'll order a cup of coffee from one of those boyscouts here, and we'll sit down if you please, and take it over."

"When the boy returned with the hot coffee, they were already seated on either side of the captives breakfast table, the Jeff spy nearest the door, and sitting sideways, as he to have one eye on the christian spy, and one on Gertrude thought on his retreat. He had the boy go and see to it that the door was left wide open, saying it was hot in there, and he wanted some air. For a long time, though Gertrude certainly did her best to listen she could hear nothing but low conversation, but at last in a short time they began to talk in a louder voice, and she could pick up a word or two, mostly on the part of the smaller man.

"Ho, ho, no, no, no, that's the end of it," the gnat said once, "and again if it comes to pulling back with you, try and take me back."

Then all of a sudden, there was a tremendous explosion of on the and hispanics from the shorter on and other noise, the chair and table went over with a crash, a clank of steel on steel followed, and then a cry of pain, and the next instant Gertrude saw the smaller man in full flight, and the gnat hotly pursuing, both with drawn swords, and the smaller man streaming with blood from the right shoulder, and arms just at the door the gnat aimed at the fugitive one lost tremendous out, shouting loudly a Glendelinian spy, and the cut would have certainly split his head to the chin had it not been intercepted by a long hanging branch from a tree that grew close by. The blow of the sword brought the branch to the

609

ground. That was however the last of the sword battle. Once out upon the road, Gertrude organized a pursuit, but the smaller man despite it all and his wounds, showed a wonderful clearness of head, till he reached a horse which he quickly jumped upon, and disappeared over the edge of a hill in half a minute. The gnat sat for his part stood staring at the tree like a thunderbolt. Then he passed his hand over his eyes several times, and at last turned back into the house.

"Little girl," he said, "hot coffee," and as he spoke, he raised a little saying to himself "Oh God help us" and caught himself with one hand against the wall.

"Are you hurt?" cried Gertrude.

"Yes a little," he said. "As soon as possible I must get away from here. He knows now where I am, he was looking for his helper George and found me here. I'll bring the Glendelinians down upon this camp to get me."

Gertrude ran to fetch some brandy, but she was quite unsteady by all that had occurred, and she broke two glasses, and fouled the tap, and while she was still getting in her own way, she heard three distinct far away shots, heard a loud fall in the parlor, and in running in, beheld the gnat lying full length upon the floor. At the same time sent Angelina Riches, alarmed by the cries and the fighting, and the distant shots, over running down stairs to help Gertrude followed by others. When they raised his head, they saw blood streaming from a wounded head by a bullet in his shoulder. He was breathing very loud and hard, but his eyes were closed, and his face a horrible color.

"Look to Gertrude," cried Gertrude, "Have everybody girls and boys and soldiers concentrated every where in arms right away, in case the enemy attack to get him."

"Dear me," cried Angelina Riches, "what a terrible disgrace for our camp. A brave christian spy shot down in our camp by distant enemies. And poor James dying. I'll get the enemy for this."

In the next five minutes they had to think fast to do what they could to help the wounded gnat, though they wondered how a distant enemy could have shot him through the window, and yet holes in the glass proved that it had been done. Gertrude put the brandy, and tried to put it down his throat but his teeth were tightly shut, and his jaw as strong as iron. It was a happy relief for them when the door opened, and Dr. Jones came on, on his visit to James Graham.

"Oh doctor," Gertrude cried, "what shall we do? There is he wounded!"

"Wounded in three places," said the doctor who examined him. "The man also has had a stroke. Now please, you must quickly visit with me, just you run upstairs to James, and tell him if possible nothing about it. For we must do my best to save this man's life, and I'll be a little boy scout, you can be a brain."

Then the doctor went back with the brain, the doctor had already found where the bullet wounds were. One was on the arm and it was an arm tattooed in several places. At one place was a tattoo of the Sacred Heart, and at another the mother of God, all or both very neatly and clearly made, and up near the shoulder there was a sketch of the Crucifixion.

"Probable and splendid," said the doctor, touching this place with his finger. "And now Gertrude, we'll have a look at the wound. Gertrude are you afraid of blood, or the sight of it?"

"No, sir!" she said calmly. "I'm on battle-fields so much I'm used to such sights."

"Well then," said the doctor just as calmly, "I'll hold the brain, while I clean out the wound," which he did as quickly and as carefully as possible reaching also for the bullet, and found there a well leaden ball. A great deal of blood was gone into the brain, and then after the wound was treated and a bandage properly the wounded man opened his eyes and looked steadily at his friend who recognized the doctor, and when his glance also fell upon Gertrude, he looked relieved. But suddenly his color changed, and he tried to rise from his bed.

"There are the Glendelinian men outside. They've got me alright."

"I'll have the Glendelinian men here," said the doctor, "except these distant enemies who shot you through the window. I have been in grave danger myself. I have told you, and I have just brought on hand from the front of the army. Now Dr. Jones!"

"What is not to be done," he interrupted.

"If I should let it be," returned the doctor, "it's the end of a christian and of my own existence, and I call you to it for the sake of a nation's ship, and what I have to say to you in this for a fair warning. Keep out of sight for a while or your face will kill you--do you understand that?"

"You can stay for a while, if you must, but you can get some brandy, and a glass of it won't hurt you. Get a new pair of shoes, and I'll help you to your bed at once."

"Two of the girls came, and the doctor, with a friend, they managed to get Harry into a chair, and laid him on his bed, where his head fell back on the pillow, as if he were about fainting."

"How could you," said the doctor, "be so foolish as to let a man of your age and position be so near death? You are still waiting their chance, I know it." And with that he went off to see Jesse, Gert, and Gertrude accompanying him.

"The wounds are nothing," he said as soon as he had closed the door. He should like there for a week or so where he is—that is the best thing—but any Glandelinian any coming alone could do him. He does not allow any strangers to see him. That is my advice, Gertrude."

It was toward noon on a little earlier that Gertrude stood at the guests door with some cooling drinks and some medicines. He was lying very very much as the doctor had left him, only a trifle higher, and he seemed both weak and much excited.

"Miss Gertrude," he said, "you or your followers are the only ones here who are ever worth anything to the cause, and you know I've been always very good to you since I came here. And now you see child, I'm pretty low, the Glandelinian skunk's how have got me, and I'm all alone here, and apparently left by myself, and Miss Aronson you'll bring me one glass of Brandy, now don't you, child?"

"Yes—but the Glandelinians—""he began—
But he broke in cursing the Glandelinians in a feeble voice, but persistent. "Glandelinians are all wicked and dangerous," he said, "and the Glandelinian, there in the distance who got me, why what would they do to get me finally. I've been in 1 place—and through experiences as hot as pitch, and comrades drowning round me in battle in whole regiments, and the blessed Lord, heavening like the sea from the concussions of dreadful cannonades and explosions—and what the Glandelinians won't do is little—and I lived through an earthly hell, saw Abbiemmo go beneath the waters, and these forest fires destroy my family and home and all I had in life, I tell you. And because I wanted to try to find out whether Glandelinia is his responsible for Abbiemmo's destruction, they want to get me. It's been meat and drink, and tort, and adventure, and if the Glandelinians do not me now, I'll be lucky not, and blood will be on them, and all their leaders." And he ran on for a while with abuses upon Glandelinia, and her ravaging armies. "Look Miss Gertrude how my fingers & side—" he continued, in the pleading tone. "I cannot keep them still, no not one moment. I haven't had even good luck to day. Glandelinia is a life—nothing feel I tell you. If I don't have a little glass of brandy I can't recover, and I would have no chance to escape, I'm afraid they'll get me here. The Glandelinians are raising Cain for what I did. Four doctor friend said so to me if they are trying to get me I'll give you a golden ten dollar piece for a glass Miss Gertrude."

"Knowing that after all you are doing service for your country, I do not want none of your money," said Gertrude. "I'll get you a glass of brandy and a good size as I am sure you'll not get injured on that."

Both he and she laughed.

When Gertrude brought it to him, he took it, and drank it out, but slowly. "Aye, aye, that makes me feel better sure enough," he said. "And now my child, how long did the doctor say I was to lie here in the bed?"

"A week at least," said Gertrude.

"A week! believe the Glandelinians will get me by then. Why child I can't do that, they'll get in here despite your guards, they'd have a full chance on me before then. The Glandelinians are coming to send I should fear into the camp at any moment, and they'll sure get me. They are dangerous when they know I'm an escaped spy you know. But I'm going to try my luck. I'm not afraid of that, but I don't believe in throwing my life away for three either. I'll try and trick them. I must go as soon as possible, I must go now."

As he was thus speaking, he had risen from his bed with great difficulty, holding to Gertrude's shoulder with a grip that almost made her cry out, and moving his legs so much like dead weight. His words spirited as they were in meaning, contrasted sadly with the weakness of the voice in which they were uttered. He paused when he had gotten into a sitting position on the edge of the bed. Just as he did so, there was the distant ring of a rifle, and a bullet missing him by a narrow margin, cut a hole in Gertrude's hair ribbon and embedded itself in the wall.

631

He shot had come in the open bedroom window, and nicely and quietly punctured a little hole in the window glass.

"That Glandelinian sniper will be the death of me yet," he murmured. "He was singing. Now he back before the second round. Another shot before she could lay him low, or do much to help him, he had himself fallen back again to his former place, where she lay for a while. "Yes, Aronburg," he said at length. "You saw that Glandelinian spy here again to day?"

"You mean the one who looks like Jeff, in the funny pants?"

"Yes."

"No, not after you aim at him."

"Ah, the 'Jeff,'" said the stranger. "He's a bad Glandelinian alright, but there are worse devils that put him up to it. Now I f if I cannot get away, and they finally get me, mind you, it's the powers which I secured at Hyltana headquarters they are trying to regain. They'll probably attack your camp to get me and in case they threaten to you'd better disappear from this locality as they may attack in overwhelming numbers. I was a great spy and courier for general Aronburg, and I'm the only one who knows Hyltana like a book. But you won't need to move unless some other spy stands in to see me—but for your sake be on your guard, above all Hyltana and his army is only thirteen miles away near Sanitary Granks."

"But how do you know whether they know this camp or not, sir?" Gertrude asked.

"I know it. I'll tell you more if you like like, but you must try and not let them reach what I took from them. If they do get that all is gone. You keep your eyes open like an eagle Gertrude, and you'll not be unrewarded, upon my honor."

He spoke a few minutes longer, but his voice was growing weaker, but soon after Gertrude had given him his medicine which he took like a child, with the remark "If ever a man needed drugs it's I'm the one at last fell into a heavy swoon like a sleep in which Gertrude left him. What Gertrude should have done, and whether it would have done, will she did not know. She believed that probably she should have told the whole story to the doctor—for she was in mortal fear lest the Glandelinians should sneak in disguised as her own soldiers and make an end of the man in a cowardly manner. But the doctor was too far away just then and she was at a loss. But as if such luck would have it, James died quite suddenly that far noon, which indeed put all other matters out of the question. The natural distress, and worry of all her followers, the slower recovery of Jean, and June, the visits of two strange men, the arranging of the burial for James, and all the work of the military affairs to be carried on in the meanwhile, kept Gertrude, and her officer girls quite so busy that she had scarcely time to glance at the patient, far less be afraid of what might occur to him, as the whole building was under the strictest guard, and watched closely from a distance also. A little after dinner time he could sit up a little, but Gertrude had the blinds closed so no distant Glandelinian sniper could see into the room, and he had his meal as usual, though he had little, and had more, then his usual supply of coffee. When he was asked if he would like a little more brandy he said "No." A little after dinner while sitting up in bed, it was surprising in that note of mourning, to hear hissing away one of the old-time Catholic hymns, but weak as he was, they were all in fear of death for him, for if there were any secret one is within the room they would hear him and locate his room. And the man was weak, and yet he was growing weaker, then instead of remarking his strength! He tried once to get out of bed and clamber down and up the stairs despite the doctors' advice, and went from the parlor to the bedroom and back again, and once put his nose out of doors, to get some fresh air, holding on to the walls as he went for support, and breathing hard and fast like a man climbing up a steep and high mountain. He did not then address Gertrude, his temper concerning Glandelinians was more flighty, and allowing for his bodily weakness and his condition, and what he had seen, more violent than ever. But with all this, he did not pay attention to any one, and seemed shut up in his own thoughts, and rather wondering. Once for instance, he struck upon a different chord, and sang "Onward Christian Soldiers." So dinner time passed, and about one o'clock or a little later of a hot foal-like fever early afternoon, Gertrude was standing at the door for a moment, full of sad thoughts about her losses, and her long delay here when she so desired to get back home to the studio, when she saw some one drawing swiftly near along the road on a horse.

620, 652

He was not in a uniform, and was plainly dressed, and he wore a green hat cocked to one side of his head, and wore a huge cloak with a hood, that made his lower half ghost and half man. Gertrude never in her life saw any more dreadful looking creature. Was it him disguised? Or was he naturally that way? He halted the horse in front of the door at which Gertrude was standing, and addressed her saying:

"Is this St Gertrude Orphan Asylum?"

"Yes, you are at the home, my good man," said Gertrude. "But you cannot pass without a counter sign. There are soldiers inside."

"He showed a pass and gave the words. Gertrude felt he was all right, as no one could hoodwink the Christians, as every sentry had a new counter sign."

"Well I guess you are all right," she said.

"I am," he said. "Will you give me your hand my child, my kind young girl friend, and lead me in."

Gertrude held out her hand, and the soft spoken man took hold.

"Now my dear girl," he said. "Take me in to a man named Jones."

"Sir," said Gertrude, "upon my word I dare not."

"Oh no don't be suspicious. I'm in a hurry, and Heaven knows I want through hell and torture to reach him. Take me in straight or both of us will be dead in two minutes. We are in the greatest danger. For God's sake don't hesitate."

"Sir," Gertrude said. "It is for yours if I mean. The man is not what he used to be. He has been wounded by three shots. A sniping Glandelinian."

"O one now march for Heaven's sake," he said, and she never heard a word so far-sounding, anxious, excited, and apprehensive as that man's. It surprised her so when anything else, and she obeyed him at once, taking him up to the room where the sick spy was sitting on his bed, dazed with his misery and his thoughts of the loss of home and dear ones. The other man clung to Gertrude holding her by the hand as if she were his own daughter.

"Lead me straight up to him, and when I'm in the room cry out 'Here's a friend for you Mr. Jones.'"

He had no sooner spoken than there was a crash of glass and a bull-bullet again embedded itself in the wall. Between this and that Gertrude was so apprehensive, that she started to run for the window drawing her pistol but the man holding her immediately gripped her wrist like a vice. Gertrude struggled to withdraw, but the man pulled her close to him right up to him with a simple action of his arm.

"Now girl for God's sake and cure don't be rash," he said. "The moment you show yourself at that window and you're a corner."

"But I must get that sniper," she gasped.

"No, no you don't understand. He uses a smokeless rifle and you cannot see the smoke."

The conversation, and the shot had aroused the stranger. The door wounded him raised his eyes, and at one look, the pain went out of them, and left him staring in surprise. The expression of his face was not so much of sadness as of thankfulness. He made a movement to rise, but he had not enough force left in his body.

"No Jones sit where you are," said the stranger. "Bus business is his business. Hold out your hand. I have something for you."

He obeyed to the letter, and Gertrude caught his pass something into the palm of the wounded man, which clattered down it instantly.

"And now that is done," said the stranger. "and he turned let go of Gertrude, and with incredible accuracy and nimbleness, skipped out of the bedroom, and went down the stairs and into the road, and Gertrude followed him until she stood at the door, and just as she saw him start away on his horse, a bullet from some unseen point took off the locks of her hair. A second put out a light in the parlor, and a third brought down a swinging lamp. Gertrude quickly went to a better place of concealment, and went back upstairs to see how the other guest was faring. She observed the man had gathered his arms, and he looked sharply into his palm. It was a new warning to him.

"To night at ten o'clock the enemy is going to attack the camp," he cried. "We only got six hours more to wait. I'll do them yet," and he sprang to his feet. Even as he did so, he realized, a shot had hit him somewhere, he put his hand to his throat, stood staring for a moment, and then with a peculiar sound, fell from his whole height from forehead to the floor. Gertrude ran to him calling on Angelina, Richard, and others. But he was dead all in vain. The poor man had been struck dead by a bullet striking him in the head.

As soon as Gertrude realized he was dead, she burst into tears. It was the next awful death she had known, and the memory of the other first was still fresh in her heart.

633
 Gertrude of course lost no time whatever, in first seeing to it that all her personal effects were secured to last any time the attacking night came, and to have the oldest boys and girls ready too, and then she told Angelina Riches all she knew, and which perhaps she should have told her long before this and indeed every one in the camp saw themselves at once in a most difficult and dangerous position.

A. Some of the poor were money--if he really had any was certainly good to use for the cause, but it was not likely that the Glendelinton soldiers, above all the army officers would be inclined to give up anything to war for their own cause either. The spy's advice to mount at once and ride to the nearest Christian post would have left others alone and unprotected so it seemed without an able leader, and therefore was not to be thought of. Indeed it seemed impossible for the whole force to remain much longer in this locality should the enemy make an attack in overwhelming force, the fall of coals in the kitchen grate, the very ticking of a clock, filled the girls with a sense of foreboding. Gertrude put her hand on her belt. The very neighborhood to their ears, seemed haunted by the on-coming approaching footsteps of many men, and what between the assassinated man's body on the parlor floor of the house, and the thought of so many dead Glendelinton soldiers, probably hovering near at hand, and ready to move to the attack, there were moments, when as the crying rose, Gertrude turned in her beds for terror. Something must be speedily resolved upon, and it occurred to both Gertrude and Angelina Riches at least to go forth, and see to it that retreat could be made quickly to the raft in case they all were getting mortified in the threatening squabble. No sooner said than done. Rushed indeed as the girls out. Officers were at the time they rode out at once in the gathering late afternoon, and the sky for which bent on the strange rotten darkness. The men and boys in charge of the raft were not far hundred yards away, throughout of view, on the other side of a cave extending into the flood, and what greatly encouraged the little girls it was in an occasional direction from that whence the Glendelinton attackers may take their appearance. They were not many minutes in the road, though they sometimes stopped to lay hold of each other, so as not to be lost in the fog and to harken, when there was a sudden glare of light in the sky, and a crashed nerve rocking crash of thunder in the sky.

"Good God," cried Gertrude, "Down girls. Sharpnell."

However they did not have the chance to dismount and quick though but the book did not burst directly over a head, and therefore no one was struck by the swiftly falling fragments. They continued on foot, now so as to throw themselves down in case of necessity but there was no more reports. They soon reached the shore of the flood and indeed they could never forget how much more cheerful they felt to see the huge raft. Gertrude gave the orders to have the raft in readiness. The noise of the believed coming attack carried a great weight of coming excitement. Some of the guards who had been doing sent duty on the far side of the house, now hurried besides, to have seen several strange squadrons of cavalry on the road, and taking them as Glendelintons had kept hidden away, though at the same time seemed warning for that matter any one who knew of the approach of the foe was enough to make any one prepared. And the short and long of the matter was, that they met a patrol men who were willing enough to ride to the direction where Gertrude said she believed the Christian lines lay, to bring a goodly force to help defend the camp or home, or bring them on tie to prevent a defeat. They saw excitement and desire to do battle in infectious, but then present in, on the other hand a great shyness, and so when each had said they would do what they could to have the raft in readiness, Gertrude made them a good speech. She would not she declared, lose the position of the nice home grounds, and so forth and must try first to hold it. We all dare and will fight. Back we will go the way we came, and now her progress the raft for our retreat in case we get worsted. Fortunately our men have about thirteen machine guns and plenty of ammunition, and all of us are somewhat supplied with hand grenades and good repeating rifles and reliable pistols. We'll have that bar open too if we die for it. Remember now what I say, so we won't meet with disaster, or too heavy a loss. The children need not fight unless the soldiers are not able to hold their own. All us kids will defend the home from door and window.

The soldiers declared they were all in readiness but even then Gertrude feared a bad end of the conflict. The soldiers prepared for the positions assigned of them, long they were attacked first, and all had their horses ready to mount in case they would be wounded when defeated, while a number were to ride forward to the lines in search of armed assistance.

634
 Gertrude and Angelina Riches were waiting finally when she and her following got forth. The hot afternoon upon this day was a venture. They went by foot this time in case shells would fall near them. The fog of smoke did not make it as dark as they desired and to increase their concentration a glare was beginning to show through the upper edges of the fog, and this increased their haste, for it was not before they came forth again, that if more flames showed the soldiers even at a distance all would be as bright as day, and they would be exposed to the eyes of the artillery watchers of the enemy. They slipped cautiously along the hedger, noiseless and swift, nor did they see or hear anything to increase their doubts or terror, till to their relief, the door of the house closed behind them. They placed an increased number of guards at once, and Gertrude and Angelina stood and panted, for a moment in the dark hall, alone in the house with the dead spy's body. Then Angelina put a candle in a bottle and holding it with others hands, they advanced into the parlor. The door was open as they had left it, on his back, with his eyes open, and one arm was stretched out.

"Draw down the blind Gertrude," whispered Angelina. "The secret spies of the enemy might come and watch outside."

"Gertrude did, and then she said, "And now we have to get the key to that satchel, and where is it I should like to know." and she gave a kind of roll, as she said the words.

Angelina Riches went down on her knees at once on the floor close to his head, there was a little sheet of paper. She could not have the slightest doubt that this was a code warning, and taking it up, she found written on it in a very good clear hand, this short message:

"Better get out soon. The Glendelintons are going to make an assault upon the camp to capture you for have till twelve to night."

"He had till twelve," said Angelina to Gertrude, "and just as she said it the clock in the room began striking. This sudden noise startled them, and both instantly drew their pistols, but the news was good, for it was only four."

"Now Gertrude," Angelina Riches said, "I must find that key."

She felt in his pockets, one after the other. A few small gold coins, a rosary, and a small crucifix full of miraculous medals, a piece of stick candy bitten away at the end, a child's picture, a knife, a pocket compass, and a pair of sheathings were all that they could find, and she began to despair.

"If you'll find it round his neck," suggested Gertrude.

Angelina tore open his shirt at the neck, and there sure enough, hanging to a bit of ribbon with a medal she found the key. She cut off the key, and at this success they were filled with hope, and hurried up stairs without the slightest delay to the little room where he had slept, and where his valise had been left since the day of his arrival. It was like any satchel that a man would carry but there was no name or identification on the satchel and the girls suspected this is what he must have taken away from the enemy's camp.

"Give me the key," said Gertrude, and though the lock was very stiff (hiff) she had succeeded in turning it, and thrust it open immediately. A strong smell of tobacco, and the room from the interior, but nothing was to be seen on top except a gray uniform of very valuable silk material, carefully brushed and folded. They had never been worn, and evidently belonged to General Hyltze. Under that the articles of course, first a brace of very good pistols, a piece of strange silver in a square form, tobacco of all kinds, for a skin, a box of cigarettes and many other trinkets of little value and mostly of foreign make, and that a pair of military telescopes and cameras mounted with brass, and a number of curious sea shells. Gertrude wondered once why General Hyltze if these had belonged to him he should have carried about these small shells in his pocket. She was of course.

However so far she and Angelina Riches had found nothing of value. Underneath there was an old military clock. Angelina pulled it out with a lantern, and there lay before the two girls, the last things in the big satchel, a bundle of something tied up in canvas, and a canvas bag that lay forth, as a bunch the jumble of gold.

"We'll need this for our cause," said Gertrude. "Foreign money, we'll take the key as the man said it was his."

"I'll show these Glendelintons that I'm going to get the best of them," said Angelina Riches.

It was a long difficult business to place the things in the canvas bag for the canvas was of all sizes, all pieces together made up and of all counts a struggle to say. When they were about half way through, Angelina suddenly put her hand on Gertrude's arm, for she had heard in the silent room a heavy air, and that brought her heart into her mouth--a kind of a

635

strange tapping sound on a frozen ground. The sound was a tapping louder and louder, while the two girls sat holding their breath. Then it struck sharp into the air but far away, and then they could hear a strange rushing sound, and something as if the hull of the ship was rattling as if someone was trying to enter, and then there was a long time of silence, both within and without. At last the tapping sound in the distance was heard, but to their indescribable joy and confidence it died slowly away again until it seemed to be heard.

"Gertrude said Angelina: 'Take the whole and let's be getting ready.' For I fear that sound was something suspicious, and if the men come and in victory I will have the whole of the house about our ears, though how thankful I was that we had our entrance ways strongly guarded, with orders to let no one in, pass or no pass, counter sign or not."

But Gertrude frightened as she was, would not consent to give up the coins and was obstinately unwilling to be content with less. It was not yet five o'clock by a long way, she knew the right thing to do, and she was still arguing with Angelina, when a little low whistling sound a good way off upon some far distant hill, and there came a strange flash of red light followed by yellow and blue, and then greens. That was enough, and more than enough for both of them.

"I'll take them all without hurting them," she said jumping to her feet. "And I'll take everything else, and the whole entrenchment to square the account," said Angelina, and she ordered a soldier to carry it for her.

Next moment the three were crouching down the stairs, putting out the light and the next they were in full retreat toward the strong-arm of the camp. The smoke for was rapidly disappearing, already a new glow shone quite clear, and it was only the exact bottom of the dell and round the camp that a thin veil still hung unbroken to conceal the first movements of all in the camp, and what Gertrude and Angelina were doing. For less than half way to the camp very little beyond the bottom of the hill they all must come forth into the glare. For was this even all for the sound of many footstomps running came already to their ears, mingled with the maddening crash of many rifles, and as the girls looked back in their direction, a light tossing to and fro and still rapidly advancing, showed that the Glendelinian carried a torch.

"Angelina said to the man: 'Take the old bag and run on.'"
 His was certainly the end for all of us. "Angelina" thought how she cursed the wickedness of Glendelinia. They were just at the little bridge near the camp, by good fortune, and both she and Gertrude came to the edge of the bank, where she hid the money. They were soon under the arch with pistols drawn, or run any further would expose themselves to the enemy which was suicide. So there for a short time they had to stay, each almost entirely exposed, and within a few minutes of the hour.

636

THE ATTACK IS VICTORIOUS, BUT AT A DEAR PRICE.
 MOST OF LEFT AND THE LOSS OF THEIR LEADER.
 THEY FIND THE SPY PAPER.

Gertrude had however more curiosity than fear, for she felt she could not remain where she was, and so she went back to the tent again, whence sheltering her head behind a long thorn hedge, she tried to get a view of the road leading toward the camp. She was scarcely in position when the Glendelinians began to arrive in great numbers, seven or eighteen hundred of them at the first sight running herd, their feet beating up the dust along the road, and the leader was in front. Three lines came up above this, and Gertrude made out even through the smoke and mist, that the middle man of this column of attackers was the leader, and a general at that. The next moment his voice proved to Gertrude that she was a right.

"Capture and destroy the camp," he cried.

The men rushed forward with loud cries, and a rush was made for the very camp, but the whole position beside the camp erupted fire and smoke and the first of the line melted away, the torch bearer following, and then she could see the surviving Glendelinians, and hear the officers yell and utter commands, as if they were all addressed and confused by the sudden terrible reception. But the pause was brief, for the Glendelinian leader again issued his commands. His voice sounded louder and higher, as if he were afire with eagerness and rage.

"Forward, forward, forward," he shouted, and cursed the rest for their delay in pressing the attack. Four or five of the recruits obeyed at once, two running to make a strange movement to the rear. They too received a withering fire that destroyed two recruits, and again there was a pause, then a cry of surprise from the leaders, and then a voice shouting from the Glendelinians:

"One of our leaders is dead."

But the general swore at them again for not rushing on to the attack and finally it was as spirited that the horse itself was captured.

Finally came a cry from a window:

"That dirty christian spy is dead."

"Search him you shirking skunks, and the rest of you on, and on, and capture the camp," he cried.

Gertrude and Angelina Riches could hear the rest of the column go forward to storm the main camp, so that the air soon shook with the noise of the fighting. A hundred men had entered the house only to find it deserted. Promptly afterwards fresh sounds of astonishment arose, the window of the stove room was thrown open with a bang, and a jingle of broken glass, and a man leaned out, and addressed the leader on the road in front of the doorway below him.

"Your Excellency," he cried. "The christian dogs have been before us. Some ones else took the big catch box and cleared out."

"Ain't it there?"

"No."

The leader cursed and blundered.

"Ain't the spere there I want," he cried.

"He don't see it here anywhere," returned the man.

"Here you in the parlor room below there, is it on the env," cried the leader again.

At that another Glendelinian who had come in below went up to search the stove body and he finally came back down saying:

"The christian dog of a spy has been over hauled already."

"Yes."

"Yes, nothing left."

"It's these darn christian dogs of the camp—it's that girl scout leader Angelina Aronburg, I wish I had seen her and put her eyes out." "Ain't the Glendelinian leader," they must have recognized the spy horse. Scatter lads and find here. The rest of you go on and carry the camp."

"Sure enough that Gertrude Angelina left her ribbon with a bullet hole here," said the Glendelinian soldier from the window.

"Never mind that darn ribbon. Scatter and find her. Out the house out. Set the buildings on fire," reiterated the Glendelinian general striking with his riding stick upon the road.

639

cried bravo, "and in her confusion took her riding stick against the fire grate. Minnie here it was scribbling about the room, and the others as it to hear better, had sat up straight. Every one had their own story to tell, and of how the boys whom even looked all ready to bring both Joan and Jane safely away, and how Mary Sunshine Glorinda was also wounded in bringing away one of the wounded boys, but not badly now yet.

"Girls," said Gertrude, "you are all very noble. Calvescote and ones, and even the boys outside say they themselves could do no better. And as for the officers riding down that black atrocious massacre of a Glandelinian general as my son did, I regard it as an act of virtue, like stamping on a cockroach. You girls are all trumps all right, and worthy of a better situation. George to her side—oh, wait you rang that until fall of us must have some refreshments after our excitement, though it's only five o'clock."

"And so Gertrude said Dolores, "you have the strange thing that the Glandelinians attacked us for to regain, have you?"

"I sure have," said Gertrude, "and she said Dolores, "you have the strange thing that the Glandelinians attacked us for to regain, have you?"

"I sure have," said Gertrude, "and she said Dolores, "you have the strange thing that the Glandelinians attacked us for to regain, have you?"

"Girls," said she, "when we all have had our supper here, I must of course be off on my own work, but we must all remain here until we know our retreat down the raft to night, and with Gertrude's permission, I propose we should have the supper on the birds and animals we captured and killed on our forage a few days ago, and we'll all sup."

"As you will, Dolores," said Gertrude, "every body has earned what we eat, and we'll need it. It's a good thing the army did not capture our weapons and provisions and tents."

So the early supper was prepared, and every one made a hearty supper for every one. It was a hungry as hawks or wolves, while Dolores was further complimented and at last dismissed to do her work.

"And now Glandelinia," said Angelina Jennings.

"And now Angelina," said Glandelinia in the same breath.

"One at a time, one at a time," laughed Glandelinia. "You have heard of General Hyltze I am sure."

"Heard of him?" said all the girls' scout officers in one voice.

"Heard of him?" asked Angelina Jennings. "He is the fiercest Glandelinian general that ever commanded an army. The Henleys are children compared to him. Other Christian generals are so greatly afraid of him, that I sometimes feel proud that we can get some Christian general that will be a match to him. I've seen him often, and seen other armies at his approach had retreated. So far only Angelina's father is brave enough to fight him."

"Well I've heard of him," said Angelina Agathia, said Dolores. "But the point is, had he any a crest of the Henleys?" "But my that was killed, believed he had. That is why at such an awful risk he secured the his her, which Gertrude brought here and also placed on the table."

"The secrets of the Henleys disaster," cried Minnie. "Have you heard the story? That were the Glandelinians after, but to get that her and this pocket on the center of the table. They were not after money. I'm sure that do they care for money. For what would they risk such an awful loss of life among themselves for money, when they defeat the hot fight did not miss in bringing a single one of us down, scouts of cowardly soldiers?"

"That we shall soon know," cried Angelina. "But the rest of you are so confoundedly excited and so enthusiastic and exultatory that no one else including I or Gertrude cannot get a word in. That I want to know is this. Supposing I have here in the center of this table some clue to what Hyltze might know of that subject, will that clue amount to aught?"

"Amount to aught?" cried the girls.

"It will amount to this," continued Heidi, "if we have the clue you talk about, we'll fit the raft, and we'll have the name and persons who committed that deed in a few months."

"Very well," said Gertrude. "Now then is Miss Hyltze agree to it, we will open the packet, that is laid before us on the table."

"I agree," said Angelina. "Yes."

They found that the bundle was sewn together by strong flax, and Mary Glorinda who is a little girls' scout nurse had to cut out her instrument case and cut out the stitch stitches with her medical scissors. It contained two thimbles, Hyltze's diary, a book, and a sealed yellow paper of large size....

640

"First of all girls," said Gertrude "we will try the book."

At Dolores' suggestion, a few candles were lighted, and the hide-a-camp drew down all the window shades.

Everybody who needs who could peered over Gertrude's shoulder as she opened it. On the first page there were only scraps of writing done strangely enough in German, such as any man with a pen in hand might for idleness or practice. One was Hyltze's name "Isner Hyltze" or "Heldi Hyltze." Written as following, "Born in Glandelinia but of German descent, then there was Benno B. Evans. 'No more Christian Dogs'. At Angelina Agathia he stole ITT, and many other strange writings, mostly single words and also unintelligible. The girls could not help wondering who it was that "Got ITT," and what "ITT" was that he got. A good kick as not.

"Not much instruction here," said Dolores, as she passed on.

The next six or seven pages were filled with a curious series of entries. There was a date of each end of the line of entries, and also losses of Glandelinian armies incurred in battle, the number of general officers killed, the names of new ones coming in, but in stead of explanatory writing, only a varying number of crosses and check marks between each line as if it was almost a written puzzle. One was also written that on the sixteenth of June for instance, a sum of seventy million dollars was paid for explosives for designing something of blowing up dikes of Lake Glandelinia, which had been sent to some Glandelinian officer, and there was nothing but six death heads and a cross to explain the cause. In a few cases to be sure, the name of a place or town or army would be added, or a mere entry of location, name of stream, river, creek, brook, or country place, or hill, or whether this was a high mountain, a volcano, a water way or whether the Christians were going to take a town.

This record whatever it was must have lasted over three or four weeks, the number of the separate entries growing larger as time went on, and at the end a grand total had been made out after ten or eleven wrong additions, and these words whatever they were seemed mysterious to all the girls except one or two.

"I cannot make head or tails of this to save my life," said Angelina Jennings.

"The thing is as clear as noon day," said Gertrude. "This is the black hearted Glandelinian hound's account book of something pertaining to the disasters, that Violet, and her sisters wish us to investigate with them. They're gone but I do not worry about them, because they'll return. I'll sure of it. Venus will find them, and we can then do as they planned. The crosses stand for the name of rivers and ships, and towns, and fields, that the Glandelinians burned, flooded, or flew up. The sums are the soundings of the disasters, and you see where he feared identifications or accusations, he added something clearer. God help poor Calvernia believe me, there is danger for us all, and the whole pup population."

"Right," said Dolores. "See what is in for our side town with such a foe as Glandelinia. Right, and the amount he was paid to keep silent on these disasters as far as he knew then increased you see as he rose in rank. This shows though of course he had nothing to do with the disasters, and whether he knows much about them or not, Heidi Hyltze is the most dangerous of all Glandelinians. To him Glandelinia looks for the winning of the war, and the capture of the cities of Dorothy Gale, and Angelina Agathia."

There was little else in the volume but a few bearings of places around Angelina Agathia not within the blank leaves toward the end.

"Dangerous Glandelinia," cried Minnie and Hattie vorrmann together.

Glandelinia isn't the nation to be trifled with. What say you Heidi."

"You told the truth."

"And now," said Gertrude for the other.

"Other what?" asked Angelina Rae.

"The smaller book."

They looked through it, as it was a diary, but it contained nothing, but Hyltze's private notes about his "sweetheart."

"So he has a sweetheart," cried the girls. "I wonder if she is like him."

"And now for the third," said Dolores herself.

The large yellow paper had been sealed in eight places with a thistle and sealed cover by way of seal. Dolores had to remit them over the candle light before she could open the seals, with which she done with great care, of course turning her fingers a trifle, and there fell out the map of Calvernia with latitude and longitude, soundings, showing of cities, names of rivers and hills, and bays, and inlets, and every particular that would

POWDER AND ARMS. THE VOYAGE ON THE FLOOD CONTINUES.
UNEXPECTED NEWS.

WHEN Angelina, Riches had done breakfasting, with Gertrude, at the hour of ten that morning, some one gave Gertrude a note addressed to Dolores, and Gertrude sent it by a boy scout telling her, he said he could easily find her by floating to the left of the huge old huge raft, and keeping a bright outlook for a little yellow and purple striped tent, with a large flag for a sign. The boy set off overjoyed at this opportunity to see more of the new forms of the raft, and the way the men were working to free the raft of the jam, and picked his way among the great crowd of boy and girls, for the whole raft was now at its busiest, until she found the tent in question. It was a bright enough little place of resting for any one. The flag was an old one but clean, the opening of the tent had red curtains, the flood was cleanly washed. There was an open space on each side, and an opening on both, which made the tent pretty clear to see in. Those who were in the tent at the time were boy scouts, and the boy scout asked one of them if he could see Miss Jennings.

"Which one?" asked the side-de-camp.

"Dolores," he made answer.

As he was waiting for the boy to bring her, a girl came out of a side room of the tent, and at a glance he recognized Angelina Jennings herself. Indeed she seemed to be in the most cheerful spirits, whistling as she moved about among the boys who were waiting for orders, with a merry slap on the shoulder or word for the more favoured of her friends. Now to tell the truth, from the very first mention of Angelina Jennings, for he had never seen her before he had taken a fear in his mind that she might prove to be a very severe girl scout officer, for she appeared to have a sort of proud haughty face, and very prim appearance. But the boy messenger plucked up courage at once, crossed the threshold at a sign from the side-de-camp, and out came Dolores herself, whom the boy knew, and he walked up to where she suddenly stood.

Miss Dolores Jennings, "Mam?" the boy asked, holding out the note.

"Yes my lad," said she, "such is my name to be sure. And who are you coming?" And then she saw the note from Gertrude, and she seemed to give something like a start.

"Oh," said she, "quite loud, and offering her hand." "I see. You are one of our youngest boy scouts, pleased I am to see you."

And she took his hand in her firm grasp.

Just then one of the men at the far side of the raft rose suddenly and made for the edge. A girl scout by the name of Daisy Wentworth was close by him, and the man was heading for the edge of the raft in a moment. But his hurry had attracted the little boys' notice, and he recognized him at a glance. It was a tall, thin man, wearing three fingers, who the boy had recognized trying to swipe something from Gertrude's headquarters, but who had gotten away.

"Oh," cried the boy, "Stop him! He's a spy."

"I don't care anything who he is," cried Angelina Jennings. "But he has been doing something wrong on this raft. Hey some of you men run and catch him before he leaps into the water."

The men who were nearest to the fleeing man started in pursuit.

"If he were a spy or not he shall not run off like that," cried Angelina Jennings.

"But he is that 'Jeff looking' spy," cried one of the other girls running up.

"What cried Angelina Jennings? Who did you say he was? Jeff what?"

Then some other girl told of what he was, one of the Glandelinian or International spies. That he was the leader of them.

"So?" cried Angelina Jennings. "On our raft? How did he get on? Disguised as one of our soldiers no doubt. You of you men hurry, fire if necessary. One of those spies was he. Was that you talking with him George Gray? Stop up here!"

The man she called George Gray—an old gray haired soldier, came forward quickly.

"No sir," said Angelina Riches, very sternly. "Did you ever see that spy before?"

"No Miss Jennings I did not, my child."

"Did you not know his name?"

"No Miss Jennings."

"By Heaven, George it is good for you you did not, and yet I saw you talking with him," exclaimed the brave girl scout. "If you have been mixed up with any of these dirty Glandelinian shams, which calls us 'Christian dogs' you would be arrested on the charge of being in league with him. And what was he saying to you?"

"I don't know rightly Miss Jennings!"

"Don't know?"

"No Miss Jennings."

"You sure have some head on your shoulders, boy. I don't mind head, a round block of wood," cried Angelina Jennings. "Don't know and he was talking to you. Perhaps you don't happen to rightly know who you was speaking to either perhaps. Come now. What was he t.l. talking of; what was he after? Pipe up you should know. What was it?"

"We was talking about the weather, forest fire, and why it don't rain," answered George.

"Is that so, and a mighty suitable thing. What do you know about rain. Get back to your place for a mumbak will George."

And then as the soldier strolled back to his post, Angelina Jennings added to the little boy and her sister at the same time:

"He's quite an honest man, George is, only he's not all there I believe. And now who run on again, aloud, let's see. The spy who looks like 'Jeff' in the Daily Yummies. No I don't know the name but I know his description. I have often, yes I've seen the spy. He is not a Glandelinian, but a foreigner and he works for Glandelinia's unholy cause. He used to come here with a taller person. I saw him at Emperor Vivian's camp and he barely got away."

"That he may have a companion you may be sure," said Perrod coming up. "I know the deserter of his comrade too. He looks like 'Matt'."

"He des," cried Angelina Jennings, now quite excited. "Resemblance of 'Matt' and 'Jeff'. Ah they look alike, they do! If we run down this spy there will be news for Gertrude Angelina as she surely knows him. Our men are good runners few men run better than they do. They should run him down. He talked of forest fires and rain, did he? I'll give him plenty of forest fires and rain."

All the time she was jerking out these phrases, she was walking up and down the interior of the tent, clapping the table with her hand, and giving such a show of excitement and anger as would have convinced any one who knew her, that a spy wouldn't be safe in her hands. Dolores's suspicions were now entirely awakened on finding "Jeff" on the raft, and she watched others very narrowly. The men soon came back out of breath and confessed the spy had jumped into the water, and swam to the shore.

"You are great men letting him get away," screamed Angelina Jennings in a rage. "A pretty how do do. What will Gertrude say. If he had taken anything, and she immediately had every possession examined by every one she could muster, but fortunately nothing was missing."

"See here little boy," finally said Angelina Jennings. "This is going to be hard on us all now I believe. There's Gertrude, and Angelina Riches. Here we have this rascally little spy spying on our own raft. Here he is seen and makes a break to escape, and I and others unfortunately let him get the alibi over on us before my very eyes. Now come you must do us all a justice with the two leaders, or we'll be blamed all us of us leaders, she whom she's accused Angelina Riches is a fright. You are a good bright little lad I know, and I could see that when you first came in. Now here is my plan. If I had suspected him at first I'd have had him. But now he's gone."

"What the plan," asked the boy.

"Why report the truth with me. Indeed what a precious girl scout officer I am. Letting that shunk escape. You and me should get on well, as guards watching that a rabbit don't escape the field boy, for I'll take my stake that I should be rated as high as a mouse sitting on a six foot stool. But come now. This won't do. Duty is duty. I'll put on my cocked hat and go with you 'sentry to Gertrude, and report the affair. For mind you my boy it is serious, and none of us can tell what will happen next. But we got to stop this just the same."

As she walked along with the boy she made herself the most interesting companion to him, telling him about the different ships that were jammed in the flood debris, their rig, tonnage, and explaining the work that was going on—how some were dynamiting, others trying to break it loose, and so forth, and every now and then tell him some little anecdote of wreckage or workmen or repeating something till he learned it perfectly. The boy began to see that here was one of the best of girl scout leaders, and not as haughty as

641

she appeared, and that looks often is deceiving. When they got to the proper part of the raft, both Angelina Riches, and Gertrude Angelina were standing together, finishing what was left of their breakfast. Angelina Jennings told her story from first to last, with a great deal of spirit, and the most perfect truth. "That is how it was, but didn't it seem?" she would say now and again to the boy, who always bore her entirely out. The two girls' secret leaders regretted that "Jeff" had got away, but the four agreed there was nothing to be done, and after Angelina Jennings had been complimented, she took up her hat and departed.

"Every one on duty by eleven o'clock," shouted Gracelinda, after her. "That I will be!" cried the girl, as she mounted the higher part of the raft.

"Well Miss Riches," said Gertrude, "I don't put much faith in any of our own discoveries, as a general thing, but I will say this, of all girls' secret leaders, outside of Miss Turner, Angelina Jennings, and her littler sister Dolores suits me fine."

"The two girls are perfect leaders," said Angelina Riches. "And now," added Gertrude, "we might as well inspect the raft while we are jammed up here. Little Nidia may accompany us may she not?"

"To be sure she may," said Angelina. "Come Nidia, and we'll inspect the raft."

By this time the workers had managed to draw the raft a considerable way out of the wreckage jam. Then at last they got the raft more free. The girls however however heard something grate underneath the raft, but it didn't sound bad and therefore were not worried. At last as Gertrude came to the edge of the raft, they or she was that and saluted by Penrod, who seemed angry with everything going on, and was soon to tell the girl about officers the reasons.

"Well Penrod what have you to say?" asked Gertrude. "All well I hope, the raft is all shape and seaworthy."

"Well Gertrude," said Penrod, "I know that I better speak plain, I suppose, even at the risk of offending you, and the others."

"And why Penrod?" "I don't like this cruise on the flood at this critical time, I don't like the flood, I do not like the looks of things sometimes on shore, and I don't like some of the new men. That is the short and the long of it."

"Perhaps Penrod, you don't like the new form of the raft?" inquired Angelina Riches, very suspicious as Gertrude could see.

"I can't speak as to that Gertrude, I cannot make slight remarks about the raft, having already seen her tried. It is a clever good makeshift for a raft, and no one yet in the world ever made up one like it. Why it would easily stand a trip over the Ocean even in storm, more I don't say."

"Possibly Penrod, you may not like the second trip on the flood either being a little afraid of something amiss," said Gracelinda.

But here Gracelinda cut in. "Wait, a minute. Wait a minute. No need of giving such questions girls, as that will produce ill feeling or unnecessary suspicions. Penrod either has said too much or he has said too little and therefore I'm bound to say that we all require an explanation to his words, to find where our danger lies. You don't you say, like this cruise. Now why or not?"

"We were all given concealed orders, to have this raft go where it should be directed," said Penrod. "So far so good. That is all right. But now I find that many boyscouts know more about the situation than even I do. We are facing some unseen danger. I don't don't call that fair do you?"

"No," said Gracelinda. "I do not."

"Next," said Penrod, "I learn we are going to follow toward superior Pyrene lines, so we can expect the return of violence, and her sisters and help them investigate the cause of the Abbeism disaster and its results—hear it from all of our followers mind you. Now such work, and this trip is ticklish work. I didn't like these kinds of voyages on this flood on any account, and I don't like them above all when they are supposed to be a strictly secret when—(Suggesting your pardon, Sirs) the secret had been told to a parrot which some of us brought on board here, and which is here how we do not know."

A "A parrot!" Asked the four girls in one breath.

"Yes, a talking, swearing, parrot!"

Gertrude and Angelina Riches looked at each other queerly.

"Penrod," she said, "are you trying to kid us?"

"No Miss Gracelinda I'm not. I can readily promise the polly," and he did.

648

The parrot began talking showing it really knew the secret, and even ended by some "beautiful words" that made the girls put their hands to their ears.

"Where parrot is it?"

"None of us, claim to own it, not even the men. But it is here in the cage."

Again Gertrude and Angelina Riches looked at each other.

"And the parrot has certainly a fine way of sp a speaking said the boy scout leader. "It'll seem as if we're St. Nicholas instead of Christmas."

This farm b parrot has blabbed everything, and where did it, get the information. It's my belief neither of you four girls know what you are about, but I'll tell you the way of it—life or death, and a close run, into hell's inferno. There's dirty work on board."

"That's all clear, and I dare say, true enough," replied Gertrude herself. "We take the risk, danger is as great on shore, but we are not so ignorant as you believe us. "Mr Jeff" the spy was on board, and got away. Angelina Jennings brought us the report. Maybe he left that parrot. "But you say you don't like some of the new men. Are you dreaming Penrod?"

"No I am not. Why do you ask that?"

"Because we did not take any new men on board the raft."

"Maybe you didn't Gertrude, but there are twenty more men than we usually have and I never saw them before."

"Are they not good men?"

"I don't like them Miss Aronburg," returned Penrod. "And I should think that we ought to have had the choosing of our own men if you go to that."

"But we girls brought no new men on the raft," persisted Gertrude beginning to get nervous. And you don't like them."

"I do not Gertrude. I believe they're good workers, but they don't act like our original Gaverly escorts."

"Do you mean that you are suspicious of them?" cried Angelina Riches.

"No Angelina," replied Penrod, "only that they seem too familiar."

"Well now, and the short and long of it Penrod?" asked Gertrude. "Tell us what you want!"

"Well Sirs, you are determined to go on this cruise over the flood to reach Evangelina St. Claire."

"Like a lion seeks its prey," answered Gracelinda in.

"Very good," said Penrod. "Then as you've heard me very patiently, saying things that I could not prove, hear me a few words more. The men are putting the munitions to the north of the raft. Now you're a good place besides each gun you have on the raft's enclosures, why not put them there?—first point you see. Then you are bringing eight hundred of your girl and boyscouts with you and they tell me they are to sleep in the wagons. Why not allow them their proper berths—second point."

"Put the munitions north on the raft, and have the scouts sleep in the wagons, you're mistaken," said Angelina Riches. "Say listen to me clearly Penrod. I want the real statement from you proper and with common sense. Do you think we are double crossed?"

"I do."

"By whom?"

"The strange men."

"Any more?" asked Gertrude.

"One more," said Penrod. "There's been too much blabbing already. Our purpose is known."

"Known far too much," agreed Gracelinda.

"I'll tell you what I've heard myself," continued Penrod. "That you Gertrude or Riches have a mystic map of Galvernia, and there's strange marks on the map to show where the floods occurred, and that Abbeism lies—'and then he showed the positions and markings and everything on the map can exactly."

"I nor Gertrude never told that," said Angelina Riches to a soul."

"Every one knows it girls," returned Penrod.

"Gertrude, it must have been that spy who escaped Angelina Jennings' grasp," cried Dolores.

"It doesn't matter who it was now," replied Gertrude. "We're outwitted that is all there is to it."

"Well Sirs," continued Penrod, "I don't know who has this map, but I make it a point, it shall be kept secret even from me and all the rest. Otherwise I would ask you to give up this trip."

"I see," said Angelina Riches. "You wish us for our sake and all of us to keep this matter dark, and to make a garrison of the whole raft manned with

all our followers we know personally, provide with all the arms and order on board, and put the strangers back ashore. In other words you fear a disaster of some kind, or treachery from the strangers."

"My dear girls," said Penrod, "with no intention to take offense, I deny your right to put such suspicions in my mind. No boy scout or girl would be justified Gertrude in going to make such trips at all if he had ground enough to say that. As for the strangers I may have to believe them thoroughly honest capable and good workers, all the strangers may be for all I know. But as I am the leader of boy scouts, and you placed me head of this whole expedition I am responsible for the raft, safety, and the life of every girl, boy and man aboard of it. I see things going as I think not quite right. The flood is rougher than usual, there's too much smoke ashore, and strangers whom I do not like on board the raft, and this parrot coming on board I know not how, who blabs the secret to the very air. And I ask you girls to take great precautions, or let us quit the trip, and that's all."

"Penrod" began Gertrude with a smile "did you ever hear the fable of the mountain and the little mouse which I once read?"

"Yes I've read it a hundred times I believe."

"Well Penrod you'll excuse me if I dare say, but you remind me of that fable. When you came in here I'll stake my heart you meant more than this."

"Gertrude" said Penrod "You are a smart girl, and a great friend of mine. When I came in here, I meant to warn you! I had no thought that anyone else would hear a word."

"No more I would," cried Dolores. "Had I suspected this I've already sent this strange man to shore. As it is I have heard you, and with Gertrude's permission to share that go immediately. I will do as Gertrude desires, for otherwise I think you are right, and it'll be the worse for the expedition; if we don't."

"That as you please, Dolores," said Gertrude. "You can do your duty."

And with that Penrod took his leave.

"Gertrude" said Angelina Riches, "Contrary to all my notions, I believe there is something suspicious about this."

"Suspicious if you like," cried Gertrude. "Those new men go the first opportunity. I'll have them watched closely, and secretly, and the watchers will have orders, to arrest or shoot as necessity sees fit."

"Well anyway," said Dolores. "We will see."

When they went to inspect the men had already begun to place the powders where Penrod suggested, some singing at their work, while Penrod and Jack Saunders stood by superintending. Gertrude walked up.

"Silence please," she said. "No singing. Do you want the enemy to hear us out here? What do you think?"

However the new arrangement was quite to her liking. The whole raft had been overhauled, as many berths as were scouts and soldiers had been made, and in as many tents. It had been originally meant that Penrod were to occupy the middle one. Gertrude and her officers already had theirs, and all were to sleep on turns. The whole crew was hard at work changing the powder, when the last man or three came up to report and soon as he saw what was doing said "Hey, hey, what's this?"

"We are changing the munitions to better and handier places," answered one.

"My good night," cried the officer. "If we do we'll delay our trip."

"My orders," said Penrod. "Confirmed by Gertrude and Miss Riches."

"All right, all right," answered the man, and saluting, he disappeared at once to his respective place.

"That's one of the strange men," said Dolores.

"That he is," said Penrod. "Hey, with that man, easy, easy, easy. He ran on to the fellows who were bringing up shells, and then Gertrude suddenly observing a man examining a machine gun. Here you stranger," she cried. "Out of that. What are you doing spying off with you to the cook place, and get in your work. This is no recreation parlor."

And then he the stranger was hurrying off he heard her say quite loudly to Penrod "Be shore they go to night, Pen. I'll have no strangers on my raft. I don't trust them."

And fortunately she did as she said, they were forced to get off, or be thrown off.

Indeed all that night as they arose before every one had been in a great bustle getting all things stowed in their places. Gertrude and the girl scout officers had worked as good as any of the rest, and therefore this morning already written about she was dog tired, when a little after breakfast and having had no sleep during the night, the signal corps sounded the bugles, and the raft had started out into the waters. Gertrude might have been

twice as weary, yet for the sake of making inspections which was necessary she could not let go the duty, and all was no new and interesting to her, the brief commands of her under officers---the shrill notes of the boy scout military whistles, and the soldiers bustling to their places in the glimmer of the shaded lanterns on the raft.

"New handsome bring us a new piece of artillery," cried one voice.

"The new one?" cried another.

"The new one of course stupid," said Gertrude who was standing by, given now.

At that exciting moment this group carried the girl scout officers back to her best time with the Conventinian Archbishops army, and she seemed to hear the voice of her Uncle piping in the chorus of some song she used to hear him sing.

Then the anchor was short up, soon it was lying on the edge of the huge raft, soon the paddlers began their work, and the land, and smoke pall to flit by on the opposite side, and before the girls could like down to watch the few hours morning slumber which she had had, the raft had been on the voyage for that time until it got stuck and held by the jam for half an hour. The raft proved to be a good one, made this time longer and stronger, big enough to hold an army of 45,000 men, and the paddlers absolutely understood their business and were capable men indeed.

But before they had traveled a day on the raft two or three things had happened which are surprisingly worth mentioning.... One of the men who was an officer, probably through the lack of sunshine, and heat, and his hardships took sick in the morning, and turned out even worse than anyone would have feared. He could have no further command among the men, and he had to take to bed. But that was by no means the worse of it, by noon he began to appear sometimes around the raft with hazy, red cheeks, stuttering tongue and apparently other marks of drunkenness, though of course he was not drunk.

Doctor Jones forced him to stay in bed. In the meantime the doctor could never make out what his ailment was. Toward afternoon he died. Another thing which was equally annoying was none of the girls or boys could never make out how they came to be in possession of the polly, which said nothing but words not worth repeating. That was the whole mystery of the raft. Watch every man as a person please, no one could do anything to solve it, and when they would ask any man who would be talking or monkeying with the polly, he would only laugh and deny solemnly that he could not account for it either. He was not only useless as a bird, but it was plain that the girls would have to get rid of it first rate, which finally they did by liberating it from the cage, and throwing it into the water.

"Good riddance," said Jay. "We like to have pollys, of course but not one that'll blab our secrets and use such dreadful language." "Well Gertrude, that saves us the trouble of killing it, as at first planned...."

According to the man who had died, the soldiers were without a leader, and it was necessary of course to advance one of the under officers. Colonel Jim was the best man among them, and though he kept his old title as colonel he served in a way as "general". Angelina Riches was a good guide, and her knowledge made her very useful, for she often was on watch, at certain days, and nights. And the Jennings sisters were careful, wily experienced girl scouts who could be trusted at a pinch with almost anything, and it must be known they still had their little prisoner Jack Saunders with them; and always under guard, for he had never yet gotten away, and never did. Dolores, her sister, Gracelinda, and others of the officers were a great confidence of Gertrude and Angelina Riches. Angelina Riches however had queer ways. Aboard the raft, she usually did most of the cooking for the whole bunch, with helpmates and it was something to see her do the washing also, and yielding to every movement of the raft, get on with her work like someone safe ashore. Still more strange it was to see her when the weather was rough off shore and the flood was like a rough sea, cross the raft from one end to the other, then the others were afraid to move for fear of taking tumble. She had a line or two rigged up to help her across the longest spaces, and she would hand over hand herself from one place to another, now using a long stick, now trailing it alongside as quickly as anyone could walk on straight sidewalks.

"She's no common girl," said Penrod to Gertrude. "She has had good schooling as low as she had the chance to go, and can speak like a book when so minded--and brave--and lions nothing alongside along side of Angelina Riches. I seen her grapple four unruly boys, and knock their heads together."

"Every one on the raft obeyed and respected her mostly out of adoration and so on. She had a way of talking to each, and doing every body some particular service despite her commission."

65

To Gertrude she was unweariedly kind, and always glad to be with her on all occasions. Fenrod often would tell Gertrude or Angelina Riches many things, and he would say again concerning Glandelinia:

"If anybody ever seen anymore wickedness, it must be the devil himself. We have seen enough to turn ones blood cold. Before I came to general Vivians army I sailed with general Greathart down the Horna Run River. I have been at Vivian Wickey as you know, and at Malabar Run and other places and saw things that would make the devil shudder. I was at the dishing up of the wrecked plate ships at the sog sedge of Vivian Wickey. It's there where I learned what this war was going to like, and little wonder. I have small gunpowder since I came over here. War sure is no joke."

"It is awful," said Gertrude.

"Ah a dangerous country Glandelinia is," Fenrod said. "You can't touch her and be mocked Gertrude. Since the war came Glandelinia's been swearing hell and destruction, and none the wiser as to the consequences. And Fenrod touched his forehead with the solemn way he always had, that made Gertrude know he was the best of men."

In the meantime Fenrod and Gertrude were still very suspicious as to what the outgoes would be. Fenrod made no fuss about the matter however, never hardly spoke to others unless he was spoken to, and then sharp, short, and dry, and not a word wasted. He declared or owned, that after all he seemed to have been wrong about the situation, that all of the soldiers were as brisk as he had wanted them to be, and all had behaved fairly well, and that it had been wisely done, to force the strangers to go ashore. As for the raft, he had taken a very great fancy to her indeed. But he would add nevertheless: "All I can say is we are far from Emporer Vivians army Gertrude, and I sure do not like this adventure."

Belores at this would smile. That afternoon the waters of the flood was quite rough which finally proved the qualities of the big raft. Every soldier on board seemed well content, and indeed they surely must have been hard to please if they had been otherwise, and some time it was Gertrudes fear there was never a company of soldiers so spoiled since she had seen service in the christian army. Frequent coffee was going on for the leas intention, there was great meals prepared for those who liked the best to eat, and always a big barrel of apples taken from some ruined town was at hand standing breeched to the top for any one to help themselves who had a fancy.

And good more did come of the barrel, for later on if it had not been for it that, no one on the raft should or would have had any note of warning and might all have perished by the hand of treachery. This seems how it came about. The raft after moving from nine in the morning till two in the afternoon were running up to get the wild winds of the shore, and the paddlers were proceeding on shore. It was about ten minutes to two or a little earlier by the largest hope when they hoped to sight a forestless part of the shore. The raft was heading a little toward the northwest, and a had a straggly breeze from the southeast, and a rough going on the waters of the flood. The raft rolled pretty steadily, dipping her edges sometimes with a wiff of spray. All was in the highest spirit, because they believed they had gone a considerable distance from the dangerous territory. Now just about ten to two, when all of Catherine Estrabrooks work was over, and she was on her way to her late dinner for she had not eaten since morning, she desired an apple to go by. She went toward where the apple barrel stood. The guards were all looking toward the shore. The men at the paddles were working with a will, and one of them was whistling gently to himself, and that was the only sound excepting the rush of the waters against the edges of the raft, and the sighing of the wind.

As she was small and the apples had been cleaned up so that they were nearly gone she got bodily into the apple barrel to get one, but found there was scarce ten apples left, but sitting down there in the dark, what with the sounds of the waters, and rocking movement of the raft, she had either fallen asleep or was on the point of doing so, when a tall man sat down with quite a crash and a bump close by the barrel shook as if there was an earthquake as he leaned his shoulders against it, and unseen by him she jumped out, and hid behind a wagon when the man began to speak. It was a strange voice, and before he had spoken a dozen or more words, she would not have then shown herself for all the world for fear of spoiling her intention. At first she had desired to drawer pistols and march right upon him and his fellows and make them prisoners, but that then would not have altered the situation at all. Therefore she stood behind the wagon near the barrel, listening and trembling

652

in the extreme of fear, anger, and curiosity, for from these probably dozen words or so, she knew perfectly well, that the lives of all on board the raft depended upon her alone.

"No not I and in the least," said the man. "Angelonia was Captain, and he is a great resemblance to the Matt we have seen in the Jummies of the Daily News. I remember being in the battle of Gedermins. I was in the hottest of it. The same deadly battle with the Christian dogs, I lost four fingers, and my comrade Pe the Fowler lost his eyes, and a leg. He was a good master surgeon, that took off his crush crushed leg, but later he was hanged like a dog, for being caught spying within the National Lines. I belonged to general Robert Camps men, and he's a general believe me. It was general Robert Camp that brought us through that terrible battle at Hendrick Junction on that Gedermins Creek all safe, after the christian dogs counter charged and retook their works, and I've seen a march with all the red blood, and a battle had enough fit to sink a whole nation into a blood sea."

"Ah indeed," cried another voice, that of a younger man, and evidently full of admiration, "he was the flower of his division, general Robert Camp..."

"General Henry Page was a man for a gun oral by all acco units too," said the first speaker. "I never fought under him, but he was a good commander and now here I am on my ascent in a manner of speaking. I had been transferred by Manley to general Myletes army to learn what these girl girlsouts on the raft are up to. Many told me its a risky job, but it ain't bad for a man like me, it's just like having money all safe in a bank. It ain't earning your vocation that does it, its doing the work you are sent to do. It was because one of our spies failed that we lost at Gedermins Creek where's all Robert Camps oldest troops now? I do not know. Where's general Brandon? Why most of em in Myletes army a now and glad to be there--been begging to be under him for a while. Ten of our officers have lost their sight in the battles, and they are still trying to work. Where are all our oldest friends now. Well they are dead, and gone. Our armies have been forced to steal, raid and cut down children, and almost starved at that, by the powers while these christian dog armies eat like at home."

"Well it ain't much use to try and recover that plan stolen by the dead christian spy, after all," said the younger man.

"It ain't no use for those fools who are afraid of little girls and boys just because they stumpy play with firearms--that now nothing," said the first speaker. "But now you look here, you are young you are, and you are as smart as any of these guttersnips. I observed that when I set my eyes on you I saw a good soldier, and therefore I'll talk to you like a soldier."

"You may dear reader, imagine how Little Miss Estrabrook felt when she heard this abominable old rascal calling her and her followers "guttersnips". Uff it would have done any good, and not spoiled her plans, she would have shot him, and the other dead from her place of concealment. Meantime he continued on little supposing that he was overheard overhead.

"If we could regain that map which belongs to Myletes, we can be gentlemen of fortune. It might be a risky job, and we risk springing, but we can go slow, and eat an and drink aboard this raft as if we are some of the others, and we can make an easy haul and destroy them all. Now the most goes favour calce and a good fling for Glandelinia, and then Glandelinia will have the upper hand. But that's not the course I lay now. We have to act slow, put it all these side, and do everything to avoid suspicion. I'm fifty six mark you, and once we are successful in frustrating this cruise of these kids, we can get commissions in earnest. Time enough though. If we succeed we can live easy. And then we can make ourselves as famous as those two "Matt and Jeff" spies. Now to begin you'll ask me. Do as others did. Get a back that map and a statchel of things belonging to Myletes."

"Well Colonel," said the other, "but all the things of unusual make is gone out of the statchel now, ain't it? If we fail to return everything we dare not showour faces in Myletes lines, after this."

"Say where, on earth, what do you suppose they might have done with them?" asked the first speaker derisively.

"They of either destroyed them or flung them away when the soldiers drove them from the camp yesterday morning," answered his companion.

"It can't be possible," said the other the first speaker who Estrabrook found whose name was Castellio Binks. "But the map is more important and either that one called Gertrude Angelina, or Angelina Mitchee or Mitchee, or Fokkie or whatever it is has the map in possession or did have. And the other things may still be in the same statchel. I've got a Glandelinian girlsaid coming to meet me. I would tell you where, for I trust you, but it somehow would be suspected by these little christian dogs."

"Well," said the other, "but all the other things are gone, I can prove it. The girls kept the money, and the two books, and burned the other things up including the satchel. You aren't show your face in Mylles's army after this."

"Why where might you suppose the map is then?" asked the man derisively. "The girl known as Angelina Kische, a daughter of the christian dog general Mylles, has it in her own possession," answered his companion. "She is only a little girl sir, but I'll stake you a bet of this whole rule of money I'm showing you you'll never get it free her while she is alive."

"Time enough, time enough," said Angelina. "Ah but we must live easy in the meantime, never deny anything your heart desires, and how should we begin. Why one of us can somehow bribe her in giving it up, one of us can pretend we are a messenger sent by general Mylles to get it."

"It were," said the big man, "it were once upon a time to bribe persons. You cannot bribe those gutter-snipes."

"And can you trust your own girlscout?" asked the other.

"Like gentlemen of fortune," returned the big man. "Very few trust very little among themselves, and right they are. But I have a way with me. When any one starts a blunder-one who knows no too, he won't be in the same world with me I'll tell you. There are many who know and fear general Inner Meid Mylles, and also who fear his Confederates, Beppo Evans, Cammonda, and Ma-buan Ma-Murther, but Mylles is feared by all christian generals alike. He is great, and he is proud. He is able, and capable. He is a George Washington for our own side. He has the best fighting army, agoing, the devil himself and all his hell legions, and the very angels together would be afraid to spy with the army under Inner Mylles. Well now I tell you, I'm not a boasting man, I do not seek glory, or honor or fame, and you have seen yourself how easy I keep my agents and secret service with me and that me, but when I was a lieutenant, Mylles was only a lieutenant general. Now he is a general, the highest command of all, and equal with John Wesley. Ah you may be sure of your self in Mylles's army, especially if we recover that map. It's a serious loss to him."

"Well I tell you now," replied the younger man. "I didn't half a quarter like the job till I had this talk with you George, but there is my hand on it now."

"And a brawl led you are for a stranger, and smart too," answered the big spy, shaking hands so heartily, that all the wagon shook, "and a fine confederate for me which I never yet clasped my eyes on."

By this time Catherine Ketrabrook had begun to understand the meaning of their conversation. These were some secret spies looking for chances to regain the map, and they were neither more or less than a common professional agent of the glandelinians than were volunteer spies. But on this point she was soon to be relieved, for the big man giving a little whistle, a third man still taller and stouter and wearing the Angelinian uniform strolled up, and sat down by the party.

"Thank Weavers square to it all," said the big man.

"Oh I know he's square," returned the voice of another man just then coming up. "He is no fool, this young boy, though he is a foreigner. Thanks to us he learned our language so well, though being English. But look here, he went on, "this is what I want to know, and right now, Beimbury, how long are we going to take to try and get that map. I've had most enough of this darning, among the blasted christian dog kids, and that darn Angelina Kischeburg has had me long enough by some Neptune. She banded me out to day for dropping a platter accidentally and on her head. I want to get that map. I do. If whoever has it brings it to the christian lines, glandelinia's back is cooked."

"Israel standardize," said the bigger man. "The way you talk I do not believe your head is of much account, and never was. But I suppose you are able to hear, I'm sure, leastwise your ears are big enough like a fish's. Now here's what I say, I'm command of this expedition for these maps, you'll wait patiently, you'll live hard up to my orders, and you'll speak carefully and not so loud and you'll keep in hiding, till I give the word, understand that my son."

"Well I do not say no do it," growled the tall dark man. "What I say is when are we going to try to recover it? That is what I ask!"

"When by the christian dogs," cried the big man. "Well now if you want to know, I'll give you understanding when, and so forth. The last moment I can manage, and that's when. They are children, these scouts, here but I know them, as if they were my own, and as if you think you can get that map right away, well go ahead, commit suicide. I'm game, and brave, and I'll dare hell, if necessary, but I do not believe in suicide. Here's a first rate

girlscout a girlscout leader, Angelina Alsheid Aronburg, calling for some reason or other herself as Gertrude Angelina, who is in charge of the whole expedition. Here's this guide, and also another chief girlscout General, and one of the two has the map—I do not know who it is do I. No more do you. Young a s they are they are more dan or dangerous than soldiers. Well then I mean that we will have to do something desperate, but we'll have to watch and see which of these girls has it, where she places it, and then one of us will be able to get hold of it by Neptune. Then we'll see. But listen—we can never get it by force. There are too many for us, we are too far from the glandelinian army, and there are too many of them for us. If I was sure of you all, three of you, ordnars, and serving in the army as nightseers mostly and for adventure I'd have Angelina Aronburg navigate us half way down to the middle of the flood, but closest to shore before I struck."

"Why we are all good raftmen aboard here, I should think," said the younger lad.

"We are all amateurs you mean," snapped the big man. "We can steer a course, but who's to set one, on this dangerous torrent. Cranky it is who ever made this damn flood. That is what all you men split on first and last. If I had my way, and Mylles would allow me, I'd have a force of troops on shore with long range guns, and either force her and her officers to work the raft back to St Gertrudes, or blow her whole crew out of the water. But I know the sort some of you are. I'll finish with em at the narrow neck of land up north, where a glandelinian battery has been placed in wait for their raft, as soon as we have possession of the map, and spit it is. But some of you are never happy untill you're drunk. Heavens ams I could get heart sick to go with the likes of some of you on this dangerous mission. Why didn't Mylles try to get it himself. He knows these kids are dangerous."

"Easy, Barben," cried Israel. "No one is going to dabble across you."

"I didn't say they were, but one of you is liable to blunder. For spying work, how many spies have I seen fall in their work, and go to be hanged," cried the big man, "and all for this one hurry and hurry, and hurry. These are only children I tell you, but it's safer spying on vivianian troops and officers. These kids are dangerous. You hear me. Understate! DAN GEMER. DAN DANGEROUS. I have seen a thing or two of Abbeismian boy and girlscouts, and I know. If you would only continue to lay your oars, and keep to the windward, you would secure the map, and far reward, you would soon be riding in carriages. But not you. I know you. You'll have your mouthful of brandy, and risk a good hanging. You don't know, these Jennings girls. They are the fibrest of the whole lot."

"Everybody knew you were a professional," said one of the others to the big man Binks. "But there are others who could paddle and steer a raft as good as you can."

"Yes, and they like a bit of fun too," said Israel. "They of course wasn't so foolish, but took their chances like brave companions, every one."

"So!" said Binks. "Well and where are they all now. Foster was that sort, and he died, exposing himself carelessly at Hendrick Junction during the Godermine Creek battle. Colonel Wenders was, and he died at the same battle. Ah they were good fighting men, only where are they now."

"In hell," said Catherine Ketrabrook to herself.

"But!" asked another called James Catt. "When do we try to capture that plan, track the raft, and what are we going to do with them all anyway?"

"There's the man for me now," cried Binks admiringly. "That's what I call business. Well what would you think? Put them all ashore like maroons? That would only expose ourselves to danger. Or cut them down with artillery fire like so much corn. That would have been Mylles's way, or Robert Camp."

"Robert Camp was the man for that," said Richard. "Dead christian dog kids don't bite," said he. "Well many of our own comrades are dead now, and if ever rough men were in armies it was in Robert Camp's."

"Right you are," said Binks. "And rough, and ready. Mylles's cavalry are the rough riders. But mark you here, I'm supposed to be an easy man—I'm quite the gentleman spy, but this time it's serious. Duty is duty boys. I give you my vote—death, no quarter to these christian dogs on the raft. When I go through the region, on an adventure I don't want none of these little christian devil hounds coming home unboiled for like the devil at prayers. Otherwise our own back is cooked. Wait is what I say, but when the time comes why let everything go ripping and snapping."

"Binks!" cried then all. "You are a man."

"You'll say so boys, when you see," said Binks. "Only one thing I claim—I claim Gertrude Angelina. I'll wring her head off of her body with these hands. Frank," he added, breaking off "so get me a pail of water out of that wagon there as I'm thirsty."

Who could fancy the excitement Catherine Estabrook was in. She immediately fearing an attack if she was seen spying on them, drew her two pistols. She heard one of the men start to rise, and then suddenly some one seemingly stopped him, and the voice of Weaver exclaimed:

"Oh hang the old water. Why should we drink that stuff. Let's have a go of good strong wine."

"Weaver" said Blake. "I trust you." "I've a good bag down in the wagon yonder. There's the key, you fill a pint bottle and bring it up."

Surprised as she was, Estabrook could not help thinking to herself, that this must be unusual to find so much liquor in the raft. Weaver was gone only a short time, and during his absence another man spoke straight on in the big mans ear. It was but a few words or two that she could catch, and yet she gathered some important news, for besides other conversational words that tended to the same purpose she heard "There are six of us aboard and not a soul knows it." When Weaver returned, one after another of the trio took the pint bottle, and drank - one to Good luck to Glendelina, another with a "Here's to Mylotse, and success to him, and pin he himself saying in a kind of song "Here's to all our armies, and generals and ourselves."

Just then a sort of brightness fell upon them in on the raft, and looking up Catherine saw the sun trying to shine again through the smoke haze, and almost at the same time the voice of the lookout, shouted "More fire on shore ho. Keep off to starboard."

Although dear readers in this big story boys and men play usual and principal parts, and during this great war encounter many terrible adventures, by land, sea, fire, water, and so forth, in the dire awful battles, the reason the story runs so much with little girls in this warfare as being the actual heroines it is true that from many experiences though women are braver than men, which is proven under any circumstances I go to show from putting little girls in this story as the real heroines, that little girls do and are brave enough for facts also to be able to play and show any amount of nerve and courage full equal or more so than boys and men and women who may take part in active warfare.

It has been known often from my own experience I the author that boys often do think and even say, which is a mistake, that girls are useless, cowards, have no courage at all, will run from little snakes and spiders and mice, but I have myself seen many girls and women who were the opposite, and men who were more scared of mice. In moments of great peril women are to the full brave and more collected than the men. Indeed my own great and many experiences leads me to go even farther, and to easily prove that among any civil or army population, whether untrained to arms or not, the average little girl herself can be cooler, and more courageous than the average person, whether man or woman. Of course little girls and women are or have been seen to be a little nervous about small matters, like being frightened at a mouse or at a spider, but not in all cases, for I have known women who would even bare handed catch a mouse, and also in the presence of real danger, when shells are bursting in the battlefield, and shell fragments are flying thickly they have been known to be standing out in the open field looking for wounded to be brought in, or for instance, what historian has not written good details and lengthy of the heroism of Red Cross Nurses, and Nurses or Sisters and other brave men. Now about the play known as "The Littlest Rebel."

Was not she braver than the soldiers in that play. Therefore it is not only a great mistake to think women and little girls cowards because they are sometimes nervous over mere trifles, but an insult to them which is cowardly on the part of the men and boys. Innumerable cases can be easily traced in any history to prove that women and girls can upon occasion, fight with as courageously or more courageously than men. When Caesar found himself that the women of the Old time Roman tribes could and did fight bravely side by side with the men, and the fierce Amazons of the King of Dahomey were more feared by the neighboring nations than any of his male soldiers. Almost every age, had its female heroines, and in the Dutch war for Freedom from Spanish Rule the women at Blaye, and Mar Harlem proved themselves more than a match for the best and fiercest soldiers of Spain. Above

all in patient endurance of pain and suffering, and sorrow, all women were and are immeasurably superior to men, and women always made sacrifices that men would think of in horror. Now, if however it is strange to say, but that in these countries I write about, girls and boys fear nothing, not even dangerous snakes, vicious rats, nor mice, deadly insects nor anything from not having viciousness in their characters. Of course I'll write and do write these things of so many heroines in this story because so many boys

simply because they are stronger than girls (not all however) do regard them unfortunately with a spirit of contempt, and to fancy themselves, without the least justification, even sinfully, not only stronger but braver, and more courageous--in fact superior beings in every way, when in true fact, one boy, or men out of ten really was brave when it came to show his mettle.

"I have written to one of the guards to bring Master Jack Saunders to me."

This announcement was indeed likely a simple one, but it fell like a bomb shell in the midst of the party of girls and officers at the early supper in the center of the slowly moving raft. The party consisted of all the highest girls and officers, except Jean, and Jane, who were still in bed at the doctors orders, and Schofield Penrod.

Gertrude exclaimed "Why Penrod" in a tone of shocked surprise. Penrod was evidently prepared for this, he had spoken in a somewhat nervous and angry tone, but with even a decision that was even quite unusual to him. He had finished his last piece of bread, and emptied his last cup of coffee before making the announcement, and he now pushed back his chair, rose to his feet, and said, his face ugly like a thundercloud; "Yes, I have asked to him to be brought to my headquarters for some time under guard, and I suppose that as master of this expedition, I am at liberty to do this, or otherwise our raft goes back to the home. That boy is a I just this late afternoon saw talking long with a man whom I do not like, who I am positively sure, I recognize, at any rate I would rather have no discussion on the subject. But if he is turning a traitor I'll, I'll-----"

He could say no more, and without giving Gertrude or Angelina a chance no time to reply, he walked hastily to the door of the tent and walked out. Gertrude and Angelina Riches gazed at each other in speechless astonishment. So accustomed were they to settle everything that took place in their regiments that this sudden announcement on the part of their friend fairly staggered them. Gertrude was the first to speak.

"This is terrible Angelina. To think that after all our efforts, that we have treachery in our own midst. What has Jack Saunders the cowardly one done now? It's only what might be expected, after he had deserted Jean. The cowardice and ingratitude of some boys and girls is terrible. I won't stand for it. I'll have him shot, I'll--here have we for the last two years or more been devoting our cause to everything for the sake of our Country--not only a thing as scouts, but as little soldiers as well, seeing that our regiments did not fall victims to even spies, and enemy agents of the designing villain Glendelina, and preventing our troops of boys and girls from falling into all sorts of foolish traps, and bring bringing themselves to ruin, and now you see, we have enemies in our midst, and now Penrod has without saying a word right away to us forced to have that boy coward brought to him for questioning. It's monstrous Angelina. But he'd better look out. Penrod is dangerous I know it, and he won't take even mere trifles."

"It is monstrous." Angelina Riches repeated, with tears in her eyes. "It's like flying in the face of Providence Gertrude. We are hoodwinked in our trip. Some darn fool is trying to regain that map."

"It's flying into our faces." Gertrude replied sharply. "And just at the present moment that is of more importance. To think that poor Penrod must have been brooding over this, and making up his mind to watch that little coward like a hawk in this way for weeks perhaps, and he never said a word to us upon the subject for fear we'll be upset. I wonder we didn't get this Vivian girl to pass a degree for that coward right away. But if he is going to be what Penrod suspects, I'll shoot the coward where he is."

"I never anyhow ever knew of any one doing such a shameful thing."

Mary Standish said much shocked. "Of course we should have turned him over to some proper proper authority immediately. A boy deserting a little girl in time of danger. Mostly men would go through hell to rescue a woman." She screamed the last words.

"I should not have left him here in the camp so long under guard." Gertrude said firmly. "It's a wonder he did not escape us. If he does now, Penrod would hold us responsible. Our duty will be to convene at the questioning. You know we have been uneasy ever since that boy deserted Jean. I wish a thing concerning poor little Jean has been pitiable, and we have always believed it has been that I alone which has caused all the force to not so much as give Saunders a pleasant look or to even pay decent courtesy to any of the girls who may pity the coward, and who have been always watchful. Jack has literally dragged our hearts into the dust flying into our faces as it were. And now Penrod is suspicious of him up to something very unusual. If Penrod finds that up to be true, Jack's hash is cooked. I have had an idea for some little time that Penrod has had something on his mind, and several times

he had been more nervous and fidgety than usual and had seemed to be on the point of saying something, and then changed his mind. No wonder he was ashamed to even look any one in the face, when he was making such a desperate step as this. That would place all our lives in danger. The foolishness of such a boy is something shocking. Jack better be careful like he was scolded once before when caught speaking to a strange person who was never on the raft before."

It was not surprisingly strange that Schofield Penrod's sudden assertion of the new situation was a shock to all the girls and boys and their officers. These brave little girls and boys had so long been accustomed to have so many things going right that Penrod's assertion of everything not so good came upon them like an electric shock. The deaths of their girls and boys and the already mentioned had been bad enough. Penrod general was of a gentle and yielding disposition, and the girls had the complete management of the raft and whole expedition, and it was natural they should continue in the same position. But Penrod was a slicker sluth, he was their "Roman Eagle", and being educated by his step father general Melinda greather art who had in his earlier days been a professional School Teacher he had learned much which even Gertrude knew very little. He was therefore a safeguard to her. A little while before the battle of Cedernine, Penrod had wished to enter one of the general signal boy scout flag corps, but Violet, and her sisters had been so opposed to the idea, and had represented so strongly to him his young years, and his unfitness then to take part in the rough frightfully dangerous work of the Signal Corps and how completely he would flout off place in such work, that he had abandoned the idea, and had for a time traveled with their regiments taking further instruction from them, and his strange companion Radcliffe, his sisters being for the most part of the time with him too, Penrod having three sisters also in the army having come from Canada Canada with him. Soon Emperor Adrian had ordered that Penrod be sent to try and bring Gertrude's party through the disaster zone if possible, as Penrod was as good a guide as Angelina Richee. The announcement of his being sent came like a thunderbolt upon his sisters, for it was a dangerous expedition, but as even Violet, and her sisters could not, and would not alter the command he went. His comrades did not like it but he went. When he came he showed Gertrude his compass commission papers, and no one had been unwise enough not to offer any opposition to the work the boy assigned every one to. Now since Penrod was how unpleasant reports were set on foot, there were perilsomeness, which could not be easily understood or cleared up, but which continued to grow till they gave rise to serious circumstances.

Gertrude thought that investigations might have set matters straight somehow, but anything attempted failed to come to hand, and so at last they went from bad to worst, until as we know already they were stuck at St Gertrude's home, and then were attacked and driven from there, and a final breaking off from shore altogether with still greater perils lurking unseen.

Penrod had before this become convinced, that Glendolinnian spies and agents had not alone been to blame for the matter, and that he had in some way or other not taken any mistaken view on the subject. Never had he once kept his eyes off Jack Saunders, and wondered why Gertrude allowed any one to go into his tent and speak with the prisoner. He knew by comments of such friends as were intimate enough to speak, and the coolness of many others, that he was considered to have been not watchful enough himself. And this thought was a most distressing one, that he could be as responsible for what happened, as Gertrude or anyone else could have been, and he was deeply attached to all his girl and boy scout friends, and had not he not been convinced that for some reason or other, something was ailing, he would have gone any lengths to heal the breach. When it seemed too late he could have bitterly regretted his own weakness in submitting to the work of everything else, and not of keeping a stricter watch on Saunders and those he happened to have the chance to talk with and felt a deep though silent resentment against Glendolinnia for the share he was convinced that country had in causing all this trouble, but although he resented, he had then neither the will nor the firmness to do just then the proper things.

At times he struggled feebly against it, and on two or three occasions while they had still been in the home, had suddenly gone on long distant scouting tours, and had not come back for a while day. On one of these occasions he had notified both Gertrude and Angelina Richee by sending a courier with a note saying that he thought it would be for the happiness of them all if they were to leave St Gertrude's Orphanage, and go down the waters on the raft till a more suitable place from fires was found. But upon his return he found things going on exactly as before, and Gertrude had spoken somewhat severely of the note he had written to her, saying that it

would have been impossible for them to have moved just then. As Penrod was really fond of his girl scout leaders, who had spared no effort in making everything comfortable for him, and who allowed him to have his own way about commanding all the rest, he could not bring himself to repeat when face to face with them the opinion he had expressed in writing, though he could see the danger easily enough. The girl scout leaders were really very anxious to see Penrod get the proper methods. Gertrude had given Angelina Richee as his best companion officer, for she was a girl scout leader, in her estimation fitted for him, and who would also have a feeling of gratitude toward them selves for their share in installing her as mistress of the whole expedition, and all the girl scout officers were quite ready to abdicate everything in her favor and to allow her to be the main guide. The failure in most efforts for them all was a source of grief to them all, and once when Penrod had been slightly wounded, they had been worried deeply, for they were really attached to him, and believed they had in every way been working hard for his own benefit and happiness.

They had no shadow of regret for the part they had played in making investigations of fire swept St Gertrude's town. Having once convinced them selves that the situation was most critical, they had regarded it as an absolute duty to protect their whole force from the consequences of what they considered any one's blunder. Consequently for days, they had been in conversation among each other, and had been much aggrieved at the want of success of their expedition, and at the absolute suspicion which Penrod regarded everything. Before the spy came and died, there, every one had been seized with a vague disquiet, for they believed that something was "rotten in Denmark" and considered probable that the Glendolinnians would try all possible to undo what they tried hard to work through.

They knew too that Penrod didn't like Jack Saunders since his cowardly desertion of Jean Saunders. Fortunately he was no brothers of hers. This was the real cause of Penrod's indifference to Saunders, and considered it probable that he would do plenty to the coward before he reached the Christian lines. For a time however Penrod had never spoken of the subject, so far as they knew, did not make even the slightest effort to even speak to the boy. Gertrude knew that Penrod must despise him, and that he was utterly unworthy of the company he was in. Although he occasionally yielded to the entreaties of the girls not to pay much attention to Jack, he nevertheless kept his eye on him. Wherever Penrod had gone his sole companion and friend was Jean Saunders who had been his adviser and during his tours, and whom he had always been with to the secret delight of Gertrude, who had always considered that Je n Je n Jean would be his best friend. This had to some extent been the case in so far as at least, that Jack Saunders, had endeavored to give him the habits of self reliance and independence of thought, and had quietly striven against the influence that the dangers of treacher within the regiments, had upon his mind. It was not till after the attack on the Orphan Home and camp that everything had changed. Penrod had sought his friends advice in his troubles, and many had urged friends and comrades to try to induce Penrod to rouse himself and assert himself against anything coming that might not be to his liking. They saw that Penrod had been a little impatient at things, and a chance word showed that he nourished a feeling of resentment toward enemies he knew nothing of, and he was nerving himself to the necessary effort to shake off their influence altogether, but could not do so.

Nothing short of this would suffice to establish his best efforts at that time for after a mere temporary assertion of warning he would never hold his keep on the watch.

Penrod had been slow however wisely, for he thought that harm rather than good would be caused by untimely interference, and that as his influence would be sure to be suspected he might blunder. Such was the state of things on the raft, when its directors sudden announcement, that he was going to summon Saunders Saunders for questioning, and the guard too for all that, had fallen like a bombshell upon Gertrude and Angelina Richee.

The remarks of Penrod had caused almost as much surprise to all the other girl scout officers, as to the two main girl scout leaders. Mary Elsie Stanek also had received a surprise. She had received something on condition only that no inquiry should be made as to the persons if identity. Mary had thankfully accepted the strange gift, which however had caused her intense wonderment and curiosity. So far she knew neither anyone on the raft had anything to do with this note and strange papers. She knew that far away Walter Starring had been most popular with his regiments and at first she began to suspect was that some young Christian officer, maybe her own father had sent it to her. Had she been all alone in the world, she would have been inclined to refuse to accept this aid from an unknown person

659

but for the country's sake and its cause, she felt it would be wrong to do so. The idea that such important papers might come from Walter Starring, Ned Perkins, or so forth had once or twice occurred to her, only to be at once dismissed, for had she really believed, that it came from one of them, she could not even then accept it, as they were too honorable men to sacrifice so much for her. Ned Perkins, or Walter Starring had as she believed without cause done much for her, treated her as if she was their own friend, and she considered this as an affair which made her even not worthy of their good friendship. She did love these two good boy officers, but she did not think of what she could have done at the time. At any rate she had no proof whatever that either Starring, or Perkins had even at such a distance found time to assist her in any way. Nevertheless the whole regiment of girls came were in a busy section of the country, and their raft garrison was a large one, and they always expected news from any source especially of what Mylster might be doing on his campaign toward Angelina Agathia (or to the moon).

Military and naval matters were the sole topics of conversation. It was not long after Penrod's announcement, and supper was still in progress when the telegraph operator came in with a long note in his hand.

"Here is a strange and long note the telegraphed ticked off for you, Miss Aronburg, but it is best for you not to open it until you are alone. We seem to be beset with enemies now, and shall barely have time to get through with supper, and be there before night comes on."

"Your supper too is quite ready for you Ray Ralph. Do not be late. The eggs will be here before you have eaten your sandwiches. However at your suggestion I won't open the letter until I am alone with Miss Riches."

Ralph began to eat his supper, and Gertrude stretching out her hand, took the letter he had laid beside his own plate, and turning it over glanced at the direction to ascertain from which of her few correspondents it came. For a moment she looked puzzled, then with a little start, she laid it down beside her upturned plate. She had recognized some hand writing so familiar to her.

"What is it Gertrude? You looked quite startled! Who is it from?" asked Angelina Riches.

"It is from one that you or others know," Angelina said Gertrude, "I think it is from one of the Gemini, I have not heard from for some years. At any rate you will know, when we are alone."

"It's nothing unpleasant I hope Gertrude. Your color has quite gone, and you look downright pale."

"What should be the matter you silly girl," said Gertrude attempting to smile. "What could there be unpleasant in a letter from an officer of general Conscientian Aronburg's army I have not heard from since I left there for so long? There, there, gone go on with your supper. I expect you'll know it all when we are alone. And I hear that sooner or later a great battle is expected to be fought at Sanitary Creek."

"Yes I heard many guns not long ago Gertrude, and I expect there has been a fight somewhere. Maybe a victory. I hope the armies will lick Mylster soon!"

"I hope the enemy don't come here!" said Ralph.

"Why do you hope, not Ralph?"

"Why of course Miss Aronburg, I don't want to be too close to them till I am old enough to have a share in the fighting."

"There will be plenty of time for you, Ralph," said Gertrude with a smile. "The war is growing bad. But there every body is true through with supper and it's time for you to be off, you know the secret of this letter as you wrote it off from the tick of the telegraph so be careful and tell me one of it."

"I won't said Ralph as he finished his supper and went off."

When Gertrude Angelina and Angelina Riches were alone, Gertrude took up the letter, and turned it over several times before opening it. She wondered to herself.

"What could have Ray/Radcliffe have written about after all these days of my absence. Gertrude Angelina was but about twelve years old now, and was a very beautiful girl, more beautiful too in her uniform of purple. A sudden thought sent a flush of color to her pretty face."

"After," she said decidedly. "After I have been so far away so long, he could not suppose that now-----" she stopped of all a sudden. "I know I do like and respect him as a good boy should be suspected, but for what I know of Radcliffe especially I love him dearly, and it nearly breaks my heart, that he has to go on like this. Well Angelina let's see what he has to say for himself." And she broke up open the letter. She glanced through it quickly, and then reread it again but this time more carefully.

660

Angelina Riches noticed that she looked more pale this time, and her lips trembled as she laid down the letter.

"Go," she said to herself in slow tone. "It's to her after all I owe all this." And she looked around at all the goings and comings and contents of the raft. And I never once really suspected it. However I am glad now she went on after a pause. "That I did not of course, for otherwise it would have been impossible for me of my followers to have made it, and how different the last two years have been! Poor sister, poor Annie. How to distinguish as a boy to help me get my fathers and mother murderer. Hated glandelinia. Now I despise her and all that she is. Now if I was Emperor Vivian-----and so she really suffered too, and she has been helping me here even in secret all this time."

For fully half an hour, or a little longer, she sat without moving, her thoughts busy with the past, then she took up the letter, and reread it several times. Then she reread it aloud to Angelina Riches, and its contents were as follows:--

"Dear sister;

Indeed you without the slightest doubts will be greatly surprised, at seeing my hand writing, and your first impulse will be to jump up from your seat as you'll be so startled. But when you are through with this letter, you will do me, yourself, and the country a good turn by putting this letter into the fire. I am not writing to ask you to come back to Emperor Vivian's lines, for I am too well aware now from my own investigations and from the investigations of many others, that you or your followers will not for more than a month ever have the chance to rejoin Emperor Vivian's lines. Your only chance is to get your Uncle's army into communication and find some means to go to him. For what glandelinia has done recently she has really forfeited all rights to the world's esteem and consideration. Believe me that I have seen millions suffering and still suffering for glandelinia's fault, and that my own life is a ruin as a result. I attempt to make no excuses for glandelinia for that I have seen. I am conscious that while mostly glandelinia's leaders too were to blame, glandelinia and her government is most of all, and that it is also to the weakness and will of some of our Galverinian authorities, and lack of energy that the dreadful disasters were due. However all of this past and present need not interest you little, as you know much of it as I do, but the fact is racing madly beyond your hope of getting to Emperor Vivian's lines by land, and by flood it is utterly impossible and you only risk your life and the lives of all by trying it. You have too had your own sorrows, difficulties, and trials, at which believe me, I sincerely grieve. And now to my object in writing you. Although still comparatively a young girl, two years younger than you, dear sister Gertrude, I have many of my own girl and boy scouts who have not many days to live. They are badly injured burned or other wise, in doing heroic deeds during the bloody battle of Ophelia. Naturally then, I have turned my thoughts as to whom you should safely try to reach in your dangerously made journey northward. My friends are amply provided for, little Jan is safe with us, and therefore consider my self free to do as I choose. Hence there were traces of the Vivian girls to be found, and he has gone to locate them himself. I have long fixed my thoughts upon having you communicate with general Conscientian Aronburg or our uncle. The whole thing dear sister, will you not; I trust as I wish. I have never thought of any girl so fit but you who would do as you are doing now, you are facing a million unseen perils, and I hope you will not allow your just resentment against wicked glandelinia make you do anything rash or depriving you of a readiness to making what atonement lies in your power for the cruel wrong glandelinia had done to poor Galverinia, and her sister states.

Were my regiment strong in health and numbers I can well imagine that I could do wonders, but knowing the strength of your own, and your big trouper escort, I feel sure you will not do anything rash as I have done. I should like also to know what you're going to do to the girl deserter Jack Sanders. Would it be too much to ask you to send a notice about it to Emperor Vivian by telegraph as the Vivian girls are not here to speak to so about it so that he can decide as to his punishment. I have a double

561
 motive, I say frankly in this asking you to do this, and by no means for your safety do not allow him to escape. I should not be so foolish as to ask you to do this if I knew it would be of no use. Alas I should like to know how Penrod is doing. Also would it be too much again to ask you to have him communicate to me, and ask him to try and meet me as soon as he can come through as I am greatly concerned about him. I wish him and little Jamie to come to like each other, better than they ever have yet. I wish to have the chance to promote her into a girl scout, yet I should be glad of your advice first. When they were first seen they took fancy to each other, and he could train her nicely for Jamie constantly is doing what she is asked to do. Whatever may be so in the present case I must leave in the hands of God but I should at any rate like to pave the way for such a good arrangement by bringing the young friends together so she too can have her proper training. Yet it would be best for either of them not to have the slightest idea what is in my mind for this would be almost certain defeat to my object and curlen to ruin Glandelinia would be nipped in the bud. Adèle-de-Fob who is always guarding Jamie thought this is plan for me. If the proposal is agreeable to you, I hope that you will send Penrod to me as soon as you can get through the hell through which you are striving to break, which I fancy must be something terrible by now. Also I think it will be as well, that he should not know of my intention as to my plans, the perils you are really risking, for it is better he should think that he will be doing the same as now, but at the same time there would be no harm in his knowing that it is probable he is badly needed here. This will make him bear better that other wise would be a cross in his work. But I leave this matter entirely in your hands. You know the boy scout leader as well as I do dear sister, and you therefore can just as good judge what would be best for him to know, and what to do. And now dear Angelina if you will pardon the long delay in not having the chance to write to you, and as my message is almost too long already, but I had so much to say to you I will remain,

I remain,

Your affectionate sister,

Anne Aronburg/
 Alas
 Francis Radcliffe,
 known by Glandelinia as the
 "RAVILIMAN," was

Indeed it was very characteristic of Gertrude Angelina, that at the first reading of this letter, she thought rather of the writer and the strange bright prospects which her offer offered for her friend Penrod. She thought rather of her sister's hard times and her work, while disguised as a boy, her love for him, her worry as he faced so many unseen perils too, of the days of their playing together when they were younger, or their separation because of the war. Calvernia's rupture from Abbisamia, because of the cutting off by disaster, then of the fact that she herself was facing so many perils in making the expedition down the flood with the raft. She had been solely hurt at the time and even after all these days and months it was a pleasure to her to know that the situation may not be as bad as she had sometimes thought it would be, a mere pretext for breaking through the obstacles, and that her sister still was safe, though so far away, and her sister cared for her more than ever, and had been the mysterious friend, whose kindness had so lightened poor little Jamie's life. Despite in any one knowing it, Adèle-de-Fob and Rad cliff were the two best of companions, and in fact was Gertrude's third and youngest sister in disguise Annie.

"I didn't throw all precautions to the winds after all..." she said to herself, as with her eyes full of tears she stood outside the new tent, and looked out at the flood, still full of floating debris, and she too has been faithful to her cause all this time, and to think of my own safety constantly, while I had almost forgotten whether I was on earth, and alive, or dead and in purgatory or hell, where the way things are out here, fire water, horror and what not. I ought to have known all the time, that she was acting under the good influence of my uncle General Conventinian Aronburg, and of others, those of Violet, and her sisters of course. I was always certain they too feared for me since I came to this spot--hated the thought of the

perils and hardships I was facing. I knew the influence Violet, and her sisters had over her, and over me too, it was they who made me what I am. Radcliffe has a strong will of her own - and no one can tell him what is not right. And now he is going to make little Jamie Francis William a little girl scout, or at least something of that sort, and she wants Penrod to aid her in her purpose. It's a grand thing for Jamie, for she is worth it for she has done a lot to earn it in her sacrifices for us."

Then she thought over the many days, she had been doing things for her in secret, and wondered what she should do about that. Finally being a sensible girl, she decided she could do nothing just now. Had she known it before, or learned the truth by other means, she would have refused absolutely to touch anything not sent right, but it indeed would be a poor return for the kindness of others. She wished as she read the letter again, that her sister had a chance to breast the flood, and come and see her, she should have liked to see her sister again, to have thanked her to have told her how grateful she felt for aid and care, and kindness, to have taken her in her arms once again.

But she had even expressed in the letter, that she would not be able with her raft and companions to ever get to Evangeline St. Claire, he could read in the wording of the letter that the perils of flood and fire and enemy and the terrific battles raging every where day and night with the fury of the World War had principally deterred Radcliffe from making any attempt to see her, and could not go through the inferno seething all over the country. And had she been asked her opinion the day before she would doubt less have replied to Penrod and her officers, that she could not have had any hopes of even expecting communications of any kind from Radcliffe, where as she now felt greatly aggrieved that there was such a separation between her and her sister, because of the tide of war flood and fire.

"Of all faults that a country can have," she said to Angelina Rishoo pettishly "I do not think there is one so detestable as that of Glandelinia. Why couldn't the authorities of Calvernia have foreseen that Glandelinia might be able to do something like this, to make such disasters abominable. If that could have been I believe all this could have been averted. Now we cannot go, to Emperor Vivian's lines, it's impossible. Now how much shall I tell Penrod when he returns?"

"It's up to you," said Angelina Rishoo.

Gertrude again read the letter through.

"Penrod" she said when he came in to report before going to question Saunders "You remember that letter I got before you left this early evening?"

"Yes I know Gertrude, the one that made you turn so white. You said to me and Angelina that it was one that made you turn so white, though why a letter from some dear friend should upset any one, I can't make out unless it was bad news about him. What was it about Gertrude?"

"Well my boy it contains both unpleasant, and pleasant news. Your best boy scout friend Radcliffe is the writer. He intends to help you on in your work if you turn out as he would like to see you, and how he knew you before you left. He wishes you to go back to him as soon as we can get through this inferno."

"That sounds nice indeed," Penrod said, "and if he has got to the Vivian girls back it will be a more pleasant too."

"They have not yet returned, Penrod."

"That does not sound very cheerful Gertrude! They missing yet, that's not so good."

"Well nevertheless it may be very lively for you Penrod to have some adventure with us further, but you must put up with that. Radcliffe evidently means to be very kind to you since you are his dearest friend, and it will be of great advantage to you being with him again."

"Is there anything queer with him Gertrude?" "do you think?" "We asked."

"Not that I know of but what I know of him Penrod for the sake of our cause I must keep dark and secret till the ripe time comes. It is his wish. If he did be known it would be bad for those who he revealed his secret. He's dangerous, and you know it."

"But what are you going to do with yourself Gertrude, when you are all alone in Conventinian Aronburg's army. I think he might as well have asked you to come too, instead of only me."

"We would like it very well Penrod but to get there is impossible. We have a good luck if we can even survive our journey here."

"What army is Radcliffe in now Gertrude?" "!!!!!!"

"In general Greatharts command of Hensons army. It is a well drilled army and only about a mile from Evangelina e St Claire. But as I say you will find it a lively trip with us, but that you must mind. It will be a very good thing for us all, and will be worth our while putting up with a little thrill for a time. As you know Radcliffe is one of the kindest boyscouts to all his followers, but I do not think you will like some of his followers much unless they know you. Certainly you will not unless they are a good deal changed, from what they were as I remember them. Still you must try to get on with them as well as you can, and I dare say you will find some pleasant companions in all the girl and boyscout forces. I am sure you will do your best when I tell you that I am most anxious for many reasons that Radcliffe would like you to be back to him again."

"Of course I would like to be there, Gertrude, best of all, though I must say that the outlook is not, according to your description, and the description of the letter a very cheerful one, and I would a great deal rather have stayed in Candid Canada where I came from. But now it's too late, and I must see this all through."

"We can't always do as we like Penrod, though that is a lesson you have as yet to learn. War is war you know and this is a terrible one. What day of the month did you say this is?"

"This is the fifth day of August. But I do hope Gertrude I may see something of my dearest friends again. Yet I'm afraid it is going to be a horrible experience altogether. Gertrude. However I suppose it has to be done, as you say so Gertrude, though its hard breaking through hell like this. Radcliffe might as well have told us we are in the infernal regions, for it seems we are. One could have put up with it with it ever so much better. How long do you think it'll take us to run up to Conestoga-ian Aronburgs army?"

"When we can find communication with it, only then we'll know Penrod. I think that is the only chance."

Penrod groaned loudly.

"The very heavens may intend kindly," he said, "but I wish we had the power to work miracles. It may be a year before we'll find Conestoga-ian Aronburg. Might as well go back to the home, or rejoin Givens and fight it out with Mylitta."

"You think so now," Gertrude said with a smile. "You won't think so when you are in his army."

"I dare say I shall not think so Gertrude," said Penrod brightening a little. "Anyhow if Radcliffe takes it into his head to jockey us at general Aronburgs army, it will take me off of your hands, and I shall not be always feeling that I am always needing your assistance too. Alright Gertrude, I think I can promise that I will be on my best efforts, and will try hard to bring you all safely through this dangerous trip. I wish I had Walter stirring with me! Two fellows can get on anywhere."

"I should have very little hope of you making a good impression if you had Walter stirring with you," said Gertrude, smiling. "I can believe in your good subterfuge while you are alone, but I should have no hopes whatever of you if you and he were together. It would be extremely dangerous to you both."

"But how are we to get through? Gertrude?" "It seems such a tremendous dangerous trip way from here down the flood, and not knowing where his army is."

"I have not thought anything about it yet Penrod, but probably Radcliffe will give some instructions as to our journey, when he hears from us how we stand in our situation."

OF GERTRUDE'S COUNCIL OF WAR.
SOMETHING OF A DANGEROUS COUNTRY VISIT.
EXCITING ADVENTURE ON SHORE.
THEIR RAFT IS RUN DOWN: THE RESULT...
THE FIRST BLOW.

As Eastbrook heard the cry of the watch there was a great feet across the raft. She could hear the girls and boyscouts tumbling from their own quarters, and she slipped instantly from her own hiding place, dived behind the fore-sail, made a double ward thru stern of the raft's baid, and came out upon the open portion in time to join Dolores Midgollister, and Heidi in the rush for the eastern edge of the raft. There all on board except the other girlscout officers were already congregated. Gertrude and her officers were at their mess. A belt of smoke had a lifted almost simultaneous simultaneously with the appearance of the danger. Away to the far south east of them they saw two long low forested hills about a couple of miles apart all covered with clouds of smoke, and rising behind them was a long shaft of dazzling flame. All three seemed smothered in smoke. So much Eastbrook saw, almost in a dream, for she had not recovered from her horrid fear of a minute or two before.

And then (the time after Gertrude read the long letter later) she heard the voice of Gertrude:

"Hey, hey what are you all doing on the edge of the raft in such a mob. Come clear away. Do you want to go careening into the water?"

Penrod also came out issuing orders. The raft was moved a couple of points further from the shore, two more sails were put up and it now sailed a course that would just clear the flaming shore on the north side.

"and now all of you," said Penrod, when all was quieted down. "Was any of you ever seen that part of land before, and know where it leads to?"

"I have Gertrude," said Jack Saunders. "I have lived there when my mother did not go to the city."

"What course does that land go?"

"Toward Beppo Lansen, and Big Girl Khool via Evangelina St Claire."

"The anchorage is on the extreme northeast, behind that islet, I fancy?" asked Penrod.

"Yes sir, but it is not an island except you wish to call it that because of the flood. It's a good place to go for any purpose of resisting a foe if we are pursued. That hill all smoking is called Turpo Forest Hill, there are three hills all forested running in a row north-eastward. But the main and big one, with the biggest cloud of smoke smoke on it--is called Turpo Hill by reason of a turpentine forest that is on its summit and slopes, and sir if the fire hit it, there'll be some blaze."

"Hang the fires," said Penrod. "I have a land chart here. See if that's the place to anchor. We can risk traveling on the flood at night!"

Jack Saunders' eyes seemed to pop out of his head, as he took the chart. This was not the map they had found in the boyscouts' house, but an accurate copy of this stretch of land outside of the flood zone, complete in all things, name, and heights of hills, names of towns, soundings, and so forth. Harp as mist have been Jack's surprise, he had the strength of mind to hide it.

"Yes sir," said the boyscout. "This is the spot to be sure, and very prettily and excellently drawn out. Who might have done that I wonder? We looked at Dolores, but she shook her head. 'I guess no one here, and others are too ignorant' she said."

"Never mind, here it is," continued Jack. "We could call this 'Our anchor spot.' There's a strong current of the flood running along toward the southwest and then we away toward the straight south. Right you was sir to haul the raft and keep the weather off the shore, otherwise we'd have run chances with the heat and fury of that blaze. Leastways, if such was your intention as to enter and carbon, and there is no better place for that in these waters."

"Thank you Jack," said Penrod. "I'll ask you some more later on, to give us a help. You may go. I must have an interview with Jack Saunders the toward now..."

Retrabrook was surprised at the coolness and knowledge with which Jack now avowed his knowledge of the shore, and she saw that she was half frightened when she saw a strange man pass close to her and disappear. This man of course she felt sure did not know that she had overheard his council from behind the wagon, and yet had by this time taken such a horror of his cruelty, duplicity and power that she could not scarce conceal a shudder as he passed her so closely. Upon this moment Jack Sanders laid his hand upon her arm, and then drew her to him in a one arm embrace and said:

"Ah this is a sweet spot this part of the land---a sweet spot for us little girls and boys to get ashore on, for our nights rest. Before turning in we'll all bathe. Why it makes me think of home again. I was going to forget that I once lived there. It's pleasant to be a young boy when you want a bit of exploring you just ask Miss Riches or me, and we'll go."

He then clapped her on the shoulder in the friendliest way, and was going away, when she revealed to him her discovery.

"Get Gertrude or Penrod quick!" he said. "Don't allow a moment to be wasted. Come I'll lead the way."

Penrod, Gertrude, Angeline Riches, and the two Jennings girls, were talking together on the quarter deck about Jack the coward, and anxious as Retrabrook was to tell them her story, and warn them, she did not dare interrupt them openly, for fear others whom she could not trust may be within hearing. While she was still casting about in her thoughts to find some possible excuse, Dolores called her to her side; she had left her gossamer below, and being a devoted client of the Rosary, had meant that Retrabrook should fetch it, so she could say a decade, but as soon as she and Jack were near enough to speak and not to be overheard, Jack nudged her in the back to encourage her to go ahead, and making a strange cough that she understood to mean all was clear, and she broke out immediately. "Dolores let me speak to you a minute."

"What is it?" she asked. Are you ill. You look like you seen a ghost."

"No it's not that," she answered looking at Jack, who nudged her again.

"Get Penrod, Gertrude, and all our officers together in our mess tent from whence Gertrude just left, and then make some pretense to send for us to bring something. I have terrible, frightful news, that concerns our party."

Dolores changed countenance a little, but the next moment she was water of herself.

"Thank you Catherine," said she quite loudly, "that was all I wanted to know." As if she had asked her a question! And with that she turned on her heel and rejoined the other girls. They spoke together for a few minutes, Gertrude recalled Penrod who was going to interview Saunders, and though none of them started, or raised their voices, or so much as turned to look at Catherine, it was plain enough that Dolores Mio-Hollister had communicated Catherine's request, for the next thing she heard was Gertrude giving orders to Minnie Saunders, and all the girls and boys were in rank formation on the raft.

"Attention Companies!" she said. "I've a word to say to you. This land we have sighted is the place we'll have to select as we cannot risk traveling on a raft at night. Jack Sanders, being a very open handed boy scout, as we all know has just asked me a word or two, and as I was able to tell him that every boy or girl has done their duty, as I never asked to see it done better, why I and all my officers are going into our mess house tent to drink luck to our expedition. I'll tell you what I think of this, I think it is hand some. If you think as I do, you'll give a good cheer for the boy scout that does it."

The cheer followed---that was indeed a matter of course, but it ran out so full and hearty even from the men that any one could have confessed who knew of Catherine's news that she could hardly believe that there were some men among them plotting the destruction of all on board the raft, in order to regain Wylatan lost plane and map.

"One more cheer for the whole expedition," cried Angeline Riches, when the first had subsided.

Another louder than the first came the second cheer. On the top of that all the girl scout officers went back into the mess tent, and not long after one of the girl scouts came to report to Catherine Retrabrook that she was wanted in the mess tent. She found that all seated round the big table, a bottle of milk and some bread and raisins before them, and Penrod reading away on a piece of paper, and that Catherine indeed knew was a sign that she was agitated. The entrance to the mess tent was left open for it was unusually warm that evening, and you could see the glow of the distant fires of shining behind the wake of the slowly moving raft....

"Now O" Catherine said Penrod himself, after she had saluted them, "You said you have something to say. So speak up. What is it?"

Catherine did as she was asked, and in as short a detail as she could make make it, she told the whole detail of the conversation of the strange men, whom she suspected as Glandelinian spies. Of course no one interrupted her until she had told the last word, nor did any of the girl or boy scout officers make so much as the slightest movement, but they nevertheless kept their eyes upon the girls face from first to last....

"Catherine," said Gertrude, "Take a seat."

And she sat down at the table beside them, and Gertrude poured out a glass of milk filled her hands with the sainty raisins, and all of the child officers after the other, and each with a bow, and the signs of the Cross, invoked God's intercession upon the expedition, and thank Health to Catherine, and their services to her, for her luck and courage.

"Now Gertrude," said Penrod "I own myself and am for not expecting this sooner. But you see you know I was right as to my suspicions, and yet I await your orders."

"You are no more of an ass than I am Penrod," returned Gertrude. I myself never heard of it or ever saw it yet of a crew or company of our christian cavalry that had any members that were once enemies in disguise but what showed signs before, for any man or person that had an eye in his head to see the mischief and take steps accordingly. But this situation," she added bent me. Now are we to capture the spies?"

"Impossible," said Penrod. "No one knows them, and they may have slipped away by now. I heard some splashing in the water recently."

"Penrod," said Angeline Riches, "With your permission, that the Mitt and Fatt upas I'll be bound now about Jack Sanders. When are you going to question him. You know he is a very remarkable coward and may tell you anything he heard from his conversation to save his own skin."

"He's look remarkably well for standing before a firing squad," returned Penrod. "But this kind of talk we are having don't lead to anything. Wait everything. I see three or four points, and with Gertrude's permission I'll be home then."

"You are the director of this expedition. It is for you to speak," said Gertrude grandly.

"First point," began Penrod. "We must go on to our landing point as we suggested, because under no conditions now we cannot turn back. If I give the word to go back, and we reached the region of St Gertrude's, there might be a whole force of plane Indians lying in wait for us. Second point, we have plenty of time before us---at least until we reached the land pointed out by Jack Sanders. Third point, we have 10,000 faithful steady men. All these good forces fighting Abyssinians. Now girls, and also you boys, its got to come to an end. Conflict sooner or later, and therefore what I propose is to take time while we have time, and don't to a conflict and find nothing or afternoon when they least expect it. We can count on all of our boys and girls Gertrude."

"As upon myself," declared Gertrude. "Everyone of us has made shots, and we have plenty of ammunition, grenades and so forth."

"10,500," reckoned Penrod, ourselves make the five hundred hundred, and 10,000 10,000 counting on us. Now about our smaller machine guns."

"Most likely manned by our best boys," said Angeline Riches. "These we captured from capturing Glandelinian at various encampments."

"Myrrapilla Henry Stanek," the girls shouted threefold.

"I did think once I could have trusted all strangers," said Penrod.

"And to think that those two International Professional Spies, the of Italy and Spain," broke out Dolores Mio-Hollister. "Girls, girls, I could find it in my heart to blow the raft up, and abandon our expedition."

"Well little ladies, and little gentlemen of our blessed land and country," said Penrod. "The best that I can say is not much. We must be cautious if you please, and every one must keep a bright outlook. It's trying on us all I know, and it is our cross, but we must bear it as our Lord here bids. It would be pleasant to come to a spirited fight right away. But there's no help for it till we know our situation, and our positions and their strength."

"We just have to make mark our own time, that's my view..."

"Little Catherine here," said Mary Stanek, "can help us more than anyone."

The men not even strangers are not severe with her, and she is an attractive girl even though not at all pretty."

"Catherine, I put prodigious faith in you now," added the others.

For a moment Catherine began to feel pretty desperate at this, for she felt altogether helpless, and yet by an odd train of circumstances, and

"No you want to go to bed right away or do you want to wait till we land...?" she asked. "The guard should be notified now."

"I am afraid there is too much excitement," said Jack. "However I will try to sleep before that if possible."

"I'll try and make you some shift anyhow."

"I should be very much obliged if you can," Jack said. "For I don't know anything about strange landing places, and I can wake up in time the for raft beaches."

"Oh might you be Jack Saunders?"

"No, usually name is Jack Saunders."

"An then Gertrude has reserved her own tent for you too night, Penrod said three days ago that something good may turn out for us after all. But didn't you have supper?"

"No No I didn't," said Jack. "I didn't have time."

"I dare say you would like to have a wash first?"

"That I should," Jack replied, as he took off his boots.

In a few minutes he returned, and one of the girls directed him to the Mess Tent. In a short time a supper consisting of fish, taken from the water, and a little milk was placed before him, so he started eating.

Jack fell to vigorously, and the care that had been bestowed by the rest in securing things for his comfort, and wearing a late supper for him greatly raised them all in the boys' estimation. (and he began to look forward with warmer anticipations than he had done before to those in the region onto whom they had been so hostile to him for his carelessness of the past.) soon as he had finished he went off to bed, and in a few minutes was sound asleep.

Sleeping in the same tent with him were four other boyscouts who had seen twenty four hours of service without a moment's sleep, belonging as he knew to Penrod's Gang. They had, had a long trip before they had had the chance to sleep here. They knew that the where they were now heading for may be strenuous of the foe, and the peril may be very great, but they were so tired they went to sleep just the same. All the rest of the night, the girls and boyscouts were rather silent and little study at first as the crisis on water was nearly over for the day, but as the new portion of the shore came in sight they recovered their spirits, and when a maid Penrod came with their talk about the various prizes they had taken, and of the two recent sharp battles with the gladiators. Penrod too was not sorry that the land was so near. As it grew darker the boys came out with covered lanterns to help the girls to see their way about the moving raft, and as Penrod walked forward, a boy scout not knowing him in the dark asked:

"Are you Miss Rishoo?"

"No I am not. But if you want to see her I'll direct you to her."

"Thank you. Are you Master Penrod?"

"That's my name," Penrod replied.

"We are about two miles off yet," said the boy. "We might not reach there till about nine to night."

"Whatever suits you, suits me," answered Penrod.

Supper was already prepared for all the rest, but some of the men and soldiers were the sleepy to eat. And many of them had made a good meal from their hampers at about five o'clock, and when they had finished they had resumed their work. Penrod being off duty by Gertrude's request took a stroll about the raft walked all around its edges, took a good look at the faces of every man and saw that they were all familiar and not one a stranger, and therefore knew the stranger's whom Watbrook had overheard had left the raft by swimming to shore.

"I generally drive this raft over a shoreward myself," he reflected himself to himself. "None of these men who have been doing the paddling are are pretty tired now. They have been working since five this morning. I wonder how far it is to that place of land. The boy said two miles. I thought it ought to be a lot shorter but it is not, and it would be more pleasant for us to be able to land before dark, than drive there when already the whole of us is tired and sleepy already."

"Is it would be more pleasant," said some lad who had overheard him and thought Penrod was speaking to him. "The water however is very dirty, and I should not like to sit on a strange piece of land and at such times and so sleepy that I could not so scarcely keep my eyes open especially as I hear those spies who escaped might bring a force of the enemy down upon us, and make the situation rather peculiar."

"Yes then it will be rather peculiar," Penrod said. "The roadways are difficult to travel, the countryside not under water is all afire, and I should like not to arrive in a strange piece of land, with my clothes either all covered with dirt or mud or look as if they went through a city fire, and at the same time to be so sleepy that I can hardly keep my eyes open. I have heard also that Violet, and her sisters in what we do in facing dangers and unknown to us are rather particular."

"A rather isn't the word for it," another boy scout said. "They are particular and no mistake. I don't believe other great girls and women would notice whether we are all dirty or clean so long as we cannot help our situation, but if there is a spot of dirt on our own uniforms, they are sure to observe it. Not that they are so very typical. Princesses, they are far from that, but for the good of health, and for the appearance of all their regiments they look after things, I can tell you pretty sharp. And I don't say either that it isn't as well as they do, for there is no commander that lets things go any old way. Cleanliness is discipline on the army. Emperor Vidian is a man King he is, but he is so busy that even his own daughters don't have the chance to see much of him, and he don't appear in command of anyone's army, and stay at it, but is in command here and there. He just goes about the region with a motoric car. It's a pity every general who isn't like him. The damn enemy would have been pleading for mercy long ago..."

"Are the Vidian girls safe, even though they are missing?" another boy asked.

"Not as I know of. No one is getting any word of their whereabouts any more, though the whole country is being searched for them, and many thousands of secret agents and even the semi in the far lakes looking for them. Vidian says he has heard of their whereabouts but that they are not within any of our army but in some separate slave plantations where they had been brought by those who took them away. It's a pity there isn't someone able to destroy every gladiatorial army until they are returned. This situation with the floods, the fires, and like that, and now their taken away by the foe gives us and our country a lot more work to do. I don't doubt it a bit, and the enemy I suppose says 'The Christian doggies' shouldn't mind that. They call us dogs, tell us we are, and they are cats, who run like lightning to get away from us dogs. I have heard it used to be different in the earlier times, that it was impossible to hide the Vidian girls. Prisoners when they had been captured, and why they do not return now is a mystery to the whole army. This is the most wonderful thing that I can ever remember. I wasn't at the Christian lines at the time it happened. General Adolphe de Vub gave me a hint of the occurrence first, and there is no occasion to have more than one experience for there's only the enemy and Emperor Vidian between Vidian's line at Clair town, and Violet, and her sisters are surely somewhere now."

"How far is Vidian's line to Clair town from here?"

"It's about forty miles, and a precious slow trip by the flood in a water, but going any land if it wasn't for the floods, it would be only twenty miles and it would have been quicker. I've never been in such a situation before. Where's Mildred?"

"She's sleeping for a time."

There was little more said during the slow trip toward the land assigned for beaching. From time to time Penrod pointed out the various smaller villages on the shore half under water of course, and Penrod even wondered to him self how the whole force should ever manage to land anywhere. It seemed that they were in or on one of the lakes of mud, and that fiery hell was on the other side, and that burning towns were the city of him. Penrod had always been accustomed to many experiences of his own earlier experiences of lots of boyscouts of his age in the past, and during the movements of the armies there had been plenty of scouting, and thrilling times, so that time had never hung on his hands, but the experiences now that he had been going through, and the present prospects before him now almost as appalling as he had said once to Gertrude. It is like as if we all had been killed already, died in this war and were put in hell. The scene before us almost seems as if we were there. However he had promised Violet, and her sisters that he would try to make the best of things, to bring Gertrude through the scene of horrors, and he tried to assure himself that after all his three weeks of traveling or a man of it would seem to be over at last. After half an hour's movement the raft got jammed again and all the men were called to it to fight the wreckage flood and pull the raft through by blasting.

"Will you come into my tent for a few minutes, Penrod?" Gertrude said as the work was full under way. "Angelina Rishoo is expecting you."

671

Peurod felt extremely uncomfortable about the raft being jammed again, as he followed his commander across the raft. He came to the tent, and the sentry announced, "General Peurod." Gertrude rose from her chair and saluted and saluted him.

"I am glad you come so quick at my request Peurod dear, and I hope your efforts to watch the raft men perform their duty had been a comfortable one. It is very good of you to come when I know how tired you must be."

"But you look more played out than I am," said Peurod honestly. "I don't think you—"

"and he stopped."

"I You don't think I should have stayed up so late for fear it'll be a strain on me Peurod? Well that is natural enough my boy. At least if things were not so pressing I am sure I should not have cared to give up so much of my well needed rest. However that is why I wanted to see you, and I am very glad you have come. I wanted you to get one of your boys to guard my tent properly while I try to get some rest. I am one of your best friends you know and I desired this favor of you. Now I know what you are thinking of Peurod. I can see it in your face. No you mustn't. You get some one to guard my tent. You need rest too, and I do not want you to put a strain on yourself by staying up all night to do my work for me. You'd sacrifice everything if you could Peurod and I know it," she finished putting her hand on Peurod's shoulder and taking him to the lamp light, and looking steadily at him.

"Other people have said so Gertrude, but I can't see how you can ensure as much as you have. And besides you are so pretty, and I don't think it's wise for us boys to leave all the work to you girls."

"I think was rather an unusual point with Peurod who had a smooth soft face with large eyes and long eye lashes, and who had in consequence, been nicknamed 'dear old Peurod' by his followers, as whatever Peurod was going to set out for there was nothing like his stubbornness. The news had stuck to him in spite of everything he did, or tried to undo, and the fact that in the point of strength and activity he was fully a match for any Glandelinian boy scout of his own age, or older, and bigger but as there was nothing like derision conveyed by it, and it was indeed a turn of affection rather than of contempt, Peurod had at last ceased to struggle against it. But he sure longed for the time when the proper thing would happen for his country."

"I do not like you to sacrifice too much for even us girls, Peurod, but a boy I know can and does have his way many times, and you are a true boy all over. I fancy you know that Rascliffe would give anything if you was back."

"I know that Gertrude. I can swim to him if you want me to, but I know it'll be a long swim and a dangerous one. But what boy do you want me to, to get to guard your tent. You know I have the map."

"I should not trouble what boy Peurod, may you choose that you know. Everything will come out nicely in time you may be sure, and I like you all the better for your service to me, because you are certainly like my own sister. And now Peurod we may if it can be done, take a day off from duty to-morrow and we all will try to enjoy ourselves as much as possible as long as the enemy does not interfere. The work here is dull though we have been mostly all out of doors. I have arranged with Mildred Maxwell that you can go out horseback riding to tour a part of the country for us to-morrow if you are disposed. You can go three miles from our landing place. I am sorry to say we cannot make any efforts to reach Evangelina St. Claire from here but Mildred Maxwell had an excellent guardianship too and I am sure she will show you over the country. If you also wish Angelina Niches to go with you she may. I suppose you have had much to do with all kinds of girls?" she added at seeing a slight expression of surprise on Peurod's face which had expressed unmixed satisfaction at the first items of the programme.

"Plenty Peurod said. Of course many of my boy scouts have sisters but being here in the army not one of them has much time to see them now."

"I know anyhow you and all of us have got on very well together. Of course Angelina Niches is a year or two younger than you are, and I am afraid she is considered rather a tomboy. She and I and many of our girl scouts can easily climb the tallest of the trees, and in many similar ungirl like positions, so so won't find her a dull companion. She is a great pet of mine indeed indeed, as though she may not be as good a companion as you may be to you, I am sure as you know her well, or Mildred too you have already found she or her good substitutes. I can also say that if there is anything you would like you help, only to tell me, and if it be possible I will put you in the way of it."

672

"Thank you very much Gertrude. You are extremely kind." Peurod said very heartily, "for sometimes with being with so many friends his stay with the raft did not seem to be nearly as dull as he had feared. I am sure I shall get on beautifully."

Just at this moment the sentry came in. He announced the coming of Mildred Maxwell. She then entered.

"You have just come at the right moment, Mildred," Gertrude said, as she came in. Peurod was expecting you. I asked her Peurod to come early this evening as she promised to act as your guide and help you round the region."

The boy and girl shook hands with each other. She was indeed the first to speak.

"Well Peurod I'm glad to see you. I have been wondering what you were doing. Gertrude has been telling me you were coming. I like your company and think you have been the best boy to visit, and her sisters ever know."

"Peurod was taken rather aback. This is not the way any other girl scout had generally addressed him."

"I think you look jolly and good in your beautiful purple uniform," she said. "And that's better than looking nice."

"I think we mean the same thing," she replied. "Except that most of us girls say the word 'nice' and a boy always says 'jolly'. I like the word jolly best only I got scolded by Jane Melfort when I use it. Shall we go and watch the men prying the raft loose from the wreckage?"

Altogether Peurod had a very much pleasanter time than he had anticipated. He then spoke of what Katherine Estabrook had said concerning what the two spies had declared.

"Their opinion of us is in the reverse of flattering," he said. "Katherine told me that the spies said that us girls are all of us, and even boys too are the most disagreeable old cats and dogs they had ever seen in armies. The spies said we hardly ever open our mouths and when we do it is either to answer a question of our superiors or when we eat and drink. The spy even said, they remembered in a fairy story that there was a girl who ever she spoke let fall pearls and diamonds from her lips, but whenever we girls had boys open our mouths, they expect poison, in icicles, daggers and reptiles to drop out."

"To the Glandelinians maybe we are as bad as that," Mildred laughed. "We generally get on with our own ways very well, and we can be very kind to our foes and bad to them if we want to."

"The Glandelinians sure don't like me," said Peurod. "I suppose they don't like me because I'm a 'Christian dog' and that would be all well enough whether I had done anything to offend them or not, but it was just so bad the first day I came into general King's army. I am sure the world does not like it the way these Glandelinian armies carry on this war. I can imagine every nation king fidget in their chair. Well I am stopping them as much as I can, that's one thing, and it doesn't make much difference to me if the Glandelinians do choose to try all efforts to run me down like a hound. A hound usually turns on his pursuers you know, usually to the latter with fatal results. I like your Ablesmians immensely, even though I was a little foreign boy myself, a little Frenchie, and all of your Christian generals are wonderfully kind, but even to be in the army it would be awfully stupid work for me if it wasn't for you girl scouts, Mildred. I don't think I could stand it if it were not for our superiors together."

Indeed since he ever first had entered the army Peurod had got on capitally with all girl scouts. He had known and met, every day he and some girl or boy had taken long scouting tours together, generally alone, although sometimes Violet, or or any of her sisters were with her or him and Peurod had confided greatly in them all, and upon his being asked how he being a foreign boy liked his girl scout companions, said that they were better company than any he had ever had.

"None of the girls are nonsensical, Your Excellency, she had said to one of the generals. "Every one of them are as good as a boy to be with. I have never seen one girl that giggles when you speak to them, or those who never have a word to say for themselves, and it is never awfully hard work talking to them even for a single moment. Still I believe I have come to like them better than my former Canadian companions. Girls brought up in Ablesmia are naturally different to those of girls of other nations. They of course go to school, but in military affairs they are taught to behave just as much as it possible, but not to be unnatural, for that is impossible, and they generally grow up where nature intended them to be. They are good, have no scolding and bossy parents, though not allowed of course to do as they are liking as long as it is sinful, but they are brought up to be as natural as boys should be."

673

and who could save any Abbeisannian girl who could not tow a ball, or bat one as good as a boy, or stand up against football tackle...

Penrod had often been down at the headquarters of the Vivian Girls where he always was made welcome, the Princesses, and all their generals, and even their father being very anxious to learn much of his goodness and disposition as they could. They were well satisfied with the result.

One of those days emperor Vivian had said

"I always fancy I know what is in Master Penrod's mind. I reckon he has already quite settled it in his mind that some day, he'll be like a brother to my good saintly and brave little daughters."

"How absurd Your Majesty!" said Count De Biff. "Why Penrod is far from their position."

"Quite so your Excellency, but nevertheless we do not see anything like that and you know it despite our dignified position. But I don't mean that Penrod has any idea in his own head that the girls and himself are going to take such a fancy to him at present—only I know they will do so in the future as they are beginning to Gertrude. You know he has said he intends to show all his settle for them and I have no doubt that this lad will get the main bulk of us some day. I have often told you and all my staffs about Penrod and his sister Majorie who is with Violet's Regiment, and how her being in grave danger once had almost affected his whole life. It's natural that a good boy as he is, and being of Fra French Canada Canada should plan to do for others as he likes done for himself. He says he has no future of his own to look forward to except to see me turn glandelinia over my wife knee and turn her so she won't be able to sit down for a hundred years, so he looks forward to a great victory for us that'll break the world's record. He has no interest in life so far just now but only that, and from the kind of boy, and scout he is, my daughters have said, he has them beat a million ways, and will be and is a great menace to glandelinia."

"As far as I have seen of this boy scout I like him immensely," said Count De Biff. "He is evidently a straightforward manly lad, altogether un like French boys known. He also for his age has an exceptional amount of brains, he has been the essay literally at big forests on fire and proved it and he is of very great importance to our cause. He is bright, good tempered, but can get angry, and yet remain cool, but when he is over a bunch of boys and girls his military training, and what he has gone through, makes him a severe prize but firm, yet sensible superior. That is quite good enough to begin with, and we want him to be severe for otherwise he wouldn't be worth his commission. At any rate there is nothing for us to be troubled about if some day, he and my friends, your little daughters get to like each other more than is usual the prospect is a good one for the good boy if not there's no harm done. At present there can be no objection to our yielding to the request of your daughters, and letting them do what they can for him when they are found, for though they are missing like this, I do not at all feel for their safety, and I'll stake my fortune on it they'll return before three weeks is out of this month. If we can also get them back I know one who can. Violet, and her sisters as you say are more like military saints, and it is evident that the French lad regards them in the light of boys then as girls."

"They are every bit, breaking records for tomboyism you know Count, and has few girlish notions, or ideas, or otherwise they couldn't have accomplished what they did for the cause. They evidently have got on capitally together with Penrod, have learned him much, so even though we know they are missing even I their father, know they'll be back, and we need not trouble our heads about them but let things go their own way with a clear conscience."

Now to go back to the raft.

After Penrod had finished speaking with Mildred, Gertrude said:

"And so Penrod, you have found our expedition better than you ever could have expected?"

"Much better Gertrude. Everyone is kind, obedient, and therefore I cannot think anything else. Violet, and her sisters are most hateful to the glandelinians since these disasters occurred, and once when I stayed with them for two whole weeks, I should certainly have helped them play some trick or other just to play glandelinia out... I used to wonder why they disliked glandelinia so much when I first was in Kindergarten and I was not well acquainted with them yet. So now I didn't at first, I felt sorry even for glandelinia, pitied her, thought it was just a war over some common misunderstanding, and when I had the nerve pined to gently chide them for saying things disagreeable about glandelinia. But now, how I'm changed. I hate glandelinia more than they do."

674

"And what made you change?" asked Gertrude.

"What I had seen a few months after I had arrived," answered Penrod. "But after all at first it didn't seem to matter much to me, I thought it was all papa paper talk, to get the country excited against glandelinia. Of course knowing my thoughts Violet, and her sisters were very patient, and were so kind it would have been very stupid of me if I didn't join their cause heart and soul no matter what my opinion might be of glandelinia. We used to ride out and go for scouting tours every day. They were capital walkers, and good horseback riders as you know Gertrude, and very jolly—almost good as boys in their ways and things. They had said many times they had been boys, and I wished so too. Still of course Gertrude, I am very glad I have had my eyes open and I know what glandelinia is now. There is no country like her, you know, who even dared to do her awful deeds, and it's a horrid nuisance to think of all I have seen with my very eyes what glandelinia has been doing and did. Still of course I suppose as our Blessed Lord advises us all we should forgive, and as He wishes it I suppose I will have to do so. Anyhow I am glad to know what kind of a nation glandelinia is, and what she had been doing. Glandelinia is a menace to the world."

A few minutes later Penrod went down to try and see whether the men had got the raft on the move.

"Why Penrod?" said Jean walking up to him. "You are here already. I thought you went to bed."

"I am in a few minutes Jean," said the boy. "But I wanted to see why they are delayed so long."

"I know you did," the little girl replied. "Still it does seem strange without you on night duty. All the time I had been laying in bed I used to say to Jane in the other room 'Penrod will be with us to day Jane. It don't seem natural without him. And here you are when I am all right again. Thank heaven the weather is what it should be but if it would only rain and cause those forest fires. I'm tired of smelling that smoke.'"

"Well sooner or later about seven o'clock I'm going to bed anyhow Jean, and after that I mean to make the most of it. Are you going back on duty to-morrow?"

"At ten o'clock," the little girl said.

"Don't fear no trouble with the glandelinians."

"Lord bless you we sure won't see glandelinians pursuing us in the flood in mere boat boats. Anyhow our guards are too sharp for them, though I have heard a good many are strewing the shore with batteries somewhere in spite of all that we can do, and a lot of us might get stopped yet I'm afraid. But we don't trouble about them. Why bless your heart Fra Penrod if one of them in a boat was to run across us they could do nothing we have our machine guns. Besides all their troops I'm sure won't take chances with this rushing waters full of wreck and floating ships and houses. Well will you come and see me to-morrow morn'g."

"Yes I think so. Jean. Gertrude doesn't much care about my being out to night you know, but as I have been about for the last thirty six hours without a wink of sleep, I expect I'll go under if I do not get some well needed rest."

"Don't you do anything that Gertrude don't like, Penrod, there is never no good comes of boys vexing their good girl friends. I have known misfortune to follow it over and over again. Many boys think as they know best what's good for 't, them, but they don't, and sooner or later they are sure to owe it to themselves."

"I would never do anything she really doesn't like Jean, but I don't think she deserves my being out with you for a few hours to night. She knows she can trust you. Besides what harm could some of it do?—here you Joe, come here, I want you to do me a favor." He suddenly interrupted as the lad he mentioned passed.

"Yes Penrod what is it," saluting.

"You are a reliable boy," said Penrod. "I want you to guard Miss Aronburgs tent all night."

"Very good sir I will," and he sped off.

Penrod then continued

"You little girls have stood good rough weather."

"Oh yes pretty rough, but we never saw battles yet you know. Besides I believe we could stand the scene of battles you know, we might be as safe on a battlefield as we are here."

"This is dangerous enough," said Penrod. "But none of us ever seen content unless we are in a battle or going through everything we can. What good does it do to us anyhow. Yet this is bad enough for me anyhow. It reminds me of being in Bedou, with every one else."

"It sure does to me Penrod, too. I have heard you use exciting language too whenever the other boys who were careless did the wrong thing."

675

"Aye that may be," Fenrod admitted. "And on the way during our trips toward the Orphan Home I grant you that a little more speed was sometimes needed to my advantage. We ain't too sure about our own safe keeping yet, I own up to that, but nevertheless our raft is safe and steady, and she had plenty of storage room for to literally put our tent as if on dry land, and we have room for our whole troop of cawly, and horses besides. We sure have made the most unusual raft ever known that I have ever seen or could name..."

"That's true enough," Fenrod said.

"But what's more, she's a lucky raft, for it would not be easy to wreck her even if she was rammed..."

"I think that's more judgment than luck," Fenrod, though there may be some luck in it too."

"I know know don't know nothing about that Gertrude. Of course all of us need sharp eyes to see what can be coming on shore for you know glendelin batteries if they hurl the right kind of shells can do us a lot of damage. What I believe in luck. Well Gertrude do you think we'll reach our landing place before ten o'clock to night?"

"I don't expect to. Jean can tell you. Well I'm going to turn in. Jean will keep you further company till you turn in too. So long Fenrod."

and she returned to her tent.

"I'll soon be busy calling about the ten to morrow Jean," continued Fenrod to her. "And I don't suppose I shall have time to get down to help you before ten. If I am coming I shall be sure to be on time, so if I am not here by ten, I'll send you a note..."

"That will be all right," she said. "But you had better turn in too! You have sacrificed the greater part of your thirty six hours for our selves, and if anything does happen your glare will weaken you. I will pack you your breakfast for you if you like Fenrod. There is a nice place of cold meat in my supplies and I will have that made into sandwiches, and also some cheese put up for you. I know what our thrilling excursion is, and though we intend to land at a certain time, we are jammed, then the wind falls, or the tide of the flood turns or something of that sort, and then we can't make the land as soon as we expect. You know what a fright you gave us all you went out on the edge of the flood to go fishing for us some days ago. You were to have been back at three o'clock in the afternoon, and you did not get back till three o'clock in the afternoon, of the third day you went."

"I sure remember Jean, and there you and a score of others were on the shore when I came in on the boat. I sure had some time to get back, was carried miles down by the water having lost my oar, or paddle, and had to wait the chance to grasp a floating board. I was awfully sorry about it."

"Well I have learned bet better since, Fenrod, and I know now that there is not necessarily any danger, even if you don't come back by the time we expect you. And of course each time we have fidgetted, and you have come back safe. I have learned a certain amount of flood knowledge and have come to know that none of us can be accountable for time, and as we have experienced on our raft, if the wind drops or the tide turns, paddling will do no good, we are helpless in the matter and only have to wait until a breeze springs up again."

"I think Jean you ought to like this trip on the raft..."

"Why Fenrod?"

"Because Jean, when you get used to it, you won't be worrying your self sick. Of course we do not like to chance it at night, for though that might not cause us a bad disaster yet we do not know what we will strike, and we might get jammed for good. Otherwise there's nothing to worry about."

"Well Fenrod, perhaps that is so, although I own I never thought of that before."

"Nevertheless this is a dangerous section of the country as we are in," said Jean. "It's true enough we go out on the waters in the day time and don't make the trip at night, but nevertheless we are in dangerous country we all can worry ourselves, and having no thought as to what might happen, and to set on the raft, wondering and wondering, until you fancy all sort of terrible things. Now if we would risk a trip on the raft at night, we wouldn't expect to see land in the morning or at any hour you expect, and therefore there isn't any to make a person uneasy and feel fidgetty, neither could it always be safe for any of us to walk close to the raft's edge and to talk to others. We are sure in dangerous country Fenrod, and I had hardly ever cease praying that we will be safe. You know twice I've been wounded already, and a number of us have been killed."

676

"Well Jean, you are right indeed, but I have always seen in it in that light before."

The appearance of the landscape to which they were drawing to by the help of the light of distant forest fires was altogether changed. Although the breeze had now utterly ceased, and though they all had made a great deal of way during the day and evening had were now lying be-jammed in a flood of debris about half a mile to the southwest of the low eastern shore they found considerable land under water, and a big town partly submerged. Great smoke shrouded woods covered the land further up in an unbroken wall. This unusual even that was indeed broken up by streaks of yellow moving waters in the lower flooded lands, and by many tall trees of the big pine variety variety, outtopping the others, some singly, some in clumps their bases under water, as if growing in a swamp but the general coloring was uniform and sad.....

The hills partly covered thickly with smoke and broken by fires reflections ran up clear above the landscape and looked like volcanoes in eruption. By the glare of fire, and reflections, all were strangely and grotesquely shaped, and one of the highest hills which seemed to be about three or four hundred feet higher than the rest, and was likewise by the glow the strangest in configuration running up sheer from almost every side and then suddenly cut off at the top like a pedestal to put a statue on. A big derrick of a ship was "rolling scuppers" under the flood swell and it was feared by the scout sentries that the wreck might bear down upon the raft. The boats unmanageable because there were no one on the ship were taring at the blocks, the rudder was hanging to and fro, and the whole ship creaking groaning and jumping like a manufactory. Jean herself was on guard for three hours and she had to clean olding tight to the railing and the world seemed to turn giddily before her eyes, for though she was a good enough girl-scout, this appalling still and being rolled about like a bottle was a thing she had never learned to stand without a quake or so above all in the morning, on an empty stomach. Perhaps it was this - perhaps it was the look of the landscape, with its grey smoke shrouded melancholy flame lighted woods, and wild volcanic eruption like hills and the flood horror that she could see foaming and thundering onward - at least though the glare of fire shone bright and red, and many creatures were seen flying from the distant forests you would have thought any one would have been glad to keep off the land after even being so long on the flood, and at such scenes her heart sank, as the saying, is into her shoes and from that first look onward, she hated the very thought of the "Flaming Forests..."

she realized no one could be able to land till morning at least, and that it would be a dreary morning's work before them, for there was no sign of any wind, the raft this time was jammed tighter than usual, and they could do nothing, blasting couldn't be attempted for fear of attracting foes on shore, and it seemed if they must land it would have to be done by boats and then probably when on land the raft might somehow break loose and they would lose it entirely.

Jean had volunteered for one of the boats. Though it was night the heat was sweltering, and the men grumbled fiercely again at the glendelins for all this. Frank George Anderson was in command of the boat, and he grumbled as loud as the worst. All were deadly foes of glendelins, Jean could see that....

"Well," he said, with an oath, "It's not forever. We'll get even with glendelins bye and bye....."

Jean thought this was a very bad sign against all glendelins, for up to night the men had gone bravely and willingly about their work, but the very sign of the inferno on land, the flood, the raft being jammed, and the smoke darkened sky, the heat, and other causes of mental and physical suffering had relaxed the cords of discipline. Jean believed that should the glendelins attack now, the glendelins would have their own hands full, as these men were in no mood to be trifled with. All the way in, a man who was tall and stately, who was from his height and thinness nicknamed "Long Y John" stood by the edge of the raft and watched or directed proceedings. He knew the flood like the palm of his hand, and he never hesitated once.

"There's a strong pull with the floods abbe," he said. "And if we own pull with paddles on the raft to fellow that direction we may draw free..."

This at a desperate work, and much remarks about glandelinia on the part of the men finally succeeded, and they brought the raft out, but to make things worse the raft then got stranded, and the bottom was clean sand and mud. An explosive report from shore somewhere so suddenly sent up clouds of birds wheeling and crying over the water; in less than a minute they were down again, and all was once more silent. But again came the "Bang."

"Everybody quiet," cried the Long John. "I believe we are fired on."

They observed that the place was entirely landlocked, buried in the very woods, the trees all pines and fir, and even others seeming right down to the level at water mark, the shore of the floodplain mostly flat, and the hillsides standing high and long at a distance, and looking more smoky and glary than ever.

"If we are stuck here and the fire comes to us," said "Long John," "we are in 'Hell' and no mistake. Get to work boys and try and pull her loose. Beat these low shores. We are beached indeed."

The men worked like fury but the raft wouldn't budge. The shore near here from so much water looked like a swamp but some of them doubted if these trees would burn, declaring that from the waters all the trees nearest the flood were supplied with water to their leaves but Jean said:

"You're wrong. I've seen the fire burn to the water's edge. Water around trees won't stop the fire." From the raft they could see nothing of any opening in the forest, and if it had not been for a chart made of the country, and for Mylones map too the whole force wouldn't know whether they were still in southern California, or Hong, Kong China.

There was not a breath of air moving, nor a sound but that of the flows of wreckage booming and banging, and the roar of the floods rushing by. A peculiar stagnation of air hung over the raft, a smell of sodden leaves, rotting tree trunks, and vegetation. Jean observed one of the men snuffing, and sniffing like some one tasting a rotten egg.

"I know about glandelinia on shore here," he said. "But I'll stake my heart there's a fever here."

If the conduct of the men at work prying the raft loose from the under had been unusual—it became more truly so threatening. They worked hard growing together and making many opinion remarks of glandelinia. However the slightest order was received with a hearty good will, but their looks were always directed toward where glandelinia armies may be known. Every one seemed to have caught the infection for there was no one on board still awake to mind another. Yet danger it seemed hung over all like a thunder cloud.

And it was not only the men who perceived the danger. Long John was hard at work going from group to group, spending himself in very good advice, and as for example no man should have shown a better character. He fairly outstripped himself in willingness and civility, he was all smiles to every one. If an order were given, Jean could be at work at once with the cheeriest. "Yes, Yes Miss, or Yes, Yes sir" in the world, and when there was nothing else to do he kept up one song after the other, as if to cool down the air the content of the rest. Of all the gloomy features of that gloomy late evening this obvious anxiety on the part of Long John appeared the worst. He feared all were trapped unless the raft was pulled loose.

Some of the girls' officers who had not yet retired, held a council in the middle of the raft.

"Girls," said Angelina Riches, "If we risk to remain here too long, the whole forest of fires will sooner or later come about our ears by the run. You see girls, and boys too, here it is. We got into raucous positions, so we set. Well if we give the work pikes will be going in two shakes, but we cannot bring ourselves loose by that and if we don't do something we'll remain here forever, and then if the enemy would be close by, and know our situation the game about up. Now we're only one thing to rely on."

"And what is that?" asked Gertrude's aide-de-camp, George Hastings. "Have all the strong men leap into the shallowest water, and try to push the raft free. It's the only way to another things up. Look the glare is getting brighter every minute. Let's allow all the strong men to even scout the shore. If they all go we'll be at odds with the foe should be appear and we'll fight with them at a disadvantage. If they none of them go, then we can hold the raft, till it breaks free, and God defend us who are in the right sense. If some go mark my words girls, Long John who can command them will bring us some reliable information. He's the best man scout we have and very pipetoo."

It was so decided, and many received the news with less surprise and a better spirit than we had looked for, and then Angelina Riches called "Attention!" to everybody, and addressed them.

"My lads and girls," she said, "We've had a hot day trip before us, and night time is worse, and many of us are all tired out and out of sorts. A turn for the shore is too extremely dangerous here—the raft is still stuck in the bar, so we request that a good strong body of you men get out and see if you cannot push the raft free. The water isn't too deep here or other wise the raft wouldn't stick. If anything goes wrong the sentry will fire a gun."

It seemed as if the men were like pirates breaking their chains over treasure the way they set to work to obey her command, for they all came out of their bunks in a moment, and while pushing as hard as their strength would allow gave a cheer that started the echoes in a far away landscape rise, and sent the night birds once more flying and squalling round and on and above the raft. Angelina Riches was too bright to be in the way, she whipped out of sight in a moment, leaving Long John to arrange the party of workers, and it was well that she did so. Had she remained on deck of the raft she could no longer so much as have pretended not to understand the situation, and the men men would have become still more discouraged. It was plain as day indeed. Long John was the captain, and a mighty good crew of workers he had. All of the men worked desperately as suggested.

At last however the main party of workers was made up. Sixty soldiers were to stay on board the raft, and the remaining or as many as could hardly handle portions of the raft were to pull and push, while others were to go ashore, scout, and if enemies are in sight try to clear the region of them to make it a safe place. Then it was that there came into Jean's mind the first of the mad notions that contributed so much to save the lives of all. If sixty men were left on the raft it was plain that there would not be enough troops to fight should the enemy surprise the raft by another quarter, and since only sixty were left it was equally plain that it was her duty to scout in her own crafty way and see if glandelinians were anywhere near.

It occurred to her at once to go ashore, go in a jiffy she had slipped over the railing of the still stranded raft, and started to swim ashore. No one took notice of her, only one man saying, "Is that you Jean? Keep your head down as you swim or something floating in the water will jam you a wallop."

But the leader of the party going ashore, looked sharply over and called out to know if the swimmer was Jean, and from that moment she had begun to regret what she had done. The soldiers literally raced for the shore, while the rest were working still in a vain effort to draw the raft free, but Jean being a good swimmer and having some start, got far ahead of the others, and she no sooner reached the edge of the shore, when she noticed she was getting stuck in quicksand, but she caught a branch and swung herself out, and plunged into the nearest thicket, while the many soldiers were still a hundred yards or more behind.

"Christian dogs and advancing," she heard some one shout. "Retreat fellows. They are wise to us."

Then some one else called:

"Jean, Jean, you're in danger."

But any one may suppose, she either did not hear, or did not pay any attention, jumping, ducking, and breaking through, and ran straight ahead till she reached a large tree, which she had in mind to climb.

"There's a nice tree," coming now she thought of to herself as she stood before the tree.

In the meantime the work was going on but there seemed to be no headway.

The men were growing fatigued and about to give up.

But just then it began to heave.

"Now is it now?" asked Mildred who had gotten up at the commotion.

"Yes it's just right, it'll be better though if the raft was not too heavy. The sand bar holding it is rather thick, and I shouldn't be surprised if we get in deeper if we do not be careful, but it won't happen again I hope."

"But the wreckage masses."

"We don't need to fear that so much."

"Where's Jack Francis your lieutenant Jack? Asked Mildred. "The foolish scamp," the leader said angrily, "nothing will do for him but to go climbing up that cliff to scout, and he has been shot by some sniper and though not wounded much fell down nevertheless and twisted his leg, and broke his arm, and the doctor says he out of service for nearly a year now."

Some of the girls and boys began to cry or to swear if over it, while as I told them if anyone ought to cry it would be me, who's got to hire or get another lieutenant in his place."

"You are not sure we'll get the raft free to night are you?" "Joe".
"No I don't think we can, Miss Maxwell, I know you like to do things, and see things done. Many of the men are trying and we do not make any progress. But girl you'd better go back and get some sleep."

However the unexpected happens. It was only ten minutes later when the raft had to be anchored or it would have floated away and left the rest behind on shore. Some of the boys got off into a small boat and rowed off to find Jean, and call back the soldiers.

"There was no necessity for any one to bring so much provisions," said one man. "I know we are all fond of a fish fried just when it is taken out of the water if we can get any, but we have lots of provisions to say nothing of a mouthful of spirits in case we get wet. Not that it looks likely we shall for I doubt if there will be a wind to night. I was hoping however that there would be more wind, for we need it badly."

As all the soldiers came back, and Jean too the raft continued out down the flood. Gertrude had seen to it that the raft mentioned before was fitted as a fortress also: she had a handy idea by placing the machine and long range guns on all sides of the raft. When they got further out on the water some of them decided to fish while the rest went to their cots and beds for a night's sleep, as it would still take all night to reach the spot of land they were heading for. The wind had freshened a little bit since they had started again, but there was no heavy seas to speak of. There was not in thick with a smoke fog, and the stars could not be seen, and the glow of fires too had disappeared. The fishers had succeeded in securing a number and the night sentries were allowed to fry and eat them. Jean had speared two or three fine fish from the first haul, and these she took down and soon had frizzling over in a frying pan over a small fire in a camp stove, which she had lighted as soon as the raft was under sail.

"These are for you Catherine," she said. "With your permission I shall not eat anything to night. Fish isn't to be had to me, and I don't often care for meat. Keep your eye peeling while the others are asleep. There are not many floating derelicts of ships about in the flood, still we might tumble against one."

"It's strange we can't see the fire light in this smoke mist," Jean.

"No, we couldn't, and what's worse, smoke can be so thick as to shut off the glare altogether. That is how some towns get surprised by the fire so that no one gets a chance to escape."

"It would be a good thing to know a certain town, Jean, and be able to signal to it if it was in danger."

"Ay, my Jean," said but you see in such awful books it ain't convenient, and war time either. And a town too does want to show lights in her windows to any Glandelinian hordes that may be roving about, and you may be sure the Glandelinians don't want to attract any attention of their victims until they are close upon them. No there is no lights of any kind seen nor not in these regions. It's only when the air is clear we can see the fires and the glows."

Now that the raft was all right there was hardly no occasion for any one but the night paddlers to be up and awake, and nearly all the rest went to get their sleep. Jean too. The first two hours of the night passed very quietly.

"So far we have had good luck," said one of the men at the paddles, "and I notice we generally do well when we have these brave girls out with the raft. We are making more progress than we have since we first started out when the raft was made, and if it goes on like this, we shall make a good thing of it. We need to reach a good piece of land bad enough. The war has made everything so terrible that we don't know where we are."

"What time is it now do you think?" "Frank".

"About ten o'clock I reckon. I hope it'll begin to get lighter by some later hour either by a moon or something so we can see our way. We had scarcely spoken when he shouted loudly; "Ship ahoy. Look out for yourself boys. We are going to crash. It moving down on us like a monster."

Startled by the suddenness of the cry many of the sleepers awakened sprang to their feet. They saw a great of white foam a few yards away in the darkness. A moment later something dark passed over the edge of the raft and a rope brushed a man's cheek and as it did a so a black mass struck the raft

There was a terrible crash, a shock, and the ship getting the worse of it from the sharpness of the raft's edge, and heaving badly stove in, amid the noise of rending timbers began to sink down like a stone and went half way and then stopped barring further progress of the raft, which however was stuck in the ships bow. Many of those on board the raft staggered under the force of the collision or were thrown flat, the raft was partly covered by a wave made by the shock, and one man whose head was caught by the leg by a heavy heavy beam and though not hurt could not work himself loose.

"Help he shouted. Help! Help! Help!"

A few seconds later a the light of a lantern was flashed upon him. Then several of the soldiers managed to lift up the beam, which came from some portion of the boat, and another dragged him from under. A minute later he was safe, and others now set to work to pry the raft loose from the ship's wreck.

"Thank you," he exclaimed. "Have you seen anything of the man who was with me? There were two of us at that spot. If not please look for him at once."

"I'm afraid it's no use," one of the soldiers said. "We must have gone down or got killed and will never come up again. You came along with me to the doctor. We must see whether your leg is hurt or not."

In the meantime a feeling of uneasiness seized Gertrude, who had been awakened as she saw the crash and its results. She could for a moment see nothing for the lantern had been placed in a barrel from suspension of the unknown where; at the moment a hail came from the stern of the raft, and Gertrude's fears were at once realized, for the man had said: "The raft is tightly wedged in the wreckage of the boat. We'll have to take the chances to make noise by dynamiting or we'll be here forever."

The reply was from Penrod:

"Well go ahead then if you must. Who was responsible. Why didn't they look more closely. This is the third time to night we've been jammed. See Gertrude what did I tell you. It's better to have remained on land. Take the man who got caught to the doctor and see if he is injured or not. We have suffered no damage to the raft I hope!"

"Not as far as any one can see by the light of the lantern, but some of our carpenters carpenters have gone to see if they couldn't get the raft loose from the foundered ship. If not we'll blow up the ship."

"Will please someone all of a sudden shouted. Help, help, help!"

"Somebody in the water," cried one of the soldiers. "Maybe it's our comrade. One of the soldiers lighted a candle and flashed in the direction of the cry. The soldier saw a figure crawling out on a piece of wreckage left by the stove in ship, and he called by two men, one of which seized him by the collar, and another by the arm, and lifted him out of the water. A minute later he was standing on the raft.

"Thank you very much," he spoke in broken language. "Have you seen it three horses who were with me. There were three of us, can be heard from boat and your raft sunk it as the boat collided with you."

"There's no hope for any one friends," one of the boys said, as he noticed the man rescued had a strong foreign accent. "Many may have gone down and will never see up again in this flood. Was you a refugee?"

"That's what I'm."

"What?"

"I'm."

"Speak plainly sir. Can't you speak on tonight?"

"Not very good sir."

"You come along with me to the head leader of this raft."

The stranger felt uneasy, for feeling he may be suspected as a spy. He could see nothing, for the candle had been suddenly put out the moment he had touched the decks of the raft. At this moment a hail came from the stern of the raft, and the strangers fears, were at once almost realized, for it was an Abbeismian. He thought to himself: "The dreaded force of the foe. Glandelinians. Now Will I escape?"

He heard the reply come to the hail and it was in the same tone, and he was left.

"Take him to Miss Armburg, and let's see what he is like. If he's a Glandelinian he'll have to submit being a prisoner or give his parole to be free...."

The captain of the boy scouts who gave the order led the way down into the locality of Gertrude's tent. Then when a glare suddenly appeared from the forest fire the German stranger was flabbergasted. He was among child scouts and men in strange dark uniforms. The tent into which he was brought was comfortably furnished, and lighted by a swinging lamp....

"Do come along Jack Jacques, you will be needed to interpret," said another boy scout.

Gertrude was surprised when she saw by the light of the lamp that the person they had rescued was not a man as she supposed but a fourteen-year-old foreign lad, of German appearance, well dressed, and evidently above the condition of the mid military.

"Who are you young?" she asked, "and what have you to say for yourself?"

"The question was translated by Jacques.

"I like that indeed," the boy said indignantly. "What have I to say for myself? I think the main thing is what have you to say for yourselves. We were refugees in a boat, when that boat that hit you rammed us and sank and drowned my parents and sister, and haven't even stopped for a moment, none of you to see if you could pick them up. I call it shameful and inhuman."

Gertrude Angeline grew red as Jacques translated the speech, the report of which he had indeed made out for himself, for although he did not speak any other tongue and only English very bad outside of his own, he understood it pretty good.

"Tell him it was not our fault, that men are out in boats looking for the others. We did not see his boat till the boat struck him and took for his parents and sister what chance was there of finding them on such a dark night as this, though we are trying to do so. And we have all we can do to break free from the wreck. Besides if they were alive they would have shouted as he did."

The German lad saw when he understood what Gertrude said, that there was real truth in her words, and that the chances of discovering his parents and sister was indeed slight, even though the boats of men were trying to locate them. Proving the flood didn't sweep the three on down the tide.

"May I ask what ship this is, and what you are going to do with me?"

"This is no ship, this is a raft, as to what we are going to do with me, it is not so easy to say, as we do not know whether you are a friend or a foe. Of course if you like you can jump overboard again, but if not sorry you can stay on board until we have the opportunity of putting you ashore somewhere where it is safe for you. How did you and your parents come to be on board a boat at this time of night? For I suppose it was a boat the wreck rammed against the raft."

"I lived in Germany," the boy replied, "and had only been in this country before, the war started."

"Well you are out of luck this," Gertrude said. "That will do Jacques. Take him forward and sling a coat for him. Hang up his clothes on a line, they will be dry by the time he awakens."

The German lad asked no questions, as he was taken forward, as to the character of the raft, and its occupants. He saw however that six guns were ranged along each side of the raft, edges making twenty four altogether, and this and the appearance of the girl scout officer was sufficient to inform him that he had fallen into the hands of Abyssinians, and that he was in no danger if he can prove he is no foe. Jacques as he hung up the hammock bed explained to those who asked him the character of the passenger, who had so unexpectedly come on board.

"Poor lad," one of the boys said good naturedly. "We will be something before he'll see Germany again. Never will he see his parents. I'm afraid he hasn't got a very bright outlook for him or before him—a long voyage and then a refugee camp. If will go and see if we have anything for him. A lot of spirits will do him good."

A few minutes later the girl and a German boy was helped into the cot, and the glass of strong brandy that he received soon caused him to go off into a sound sleep in spite of the painful and uncertainty of his position and of his successful thought of his parents and little sister, who he felt sure were drowned. It was nearly midnight, before he woke. He was awakened by a great crash, looking round him he saw he had had transportation of the raft all to himself. His clothes were hanging by a cord on a line near by and in a few minutes he was on deck. The raft had been forced free from the shipwreck, but had in going backwards crashed into a floating house behind crushing it. A sense of disappointment stole over him. He had while drifting entertained the hope that on going forward he should see that the raft was heading for land, but he saw by a light that some had looking boat aimed to be in pursuit, the wind had again dropped, and the air was still thick with smoke fog and his vision with darkness combined with the smoke was confined to a circle a quarter of a hundred feet in distance. A little boy coming up to him accompanied by Angeline ran nodded to him in a friendly

manner good tempered way, for all on board were good people. Their voyage however had been, it seemed delayed propitiously, the darkness of the night, and the smoke fog had enabled them to run what they believed past any dangerous shores, but they were still in the same spot, and though the smoke fog reduced their chances of being seen by an enemy in the minimum they had made no further progress than when they started.

"Where about are we?" the German boy asked.

"We are in the same place where we started from I presume," said the girl scout, and I guess some distance of a mile off land. We should go ahead you see, and we are still logged. This is what we girls call an adventure."

"Oh I see. You were working down the flood," the German boy said. "You are not Glandelinians I believe!"

"Glandelinians. Say boy it's would be an insult for any one to call us Glandelinians. We are Abyssinians, Calvinians, and Adgelinians aboard here. If you are all right you'll sure find us fine and true friends."

"And where are we going to?"

"Ah," said the boy with her, "That is a question for the 'raft' to answer if it can talk. We intend to head for Evangelina St. Claire, but we are still here."

"Why that is in Uncle Fane Cabin," said the boy puzzled.

"Maybe it is. But we do not mean here," laughed the girl. "You boys being new are not familiar with our towns. That place is a city."

"Oh, my mistake. And you are heading for that port?"

"Yes."

"Are you, going to chance it on this dangerous flood?" the boy asked anxiously.

"We have to I suppose. It's more dangerous on land. We hope not though but we will have to unless we have the luck to pick up some means of getting through, and we might then assert ourselves to the town. But unless we do that we do not touch anywhere but stay here, luckily for you I suppose because after all it's a great better great deal better cruising on this raft than running through all the perils on the shore. I know pretty well for I was four months pursued by snakes, fires, and what not. How did you come to be on the flood, if I have the liberty to ask."

"The Glandelinians forced me on. I was four years in their possession before I ran away from slavery to return to my parents, and then a fugitive a week ago before I got on this raft. That is how I came to speak your language a little. It was a weary time of it, though we were not so badly treated, not half so bad as I have heard that the prisoners and slaves are in some other sections of the foe camps. No I owe you Christians good will on that account, and from what I have heard some of the Glandelinian prisoners are the worse of all. My old mother taught me lots of military things when I was younger. Besides what the use of making yourself so unhappy about it when you cannot do anything."

"How did you escape the Glandelinians?" Angeline asked. "Were you exchanged?"

"No I was not, as the Glandelinians do not exchange boys and girls for other prisoners not except in Hyetser Gray, and I wasn't there. And I might have waited long for that believe me. I can't make out myself why your own governments don't do something about these floods. At any rate they do in my country. One would have thought they would be glad to do so as to save themselves the trouble and expense of looking after and taking care of so many victims. Governments always have such serious ways."

"But how did you get away from the Glandelinians?" Miss Ann asked.

"It was the child slaves who helped me," the boy replied. "You know it is that it is always women or children that helps men or boys out of dangers and yet most boys and men think girls are cowards. It was just recently that I escaped. It was a girl slave of some Glandelinian General. He used to bring to the general his male sometimes when we were forced to work in the fields and on trenches. When I first went there, she had a younger child with her, also a girl. At first not knowing better, or seeing things right, I had no good, say I had very bad opinions of girls, looking at them as very evil, sissies, and good for nothing and so forth, well usually that it was with many where I came from but here, they astonished me. I do believe you girls are boys sometimes. Since then I have been as fond of girls as I am of boys. The older girl slave at first knowing I was not a mere slave but a prisoner saw me speak to her little girl friend one day, and I supposed she guessed it reminded me of home for I had mother father and sister. She noticed I was very friendly to the little one, and as I did many things secretly for the little girl it made a sort of friendship between me and all the child slaves who began to trust me. You can always win a girl's heart by taking notice of their friends. When over the Glandelinians were not looking

I used to carry the baby girl on my shoulder. So it went on till the better time came. One day after the battle at Redrick Junction on the Goderme Creek, known by the Glandelinians as the "Goderme River" the little girl was running across the trench to its elder girl friend as she came out from the camp of the retreated army. Two of the Glandelinians were running us frantically. "Keep away! Fire coming on to camp. The fire came near and striking us both, and I was as fond of the child as if it had been my own, and though Glandelinians tried to hinder my purpose, I rushed forward at them and knocking them down, ran through the fringe of the birch and saved the child. The guards rushed up, and I got a fortnight's close confinement on the charge of "Reckless daring to suicide." Even Glandelinians will punish a soldier or a prisoner for being rash. "One said 'It's all right to rescue any one, whether it's a slave you feel, but if you claim you're a Christian why suicide. Fire is worse than bullets or shills.'"

Another time I got punished again. The Glandelinians were skylarking and running away while the child was running. One of them knocked the little girl down heavily in a collision. It indeed was an accident, but you know how Glandelinians are, they don't have no feelings for child slaves and he only raised Cain at the child for being in his way. I hurried in and I was compelled to do night guard duty for punishment at the most exposed part of the camp. And the Glandelinians say I shouldn't commit suicide.

The first time I was released from confinement again, and met the elder child slave, the little one ran to me but the girl, a little to my surprise, and first to my unness nymess said nothing, and seemed cold toward me. She passed without even giving me a look, and I thought she had turned against me, but the little child ran up, looks cautiously to right and left and giving me a hug and a kiss said:

"Gatty gave me this to give to you," and she put a little note in my hand. I took the first opportunity to read it in a quiet spot where there were no Glandelinians around. It was as follows: "Far as I can remember it:

"Dear foreign boy, too bad I do not know your name but it's better for us I don't. I saw how nobly you saved my little friend from fire, and how nobly you stood up for her, and how you got punished for protecting her twice. You have always been good to her. I have often thought I might help you to escape, but was afraid to try. But I learned you are neither a foe of the Glandelinians, nor the Christians, you are a foreigner, and I do not see how the Glandelinians keep so prisoner, even though they do not treat you badly. Now I will try to help you. It will not be easy as you know, but I will manage it. Do not be impatient, the child will give you another note, when I have quite arranged things. I shall never talk to you in the future or I won't even be friendly or else when you have got away I may be suspected, and then I'll be a w swinging, so do not be surprised at my seeming cold, or hostile."

After that the elder girl always pretended not to let the little one even come near me and when the child did it seemed as if she had only slipped away from her elder guardian, and every time she brought me something: once a little pistol, and cartridge belt, and a little packet containing three small daggers, and a hunting knife. On the paper which held this was written: "For your defense if perused. You shall have a horse secretly next time. I'll manage to have it not as a runaway horse but it is trained to stop where it hears a funny whistle. Enough next time the child came again, pretending to have slipped away and had hidden in its flock a hawk of very thin coat which I managed as I was playing with her toally unobserved into my breast. Gathering days next time she slipped. The note read:

"The horse at the signal will at night stop in front of the tent. I'll see that the guard is asleep. There will be no moon. I shall be waiting with my little friend and others as I'll have to escape together this. If you can find something beside the little pistol do so. There will be a boat on the river ready to take you away. It turned out more better than I had expected. It was a pitch dark night, but the blowing, and the squires kept inside their confinements. I got the horse to come up all right, and the girl came riding one with her friend on the back hanging on to the me down to the Goderme Creek three miles away and there we got on board a boat, and I was rowed out to a Christian raider's cruiser which at once put up steam and two days later we were at Pandora. I escaped, and that is how I came to learn Abbeismians. That elder girl, afterwards I learned turned out to have been Fannie, one of the Vivian Girl Princesses."

"Did you ever hear whether the Vivian Girl Princess who helped you was ever suspected after she escaped with you?"

"I saw some of her boy scouts, a few weeks afterwards on one of the trips. He said of course there were many inquiries made, and every child slave had been questioned closely, as to the identification of the escaped girl. But they either knew nothing, or wouldn't tell but it didn't do any good anyhow, and even the prisoners bore her out about not coming near me, for it had been noticed that she seemed not as friendly as she had been, that she had given me nothing but haughty looks, that she wouldn't speak to me any more, which in a way was true. Some had thought she was either ungrateful or fancied that she was angry at my interfering and making a tumult with my captors or that I was disowned because I was a foreigner. Anyhow whatever suspicions they might have had they couldn't think of anything else but that I had escaped myself and to cover my escape forced her to go with me. I sent her a letter of thanks by one of the boy scouts, and a little present for her, and for the little child. The boy scout was to give them to her. Any way they say girls are frail cats. Any one else that tells me that and I'll show him something believe me."

"Well I only hope." Angelina Rae said, "At when I get shut up in one of the Glandelinian prisons, I shall find some child slave, or maybe one of the Vivian girls spying there, who would aid me to make my escape, just as you found one of them to help you, only I hope it won't be five years coming about."

"Some Glandelinian camps though look sharper after their prisoners than those under the Wenleys do, still it may be. But try not to do such a stunt of becoming prisoner just to try it out girl."

"But how about myself here." He asked again.

"Well boy as you are a foreigner, and if you do things well, and learn more to speak our language, and make yourself useful and show your true character, I do not think we are likely to hand you over to the child & Christian authorities when we get back to any Christian camp again. You never fought for the Glandelinians did you?"

"No I never did, and I am quite ready to learn the language and make myself useful." the boy said. "It is always a good thing to know Abbeismian, especially as I'm going into your army as a boy scout some day if I can, that is if I ever can get to the army in time."

"Oh I think you will do so." the girl said. "You keep up your spirits well, and that is the great thing. There are many boys and girls too that would sit down and cry all night and all day if they found themselves in such a fix as you have got into."

"Ory," repeated the boy almost indignantly. "You don't suppose a boy of my age would cry like a baby. An English or a German boy would be ashamed to cry, especially when so many of your girl and boy scout might be looking on."

Angelina laughed good naturedly.

"There would be nothing to be ashamed of," she said. "We do not cry over things because we are used to our crosses. We laugh and cry and sing and we can show our mettle when we are aroused. And why shouldn't we?"

"For many, many things," the boy replied. "as if I had lost my parents and sister crying wouldn't help me any though I feel sure I should cry like a great big baby. But what would be the good of it?"

Angelina shrugged her shoulders.

"Many of the people are so different," she said. "as to be a coward because they cry or howl." "I have been in foreign countries myself and have seen two girls fighting and pulling each others hair and crying all the time but they fought on. They did not cry because they are afraid. Of course they ought to have been ashamed of themselves to fight at all. It was disgusting when my twin in my country here children never hate and fight each other, though they fought boy and girl scores of the enemy and do not pull each others hair either. If that is the way foreign children fight, no wonder they can't learn military ways."

A few minutes later another boy scout came by and told Angelina Rae to inform the German boy, that Miss Aronburg had ordered him to go back to his bed and that by morning he would be supplied with clothes similar to those worn by the rest, and that he would be given some duty in the morning. The boy was well pleased at the news. He felt that the best way to show he was a friend was to make himself useful by being the raft and to become one of them as soon as possible, so that he wouldn't be mistaken as an enemy and sent off as a prisoner. As long as he was on board, and there were not Glandelinians he would not even escape if opportunities presented themselves. He could have easily slipped away in the dark, or the raft might be captured by Glandelinians. He therefore returned to his alacorty.

686

That he would or might have a hard time of it for a while he felt sure, for although he Angelina Rae he probably had found one who might trust him at a start, he saw by the scowling glances or suspicious and distrustful glances of many others as he passed near them on his way back to the bunk that the national feeling told heavily against him. He felt sure they believed he might be an enemy boy, or a German boy. Nor was it surprising that it would be so. The animosity between glandelinians and Abbeasmanians had lasted so long and was so furious that it even had extended individually. Glandelinians disliked Christian people like we dislike a deadly reptile and despised them. Abbeasmanians hated glandelinians like a saint hates a wicked firm friend, and so many spies of the enemy happened as men or boys of strange nationalities, that no one could be trusted unless he could prove his true character. Even a stranger to carry a Rosary or a garbed Article was not enough, as glandelinians did that for disguise, and also what the enemy had done already, the long succession of dreadful disasters of all kinds, the victories the enemy had won afforded some justification for the Abbeasmanian's opinion of the enemy. Therefore to the Christians the glandelinians were absolutely contemptible. Of course in battles the foe showed as much valor far inferior to that of the Christians, and indeed the Glandelinian victories or those that were won were due to two causes. In the first place, the superior physique and stamina of the fierce glandelinians the result partly of race, better sanitation and war materials, and partly of feeding they were consequently to fight and charge and endure faster and longer than could their Christian adversaries. In the second place however the wicked glandelinians went into battle with an absolute conviction that he was going to be victorious by fair means or foul, while the Angelinians on the other hand, although more numerous and determined to do his best to win had from the first doubts whether the Glandelinians would not be as usual victorious.

It is probable because of the awful desolating scenes of war produced by the foe, the Angelinians hated the Glandelinians more than the enemy so far did them. The Christians had loved their national prestige, had defeated them whenever it was necessary, but the glandelinians too had also loved the national prestige of their Christian foe to a further extent, and had reveled the ease of the Abbeasmanians having blockaded their ports, ruined their international trades, inflicted immense damage upon their fisheries, and subsidized other Christian nations against them and was the heart of the center of the conflict against wicked glandelinia was struggling so desperately to maintain herself.

But glandelinia fought her war in a treacherous way proving that what she was, thought of by Abbeasmania to be true. It is not therefore surprising that about the whole force on board the raft there were many who for a time that night and the next day viewed the German lad with hostile distrustful eyes, and only refrained from personal violence owing to the strict order of their girl and other leaders, who had stated that though for a time he was looked upon as a "prisoner" he should be well treated. In the meantime his true character should be tested.

Toward midnight a strong gale rose from the southwest and the enemy fog was driven toward land, and more lookouts were stationed on high points. There was little fear of any glandelinians passing having come over so far toward their own course, but glandelinians searching cruisers might be anywhere. But nothing but wreckage flows thick as ice on a cold frozen sea could be seen at intervals sometimes far out on the horizon, but as the raft still was not forging ahead the leaders of the night shift had no idea of commencing operations until morning should dawn. The German boy because of the heat could not sleep for a time and as he lay awake could not help admiring the size of the raft, and although he knew he was a captive, and every mile that would be reeled off would take him further away he felt sure he was better off a prisoner among them, than among the enemy.

He could also see the trimness and every make of the raft and as far as his building and so forth went they were vastly the superiors of any one he had ever seen, and the raft looked to the German boy almost like one of those made for mere show in its cleanliness and order, and in these respects rival with anything he had ever seen in his life. Toward the time he got up very early in the morning he was given work rubbing and polishing the guns and brasswork, and was not idle for a moment from the time the daylight began to show and when he came dressed as one of the other boys. There were two girl scout officers about his own age at that time on the forward part of the raft, and as soon as his morning work was done, they began to question him, and they were Dolores, and Jean....

687

Fortunately Angelina Jennings came up and she said: "Girls this young stranger boy is at present one of the members of our force though a captive, and he is just the same right to fair treatment as anyone else so please do not be severe with him until you know whether he is an enemy in disguise or not. I know enough too of these real German or English boys to know that even us in a fair fight would not have the least chance with him. He could thrash six of our boys at once. So I advise you girls be good to him and leave him alone, and if he turns out a friend he might fight for us like a German lad does. All the time I was a prisoner I knew what it meant not to receive fair treatment among the foe. And before this voyage is over it is not impossible the tables will be turned, and that we all may find ourselves prisoners in the hands of the foe, so I recommend to you to behave to him in the same way you would like to be treated your self. I do not believe he is an enemy in disguise. I can see the lad is good tempered and willing. That is the opposite of Glandelinians. He is a stranger here among us all, he can't speak but little of our language, and he has a right to fair treatment when he gets to know our language he will be able to shift for himself but until he does get used to it I want to look after him, and anyone who plays tricks on him has got to answer to me."

As Angelina Jennings was one of the most powerful in authority and active girl scout leaders on board the raft, next to Gertrude Angelina, this assertion was sufficient to put to rest all suspicious questioning of the lad, and he had a much easier time of it than he had expected. The scouts finding him willing toward and anxious to befriend and oblige in every way, and to say his prayers morning noon and night, and to attend Mass and Holy Communion readily suspected his true character that day and took to him, and by paying attention to their talk, and asking the Angelinians name of every object on board of the raft it was not many minutes even before he found himself able to understand that he could obey orders, and do so anything requested of him. That morning the wind had dropped again, and more sail was set to the raft, and when the word was given to go aloft he went up with the rest and he was just as good at loosening the gaskets as any and he had no feeling of discomfit, and nervousness for he was to their surprise as quick and active aloft as any of them on board the huge raft. After the raft was finally broken loose from the floe it was headed a little westward, though they kept the shore in sight. A vigilant lookout was now kept two being always stationed aloft and by the increased animation of the rest the boy judged that they hoped to arrive at a point where they should head for some stretch of land where they hoped to beach it for the time. He had therefore quite made up his mind that, as these were foes of Glandelinia he would even take part in a fight against the glandelinians, whether he was commissioned or not, unless ordered otherwise. As soon as the light came a little better and at seven bells the boy found that the whole of the upper sails had been taken off the raft and the top sails lowered on the cap, and the raft was only moving through the water at the rate according that the paddlers could pull her against the current. He guessed that this was done to become they might be leading into the tracks of wreckage flows, and that her object in thus taking off sail was to catch sight of dangerous debris or pirateing foe vessels along her shore in the distance, while she herself would be unobserved by them. During the course of time before breakfast, several immense masses of debris were seen passing, and bodies intermingled but all at a considerable distance. Neither the leaders did not think it safe to go too far out or they did not like the looks of some of the passing wreckage flows -- but at any rate they made no movement to come too close with any of them, and it was not until a little before noon that sail was again hoisted and the raft allowed to go on her course, and the men allowed to rest from paddling.

Just like at midnight many were on the watch and from time to time, this girl scout, boy scout officer and so on frequently swept the north waters, and the shore with their field and other glasses. He apparently observed nothing until about just at the call to breakfast, eight o'clock while one of the girls stood for some time gasping intently astern. Then she turned, gave an order to one of the boyscouts, who went to another quarter, and two or three minutes later Angelina Riches came on deck. He gasped, he thought she was an angelic apparition. After speaking to the girl scout officer she too gazed intently astern. Then the raft was for a moment stopped, and then the course was suddenly changed, the sheets eased off and for half an hour she ran at sharp angle to the course she had before been following then she was brought up into the eye of the wind, and laid to..

Although the German boy strained his eyes in the direction which the superior girl scout officer had been looking, she could see nothing, but she had no doubt seen something amazingly strange, and that the object of the change of course was to let it pass without an accident. He rather wondered that in stead of running off in the wind, the girl scout officer had not put her about as he to take her position to the windward instead of to leeward of the floating debris, but he soon arrived at the object of the manoeuvre. There was no sunbeam to be seen, and the bank of smoke clouds overhead stretched away to the west, and the horizon to the east was entirely veiled up like hellfire in smoke but to the west the sky was lighter, and a huge mass of debris lodged with floating houses, trees, and immense "bombs" of dreadful articles could be seen clearly visible to the eye. If the raft got in the path of us, there would be frightful loss of life. The raft there fore in the position she had taken up was to avoid a collision, while those on board could obtain a full view of the danger as it passed. In about half an hour the menace came along. It was a mass of debris, interlogged with masses of trees, huge boards and timbers, railroad ties, houses, and every kind of household furniture, and things tightly intermingled, and clogged with bodies and pieces of iron held fast by the mass, and all who had come forward to see now clustered against the fence of railings, and eagerly discussed it. It was about a quarter of a mile to windward, and opinions different as to whether it would float shoreward and jam up or continue on down the floods. The German boy wondered that the crews on board the raft had not tried to get alongside as far as it was safe, and take some needed articles on board, but he understood now when he asked, that there was a strong possibility that the a mass might by some freakish act of the floods current swing some unusual way, and then the raft would be crushed. As soon as the dangerous mass had passed, the branches were damaged and the yards swung round, and the raft continued her course. The raft indeed had come pretty close to the mass no matter how much astern.

That morning Jean told her story of her experience on the land before she had returned to the raft. It ran as follows:--

"I was a pleased comrade after leaving smoke of giving the ship to also to the glacialians who had retreated before our men, and for a time I began to enjoy myself and look around me with some interest on the strange land that I was in. I had crossed a dry tract of high pine, birch, and spruce of all kinds and off odd outlandish trees and then had come up upon the skirts of an open piece of undulating, sandy country, abounding with low, scrubby shrubs, few pines, and a great number of comfortable trees not unlike the oak in growth but pale in the foliage like cottonwood. The far side of this open space and of the long smoke covered hills with two bright glaciers at different points, shined vividly as a bright sunset or sunrise.

Though there was danger I felt for the first time the joy of exploration. I feared not the Glendalinnans, you can cope with them when armed, but we can fight a forest fire with guns! The region seemed again uninhabitable, and my comrades that in the soldiers' had left to risk his life clearing the territory of skulking Glendalinnans, and there was no force of creature in front of be and not even dumb animals or birds of any kind. I turned hither and thither among the trees. Here and there were what had been left of flowering plants but now dried up by the heat, plants unknown to me, here and there I saw snakes, crawling away and one raised his head unquipped his knock and made a strange noise at me with his tail! I knew it was a deadly reptile and I shot its head off, as I knew it was a Naticochus. Then after pausing for a while to look at the fire I came to a long thicket, of these strange oak like trees, mingled with evergreen, and trees which looked so much like have branches of the form of barret plants and ferns which grew as thick as what in a field the boughs curiously twisted, the foliage and a compact like tatch. The thicket seemed miles in extent and stretched down from the top of one of the sandy knolls, spreading and growing taller as it went. Until it reached the margin of the broad sandy fern and other weeds. The heat was strong and a small was in this thicket like that of surgen time, and the outline of other hills appeared dark against the glare of distant fires.

All at once there began to go a sort of bustle among distant growths, a sound of crackling like many rains being alive, and another followed, and soon over the whole surface of the plain beyond a great cloud of smoke rose, mingled with a sudden wall of flame. Whirling up into the air I judged at once that my comrades must be drawing near along the burning line of growth and if they were not watchful the fire would trap them. Now, as I decided, for soon I heard the low tones of human voices at some great distance, which as I continued to listen, grew steadily lower and nearer.

Th a fast and sudden appearance of such a parching stretch of flames, though
 fortunately not causing my way put me in a great fear, and not knowing also who the
 men were,,, I crawled under cover of the nearest pine tree, and lay there,
 harkening as silent, as a mouse, and watching the wall of crackling flames
 at the same time. another voice answered,, and then the first voice, which was
 now recognized as Long John, once more took up the conversation, and ran on
 for a long while in a stream only now and again suddenly interrupted by the
 other. By the sound they must have been talking earnestly, but no distinct
 word came to my ear, as the roar of the flames interrupted the sounds some-
 what. At last as the flames grew worse and brighter, the speakers seemed
 to have panned, and perhaps to have sat down, for not only did they cease to
 draw any nearer; but the very flames began to grow nearer and hotter, and high
 higher. And now I began to feel that I was neglecting my business, that since
 I had been so fool hardy as to come ashore, amidst danger from flames and
 the wretched glandelinians, the least I could do was to watch out for them,
 and that my plain and best duty was to try and find time and again
 my own counsel as soon as possible. I could tell the directions of the
 speakers pretty good, not only by the sound of the voices, but also by the
 light of the flames that seemed to stretch at times even above my head, far
 up radiating a great heat. Graving on all four to avoid the parching heat,
 and to prevent my clothing from catching fire, I made steadily but slowly
 toward them, till at last raising my head to an aperture among the leaves, I
 could by the light of the flames see clear down into a little green dell beside
 a dried up marsh, and closely set about with tall scrubby like trees, where
 our captain Long John, and a number of his officers were in conversation.

Evidently the hat of the flames beat full upon them. Long John had thrown his hat beside him on the ground, and his great smooth face, all shining with heat, was lifted to one of the men in a kind of appeal.

Q. "Comrade" he was saying "It's because I think the world of you? I hadn't taken you this distance do you think I had been this far? If we all stay here much longer, all's up now & none of us can make or mend, it's to save ourselves from unmitigated annihilation that I am speaking, and I see the enemy come back again in full force, and with this fire sweeping nearer, and nearer, where would I be Tom, now tell us where we would have?"

"John," said the other man--and I observed he was not only red in the face and sweating because of the heat, but he's as nervous as a crow, and his voice shook too like that crow-----"John said "you're old and honest, and you are brave or mistaken; and will you tell me you'll let yourself get up the hunt for Jesus? you're as sure as God says He's sooner lose my kind of a 'gone tootie' into the interior here, and what with the fire, and the blind Indians," she'll go perim. If we turn off and abandon the search, now--"

And then all of a sudden he was interrupted by a noise! and although the search, now that I supposed I was lost, was in search of me, will have at that moment heard some news of the real peril. Far away out in the marsh there arose all of a sudden a terrible sound, like the cry of yells of demons, that a whole tumult on the back of it, and then one long horrid long drawn wailing of pain and blasphemous, added by the sound of sudden gusts of firing. The attack was a sudden one.

The distant hills ro-cooked it a dozen times, and from a far distant by the glare I saw a white troop of something dark rise like harrishires, and there was a small simultaneous crash of masonry, and the sound of men yelling and running somewhere in confusion and panic, and long after that horrid sound was still ringing in my ears, silence had re-established its empire, and only the crackling of burning trees and foliage disturbed the languid languor of the early evening.

Tom leaped suddenly at the sound, and so did the others with him, except Tom John, who had not winked, an eyeball alone stood where he was resting lightly on his feet, watching in the direction of the sound like a snake about to spring.

"John" said the man stretching out one hand and pointing "Look there"
 "Everybody hands over to the trunk," cried LONG JOHN, leaping back
 leaping back two yards as it seemed to be with the speed and security of a
 trained monkey. "Glandelinians are coming."

"We are under brush now if you like John," said the other. "But it's a black conscience that can make us afraid of anything. But in heaven's name, tell me what was all that sound, that horrible noise?"

"That" returned long John, smiling away but warier than ever his eyes were pinpoint in his big face, but gleaming like a crumb of glass. "That" Oh I reckon that'll be glandelinians ambushing some of our men."

"Glandelinians ambushing our comrades," he cried. "Then if your troops are slaughtered rest their souls like true saints. And as for you John long you've been a comrade of mine, but we shouldn't be hiding here. If we do

like a dog at the hands of the Glandelinian cats we'll die in our duty. But I defy the Glandelinians I do." And with that the brave fellow turned away and set off toward the direction of the sound despite the cries of John and his comrades. But he was not destined to go far. With a cry, John, and his fellows leaped out of sight, and a shell exploding near by drove its fragments in every direction. One place struck poor Tom foremost, and with stunning violence and speed right between the shoulders, in the middle of his back, going clean through something missed me, as I saw his hands fly up, then he gave a sort of gasp, and fell. Something also hit Long John but whether he was injured much I or little none could ever tell. Then a number of Glandelinians appeared agile as monkeys, and they were on top of the others in a moment, but the ten others with John had good place of defense and shot down the Glandelinians as fast as they came on, appalling the rest, and as they continued the fire routed the others to shelter. One Glandelinian still rushed at Long John and he whipped his rifle out of his arm pit and sent that uncountable hurtling through the air. It struck the Glandelinian but foremost and with crushing violence right between the eyes. Another as this rebel fell dead sprang at John, and was on top of him the next moment but Long John succeeded in burying his long knife up to the hilt in the Glandelinian's chest, and he lay let go of John and fell. From my place of hiding I could hear him pant aloud as he struck the blow. Then I saw a black object coming upon me from behind, I quickly raised my pistol which I had drawn and brought it down. It however was not a soldier but a fleeing wolf which had not seen me. Then from somewhere there was an earth-shaking crash like the loudest thunder, and for a moment to me the world seemed to subside away from before me in a whirlwind, the flames seemed to surge forward, and there was the crash of conflict somewhere, and then something hit me on the head, and everything before me seemed to go flying and round and tippy tippy before my eyes, and all manner of bells were ringing in my ears and distant voices were shouting in my ears. However I succeeded in recovering by rubbing my head vigorously to prevent the faint that might have come from the force of the thing that struck me. I then saw that the rest of the Glandelinians were retreating, but firing as they went. Just before Long John, one of his comrades, and Tom, and seventeen Glandelinians lay motionless upon the reddened earth. "Don't permit the devils!" he shouted as the men were going to spring recklessly forward. "I'll be aside."

Everything else seemed rotten now, the flames were still raging fiercely and mercilessly and I could persuade myself hardly that an attack had actually been made with murderous fury within my very sight, and so many human lives cruelly cut short a moment since before my eyes. I realized now what was in. One of the leading Glandelinian officers as I saw him retreat, put his hand into his pocket, and though Long John brought him down with a shot, the soldier only wounded, brought out a whistle and blew upon it several several modulated blasts. That rang far across the wooded air. I could not tell of course the meaning of the signal, but it instantly woke my fears. More Glandelinians would be coming. I even might be discovered. They had already slain three of John's men, and might I not come next? Instantly as the flames now began also to come my way I quickly but carefully extricated myself from my hiding place, and started to crawl back again, with what a speed and silence I could manage, to the more open portion of the woods. As I did so I could hear lots of more shots, bells ringing and going, and the roar of the Glandelinian devil yell and the sound of feet on elsewhere, and this sound of danger let me "sing." As soon as I was clear of the thicket, the fire came up in a surge, and I ran as I never ran before, scarce minding the direction of my flight so long as it led me from the murdering Glandelinians, and as I ran fear, and fear grew upon me until it turned into a kind of frenzy.

Indeed I surely felt as if I was lost when the gun would be fired, I would feel how I should even dare to try to go down to the raft, when these fiends in gray would be swarming around everywhere. I could not the first of them who saw me winking my neck like a snake at it was all over I thought. Good bye to all my friends, good bye to Gertrude, Angelina Richer, and everyone. It seemed there was nothing left for me but starvation or death by the hands of the foe or by fire. All this while however I was still running, and without taking any notice, I had drawn near to the foot of one of the long hills and was almost smothered in smoke, and here a fresh alarm brought me to a standstill, with a thumping heart.

A SECRET ON THE RAFT...
GERTRUDE FORCED UNDESIGNED...
HOW THE RAFT WAS ABANDONED FOR A SHORT TIME.
THE RAFT MAKES ANOTHER TRIP.

From the side of the flames topped, and smoke-covered hill, a spout of gravel was dislodged, and fell rattling and bounding through the trees. I turned my eyes instinctively in that direction, and I saw a large number of figures leaping, springing, and running four forward with great agility and the nearest leaped behind a tree, and fired a shot at me but missed. I knew they were more Glandelinians. In the darkness of coming night the figures seemed dark and grotesque in the glare and for a moment the terror of these new apparitions brought me to a standstill. I was now in a hedge of them coming from all sides, behind to the fierce Glandelinians, before me a horde of them coming to attack. And immediately I began to prefer taking chances with the danger nearer shore to these. The Glandelinians behind me might have also gone out of sight and they any my appeared less terrible than these coming in front and I turned on my heel, and looking sharply behind me over my shoulder, began to retreat my steps in the direction of the beach. Instantly the figures came nearer, and some of them making a wide circuit began to head me off. I was tired, at any rate, but had I been as fresh as when I arose, I could do it was in vain for me to contend in speed with so many adversaries. From trunk to trunk the Glandelinians flitted like demons. They were Glandelinians I could no longer be in doubt about that. I began to recall what I had heard they do to children when they capture. I was within an ace of calling for help. But the mere fact that the Glandelinians were some distance back had somewhat reassured me, and my fear of the Glandelinians in front began to revive in proportion. I stood still therefore, and cast about for some method of escape, and as I was so thinking the recollection of my pistols flashed into my mind. As soon as I remembered I was not defenseless, courage again came to me, and I opened fire at the nearest. Instantly a sea of men appeared from another direction. They were a large body of my comrades, and the Glandelinians hastily made a retreat, and I was eddying back to the raft, but under fire. The Glandelinians were now sealed by this time, but they did not persevere as my followers, and we all as you know regained the raft yesterday evening without any more trouble. Why they didn't come and attack us on the raft was a wonder. They were strong in numbers.

"Maybe they didn't dare," said Gertrude. Then she told me I was a Jean of the young German boy she had rescued. Jean had him brought to her.

"Who are you?" she asked.
"George Zimmerman," the boy answered. "I've been in a Glandelinian prison camp, and I haven't spoken to a Christian for these last four years."
Jean could not but be a white boy in color than any one on board the raft, who were nearly of Mexican color, and that his features a though pleasant, were of German kind. His skin was unusually white, but where it was exposed to the sun, especially his arms or hands they were tanned, and his fair eyes looked unusual to them. Gertrude had told her then when he had been picked up, of all bigger boys, that she had seen him or fancied, he had been the chief for raggedness. He had been who said of clothed with tatters, of old child slave garment, and this extraordinary patchwork had been held together by a system of the most various and indeed incongruous fastenings, brass buttons, bits of sticks and loops of tarpaulin. About his waist he had worn an old brass gun buckled leather belt, which was the one thing solid in his whole dress. She had made him put on clothing like a boy's outfit.
"Four years in a Glandelinian child slave prison camp," Jean said.

"Were you a child slave or a prisoner?"
"No. I was a prisoner, because I was foreign."
"What did they intend to do to you if they had the chance?"
"Maroon me on some desolate island."

Jean had heard the word, and knew it stood for a horrible kind of punishment common enough among old time buccaners in which any offender was put ashore with only a little powder and shot and left behind some some desolate and distant island. Of course she would believe anything of the Glandelinians for she had actually seen Glandelinians cruelty little

boys and girls, by hammering nails into their hands and feet, and even driving nails through their necks or anuses.

"Prisoners for years among the Glandelinians, and then marooned for life," would have been my punishment because I was a Christian forger. He continued, "though I never wore a uniform then, now I know nothing about the Glandelinians, and what they do. When I was a prisoner all I lived on was goats, and berries and hard tack. Of course while in camp as a prisoner they didn't seem to treat me harshly, they allowed me to even talk with the slaves, but my heart ached for Christian diet and company. I happened to learn quite a deal of your language while in the Glandelinian camp and so forth, for they speak your language too. Well many's the long night I've dreamed of home in Germany --- and woke up again, and found myself still a prisoner. I had thought to myself that if I ever escape, I will never forget my experience, and how those little child slaves live."

"You shall have better treatment here," said Jean.

All this time he had been feeling of the stuff of Jean's vest shaped red uniform jacket, examining her jockey like red hat with a large blue plume in it, looking at her shoes, and generally in the intervals of his speech, showing a childish pleasure in the presence of real Christians even though of a strange country.

"If we can ever reach the Christian lines again," said Jean, "You shall see I shall if you wish be received into the army as a boy scout. But you must have or give your consent, and prove your character, courage, and wit, and the ability of brain and muscle work."

"If you ever get to the Christian lines again?" he repeated. "Why not wish to hinder you, or the rest?"

"Nothing but the forest fire, and the flood," was the reply.

"And right you are!" he cried. "Now you, what do you call yourself?"

"Little Jean."

"Jean Saunders," she told him. "I'm a girl scout officer, rank as major."

"Jean Saunders? Girl scout Major?" he said, quite pleased, but a little surprised apparently. "Well now Jean I've lived through such a rough life that though I'm ashamed to say it, for fear of doubting on you, but which I'm sure was a rougher and harder life than you or your followers had, and which you'd be ashamed to hear of. Now for instance you wouldn't think I have lost my father, mother, and little sister in the flood would you, a pious set of people they were --- to look at me?" he asked.

"Why not in particular?" she answered.

"Ah well," said he "but I had --- and they were remarkably pious. I was always a civil pious boy, and can rattle off by Catechism as fast as any one, and could tell one word from another, and here is what it came to Jean for us coming to this country at this dreadful time, and it began with the commonest commonest of the war. That is when it began, our home was burned by the enemy, we were driven from place to place, and our trouble went further than that, and so my poor mother had to die, and I'm wondering what she did the poor good woman. But it was Our Blessed Lord who put me here on your raft. I've thought of all out during the night, and I'm wondering what will be next. If you all will give me a chance, I'm bound I'll be good, and I see the way to it. And Jean" looking all around him, and lowering his voice to a whisper --- "I know a secret of the enemy. Who's the chief leader here?"

"Miss Angelina Archburg," said Jean.

For a moment Jean felt sure that the poor boy had gone partly crazy in his imprisonment among the Glandelinians, and then over the loss of his parents, and she seemed to have shown the feeling in her face, for he repeated quickly:

"No little girl, I'm not. I can almost read your thoughts, and you think I'm going crazy. No I'm perfectly sane and know all I talk about. I have a great secret. And I'll tell you what, when you know me more your leaders will make a boy scout out of me right here, Jean. Ah Jean bless your soul, and thank God, that your squadron here was the first who had rescued me. I know how many forgers have treated you Abolitionists but I'm not that sort. I'll reward you girls and boys to my best ability, and the only thing I'm scared of is sin."

And at this there came suddenly a lowering shadow over his face, and he tightened his grasp upon Jean's hand, and raised a forefinger almost threateningly before her very eyes.

"Now Jean, you tell me the truth. It is not Myletzes army moving so against general Riches?" he asked asked.

"Why?"

"He's dangerous, the o soundrel. He's the worst of the lot..."

At this Jean had a happy inspiration. He began to realize she had found a real good boy indeed, and she answered him at once.

"We are far from Myletzes army, but I'll tell you true as you ask me. The Glandelinians are those that threaten us, I'm sure are not any of Myletzes men, they must be some swarms of Manley's men --- or Federals, worse luck for all of us. We are close to Evangeline + Claire city you know."

"Not that general Raymond's. Richard's a Federal --- the man with the Henry The right style of hat, long black beard, and fierce black eyes!" He gasped.

"You mean Raymond Federal?" he asked.

"Ah either one," he said. "That are their names. If they are near we are on a dangerous venture believe me."

"But Manley's the chief, and the ringleader too," she continued.

"He was still holding her by the wrist, and at that he gave it quite a friendly squeeze."

"If we risked passing that Glandelinian army near here, we are as good as hunted rats, and I know it. But were where were you and all those, before coming on the way here, do you tell?"

She had made up her mind in a moment, and by way of answer told him the whole story of her the voyage, and the constant predicament they all had found themselves. He listened to her with the keenest interest, and when she had finished he patted her on the head and on the forehead.

"You are a good little girl, Jean," he said, "and so are all the rest of you. And you are all in the frying pan, ain't you, hanging over hell. Well you just put your trust in me, George Zimmerman --- I'm the boy who will find a way to do it. Would you think it likely now that your leaders, would prove good indeed, cool headed ones in case of help --- all being in the frying pan as you remark?"

She told him all the officers were good and also liberal?

"Aye but you see little girl," returned George, "I didn't mean giving me a reward for what I do, and such, that is not my Mark Jean. What I mean is, would they likely to listen to anything I advise, and to do everything I suggest?"

"I am sure they would," Jean said. "As it is all officers were to share in your advice."

"And a chance to join as a boy scout?" he added with a look of great shrewdness.

"That is up to the Vivian Girls," she said. "We couldn't do anything on that line, but we'll give you an opportunity to learn all that as that you can pass the examination. And besides we should want you to help work the raft home to Emperor Vivians army or wherever we can go."

"Aye," said he "so you would," and he seemed very much relieved.

"Now I'll tell you what," he went on, "so much I'll tell you, and that can be all. I was in general Manley's camp still a prisoner, when he got into that bloody squabble at Cedar Creek --- he and six of his main Confederates --- against sixteen best and better Christian generals. His army was well on the retreat high on a week after the great conflict, and we were brought along. One fine day up came a forest fire, and here came general Vivians armies too by a new route, and his head done up in a blue scarf and wearing a long high rounded hat. The sun was rising behind the smoke clouds of battle, and smoke of fire, and mortal white he looked as his armies either were advancing upon us, during our retreat, or retreating himself before the fire. But there he was, leaving behind his many dead who were buried now he managed to elude the great fire, and continue to persevere us not out of us could make it. It was first a murderous battle, and sudden death for countless thousands, leaveway hundreds of thousands --- him against six times his number. General Billy Jones of the Glandelinian army had been captured by the Nationals, and they it is said killed him because he wouldn't tell where Manley was retreating to and for. Well I was among the regiment of boy prisoners, and I came across the strange girl slave who finally enabled me to escape to Emperor Vivians lines where I was received. At first as I was of fine birth the Emperor was displeased at my presence, but I got a pull from one of the Vivian Girl Princesses later and twelve days I was all right. Before I came down here, the Vivian Girl Princesses disappeared, and already for many days they have been trying to find them. And every day they have had the worst word for the Glandelinians, untill one fine morning an officer by the name of Jack Johnston Evans went away to look for them, followed by Walter Starring and many of the Gemini. I wanted to go too but one of the boy scouts said ---

"As for you George Zimmerman Zimmerman, here's a spade and a pickaxe. You must stay here, and let them go and find Vivian --- and her sisters themselves, as you had just gotten away from the enemy, if you said, and if you are taken again well you'll rue the day you went..."

Well Jean four years I have been in Hanley's army and not a bite of good food from that day to this. But now you look here, look at I'm. Do I look like a foreigner so much as that many of you'll hate me like they do? No I hope not. And I can't help being of foreign birth, and at first I didn't care to this part of mine own accord. My parents wanted to come to see the world. And with that he winked and picked Jean hard. "Just you mention what I have told you to any of your superior leaders, Jean---" he went on, "That it's was not mine fault for why I am here. Your years mind you I was in the hands of your vile Glandelinian enemies, working whether it was light or dark, rain or shine, fire, smoke or heat, worked in great agony, and if I dared even seem to think of prayers I got pain. These of my whole life time seemed taken up into those awful four years. But as they had not intended me to be a slave, I was forced to wear a Glandelinian boy's uniform, and drill with their own boy scouts whether I wanted to. Just tell her or them all and then I may not be a prisoner any longer, that will put a precious sight of confidence in me -- a precious sight mind that, in a boy line I am."

"Well" Jean said, "I'll do what I can for you on that line, as I was appointed to be the one to take you into possession. You must be tested for proof and I'll need not even tell them anything as they'll see without being told. But if you know very much how we are going to get this raft through all the debris on the shore and in this water, and where is there a safer place to land?"

"Ah" said the boy, "that's the man mystery for sure. You see Jean, the way things look, I almost fancy we are not human beings at all, and that we are all in purgatory, yet exempt from burning in flames but beat with all kinds of misfortunes just the same. I could not tell myself, where I came from, when my parents brought me on the skiff. You see we couldn't see in the dark but thought it safer on the water than on the land. If the worst comes to the worst, and you trust me, we might try something after dark. If he broke out what's that?"

For just then, although the sun had not even appeared through the smoke haze in the sky all the echoes of the landscape and over the water's surface and belated to the thimble of cannon, something heavy crashed near the raft, and great geysers of water shot upon the raft, drenching a number who had been standing near the edge.

"Glandelinian soldiers on shore sighted us, and are opening fire," Jean cried. "We have been under fire first before. Follow me, but dodge as shells might hit the raft. Frst...."

And she began to run toward the anchorage of the raft, her excitement all forgotten, while close at her side, the boy forlignly trotted easily, and lightly.

"Keep to the left" said Jean. "Keep to your left and don't mind me. We don't want to expose ourselves. The cannon shot was followed by others, and by a volley of small arms, and a solid shot crashed across the raft, splintering up two wagons, and frightening some of the horses, which broke loose from their stalls, and had to be quieted.

"Look" said the German lad. "Ah there's the Glandelinian artillery. I can see by the puffs of smoke. You see the mounds? If you had some good guns and gunners now, but your machine guns won't reach that far."

"The best thing we can do" said Jean is to go on and get out of their range."

Another pause, and then not twines on shore in front of her Jean beheld the Glandelinian flag fluttering in the air above the wood. A cry of "halt" came from shore, but there was no answer from the raft.

Despite this confusion the lookout ahead --- shouted!!!!

"Big wreckage lies ahead. We'll crash. Warn the paddlers."

Every one who dared to face the shell fire raced ahead to see, and the paddlers started working like mad. This was indeed a large stretch of wreckage, and intermingled with it, were three large vessels, houses, by the dozen, and a tangled mass of trees, with dead leaves, and for some time, opinions different, whether the enemy chased it to cross their way, or the flood, and to avoid it, all sail was at once crowded on to the raft, while many soldiers on shore opened fire at the enemy to cover their retreat and to prevent the artillery from shooting at their masts. However ten minutes or more showed that the raft of wreckage and floating ships and houses was much the much faster. The raft therefore took in the extra canvas she had set, and continued her course if altogether regardless of the enemy on shore.

A crash of cannons sounded on shore, and a shell exploded overhead, but did no damage and others exploded in the water, and one on the wreckage sending a cloud of boards and timbers high into the air air ..

"The Glandelinians have made up their minds to stop us too if they can." Jean said to George the German Boy. "As we cannot also outrun the debris flow we have put on on to easy working canvas, and our men are going to blast the flow and tear it asunder if possible before it strikes or we'll be jammed, and the Glandelinians will have a chance to come on and board us. One of the vessels jammed in the wreckage is a big one. It may be that we can avoid it."

Cannons again thundered on shore, but the shots flew wide of the mark. The raft of debris kept following to windward, until it gained a position about a mile upon the starboard of the raft, then the long pivot gun on board was leveled and the first shot fired. The raft of debris was torn asunder with a loud noise. The crew had already taken their places by the other guns, and George Zimmerman and other boys brought forward shells and grape to answer if possible the fire from shore. He had just brought forward plenty when the big gun was fired, and saw the eruption among the debris. Just then another gun went off on shore and he saw the water thrown up just near the edge of the raft, and the shot danced away to leeward. The next shot struck the raft, alongside breaking one log and sending spray of water over every one nearest. It was not without a struggle that George Zimmerman brought himself to do what Jean advised, but he saw that a refusal to listen to her advice would probably cost him his life, as the enemy on shore was unusually dangerous. The next shell struck and ploughed across the raft. A moment later a broadside of twenty cannons were fired. Two of them cut holes through the sails and struck the water a quarter of a mile to the windward. With an oath the captain of the soldiers on board the raft brought the raft upon up into the wind, and payed off on the other attack. The Glandelinian artillery was much heavier than those were on the raft. As the broadside was fired it was seen that the shore was thronged with graycoats. To make things worse it was seen Glandelinians were taking the chances to put off into the water in fast gasoline cutters, and therefore the raft was hoisted to and guns trained with the purpose to blow the boats out of the water. George remained out of sight for some time at the advice of Jean, he heard the men savagely cursing the Glandelinians, and thought it was best for him self not to attract attention at present. The sails were lowered, and these suddenly began to rise and George heard a creaking of blocks, and knew that the sails had been hoisted again. Half an hour later everyone who was able were ordered to prepare for trouble. George appeared with the rest, for a quarter of an hour he could see nothing, but a fog, which no doubt had hid the raft from pursuers and from the gunners on shore, but he beheld a dark mass a few hundred yards to leeward, immediately afterwards the helm was put up, and the raft ran down toward a floating derelict of a ship that was very long in the water. The ship proved to have been a short of river passenger craft, and when the raft was brought alongside, a large number of men sprang on board. There were found twenty half starved flood refugees on board, mostly women and children and they were broad aboard the raft. The men of the raft at once set to work upon her. At first George could not understand what they were about, but he was not long in discovering. The wedges round the main mast were knocked out and the topmast lowered quickly to the deck, the shrouds and stays slackened off, and then the mast was lifted and carried on board the raft. As soon as this was done, the raft was cast loose. The refugees had already been brought to the big raft, and were given food and drink. But Gertrude desired very much was if she could have secured a tug boat she could have someone run it and pull the raft. This if she had luck, she would reach in safety but if not the way they would fall in with dangerous Glandelinian batteries on shore the raft was of course would fall an easy prey. By the sound of things, she knew the raft was still followed, as she could hear the "chug, chug chug" of the Glandelinian Revenue cutters.

No sooner was the boat cast loose from the raft, then the soldiers set to work to lift out the injured mast, and to replace it with that they had brought on board from the derelict ship. When the smoke started to clear anxious glances were cast to the rear but the pursuers still seemed out of sight or at least none of them were following a course that would bring them near the raft, and the latter without sail and with her fore mast standing alone would not be likely to be noticed at once. George could not help admiring the energy with which the crew worked. Ordinarily they were a very smart crew of men for they did their work quicker than ordinary sailors usually could have done. For each man felt the importance of getting everything into order before any of the pursuing enemy gasoline boats appeared, and so well did they work that by midday the new mast was in its place, and before one o'clock even the topmast with all its yards and gear was up, and the sails ready for hoisting.

George Zimmerman had been in somewhat of a state of anxiety in the early part of the day, lest the Glandelinians might attack the raft in a large number of boats, and board or capture it, and he too be captured and carried off a prisoner to Glandelinia. He soon during the excitement succeeded in giving a thought to him and it was not until far on into the morning that Gertrude happened to notice him hard at work with the rest despite the firing going on. "Ah there you are, eh?" she said. "Good thing the Glandelinians have not captured us, or you would have been from the frying pan into the fire."

Of course she spoke in her own tongue, and the lad did not very well understand the words to a regular course, but he guessed at the meaning, and said with a smile: "I was quite content to remain where I am. There'd been many shot before they would have had me, as I'm a good shot."

"Tell him Jean Saunders, as you can speak some good English, that I have noticed that he behaves and works very willingly, and as long as he behaves as well as he is doing, he shall have the same treatment as if he belonged really to us, but warn him that if he is not careful and shows his face too much to the edge of the raft those Glandelinians will kill him sure."

Jean translated the warning.

"That's all right," George said. "Of course I should expect nothing else if I am reckless. I know the Glandelinians more than she does, without meaning to make an argument."

As soon as the repairs were completed, the sails were hoisted by twelve thirty o'clock, and the raft proceeded on her way. It was now the seventh of August. At the hours that were to follow it seemed to George that the last tides of the Glandelinian persecutors have blighted, and that there seemed to them no longer any ideas of overtaking the raft. However a sharp lookout was kept for any of these Glandelinian pirate paraders, but no attention was paid to any wreckage drift in the distance as soon as it was determined that they were not dangerous. Somewhat later instead of being as before five or six pursuing Glandelinian Revenue cutter boats in sight in the rear the flood waters were absolutely deserted. He remarked upon this to his friend Jean. The latter laughed.

"They don't dare risk the flood too far my lad. We are near soon to our point of landing, and we are now pretty well off the land from the danger point I hope. Unless the enemy extends his line, and it was a general army and not a mere group we shall not run across many more foes."

"Where are we going to then?" George asked.

"Well I don't think there is any harm in telling you now, son, that we are bound northward, but how far that land is we want to reach is more than I know. It looks nearer than it is. As the winds did a little damage to our raft, we expect also to try and pick up some useful pieces of floating wreckage providing we are not so bothered anywhere else as we were before with these Glandelinians and their canoes, for some shore I'm sure they saw so that one could at not hardly make a sound without bringing them down on us. I don't suppose our good loader would have risked an engagement with the enemy yet, though she knows we all would like to pay the enemy some debts we owe for our own losses in lives recently. As to the floating ship we were obliged to run alongside of her to get a new mast. Lucky we did, or we would not have found the refugees and they would have perished. It would never do to have continued on our long cruise with a badly injured spar even on this raft."

"But I should think it would be difficult to find anywhere now with foes everywhere about," George said.

"Well you see, although the flood has taken away most of our best hopes to going anywhere, there are some points we can land if we try to find them. I don't fear the foe, neither do the rest, it's the fires we dread. Besides if we are too badly pursued, or have put to it, we can take the best goods bit and if the raft is in danger of capture we can fight the foe off to good advantage on shore behind rocks and trees. Then too one can spare lots of men and because anyone quarter among us have no machine guns, so you see we could surprise the enemy good if we were defended ourselves. What we propose to do is to land at some unseen place, and attack the enemy ourselves."

"You do. Yes." Why girl it's madness!

"We did it before, and we can do it again!"

"But you girls can't do that in the case of these Glandelinians."

"You do not understand. We have 10,000 men on this raft, and we are two hundred twenty boys in number, and three hundred girls. We girls and boys can shoot as good as the soldiers. There is little risk of recapture or any chances of losing the raft, and if we did we can find means to retake her again. And if peril presses too hard, we have only to hoist the Glandelinian flag to fool the enemy."

George was glad to hear that the raft was bound to land where someplace as he thought opportunities for escape from flood and the enemy would be likely to present themselves somewhere. A little flooded village called Maderis was insight but there was no one seen. By dint of getting Jean to translate sentences into Abbeasmanian, and of hearing nothing but that language spoken round him, George had by this time begun to make better knowledge he had of the language as far as he had been able to learn it. Not only was he anxious to learn it for the sake of passing away the time, and making himself understood, but his great efforts were unusually stimulated by the fact that if any of the girls or boys addressed him in Abbeasmanian a laugh was generally the penalty of a failure of comprehension. Now George was able to understand almost everything that was said, and to reply in Abbeasmanian with some fluency. As the raft moved along the wooded smoky shores George was leaning against the railings watching with deep interests the objects they were passing.

"I can guess what you are thinking about," Jean said, taking her place quietly by his side. "I have been through it all myself, and I can guess your feelings. You are thinking how we can escape this water, and the in ferns and the other difficulties. Now you take my advice and don't hurry about it. So far we are all doing well where we are. Now too you have been able to talk our language and understand orders, and it is a good deal easier for you than it was, and our whole force is beginning to regard you as one of ourselves, but you may be sure, you'll be tried yet, before we can get you the papers which says you are one of us. You see none of us dare to do a thing without the consent of Emperor Vivien. If we were to take you one of us without his knowledge, when you have not put in your enlistment papers we'd get into trouble."

"Why because I'm a foreigner?"

"Not at all. That concerns any boy or girl. If it was not for that, I don't suppose our highest captain Miss Richee would object to put you into our Company as a boy scout one bit. All of us have certainly taken a fancy to you, and are pleased with the way in which you have taken things, and with your earnestness and loyalty to us. We see though to you are a German boy only, you have the feeling that Glandelinian too is your enemy, and therefore you are not considered altogether as a prisoner, as you first were. Runn for you down as that ship did, was not to a bad chance after all, and I think if even Gertrude Angelina our Superior could see a way of letting you be one of us scouts without risk to herself, she would do it. As she can't do that, she has had a sharp watch kept on you, and therefore found you are not wanting, so I advise advise you not to be in a hurry trying to get in yet. You must remember, too that it takes a lot of red tape to get in. I and my sister tried a year before we succeeded. But we can do it for you quicker as we can give you the pull. But you must wait till we reach some Christian port, or army."

"I should be in no hurry at all, Jean, if it were not that the Glandelinians, have done me dirt, and also from what I have seen in this these disasters, and what child slaves suffer. You know you feel the same way yourself for you and all the others have seen all this, and more too."

"Yes, that is hard, no doubt," Jean agreed, "and I don't say to you, don't try to get in, when you get a chance, I only say wait until the chance is a good one. We'll escape from here yet, and get somewhere. Just at present time are not specially on the lookout for justifiers. We are going to try and land somewhere, and see if we can get some provisions. We'll have to attack an enemy camp to get them. If we are pursued we can find a snug hiding place somewhere, though I don't think anyone can board here, except Miss Angelina Richee knows where."

For an hour now the raft had continued slowly on its course. They had had no chance to pick up any good pieces of boards or sidings from the floating wreckage drifts, and nevertheless Gertrude had no desire to commence any serious operations until she had succeeded in her own purpose, and obtained information somehow as to how everything may be even on that portion of the shore she wished to land the raft. They had come upon a number of floating houses, even with people in them, and they had been managed to rescue them, and cautiously asked them questions as to the nature of the shore. The answers were not satisfactory from the refugees. They learned that own because of the search for spies and depredations upon the Glandelinian camps by the Christians, a very vigil and lookout was being kept by the enemy, even upon any objects floating upon the flood, that two or three companies of raiding Christians had been captured on the raft too in the flood, and the Glandelinians were constantly in search of others that might be on

the waters. This indeed was very bad news, for although the raft, with her great spread of canvas could in light winds run away from any of the Glandelinian water ships sent from shore, it was by no means certain she would stand any dangerous fire from Glandelinian long range batteries on shore, especially should the enemy discharge high explosive gang-gang shells. It was just about probably quarter to one or a little later, that two long schooners, and a long brig—were seen coming round a headland, not fighting as ships go but any old way being born on by the floods. Those of the officers on board the raft examined the ships with their telescopes. They were good ships, not crooked, and flags were at the mastsheads.

"We are in luck if we could board one of those ships and find something," said Gertrude. "If we can get supplies we then can land where we desire as we are only half a mile away now. It's a good rendezvous. I have got the spot marked down on the chart and it won't be difficult to find the safe entrance. In half an hour the raft came along side the ship, the raft was anchored to prevent it from going, the sails were lowered, and ropes thrown to prevent the first ship from going further. Then the men themselves and Gertrude and others came on board by climbing the ropes and ladders. However they were surprised to find the ship thickly loaded with many refugees and even crews of the ship, and the captain big. This to Gertrude if necessary would certainly be reinforcement for her raft, that they had plenty of room for them. Gertrude proving herself to be the leader to the ships captain went down with him into the cabin. After a time they appeared again, and the forty persons on the ship were transferred to the raft. Five minutes later the raft was again under way, and they left the derelict to float away alone toward the outer bay. The raft approached a long high stretch of sandy land fringed with a dense forest, a considerable distance beyond George had no doubt that they were now close to the spot which she had designed to use as a landing place, but so far he could detect no sign of Glandelinians here, but he feared that the raft might be in danger of capture or destruction. Not until within a cable's length of the shore could any sign of anything of the sort be detected. The raft was then close to the shore, and the men kept away. Then, as they were looking toward the shore a strange firing light far away was seen, and in a moment later disappeared. An exclamation of surprise broke from all on board the raft for they now saw that something must be there. The raft however was now in tranquil water, and the shore was seen to slope gradually up, and here and there several houses were standing.

"What do you think of this place of land, George?" Jean said anxiously. A grand hiding place for us too is it not?"

"It is indeed," George replied. "Why the enemy might pass here for weeks looking for our landing place in this cove, and they wouldn't find it unless they passed by in row or motor boats."

As soon as the anchor was down, the crew were at once given leave to go ashore, and ramble about to stretch their legs. After their two days or more confinement on board, George was proceeding to take his place in one of the small boats, when Gertrude's eye fell upon him.

"Come over to my tent with me young fellow," she said in Abbaishian. "Jean I shall wait you too."

"I don't think there is much need of interpreting Gertrude," Jean said, as she followed the boy and girl into the tent. "The lad can get fairly on in our language now, and will certainly understand the sense of anything you may say to him."

"Look here my lad," Gertrude began. "You have surely been fairly treated since you came on board this rag raft."

"Indeed Miss Gertrude every one has been very kind to me," George said respectfully. "And there is nothing that I need to complain of."

"And we saved your life, did we not?"

"Yes Miss Gertrude, I acknowledge that," said Gertrude. "The boy said earnestly, 'And I feel very grateful. As you might have made a real prisoner of me had you chosen, and I am thankful to you that you kept me on board, and have treated me as one of your own boyscouts.'"

"Now what I have to say to you is this lad, I know that you are comfortable enough on board, and I have also noticed that Jean here had taken you specially under his care. I have noticed you were working willingly, and behave well, as a good Catholic, and the making of a first class boyscout in you, and I understand that you would much rather be with us now, and would rather aid us in our adventures, and to fight for us even though you are of German Nationality. I know you Germans, and you fight with the same spirit as Irish people do, or like the Americans. Consequently you will if you see an opportunity probably try somehow to be made a member of us. There is

nothing to prevent you do so now, but you are putting yourself under a perilous adventure like we do, and Glandelinians will shoot you without hesitation as they would any of us. Still I cannot do it for you, until I get orders, still as you have shown yourself a good reliable lad, and as I cannot run the risk of having this landing place discovered, and our raft captured, and our selves marooned here until the flood recedes, I therefore ask of you a strange service. I know none one here would like to have the existence of this place revealed, and therefore though you are not one of us, and you are a foreign boy I'm some time later going to have you try your mettle and go on guard duty and report anything suspicious you see. What do you say? Don't answer me hastily, and you do not have to take the oath unless you are convinced you can keep it, and do what you can to warn us of approaching danger. You are not bound, you know, as you are not in uniform or one of us. This is only a request."

George needed a moment to consider the proposal. The oath did not bind him in any way to renounce his own country, but simply simply to go on as to guard the secret of the rendezvous. He realized it was a perilous undertaking for if he remained here on shore, and Glandelinians made an attack there would be no chance whatever of escape, and he might even meet his death bravely at the hands of these vile vipers.

"I am quite ready to take the oath, to guard the secret of this place," said Gertrude. "He said, 'I do not think that in any case after having been so kindly treated by you I should refuse to do you and your followers such a favor, no matter what the risk might be, and as you offer me the opportunity I am ready to take any oath as you offer me, and that oath I will surely keep whatever pressure of peril may be laid upon me, it being understood of course that the oath in no way prevents me from taking any opportunity that that may present itself of making my escape if the Glandelinians do attack.'"

"That is quite understood," Gertrude said. "That is a mere matter of business. You try to escape if you can, but nevertheless, the Glandelinians may shoot you down, so do not go where escape is so hard to make. But I do not think you are likely to get into such danger, and that you'll succeed. But in justice to all my followers, and friends, and for me my country's cause I should not be justified in running even that slight chance unless convinced that if you succeed in your work, you will keep out of our dangerous territory. Otherwise I won't let you do this. Now what oath will you take?"

"No oath can be more binding to me than my promise, Miss Gertrude, but at the same time I swear upon my word of honour that I will do that which is my duty and warn us as to prevent any loss discovering this secret place."

"That will do," Gertrude said. "I have liked your face from the moment you were rescued and brought on board, and feel that I can trust your word. I'll let you know through Jean when you'll have to do that."

"I am sure you can trust me Miss Gertrude," the boy said. "He is a trustworthy lad," Jean put in. "From what I have seen of the boy I am certain he will keep all the promises he has made."

"Very well then," Gertrude said. "That is settled. You can go on shore on the next boat, and I should advise you to take the opportunity. In case it is necessary you need not come on board until to-morrow morning."

"Half an hour later George went ashore, with the last batch of girlscouts and some men. He found that a general license had been granted, and the men and all were bent upon making up for the spell of severe discipline that they had lately gone through. Jean Saunders had gone ashore with the same boat that carried George.

"What are you planning to do George?"

"I am going for a walk," George said. "In the first place everything is new here, I want to see whether we are safe from fire here, and in the second place I can see how the forests are and what kind of vegetation we might find. I too dread the fire more than I do the enemy."

"You are right boy, and I don't care if I go too, if you don't object having a girl go with you. We will take a drink of coffee before we start, and fill up our pockets with those snow-tatoes. I will get the quartermaster sergeant to give us a bottle of fresh milk to take with us, and then we shall be set up for the rest of the day. This is my first voyage in these parts but I have heard from others of many unseen perils we can face. Though I'm a little girlscout I can do my share of fighting when fighting has got to be done but I do not care to meet enemies here at a disadvantage. Still we can look forward to anything unusual here on shore."

George and the little girl each took a sandwich and a draught of coffee, and soon afterwards started on their ramble provided with food as arranged. Both were surprised and delighted with the dinner forests beyond, and wandered for a few minutes through the superposition of the woods, admiring the high dry weedy flowers. Presently however they came upon some fir trees.

"Now said Jean," "We better sit down and eat some supper. It must be coming toward supper time, and I can tell so, because I surely feel hungry, and what was only one sandwich."

"Jean sat down on the ground and was about to throw himself full length, when George observed a movement among some bushes, the instant later the head of a man was seen and an arm was raised threateningly with a long knife within striking distance of Jean's head as she sunk backwards. George gave a sudden short cry---too late however to arrest the movements of the little girl---and at the same moment sprang forward, and came down with both feet upon the man's hand bearing it and the knife to the ground. He gave presence by his howl.

The man struggled desperately to arise, and suddenly with the other hand drew a pistol, and fired at George, but missed, and George grasped the gun before the man had a firm grasp upon it and wrenched it loose.

"What on earth is up now?" Jean asked as she scrambled to her feet. There was no answer to this question but he saw she saw at once that George was holding a man by the hand with his feet. In a minute he had jumped away and the man getting to his feet bent it into the woods.

"That was a close shave, Jean," George said, smiling though his face was pale with the sudden excitement. "I did not see the scoundrel creeping up until it was too late to give the warning. It was just the fraction of a second, and even as I jumped I thought he would strike you on the head with this long knife before my foot came on his hand." And he picked up a long sharp cutting knife.

"You surely have saved my life my lad," the little girl said weakly, trembling from head to foot, as she saw how narrowly indeed she had escaped from being killed by a sneaking Glandelinian in cold blood. "I have been in some very hard fights ever since I beg began a girl scout but I don't know that I ever did feel as scared as I do now. Indeed I feel cold from head to foot, and I believe that a baby could knock me down. Give me your hand, my boy. You did splendidly. If you had hesitated for a moment I should have been slain in cold blood sure enough, and maybe he'd have had you next. Good heavens what an escape! Both of us hands! But more are looking for a chance to kill us right now."

"I arranged to have been of service for once. You, and all the rest have been so kind to me since I came aboard the raft that it is fair that I should do you and others a good turn for once. I am not surprised you are shaken, for I feel so myself. But girl he was not a Glandelinian. His face was horrid. He was a skulking madman. He looked it all over, and his hair my God. He looked a fright and foaming at the mouth."

"A man who is mad," she gasped.

"Yes. I'll bet he was some refugee driven crazy by his loss of home and dearest and that we looked to him in his crazed mind like Glandelinians and he wanted revenge. For I heard him whisper before he tried to strike: 'Here come some Glandelinians I'll get for revenge.'"

"Then I pity the poor man. I'm glad you didn't kill him. You had the chance to."

"If he was a Glandelinian I would have. We had better both have a drink of brandy, and then we can see about our meal."

So more lying down on the ground for us. "Said the little girl. "Once in a while of such a thing as that. However hand in the bottle. I shall feel better after that....."

George looked about, and presently discovered an open space, free from fallen leaves or any other shelter, where the man had come back without being seen and perceiving Jean to sit down, and eat her supper in some comfort. The little girl did so but the manner which her glances kept wandering round her in search of either the insane man, or the Glandelinians showed that she had not yet recovered from her scare. When they had finished their meal George proposed that they should climb to the top of one of the low forest hills they could find, and take a view over the country to see how things stood. Two hours walking took them to the top of a lofty hill. From the summit which was partly free of trees they were enabled to obtain a distant view. The landscape as far as smoke clouds would allow was as they judged rolling up in smoke clouds of great thickness to the east for many leagues, and the clouds seemed to reach many thousands of feet up as if what they viewed were great volcanic craters in activity. What was once a part of the land and farm countries, now only small islands lay within a few miles distant, and beyond beyond they saw within their very route of the raft a little further north a forest of trees barely out of the water, and

high land rose twenty miles off, but so far that alone was entirely free from smoke.

"This is a poor and creepy looking place," George said. "Do you know where we are Jean?"

"I have no idea whatever," said the little girl. "And I don't suppose anyone among our whole force except Gertrude or Angelina knows, or some of our officers had any more than me. And the charts are all in Gertrude's possession, and I know no more of the geography of these strange places, than I do of the South seas, and that is nothing, though I have studied my geography much. It's best for us anyway to keep it a dark secret, because though I know no one among us would tell anything if captured because you see we each are tasted good before we can become a scout, and we all have a profit in the shares of the results of our so long campaign, as well as our regular pay, and of course, we should lose everything, if any of our secrets were even known by the foe, and we are even now pretty well checked up with goods, and yet there is never no telling when some mean scoundrel might do it if he were offered a handsome reward. We have a cowardly scout which is kept a prisoner since he deserted me when in danger, so the foe knows the secret the better, and he certainly does not."

"Look, look, look," Jean. "Look at that full equipped in our monster was of gray coated cavalry that has just come out from behind that hill over yonder. They look to me like the terrible Turnershamians."

"And that they are sure indeed," said the little girl suddenly taking her field glasses and giving a searching gaze in that direction. "There are tens of thousands of them, and more, and more coming, till they don't leave to have an end at their number. No they are not your Turnershamians after all. They are Glandelinians no doubt. They look to me like the Gorgylian Cavalry. Well we had better go down again lest we report this discovery to Gertrude, that an enormous body of Glandelinian cavalry is advancing this way. It may be only a section of a main army that is near by. It will be three o'clock before we are back, and I don't want to be in these woods after dark, there's no saying what we might meet up with, those Glandelinians, the mad man on the far, or even deadly serpents and dangerous animals that may be refugees of the forest. I thought that we would stretch ourselves out under the trees for the night, and go aboard the raft in the morning, but I feel different now. Bless you I should never close an eye. So as we know not what will come I propose that we go down so as not to be noticed by any foe that may be lurking anywhere else, and then get hold of a boat and row on board quiet."

"I am quite willing to do that, Jean. I don't think I should get much sleep either in the woods. I have a holy terror of that fire. See how the smoke is it is terrible."

"No I guess you wouldn't lag. Come along with me, quick, the sun is about past the middle of the sky already, I can tell by the time on my wrist watch even if it is not shining and I would not be left in these woods, with the enemy, fire, and other dangers after dark, not for three hundred years stay in our gatory for refusal. The thought of that madman makes me crawl over fear him not the Glandelinians. I'd rather battle a deadly reptile. Who would have thought now, when I myself helped to bring you in from the water after you were run down by the scroliet boat, that you were going to save my life some day. But I don't suppose my boy, I shall ever be quite with you, and anything you need you can count upon me. You come to me any time for anything you want and I'll help you do it, even if the Glandelinians riddle me with bullets."

"I shall never ask you to risk your life for me, Jean," George said warmly. "That wouldn't be like a boy. Indeed I can tell you that I do not consider that twenty four hours of kindness are wiped out by just taking a desperate jump onto the hands of a madman to wrest a knife from him."

There were loud shouts, and sounds of distant singing, as they passed near great fires that were blazing near the entrance to the cove. They reach the water's edge without notice from any hidden foe if there were any, and taking a boat rowed off to the raft. Gertrude was standing by the railing as the boat approached, and she looked over the side.

"Who is that?"

"Jean Saunders, and the little German boy... Gertrude."

"You got tired of the sights on shore, I suppose?" Gertrude Angelina said.

"Not exactly that, Gertrude, for we have not been near any part of the big fires at all. We took a long stroll through the safest portions of the forests up to the top of the hill to our left, and we came back for two reasons. The first is because I was so badly scared by a madman who tried to kill me, and who would have stabbed me in the neck had not this

brave boy leaped onto his hand, just as he was about to drive the long knife into me, that I would not have slept there for anything, and in the second place I believe we have landed on dangerous ground, for we came to tell you that from the top of the hill we saw a large column of soldiers on horseback probably Gargylian 8th Schoolers, I should say from the long rubbed style of their uniforms---five or six miles off on the other side of the hill, and I thought you ought to know about it at once."

"Thank you Jean, that sure is important. I was going to renew the trip in the morning, but we must not stir as long as the Glandelinians are in the neighborhood, and we must have all our men entrenched. So this young German lad saved your life, did he?"

"That he did sure enough Gertrude, and indeed it was the quickest thing you ever saw. I was lying down at full length when he caught sight of the man crawling toward me, a long knife in his hand. There was no time to stop me, not even time for him to cry out. He just jumped on a sudden, and down on the man's hand as he was on the point of striking at my head, he said: 'We have stopped for even a quarter of one second, I should have been brought back to you dead.'"

"You had indeed a very narrow escape, Jean. Are the others pretty quiet on shore there? I have heard shouting and singing several times."

"That sound is from the Glandelinians we discovered, Gertrude. But they are sure to spot us if we don't secure places of hiding."

"I don't believe they can do us much harm," Gertrude said. "I gave the strictest orders, that all the men should keep a lookout wherever they went and at the slightest sound recoil to us. Besides Long John is over there to look after them. I will go ashore myself now, and take a look from the top of that hill. If those Glandelinians are still in the neighborhood it must be that it may be the main army, or cavalry may have got some sort of idea of the fact that we have landed here, and are coming to try and capture or destroy us. We must wait till we can get to better positions. It won't do to risk anything."

During the following minutes, Gertrude, and Jean, and Dolores Mc-Hollister Jennings, accompanied by George, landed. They passed close to a house where a large troop of their men were grouped talking or looking on, and Gertrude ordered all to follow her. To Long John who saw a she said:

"Tell the other captains to get them on board the raft as soon as possible, all of my kids, and set them to work at preparing the raft, and get everything ready for setting sail at a moment's notice. Tell them a column of Gargylian Guards is reported as close to our place of landing. Whether it is a big scouting party or the enemy's main host we do not yet know. I am going up to look myself, and I'll take these men with me in case we need defense if the enemy should attack us up there...."

This time they went by horse, and ten minutes steady riding took them all to the top of the hill. There were no signs of any Glandelinians as far as they could see. Gertrude who had brought her glasses with her, carefully examined every stretch of land not invisible behind the smoke pall. Presently she uttered an exclamation:

"There are three columns of infantry moving close together in long parallel courses and each are seemingly to my vision sixteen miles long!" she said, pointing to the nearest rise of ground but forming like a plain on top. "No doubt the Glandelinian cavalry is behind that hill. This surely the coming of some mighty army, and I bet it is the one advancing on toward Angelina St. Olaf. They might know of us too I suppose and sent troopers to find us and attack or capture us. Gosh this is awkward! What do you think, Jean?"

"I should say you were right in what you said to me last night, Gertrude. The Glandelinians may also have an idea that we might find some sort of a rendezvous here, though they don't know for certain where, and they will send troops to search all the region here. If they come a, a, o, along here in large numbers like that we shall be caught in a trap and it will be worse for us they'll secure our raft. A big ship may sail by if it could without any one aboard ever suspecting where we are, however hard they might be looking, but if the Glandelinians sent cavalry troops on land, and boats by water, they couldn't help find it. Still there is nothing to prevent our sailing away now, as the long neck of land is between their sight and ours."

"That is so Gertrude said. But too if they come before we do get away in the first place they'll capture all our stores on the raft, and in the second place they might lie in wait in hiding, and ambush us as when we least expect their presence. I will go down to the raft again Jean, and will send up two of the men officers to keep watch here, and turn, turn about, go you remain here until you are relieved. I will leave my glass with you. If there is any fresh danger, leave the boy on watch and come down with

the news your self. I must talk this matter over with all my girlscout officers, and notify Penrod, and Angelina Jennings. We have no direct interest in this place, but we must do the best we can for our cause."

Jean and George, watched the distant boats through the glass sails coming down the water until they disappeared round an end of the land, saw the infantry still moving onward, and then turned the glass floodward. Jean was using it at the time but saw nothing on the water any more. Then she turned again to land.

"See," she exclaimed. "There are three big waves of Glandelinian cavalry together, and beyond on that slightly open hill a column of infantry is moving northward. I can see their banners. By Heaven George it's the advance of Mylatsa."

"I can see them plainly enough," George said. "What Glandelinian army do you make them out to be?"

Gargylian and Wheeler cavalry, a column of infantry on that long hill top, and the same three columns of infantry below. They seemed to be moving northward close together, and I fancy they are heading for Sanitary Creek. Now ever I couldn't swear to that. They must be fifteen or sixteen miles away from here. I expect they belong to Mylatsa."

"Could we see any trace of Vivian's army from the other side of this hill or elsewhere?" George asked rapidly.

"I should say we should if they are near, but the enemy would see us too." Jean replied, after pausing to calculate the line of sight. "It also depends how far round the only columns may be coming, and how close. But if their leaders have sent any columns up to another direction, they can make Vivian's army out as plainly as we can from the point you mentioned." Jean handed the glass to George.

"Yes I can make out immense columns Jean. What do you suppose the enemy is doing?"

"Most likely are changing position with the purpose to force Vivian into a battle."

"What will Vivian do then?"

"I expect he will be forced into battle, as he won't retreat otherwise and not only unless he has to, but of course that depends whether he has a new force, and worth taking the risk to battle Mylatsa for."

"What would the Glandelinians do if they ambushed our raft?"

"I expect they will use her or let her go adrift."

"They won't burn or sink it then?"

"No, there would be no good in that, for they wouldn't know what to do with those of us they might capture. Of course I do not believe they do not want to bother with prisoners here, and they probably would turn us adrift on the raft, or on boats. No I expect they might massacre the lot of us for they knew if they set us adrift and any of us survived we would carry the news to some near distant Christian army. I suppose that is so in this case, for if they are going to do us anything, they would not be displaying themselves like that. Well we shall see in another hour."

It was about half past three---that Angelina Riches, who had not followed Gertrude immediately, went ashore from the raft. Mildred Maxwell, Minnie W. Saunders, Nettie Kauffmann and others were talking matters over in the tent. Had there been a breath of wind, and a safe passage on the flood, and a lot of men on board they would have fallen on the nearest Glandelinian encampment and taken away some provisions for their use. But there was little wind stirring and to complete the helplessness of the awful situation down on a Jean and others with the news, that an immense Glandelinian army was near by, and that Gertrude Angelina had gone ashore to see what it was. It never occurred to any one to hardly doubt Gertrude's carefulness and so forth but they were alarmed for her safety. With the fierce Glandelinians in the dreadful temper they were in, it seemed an own chance if they should see the good girl again. So the girlscout officers ran across the raft. So terrific was the heat that the pitch was bubbling in the logs of the raft, the nasty stench of burning leaves almost turned Angelina Riches sick if ever a man smelt Hell and its infernal regions it seemed to be in that abominable region. The six Guards were sitting grumbly about the "Dirty Glandelinian skunks" under a sail, where Angelina Riches could see one of the boats made a fast, and a soldier sitting in each hard by there a little brook ran in. One of them was whistling "Wearer my God to Thee." Waiting was a strain, and it was decided that Mildred Maxwell, and Minnie should go ashore with Angelina Riches in another boat in quest of information. The other boats had leaned to their right, but the three pulled straight in, in the direction of the house on the slope of a hill which also was surrounded by an old time stockade of immense size. The two soldiers who were left guarding their boats seemed in a bustle at the appearance

704

"Nearer My God" stopped off and I Angelina Richee could see the pair gestulating to them as if warning them not to go. They were gone and told. Found all might have turned out differently, but they had their orders, and decided so to sit quietly where they were and start again to "Nearer My God to Thee". There was a slight bend in the flood shore, and Angelina Richee steered so as to put it between her, even before they had landed they had lost sight of the two boats. Angelina Richee was the first to jump out, and went as near running as she dared with a big silk hammock under her couched hat for the sake of coolness, and a brace of pistols ready primed for safety. And she had not gone a few hundred yards, when she and her two followers reached the stockade first. On top of a knoll beyond was a row of log houses, fit to hold two hundred people on a single squad and looked for ministry on every side, and apertures for cannons all around. All around these long log houses there was cleared a wide space, and yet completed by a paling sixteen feet high, without door or opening too strong to even be cracked by shell fire without time and labor, and too open and exposed to shelter any troop of besiegers. Any one defending the log houses would have the enemy at their mercy in every way—they could be quiet in shelter and shoot the enemy like ducks. All the besieged would need was a good watch, and plenty of ammunition and food, for short of a complete surprise they could hold the place against whole brigades for months. Angelina Richee in passing the stockade was thinking this over, when there came ringing over the territory far to her right the cry as of thousands of fierce fiends: she was not new to the "Glandelinian Blasphemous Devil Yell"—she had heard it often even when she served Major Vivian at the battle of Delight's Junction, and where she got a wound at Olapknoll—but nevertheless her pulse went faster for a moment.

"Glandelinians coming," was her first thought. "If all the others are not careful they're goners."

It was something to be a girl scout but still more to go through adventures not as a girl scout but as a little soldier like she does. There was no time to dilly-dally in their work, she made up her mind instantly, and with no time lost returned to the shore, and jumped on board the boat, suddenly about two hundred feet away or more; there was a sharp hoise, a terrific eruption from the water as if a volcano broke loose, and water and mud fairly showered the boat and its occupants.

"Quick row like fury," cried Angelina. "The enemy see us and are hitting loose Gang-Gang shells."

"By good fortune," the man pulled a good barf made the water fly, but he had only got within one third way to the raft, when another raft of debris came between them and their point of objective, but the raft in stead of a hindrance was a time saver; they abandoned the boat and ran across the debris, and aboard the raft. There was a noise then as if the world was blowing to pieces and the whole mass of wreckage raft went into the air with a great roar amid smoke and water, and pieces of timbers of all sorts and sizes tumbled down upon the raft and all on board were drenched with water. Angelina found them all shaken, as was natural. One of the guards was shaken down, as white as a sheet, thinking of the harm that might befall those on shore, the good soul, and the others were little better.

"These are men," said Angelina Richee as another deafening crash filled her ears from a more distant explosion. "He came near high to fainting girls when he saw the explosion of the first high explosive so close to us."

Winnie told her plan to Angelina Richee, and between them they settled on the details of its accomplishment. They decided to again return to shore in spite of the shelling, as they knew how to edge them. There too was no telling what might happen to the raft, and so as some of the men began returning, Angelina put twenty between the horse stalls and the tent with three or four prepared machine guns, and a number of mattresses for protection. Colonel Reid Hunter brought the swivel gun round under the stern port to face shore, and Hendro Joyce, and James Graham got to work loading boxes near the edge of the raft with easy flinging hand grenades, and bombshells. In the meantime Winnie, Mildred, and Angelina Richee, and John McIlfort stayed on the raft, and the latter hailed one of the men who was at work.

"Captain Hunter" he said, "Here we have fourteen machine guns facing shore. If any of you see Glandelinians preparing to take the raft while we are away don't fail to use them."

They were a good deal taken aback at her words, they didn't want her to risk the perils on shore, and after a little consultation one and all tumbled to their respective places, so doubt fearing the enemy would take the raft in the rear. By this time, tumbling things in a boat as they came, they

105

had the boat loaded with provisions guns and ammunition as much as they could. Then they made for the shore again, as fast as the oars could take them. This second trip fairly aroused the far distant glandelinian watchers on shore. A shell fairly missed the boat and exploded behind, and those on board the small boats doing guard duty at Angelina's gesture whipped ashore and disappeared. He had a half a mind to change her plan, and destroy the forest a little to rout out the foe, but she feared that Mylles' whole army would be close at hand and all might be lost by trying for too much. They touched the same spot of the land as before, and set out to find Gertrude Angelina. All five made the journey slowly and carefully. So they proceeded without taking time for breath, till they came within sight of the palisades where suddenly in the open a great eruptive explosion occurred. That they should have risked a second trip on this portion of land under fire seemed more hazardous than they expected. Two of their men followers were killed outright and seven wounded by this blast, and a shell fragment took away Angelina's hat while splinters flew all about, and two trees fell to the earth with a thundering crash. She hoped however that she had the advantage of numbers. Not one of the Glandelinian glances could continue this long if she got nearer, and if they charged why she could have given a good account of it at least half a hundred before they made her retreat. She raided even under fire the stockade, and made the journey back to the boat, heavily laden and tossed the stores into the bottom. Then they returned to the stockade for more till the whole cargo was bestowed. The girl scout Jane was waiting for them in the boat this time. She caught the oars, and they finished loading the boat for their very lives. Pork, powder, and bread and meats and cheese and biscuit was the cargo, with some cutlasses and sabres splice for all.

By this time the flood was rising slightly again, and the raft was swinging round to her anchor. Voices were heard faintly hallooing in the direction of the woods, and though this reassured them, it warned them to be off for the raft in double quick time. The last man retreated from his place behind a tree, and dropped into the boat.

They still waited for the last to appear.

"Come Hank" cried Angelina Richee.

There was no reply.

"Hank," resumed Angelina, a little louder, "We are leaving for the raft, and I order you to come back with us and not remain on this dangerous shore one minute longer. Once my fine fellow before it is too late don't hang so long in stays. I'm risking my life, and the lives of those with me every second."

There was a sudden outcry, the sound of blows, and from the shore burst Hank, with a knife cut on the side of the left cheek, and came running to the boat, like a dog to the whistler, with a score of glandelinians in pursuit. At that moment a grenade fell right in their midst, and all of the glandelinians fell killed or wounded. At the same time Angelina Richee had shoved off and given way. They were soon clear of the shore and heading for the raft, but not yet near it.

This return trip toward the raft was quite different from the first, and in the first place, the little gallipot "of a boat that they were in now was gravely overloaded. Four little girls, and five overgrown men, all of them over six feet high, was already more than she was meant to carry under any conditions. Second trouble, and too that, the powder, prov' s and others war materials, and the sandwich bags. Then third, danger of being rammed by floating wreckage. Fourth, shell fire. Next the gunwale was slipping astern, and the current of the flood was powerfully strong. Save a few times they had slipped or shipped a little water, and the yellow braided breeches of the soldiers, and the tails of their coats were all soaking wet before they had gone a hundred yards, and they had their feet ankle deep the poop in water. And the cannons of the enemy could still be heard, banging like loud distant reverberating thunder crashes. Angelina Richee ordered the others to "trim" the boat, and they finally got her to lie a little more evenly. If they were to captivate they would be able of course to reach the raft just the same by swimming, but lose everything on the boat. All the same they were even afraid to breathe. Then again the "ebb of the flood" was now making toward the southwest straight, a strong rippling way current, and going against their way of direction. Then the slightest ripples were a grave danger to their overloaded craft, so baff, but the worse of it was they were swept out of their true course and away from the raft. If they let the current have its way they would be ashore where they had seen so many glandelinians when fired on, and where the glandelinians might appear at any moment and make them all prisoners. "I cannot keep her head for the raft," Miss said of one of the soldiers to Angelina Richee. He was staring, while all the other men were at the oars. "The flood tide keeps washing her down."

"Could you pull a little stronger?" she asked.

"Not without swamping the boat Miss. You said he. You must bear up Miss, if you please--bear up till you see we are gaining."

She tried, and found by some experiment that the tide kept sweeping them southwestward until they had laid her head due northeast or just about right angles to the way they ought to go, and that even they now could not even make ashore.

"We'll never even get ashore at this rate, and we'll be drawn into the far off current, and then we'll be lost," said Angelina Riches.

"If it's the only course that we can lie, Miss, we must swallow it," said Wilfred. "We must keep 'Upstream' with the flood current."

"You are right," said the man. "You see Miss Maxwell we went on 'if there we dropped to leeward of any landing place on shore it's hard to say where we would get to shore, besides the chance of being attacked by the enemy, whereas the way we go the current must slacken some spot, and then we can dodge back along the shore."

"The current has become less already," said Jane, who was sitting in the fore-chocks, "You can ease her off a bit."

"Thank you, my dear girl," said Angelina Riches, quite as if nothing had happened, for they had all quietly made up their minds to take any chance to get ashore, rather than risk going too far out on the flood. Suddenly Angelina Riches spoke up again, and it sounded as if her voice was little changed.

"The glandelinian batteries," said she.

"I have thought of that," said Jane, for she made sure Angelina was thinking of a bombardment of the boat from shore. "But the situation of the land I believe makes it safe, for the glandelinians could never get the guns depressed right if we stay close at shore. But if we get out too far on the water, we'll be saying our last prayers, and there'll be a Requiem High Mass needed for us, daily."

"Look astern, everyone," cried Angelina Riches.

They had entirely forgotten, the other battery that had been firing on them while going ashore twice with the boat, and there to their horror, were fifteen big long range guns being trained toward their little boat.

"The glandelinians have good gunners," said Angelina Jennings hoarsely.

At any risk, they put the boat's head direct for the landing place. By this time they had got far out of the run of the current that they were able to keep steering way even at their necessarily gentle rate of rowing, and now they could not hardly keep her steady at the goal or for the goal. But the worst of it was, that with the course they held now, they turned the boat broadside instead of her stern to the shore, and offered a target like a barn door to a horse's hoofs. Angelina could hear, as well as see, the glandelinian gunners, working the guns into proper position to get the proper range for the boat.

"Who are the best shots among us?" asked Angelina Riches.

"We all are," said themen if our rifles will reach that range."

"Well boys," said Angelina, "Will you please try and pick off some of those men air before they can fire. Their artillery officer is possible."

The soldiers were as cool as steel. They looked to the priming of their long range, twenty shot repeating cartridge rifles.

"Now," cried Angelina Riches, "May with those guns boys, or the concussion will swamp the boat. All other steady to train her, when they aim."

The soldiers raised their rifles, the rowing ceased, and the girls leaned over to the other side to keep the balance, and all was so nicely contrived that they did not even ship a drop. They had the guns in position by this time, and one of the artillery officers, he looked like he was the King of the Sea (the way he was unformed, was) was in most consequently the most exposed. However they had no luck for as the soldiers fired, down he stooped the ball aimed for him whistled over him, but five of his artillery men dropped dead, two gave a yell and one officer in the uniform rank of a Sergeant fell. The cry the artillery men who fell gave was echoed, not only by the surviving artillery men, but by a great number of voices from the left of the shore, and looking in that direction they saw a large column of glandelinian cavalry trooping out from among the trees, and about fifteen Scoodlers tumbling into their places in tow long gasoline skiffs.

"Here comes the Gasoline Revenue," Miss said one of the men.

"Oh, a way then," cried Angelina Riches. "We mustn't mind if we have to swamp her now. If we get can't get ashore elsewhere, or reach our raft hill's up. Those Scoodlers are Zimmermanians and they can do a lot of harm with their rifles, and their boats have cannons too."

"They'll have a hot run Miss, for we have the long start on them," she said.

"We'll try to make it any a way," said Angelina Riches. "Move ashore you must."

"put they might catch us," protested the man.

"No they won't, it's not them I mind at all, we have a machine gun on board and can receive them good. It's the explosive shells from the batteries we must avoid. 'Gan'-gangshells. Our own babies couldn't miss us now. Tell us Wilfred when you see the 'Match' and we'll hold water."

In the meanwhile they had been making head a head a headway at a good pace for a boat so badly over-loaded, and they had shipped but little water in the process. They were now close in, thirty or forty or more strokes and they would reach her, for the flood "ebb" had already disclosed a narrow belt of washed land below the trees that had their bases submerged in water. The glandelinians in the launches were no longer to be feared, the enemy in the boats was already demoralized from their eyes. The floods "ebb" which had so cruelly delayed us, though it was hoped it might be a meaning of the flood slightly receding, was now making repatriation and delaying the glandelinians in the boats, as the current was strong enough to retard them in spite the power of their gasoline motors. The one source of grave danger was the glandelinian battery.

"I if durst," said Angelina Riches, "I'd stop and pick of another rebel soldier."

But it was plain that the glandelinians meant nothing should delay their broadside. They had never so much as even looked at their fallen comrades, whether dead or wounded, and they could from the boat see some crawl away.

"Ready," cried Dolores Mis-Mollister.

"Hold," cried Angelina Riches, quick as an echo.

And she and Wilfred had the men to back with a great heave, that sent the stern of the boat bodily under water. The crash of the distant cannon fell in at the same time and fairly shook the air and the trees from their concussion. The water of the flood went high in great geyseers and the concussion of one high explosive bursting on land not far from the boat hurled fragments forward, three of the men in the boat were killed two were wounded, and even Jane received a fling of something in the right leg that made her gasp from the terrible pain. Again the cannon roared blindly and wherever of the high explosives this time passed, not one of the survivors precisely knew, but it must have been over their heads, but one hitting a mass of floating wreckage two hundred feet from the boat sent everything, water and all, anemad from the land below high into the air like a great eruption with a stunning ear-splitting crashing report, and this con tributed to their disaster. Another man was killed outright, and a torrent of water descended upon them, mingled with falling boards, mud and sand, and dribbles of stones, the boat sank by the stern, quite gently but suddenly, in three feet of water, leaving the girls by themselves facing each other still sitting down heads about under water. The four girls were the only survivors. The little girls finally came up again in a standing posture drenched and bubbling, and Jane limped, and a part of her dress was red where evidently she was bleeding.

They gasped in horror at the dead men, now floating away with the flood, yet the little girls realized they could wade ashore in safety. But to make it worse there were all their stores at the bottom, and to make things still worse only two guns out of five remained in a state of service. Angelina Riches had snatched her from her knees as the boat sank and held it over her head by a sort of instinct. As for Angelina Jennings, he had carried hers over her shoulder by a bandolier, and like a wise girl about look uppermost. The other three had gone down with the boat, and the four other girls dropped their rifles in their excitement into the water. Jane had here but the stock was broken off by being hit by a shell fragment. To add to their concern, they heard voices drawing near them in the woods along the shore and they were not only facing the danger of being cut off from the raft, in their badly crippled state, but the fear before them whether, if the raft was attacked by other foes, those on board would have the sense and conduct to stand firm. Those left on board the raft were steady the girls knew, but the boys who were left on guard were a doubtful case, and some being new were pleasant polite boys for work as office boys and to wear fine clothes, but not entirely fit for service in war. With all this in their minds, they waded ashore as fast as they could, leaving behind the poor row boat, the dead men and a good half of all their powder and ammunition.

DESPERATE FIGHTING FOR THEIR LIVES, AND THEY RETREAT
FOR THE BIG STOCKADE.
THE GLENDELINIAN FORCES.
LONG JOHN WHASSY.

THEY made their best speed across a narrow strip of wood fringing the main forest further beyond, that divided them from the distant stockade, and at every step they took the voices of the Glendelinian commanders rang nearer. Soon the girls could hear their foot falls as they ran, and the crackling of the branches as they branched across a bit of thicket. A shell exploded among the trees near them but did not harm but break off the branches and let fall a shower of leaves. From some where also came the crack of rifles, and bullets sang close to the little girls.

They began to understand fully enough that they should have a brush for it in earnest, and Angeline Riches looked to her priming. At this moment from another quarter, a number of their own men fortunately, about fifty appeared, and joined them.

"Captain," said Angeline Riches to the man "Mildred Maxwell is the best dead shot among us. Give her your pistols, her own are useless." The man and little girl exchanged guns, and Mildred, silent and as cool as she had been at the beginning of the battle, hung a moment on her heel to see that all was fit for service. At the same time observing that Jane Turner one of the girls was unarmed, Angeline Riches handed her her useless. It did all their hearts good to see her spit in her hand, knit her brow, and make the blade sing through the air. It was plain from every line of her body that she too was worth her salt. To courtly pass farther on, they came to the edge of the wood, just as a shell crashed among a brushwood and splintered everything, and saw a high rise of ground with a sort of circular formation in front of them. It was some sort of a natural enclosure, and they reached it about the middle of the north side, and almost at the same time, seven squadrons of Glendelinian cavalry all armed with shotguns, and under the very leadership of general Joe Anderson rode gunnery at their head on a white horse—up appeared in fullery at the south western corner. They paused when they saw the seven little girls, and over a hundred men, as if taken aback, and before they recovered, every one of the fugitives had got behind the natural enclosure, and had time to fire a volley of a hundred and seven shots came like one explosion, they did the business, as many Glendelinians toppled from their horses, the general among them, but the rest without hesitation, turned, and plunged forward through the scattered trees in a fearful headlong charge to avenge the loss of their leader. The defenders fired and fired again, and finally being discomfited, by the fierceness of the attack it seemed as if they were forced to abandon their position or be massacred, when a high explosive shell, from some where fell in their very midst and nearly fifteen of the soldiers were killed, and thirty wounded, and little Jane received a second wound. Too there was danger of the Glendelinian assailants closing in, and therefore the survivors fled from the natural works, taking to the trees as quick as possible for shelter but at that moment, a hail whistled close past Angeline Riches ear, and poor Jane turned and fell her length on the ground. The girls and the surviving soldiers returned the shot with a volley, and a number of Glendelinians again fell, horses too. The soldiers had to fight fiercely while two turned their attention to poor Jane to carry her beyond danger. The Captain, and a lieutenant were already examining her, and Angeline saw with half an hour's eyes that all was over, when the Captain pitched forward shot through the head. Carrying the little between them the refugees fled from tree to tree, bush to bush always returning the fire of the relentlessly pursuing enemy, and all the while they carried poor Jane, groaning and bleeding into the log house nearest the enclosure.

The other soldiers scattered out into long thin lines behind trees and firing fiercely held the Glendelinians at bay while the little girl and Jane Melfort too, the latter who had been slightly wounded in the leg was attended to. But poor little Jane Turner, she had not uttered a word of surprise complaint, fear or even acquiescence from the very beginning of their perils

till now, when the man carrying her laid her down in the log house to die. That little girl scout had followed many a girl scout leader, doggedly, and well through many a dangerous and exciting adventure, she was the oldest of Gertrude's whole division of girl scouts by nearly two years, and now it was she that was going to die. And Gertrude and the rest of the main force so far away.

"Oh God," said Angeline Riches. "If Gertrude will only hear the firing."

And she dropped down beside Jane on her knees, and kissed her hand, as if trying like a baby, while without the firing continued hotter and hotter.

"Am I going, Angeline?" she asked.

"Yes, dear girl," said Angeline. "You are going to Heaven."

"They shot me the murderers. I wish I had one at them with my gun first before I die," she replied. "Don't forget to have a Requiem High Mass said for me."

"Jane," said Angeline. "Pray for us when you go to Heaven won't you?"

"Yes I will," came the faint answer. However what it be Amen."

Despite the peril of the stay here Angeline Riches, knowing it would be impossible to obtain a priest, said the prayers herself for the dying, and a few minutes after, without another word, the poor little girl passed away.

In the meantime Mildred Maxwell, taking chances was outside, directing the men how to deploy in their answering fire, and she too had found a long fir tree lying felled and trimmed for some purpose, and with the help of Dolores who was trembling over the excitement of the battle, Mildred set up her machine gun which she fortunately had carried with her, and this suddenly opened, and to the horror of the survivors the Glendelinians fell by hundreds.

Even trees did not shelter them from this deadly fire, and those who tried to rush to some cover to get out of the way to put Mildred out of existence were riddled with bullets. It was all on Mildred's side now, and her eyes gleamed almost wickedly as she realized it. The Glendelinians driven to panic and fright scattered and recoiled as fast as they could to get out of that hose stream of hellish bullets, but she advanced the gun forward until nearly all those who escaped not were annihilated. This result seemed mightily to relieve her and the rest, purging the lull Mildred re-entered the log house, to refill the cartridge belts, while the others were set to counting up the stores, as if nothing else existed during the lull.

A flat which Mildred also had in her possession was spread over Jane's body.

"Don't you take on so like this," she said taking Angeline Riches by the hand. "All is well with her, she's in Heaven, no fear for a girl scout that has been shot down in her duty to Country and God. Anyway it does not keep the Glendelinians from being gill / guilty murderers."

Then she pulled Angeline Riches aside.

"Angeline," she continued. "We can make for the stockade during the lull. In how many weeks do you expect to hold out if the others do not know of our danger and come not?"

"It's not a question of weeks Mildred, but of months. You can calculate for yourself," said she.

"Why yes," returned Angeline Jennings herself, scratching her head. "And making a big allowance, for all the gifts of Providence, I'll say we are pretty closely pressed. We'll have to fight our way to those stockades we had found, and they are pretty distant too believe me."

"How do you mean?" Mildred asked, as a shell exploded again beyond hurling a shower of tree splinters all over the party.

"It's a pity we lost that bonload. That is what I mean," replied Angeline Jennings. "As for powder and shot, and weapons, we can do wonders. But the rations are short, very short, so short, Mildred, that it's suicide to risk a siege. Better try to break through, and wait till night comes and then escape."

"But what are we going to do with her?" And Angeline Riches pointed to the little girl dead body under the flat.

"Take her and bury her. We'll take her to the raft or die."

"Just then with a roar and a whistle, a high explosive shell passed high above the roof of the log house, and plunged far beyond them in the wood, exploded like an eruption and tore a gap in the forest.

"Good night," the Glendelinian batteries are still blaring away," said Angeline Riches.

At the second trial however the aim was better, and the loghouse went up into smoke and debris, killing thirteen soldiers who were within, fortunately too that the dead body had been brought outside before this.

"Angeline," said Dolores. "How can the gunners see us here. I thought we were quite invisible. It must be the trees they are aiming at. Would it not be wiser to retreat further. The Glendelinians don't seem to re-appear."

"Yes," and she gave the command, but advised every one to make the retreat carefully, and from tree to tree. As they started their retreat, a roll of cannons were heard, and a "barrage" of shells exploded in a long line of eruptions but none of them were hit, though they were badly showered by

earth, and the debris of trees. The fragments of the shells buried themselves in the trunks of other trees not felled by the explosions, but as long as the retreating fugitives had no ricochet to fear they didn't worry. They could hear the scream of the shells, and always threw themselves down when they came close and thus avoided the danger of further loss. Though one crashed within forty feet of them and buried some of them in debris they all got out.

"Here's one thing good about this," observed Angelina Riches. "The wood in front of us now is likely clear from the Glandelinians. We can try to reach the stockade and I'll send ten of the men to find the rest to bring them our help. Who will volunteer to go? We are within ten paces of the stockade now."

Ten men volunteered to go forth. Well armed they stole under fire through the thickets, while some others were sent to try and uncover the stores left where the boat had been sunk. They tooted forward but for them it proved a useless mission. The Glandelinians were found busy carrying off the stores, and wading out with them to the Revenue cutters that lay close by, pulling an oar or so to hold the boat they had raised, steady against the current. An officer was in the stern sheets in command, and others were grouped about, and it was seen too by one of the men that the Glandelinians were moving forward from another part of the shore attacking those on the raft, and a brisk firing was heard from that quarter.

All were soon in possession of the abandoned Stockade, and Angelina Riches sat down on a log at the same time wondering where Gertrude Angelina, Penrod, and the rest of the party were. Then came a hail on the other side.

"Some one is hailing us," said Dolores, who was on guard.

"Angelina Riches, Mildred Maxwell, Hille Angelina Jennings is that you?" came the cries. "We trailed you over here."

And Dolores ran to the gate in time to see a number of boyscouts, about forty safe and sound, come climbing over the stockade. They had heard the firing, and followed the sound, thus getting here just in time.

As soon as the new comers had come into the stockade, one of the boys sat down beside Angelina Riches.

"Now," said he. "There's your other friends far outside on a hill, sure enough. Gertrude will hear the firing and come to our aid."

"It's more likely the Glandelinians will overwhelm the whole of us," she answered.

"Not to worry," he cried. "Why in a place like this, we could hold an army at bay. Your gang is equipped with four machine guns, and plenty of ammunition for them and could sweep the whole territory around the stockade like as many streams of houses. No we can hold out. There's been blizzards here too, and I reckon Gertrude and her followers, has had the best of it somewhere else, and here we are ashore in an old stockade, about a mile from the flood, as was made years and years ago by some old time farmers to keep out wolves from their sheep. Ah Gertrude is the girl to have the heepees. He is afraid of no Glandelinian not she, afraid of nothing."

"Well," said Angelina Riches, "That positively so, and so be it; all the more reason that we hope she'll hear our firing and hurry and help us."

"No she is too far off; and in trouble too," returned the boy. "Not so. You're a good girl scout, or I'm mistaken, and though you are a girl you are more like a boy like me, all told. Now I Ben Hans can do lots too. Nothing would bring me anywhere but here by your side, and you won't forget my words. A precious sight is what 'il you say, when we foil those Glandelinians of skin skunks and defeat them. Ha, ha, brave men. They attack children and are brave soldiers. If they see a Christian dog they puff out their tail and run. Ha, ha."

"And now," said another boy, and he pinched her on the arm.

"Yes," said another boy. "We are the dogs, and the Glandelinians are the outs. See the point."

"And when Gertrude is wanted, you know where to find her Jim," said another.

"Just where you found her to day. If she can she'll come to our help. She's good she is. Did you Angelina send to her messengers?"

"Yes. I sent ten or twelve men, but I'm afraid only one of them will get through."

"Well," said the boy Jim. "I believe I understand. All of us have something to propose. How did you come to be attacked?"

"Angelina Riches told the story."

"Is that the reason. And you suffered the loss of more than fifty men and one girl. You have something to avenge, and you wish to see Gertrude or Penrod come to your aid. Shall I try and reach them. I can do it. Why from observations I know where she is, and some of those men may reach her. The Glandelinians may be watching closely."

"And when can you expect to reach her?" asked Angelina.

"I can reach her in about half an hour."

"Good," said Angelina.

"And now may I go?"

"Yes, but be careful. Keep a look out for the enemy."

"You won't forget?" he inquired anxiously.

"No I won't forget. I reckon you can go Jim. And Jim if you see Penrod warn him too."

And then Jim departed. When he was gone, there was a loud report, and a high explosive shell came tearing through the trees, and exploded with the force of a volcanic eruption not a hundred yards from where Angelina Riches and Ben Hans were sitting. The next moment all those who could had taken to heels in different directions. For a good hour to come frequent ear-splitting explosions, and reports of distant cannon shook the whole landscape, and explosions of shells brought down many trees and kept crashing through the woods, but never hit the stockade. Inside the grounds of the stockade every one to avoid the shells moved from place to place, always prepared, or so it seemed to them by these terrifying explosive missiles. But toward the end of the bombardment, though no one durst venture in the open, where the explosions crashed more often, all had begun in a manner to pick up courage again, and Angelina Riches crept down among the trees growing near the palisades.

It was five o'clock, and a breeze was rustling and tumbling in the woods, and ruffling the gray surface of the distant flood, the flood too seemed somewhat lowered and great tracts of land lay uncovered, and the air being from the northwest, after such a heat of the distant forest fires, now was somewhat cooler. Angelina Riches could see that the raft still lay where she had anchored, but sure enough to her dismay, there was the Glandelinian flag, flying from her peak. Even as she looked, there came another red flash, from her gun that sent the echoes clattering, and a shell struck right inside the palisade grounds near her, a shrapnell but did no harm but scatter dirt all over her. She lay for some time, watching the battle that had succeeded the frightful repulse of the attack. At some distance Glandelinian soldiers were demolishing something with axes near the scene of attack, others were moving forward in patches, and she realized it was preparations for an attack on the stockade. Away to the right, a great fire was glowing far away behind the distant forest, and between that point on the flood and near the raft one of the gasoline Revenue Cutters kept coming and going, the men shouting like children. At length she decided to return toward the nearest stockade stockade building. While lying near the palisade looking through one of the loopholes she had been pretty far down on a low sandy pit that was near the edge, and as she prepared to rise to her feet, she saw some distance further down the rise, and rising from a hill top, an enormous cloud and peculiarly white in color. It was followed by a blood red flash and a terrific boom that shook the stockade like an earthquake, and a high explosive shell wisped by and fell to the right of the stockade exploding harmlessly.

The stockade houses as she noticed were made of logs, roof walls and flood. In the palisade walls there were apertures for machine guns, and stone of the stockades there was a porch at the door, and under this porch a little spring welled up. Little had been left beside the framework of the small house in the center. The slopes of the hill and all the inside of the stockades had been cleared of timber to build the fortified houses, and she could see by the stumps what a fine and lofty grove had been destroyed. Most of the soil too had been washed away or buried in drift which showed the flood was even up here at its highest stage. Very close around the stockades too close for defense the woods still flourished high and dense, all of fir and an admixture of live oak and other trees. The cool evening breeze of which she had noticed whistled through every creak of the rude buildings, and spruce sprinkled the floor with a continual rain of fine sand. There was sand in their eyes, sand in their teeth, sand in their suppers, sand dancing in the spring for all the world like porridge beginning to boil. And sometimes when smoke came up from the forest fires and eddied about, it kept every one coughing and rubbing their eyes.

If every one had been allowed to sit idle, they all should have had the blues, but Angelina Riches was never the girl scout leader for that. A number of boys and girls were called up before her, and divided into watched or sentries. The rest were put to work doing what they could to strengthen the defenses. Dolores, Angelina Jennings, and Mildred were given other duties and some of the boys tired though they were, were sent out for rocks and stones, two more were set to dig a small quarry hole in front of the palisade, Jane was named cook, and Hettie Kauffmann was put sentry at the gate, and Angelina Riches went from one to another, keeping up their spirits and lending a hand wherever it was wanted doing work herself.

"Why in about half an hour."

"Good," said Angelina.

"And now may I go?"

"Yes, but be careful. Keep a look out for the enemy."

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And then Jim departed. When he was gone, there was a loud report, and a high explosive shell came tearing through the trees, and exploded with the force of a volcanic eruption not a hundred yards from where Angelina Riches and Ben Hans were sitting. The next moment all those who could had taken to heels in different directions. For a good hour to come frequent ear-splitting explosions, and reports of distant cannon shook the whole landscape, and explosions of shells brought down many trees and kept crashing through the woods, but never hit the stockade. Inside the grounds of the stockade every one to avoid the shells moved from place to place, always prepared, or so it seemed to them by these terrifying explosive missiles. But toward the end of the bombardment, though no one durst venture in the open, where the explosions crashed more often, all had begun in a manner to pick up courage again, and Angelina Riches crept down among the trees growing near the palisades.

It was five o'clock, and a breeze was rustling and tumbling in the woods, and ruffling the gray surface of the distant flood, the flood too seemed somewhat lowered and great tracts of land lay uncovered, and the air being from the northwest, after such a heat of the distant forest fires, now was somewhat cooler. Angelina Riches could see that the raft still lay where she had anchored, but sure enough to her dismay, there was the Glandelinian flag, flying from her peak. Even as she looked, there came another red flash, from her gun that sent the echoes clattering, and a shell struck right inside the palisade grounds near her, a shrapnell but did no harm but scatter dirt all over her. She lay for some time, watching the battle that had succeeded the frightful repulse of the attack. At some distance Glandelinian soldiers were demolishing something with axes near the scene of attack, others were moving forward in patches, and she realized it was preparations for an attack on the stockade. Away to the right, a great fire was glowing far away behind the distant forest, and between that point on the flood and near the raft one of the gasoline Revenue Cutters kept coming and going, the men shouting like children. At length she decided to return toward the nearest stockade stockade building. While lying near the palisade looking through one of the loopholes she had been pretty far down on a low sandy pit that was near the edge, and as she prepared to rise to her feet, she saw some distance further down the rise, and rising from a hill top, an enormous cloud and peculiarly white in color. It was followed by a blood red flash and a terrific boom that shook the stockade like an earthquake, and a high explosive shell wisped by and fell to the right of the stockade exploding harmlessly.

The stockade houses as she noticed were made of logs, roof walls and flood. In the palisade walls there were apertures for machine guns, and stone of the stockades there was a porch at the door, and under this porch a little spring welled up. Little had been left beside the framework of the small house in the center. The slopes of the hill and all the inside of the stockades had been cleared of timber to build the fortified houses, and she could see by the stumps what a fine and lofty grove had been destroyed. Most of the soil too had been washed away or buried in drift which showed the flood was even up here at its highest stage. Very close around the stockades too close for defense the woods still flourished high and dense, all of fir and an admixture of live oak and other trees. The cool evening breeze of which she had noticed whistled through every creak of the rude buildings, and spruce sprinkled the floor with a continual rain of fine sand. There was sand in their eyes, sand in their teeth, sand in their suppers, sand dancing in the spring for all the world like porridge beginning to boil. And sometimes when smoke came up from the forest fires and eddied about, it kept every one coughing and rubbing their eyes.

If every one had been allowed to sit idle, they all should have had the blues, but Angelina Riches was never the girl scout leader for that. A number of boys and girls were called up before her, and divided into watched or sentries. The rest were put to work doing what they could to strengthen the defenses. Dolores, Angelina Jennings, and Mildred were given other duties and some of the boys tired though they were, were sent out for rocks and stones, two more were set to dig a small quarry hole in front of the palisade, Jane was named cook, and Hettie Kauffmann was put sentry at the gate, and Angelina Riches went from one to another, keeping up their spirits and lending a hand wherever it was wanted doing work herself.

712
From time to time some of them were forced to go inside the cabins to rest their eyes which were almost "smoked" out of their heads, and whenever they did so they had a word for one another.

"Dolores said secretly to Jane who was having her leg bandaged: 'Gertrude is better than any lender we have seen, but Angeline Riches is her double, and when I say that it means a good deal Jane.'

Another time she came and was silent for a while. Then she put her head in and looked at Jane to see if she was all right.

"Is that boy scout Jack Saunders still safe with us?" she asked.

"I do not know Dolores. If Gertrude left him on the raft, I'm not very sure he is safe. Whether he is Jack's deserter or not, the Glandelinians would have killed him anyhow."

"If there's any doubt about the matter, he is," returned Dolores. "A boy who is a coward and deserts a girl in trouble, can't expect to receive any sympathy from me no matter what may happen to him. It doesn't lie in human nature. But the Glandelinians may have spared him if to save his life he might reveal many things about us."

"If we do, and we recapture the raft---" said Jane.

"Well Jane," said Dolores, "just see that good comes out of this adventure. If he tells anything, you've seen my good little pocket machine gun, haven't you? And you never saw me take it out did you? Well that's for the enemy."

Everyone soon was called to have what they could of their supper, and then when they had eaten, and each had a good stiff glass of brandy to nerve them up a bit, the three chiefs got together in a corner to discuss the prop prospects. It appeared they were at their wits end what to do the stores being so low, that if Gertrude didn't come, they would be starved into surrender long before help came. But their best hope, it was decided, was to kill off the Glandelinians as fast as they attacked. It was believed that in the attack upon the lower enclosure from which they were driven the Glandelinians had lost fifteen hundred in killed and wounded, two of their generals were wounded, one killed, and another severely wounded if he were not dead. Very time they had a crack at the Glandelinians in sight, those on guard took it, saving their own lives with the most extreme care. And besides that they all had two able allies, brandy, and the climate, and as for the Glandelinians, though they were about half a mile away, they could hear them roaring and yelling and cursing and also singing as they made their preparations, and Angeline Riches staked her heart, that if the Glandelinians were to attack the stockade before dark, the half of them who come within range would be lying on their backs before the machine gun fire from the palisades.

"So," she added, "if we are not all shot down first, they'll be all glad to retreat before we are ready to fight. It's always a good time they like to attack when it's night."

"First time we ever went through this experience," said another scout. "Every one was dead tired, as any one may fancy, and when those who were not on guard duty got to sleep they slept like a log of wood even though it was far from night. Angeline Riches remained up to take her turn at guarding, and soon she heard from the rear a hustle and the sound of voices."

"Flag of truce," she heard someone say, and then immediately after, with a cry or surprise, "More reinforcements. We are in luck. It's Jack Saunders and his company. He heard our firing and came to investigate. Hurrah."

And at that, Angeline jumped up, and rubbing her eyes, ran to a loop hole in the wall.

An hour passed, during this time the boy and girl watchers on the hills saw that the enormous Glandelinian columns had been moving slowly forward, along the top of some high plateau partly covered with smoking ruins, and felt sure that the motions of the Glandelinian army was being transferred, then they saw many Glandelinian Regimental flags, which despite it being from the enemy made the scene pretty pretty from their bright and dazzling colors. Elsewhere one column of Glandelinians which appeared from their State Standard to be either Mangabos or Mangabos remained motionless, but it was the largest column, but in a few minutes there was the sound of drums and this column started on the move, and headed for the north east. There was at this moment a brisk steady wind blowing, hot and sultry, and bring from the east a fog of smoke. The columns moved fast through the gathering haze, as it was getting darker.

713
"We shall soon see now whether any portion of the Glandelinian will make us out or Gertrude's part," Jean said to George, the German boy. "Heavens I hear firing to the southwest. It's Glandelinian cannon. Come there's something wrong, I will not wait any longer but will go and tell Gertrude what is going on. In another hour the others will be up here to relieve you, then you can bring down the latest news."

"But am I allowed to remain alone?"

"I'll give you the permission."

"Left alone. Won't it be fool hardy. Suppose I wasn't trustworthy?"

"But you are," she said. "I can tell that in your very eyes, that though you are a foreign boy, not even I, Gertrude, or any of our followers are as much an enemy of the Glandelinians as you are. We are here just because of the excitement of the war. You got some secret accounts to settle with Glandelinia, you want revenge."

Left alone George watched anxiously the progress of the distant enemy divisions, turning the glass frequently toward the other stretch of land beyond the end of which he momentarily expected to see other Glandelinian columns appear. He looked very carefully when he saw a certain man in a general's uniform and gave a gasp as he saw his face.

"We are mistaken," he cried to himself. "That is Manley or I'm a nut."

He stayed up there an hour, listening to the sound of cannons and explosions elsewhere, then heard the sound of small arms and wondered whether some party of the others was not attacked by the Glandelinians. He noticed that the foremost portion of the Mangaboo Glandelinians were now within about four miles of the nearest point of his observation, steadily coming his way, and still there was no signs of the Glandelinian cavalry which he and Jean had first seen. Presently he heard voices behind him, and two soldiers came up. George knew he now was free to return, but he thought he had better wait until the three Glandelinian infantry columns reached a point where they would be hidden by a stretch of the "Red Riding Riding Hood" forest, and from the sight of any one who might be watching on the hill six or seven miles away. In fifteen minutes or earlier they had reached this point, but to his surprise another and longer column of the enemy appeared, all Miso-Hollesstinians, and it struck him to the fact that this was Manley's advance on Evangeline St. Gladre. No sign yet had been seen of the "Whaler" Glandelinian cavalry, and George felt sure that it must be encamped in some open spot whose forest fringe prevented them seeing the girl and boy scouts ashore, for had any Glandelinians noticed them they would assuredly have set out to intercept them before they could get away on the raft, which lay almost dead to windward of them. However he still heard the distant cannonading, and was just turning to go, when one of the soldiers gave a sudden exclamation. He turned round again, and saw an immense seemingly endless column of Glandelinian cavalry, or dragons, hooded, men and cavalry of general main with its van just appearing from behind another section of forest. It had after all been advancing too, and the forest had hid its movement. The Glandelinian cavalry was indeed a big squadron the biggest force he had ever seen carrying myriads of brilliant standards, and it was soon evident its course that the cavalry was galloping for the point round, which the other Glandelinian infantry columns had slowly disappeared. Then he was surprised to see from a new spot, a new column of infantry appear, one more, another, still, another, and then they commenced to come in droves of columns.

George was puzzled at this, for one part of the Glandelinian detachment of cavalry, had separated from the main body, and were moving two ways, and he thought that if any of them had made out the raft, their natural course would have been to have made for the south end of the shore, so as to cut them off as they advanced past it, whereas they would now, when they gained the extremity of the landscape find themselves five or six miles from their point of observation. The two soldiers were equally puzzled, and there was a hot argument between them, but they finally concluded, that their appearance at that moment must be accidental, and that the heads of Manley's cavalry could not have made out the troop of girl and boy scouts, and their raft. They had just told George to run down with this news to the cove, when a light was thrown upon the mystery, for from the other shore of the cove but on land a large column of gray coated horsemen appeared. There was the sound of firing somewhere more spirited, and the strange droning noise of a machine gun (the one killed opened on the enemy). Every portion was compact and the column was heading toward the other circle of the landscape upon which the watchers were standing. Suddenly there was a deafening air shaking crash of thunder overhead, from a shell exploding, and the two soldiers burst into a torrent of oaths, expressive of surprise and alarm as they and George scattered to avoid the fragments that would fly down, and they observed

that the course of the horsemen was just to intercept the two columns of child scouts just coming from their respective places on land, until the main body of the van guard of caverly came to their assistance.

"Run, boy, run for your life," one of the soldiers exclaimed, "and tell Miss Aronburg." But no, wait a moment. "and he directed the glass upon the caverly. 'A thousand curses on them,' he exclaimed. 'It's the Osarian caverly. They are the fiercest fighting Glandelinian caverly. Tell Miss Aronburg that I am coming after you, but your legs will beat mine, as you are the younger.'"

George dashed off at full speed, but as soon as he had distanced the other soldier, he began to run more slowly. For the moment he had so entered into the feelings of his companions that he had identified himself with them but now he had time to think, and he had suspicions that something also was wrong somewhere else, because he had remembered hearing his firing for the last half hour, and it still continued with cannon shots and explosions still. Therefore also his sympathies swung round in that direction. But soon he found he too was under fire. He had the boom, boom of two guns from some where, a shell caused an eruption on top of the hill, bringing down a row of trees in one crash, and another exploded two hundred yards in front of him, hurling him into a summerault from the concussion but doing no other wise harm, but killing two men who were following behind. He rose to his feet somewhat dazed. He did not particularly want Gertrude Angelina or her raft to be captured, for he had been treated so well on board that he felt no ill will toward her. But nevertheless he felt also for the other portion of her force which he believed from the sound of firing was in greater peril.

He thought over the matter as he continued to run, and wondered why the first squadron of Glandelinian caverly did not take the line to cut the girls out on the left wing below off instead of going round by the other end of the landscape. He could only suppose, that it was because the "Osarian Wheeler caverly were the fastest Glandelinian horsemen, and were more likely to arrive in time at the point. Besides if the Wheelers showed there before christian reinforcements reached the point, they might double back again, and the Glandelinian cav a caverly would make to the north end of the land before they were half way back, and by a turning movement come upon them on the raft from the south east and west and hem them in by water by boats. It might be too that the Glandelinian leader suspected the truth, knowing that the raft lost of scouts whom they had pursued all the way had a landing place somewhere in that neighborhood, and that their object in remaining hidden so long behind the forest or in the forest, was to give them time to enter their port in ignorance of the Glandelinians being so close in the neighborhood. At any rate the great thing was, that he also saw a schooner and a brig enter somewhere near by loaded with Glandelinians also, and therefore the Glandelinians would come before anyone knew of the danger. Once heard in it would be impossible for them to get out again, by means of the raft, and beat off shore with the wind blowing dead on the land, before both the strange schooner and the brig rounded the narrow neck of land.

Therefore, although George ran fast enough to keep well ahead of the men he just then made no effort to keep up a greater rate of speed than was necessary for this, for he dreaded the consequences of too much haste. As soon as he reached the shore, a boat rowed off from the raft to fetch him. He saw with satisfaction, that although a great number of boys and girls were all on board, all preparations were made for getting under way at once, and indeed Gertrude would have had no anxiety for her own raft, as she would know that the Glandelinians could not follow out on water, and she knew that others if pursued if they saw the Glandelinians coming to meet them, would race away to the left, but she worried about where Angelina Riches, Mildred, and the rest of the other one third of the force was.

"What news, boy?" Gertrude asked as the boat came close alongside. "Are the Glandelinians trying to close in?"

"Yes Yes Miss Aronburg. Even a Frigate, and a Schooner followed by a brig is trying to close in by water."

"Which way are they bearing?"

"One third of our force to the right do not know of their danger, Miss Aronburg. The Schooner did not show around the narrow neck of land until the caverly appeared coming toward us from two sides. The boats are making toward the western end, and the Schooner is making for the southern end. The soldiers who came up told me to tell you that the Glandelinian caverly are the Osarian Kuris one of the fastest Wheeler caverly of the enemy know...."

Gertrude, and her nearest officers uttered an exclamation of sheer dismay, which was echoed by all the rest standing around them.

"Row out through the entrance," she shouted to some of those in the boat, "Go along shore if you can, and signal a warning to the others and so they'll know they are in danger. Tell them to make straightout to the raft. Join send someone to find Angelina Riches and the rest. If the enemy come in here we shall all be caught in a trap together. Jack Flanders follow the sound of that firing and notify us what's wrong."

The oars dipped into the water, but before the boat was fairly in motion there was an exclamation, for the head column of one other troop of the girls and boys came past the projecting cliff. A moment later the whole swarm came into view. Catherine Estrabrook was at the head.

"Bring the boat alongside," Gertrude shouted. "I will go on board her at once. They may get away in time yet."

As the new comers came up that they halted their horses to wait for the boats. Gertrude at the risk of capturing the boat stood up in the stern sheet, screaming, and waving her arms and gesticulating to them to turn about and head for the hills again. The nearest girls and boys looked surprised unable to guess her meaning.

"There are two squadrons of Caylo Gargerylan caverly, one coming round each form of this cove," she screamed as she approached the column. "Get out to the hills if you can otherwise they may catch us all in here. We'll have to abandon the raft and set her adrift until it lands ashore out of their reach."

Catherine Estrabrook saw the emergency and screamed out orders. Boats too were all lowered at once, and those that could tumbled on board. If answers were low red from the edges and they at once began to tow the raft head round, for there was not a breath of wind in the land looked cove.

"How much time have we got?" Catherine asked, as the rafts head came slowly round.

"I don't know," Gertrude replied. "I can hear the galloping of horses. It's a question of minutes now. Ah here's the brig coming, and then suddenly Gloria's troop of girls appeared, and the boat dashed forward and gave small air orders to those that had been given to Estrabrook.

"Get your columns going for the heights," Gertrude shouted. "I will row out through the entrance, and give you warning if these accursed Glandelinians are in sight."

They rowed a hundred yards or more out, when beyond the farthest point they could see to the east, the columns of the enemy were perceived coming at a headlong gallop.

"Take the boat round," Gertrude said sharply. "It's too late to reach the raft now, we have got to fight for it."

They rowed back through the entrance. The raft slowly towed by her boats was approaching.

"It's no use," Gertrude said. "You are too late. The Glandelinians are coming round the bend in the land and will be here in half an hour. You can never work out of here in time, and no one can locate Angelina Riches and the rest. George said there's firing in that direction, and so did Jean. Besides the enemy would see us come out, and their batteries would blow us and the raft out of the water, and even if we did get away, which we couldn't do, the enemy would come so fast we'd be abandoning our friends on shore. That I won't do. We have got to fight for it, that's evident, and we were hoping the Glandelinians could not hardly make their way in here. We had best have the raft moored with her broadsides to the entrance to the cove. We will blow the Glandelinian troops to fragments if they try to come in, and then we can load up with all the most valuable goods, and slip out at night time. That is our only chance. But we must locate Angelina Riches."

Get captain Catherine Estrabrook jumped into the boat, and they again rowed out into the entrance. She saw at once that Gertrude's advice was the only one to be followed. It would be impossible to beat off the shore as the enemy batteries were aasily seen, and while they were talking the enemy schooner and brig appeared around the end of a narrow neck of land. They therefore returned into the cove. The rafts anchor was raised and moored head and stern across the harbor a hundred yards from the entrance. As soon as this was done parties were sent ashore from the raft, and six heavy machine guns were dragged from the raft, and as soon as possible planted on the heights so as to sweep all approaches to the small bay. It was two o'clock in the afternoon when this was finished, and an earth work thrown up to shelter the men working the guns from the enemy's rifle fire. In the meantime the two Glandelinian ships of war had set out side

and again separating cruised several times evidently searching for the entrance where they knew their enemies were hiding. On the landside the Glandelinians were in sight, and they charged up toward the rise of ground. "Now!" said Gertrude smilingly as she regained the top of the rise and watched them come. "We are ready to give the cats a warm reception. The boats of all the Glandelinian hosts on the flood waters would never forced their way through the gap into the cove, and we can defend this hill from the men on this side easily. When they come near enough men open fire with canon and rifles."

George who had been called upon to assist in the work of preparation, saw from the exultation in the faces of the Angolinian soldiers with the girl and boy squits that they considered their position was impregnable, and he shuddered at the thought of the terrible damage that would soon ensue. The Glandelinians came mounting up slowly and cautiously, and when a score of boats loaded with soldiers in gray appeared through the opening.

The guns opened at once, with shell, and all the boats were sunk, and a swarm of men were seen struggling in the water. Those still remaining on the raft also opened fire, and the surviving boats quickly beat it out of sight. "See!" said Gertrude. "They'll realize that if they try to enter again they will be destroyed at once. We have enough guns to blow a whole fleet out of water, and will do so if driven to it."

"I should sure thank you for your warning," said Catherine Westabrook. The Glandelinians made an assault up the hill side in so a considerable number, but because of the steepness of the hill, and the first they met from above the Glandelinians could not make any headway. They surely showed however their remarkable bravery nevertheless, wicked as the cause is they were fighting for, and despite their losses surged recklessly on, though their numbers were picked off as fast as they came on. But it was indeed a useless sacrifice. The trees protected their number somewhat, but nevertheless their great losses soon discouraged their officers, and though the men in their rage, and fury, and enthusiasm wanted worse than anything to go on ahead with the attack, the officers would not permit it further, and forced them to obey the commands of retreat, even beating the more reckless ones back with the flat of their swords.

Gertrude from above heard the stern orders given, and saw the Glandelinians slowly go back down the slope, taking with them only what they could of their wounded, but leaving nearly two hundred dead behind them, and six officers.

From an unexpected place Jack Anderson appeared. "Well have you found the place where Angeline Riches and her own force may be, Lieutenant Anderson?" Gertrude asked during the enemy's retreat, when the boy stood before her saluting.

"Yes Miss Aronburg, we have found it, but could not get too near as there are swarms of Grolwyg Glandelinians near. The girls' scout and her troop are preparing for defense in a long series of stockades, and these places are under shell fire."

"I could see no signs of the Stockades," said Gertrude, anxiously examining that part of the land with her telescope.

"No Miss Aronburg you wouldn't until you were within a hundred yards of it. I was with her when the trouble began and she repulsed one attack with great loss to both sides already. What makes her position seem secure the rocks overlap one another, and by the right of the stockades there's a narrow passage way some fifty yards long. Apparently this makes a sharp turn at the other end and opens out. We saw nothing of the Glandelinians who attacked us in the enclosure below the stockade, but on high ground far to the right of the stockade there is a battery of sixteen Glandelinian guns planted so as to rake anything coming in, and it is continually firing on the stockade, but without much effect, so far as I've observed. There are some chains across the end which she did not observe. While I was passing through the danger zone I heard someone hailing me."

"If you Christians dogs do not surrender!" I heard some one say. "You will be destroyed with the stockade at once. We have enough guns to blow you all to Kingdom Come, and will use them if you do not surrender."

"What then?"

"I heard someone answer from the stockade;

"Go to hell."

"Nasty place she had to get into though—eh?" Gertrude said thoughtfully.

"Very nasty, and dangerous for her Gertrude."

"Extremely dangerous?"

"Well rather. I'll tell you why. You see, the guns if the enemy could bring them into right position will soon play right down into the stockade, then

there are the chains to break down, and perhaps more batteries, perhaps chains to sweep the enclosures of the stockades from end to end, and certainly other dangerous to tackle. She sent me to ask you for aid."

"If I can I'll try," said Gertrude doubtfully. "But we are fighting our selves here in uneven odds. Never got into such a situation before. Is there on chances for troops to pass through without the besieging enemy seeing them come?"

"Just a bare chance, I should say and no more, Gertrude. We should certainly have to go from tree to tree, and rock to rock to fight our way through as it is but if we could send our caverly escop escort maybe they could clear the way for the assistance to reach there."

"What depth of forest is there close in shore in that location?"

"Plenty of thickness, Gertrude, enough to hide the movement of troops if the enemy ain't in possession already but of course I can say nothing as to what dangers may be lurking beyond."

"No of course not Gertrude said. "Well its something, those Glandelinians seem to have run us to earth at last, but I'm going to show them it'll be a miracle for them to get us, or the raft. If I see a means to get them through, I'll send a strong force to Angeline Riches."

Gertrude now signalled to Hettie Kauffmann to come to her, and when she did so the two girls' scout officers, retired to a clump of bushes together and had a short consultation. Then Hettie Kauffmann on making her appearance cautiously descended the hill without being seen either by their comrades or by the enemy below, got into a boat, and taking Westabrook with them, rowed for the shore indicated by Anderson, a few hundred yards to the southwest. Here by means of their glasses they were able to get a view of the Stockade and its surroundings, but not a soul could be seen. It appeared deserted. The muzzles of the sixteen big Glandelinian howitzers pointed menacingly down toward the water. One of the guns suddenly roared, and a eruption sprang out of the water near the boat.

"I think we'll go back now, or they'll sink us," said Gertrude. "I really think we ought to be very much obliged to Our Blessed Lord that the enemy had not succeeded in capturing all of us. I wonder what their motive was, is not attacking us more vigorously."

"I suppose the foe feels pretty confident, that the strength of our position is not likely to encourage too open an attack, and they think that if they were to do so it would only make us the more determined to destroy them before they can destroy us. At least that is the conclusion I came to after that shell nearly hit our boat."

"Yes I should think that it is," said Hettie Kauffmann. "It is certainly as we heard a lookin' place for Glandelinians to attack as I ever saw and I feel confident she'll be able to hold out till I find means to send her aid. Of course if it were not for the lay of the stockade, the Glandelinian assailants could easily get in, and I daresay it would be a very risky thing to storm the stockades without knowing anything of the country around it. So I believe she'll be able to take care of her self."

The three in half an hour had returned to the hill top.

Fearful knowing where they had gone, as he saw them leave came to meet them.

Anderson's report has been fully borne out, Captain Fenrod. "She is safe until we can aid her. It would be a most desperate enterprise for the Glandelinians to attack the stockades, for they'd be dreadfully exposed, and half their number would be laid low before they got to the palisades, and even if they got over them, which I doubt there is no saying what difficulties an obstacles may be inside. I have directed Jack Sanders to go himself and bring a strong force of boys to her aid right away. Then she can hold until we get rid of our enemies. Then I'll come with my whole force."

"And how about that Glandelinian battery, Captain Westabrook?"

"Well sir that if for you to decide. You can even see it from here. That is the only peril for Angeline Riches. Jack said he is quite ready to take his troops there, but if the battery got the proper range, and with the plunging fire of that battert battery raking the stockades in every direction with grape, and shell I say fairly that it would be for her and him a desperate enterprise, and if the rocks and trees do not shelter the stockade nothing could save it, and those defending it. As to reinforcements it seems to me they would risk an equal peril with the stockade defenders, with the additional danger that there may not be ammunition enough for those to hold out more than sixteen hours."

"Well it certainly doesn't seem to be an easy nut to crack," Gertrude said. "As we agreed before you started, we should not be justified in risking all our force, and its better to hold our position which is certainly extremely formidable. Still the question remains, what is to be done? We must rescue her."

And the glandelinians may sooner or later bring a string of cannons to blow us out of here, for they know it is no use of them staying there and trying to starve us out for we have provisions enough here to last us for years for anything we know, and more ammunition than we can think of to do with. And if a forest fire were to come up the enemy and us too would have to make off at once, it would never do to be caught even in a fire hurricane with such a forested region as this in our view. I might send you to general Viviania asking him to send us a division or two of troops, but I don't like doing that, when it's a mere question of finding some means later on of getting back to our raft, and getting under way before the enemy know it."

"I think general Viviania would be glad to send them," Hettie said. "For these Glandelinians have done a lot of damage. I believe that upwards of twenty towns have been destroyed by them."

"But if the division came what could it do," Penrod asked. "You see we consider it not worth the risk of throwing away two of our Regiments to force a passage to the defense of Angeline Riches, still less would it be to risk a whole division of men."

"That is so no doubt," Angeline agreed. "I should suggest however, that we leave all in the hands of God. We cannot make too desperate a move for the Glandelinians will probably draw off and keep a watch at a distance. Of course they might find it necessary to approach at night, and to lie in positions below us, and not do anything rash knowing we can see them easily any distance round from the top of this hill."

"Yes and as soon as it is dusk we might have two or three hours to get away before they can close in on us. Besides with our night glasses from the top of this hill girls we could surely be able to make out any move on the part of the enemy. There of course there is only one other way that I can see of getting a rescue force through to Angeline Riches, and that is to find a new landing place and attack the enemy from the shore."

"Ah that is surely a much more hopeful business. As far as I saw yesterday during our trip, the flood seems to have been lowering about a foot or so, but it is hard indeed if we cannot find some place, where we can manage to effect a landing and go to her aid. This is the plan we must follow out Penrod. This afternoon two hours before it gets dark, you get on a Glandelinian boy scout uniform, take a boat and make away as if you were bound for some destination. I shall keep my station here. If they see you fly a Glandelinian flag, and they will think you have gone off to get some more troops to their help. As soon as it is absolutely dark, bear round and come back to the landscape near where the stroke can be seen, and get into a little bay of the flood if you can find one. You will then be out of sight of the Glandelinians unless any of them happen to look down from a tree top above you. Then scout on the whole shoreline with your boat keeping at some length from the edge of the waters. There must be some place where there are no Glandelinians. Then if you see anything, then to-morrow morning row out and join me again. I will be waiting for you about two miles off the hill, and will show a green light so that you will know where to find me. Then we can talk matters over, and we can try it by late morning."

The conclusion that Gertrude arrived to was that they believed for this afternoon the Glandelinians would attempt no further attack, as at this hour an assault would be sheer madness.

"We have only to wait and tire them out," said Maud Angeline rubbing her hands. "The first gale of the south bringing danger of fire they must run for shelter, and before they could come back we all could be gone. Of course we could load up our raft well beforehand with all that is really worth taking away, and can let them have the pleasure of destroying the rest after we girls and boys are gone."

"I believe the Glandelinians will know that as well as we do," Gertrude said. "They will never be fools enough to try and starve us out, but you are quite mistaken if you think we are not in any danger."

"Why what other danger can there be?" the other girls and officers asked. "We have agreed they cannot attack us by this frontal position."

"No that is true, and they cannot attack us by the bow either, but they could mass a phalanx of artillery to fire on our position, and they can also attack us from somewhere else, now they know we are here. They can and will sooner or later find some place where they can move around by night, and take us in the rear in the morning."

An exclamation of dismay broke from the other girl and boy scout officers and from the others too.

"Great Scott! I never thought of that," said Gertrude. "Of course they surely can. I have never examined the landscape from the other side, but there must be places where they could move to flank us."

"No doubt girls there are, and you may be quite sure that is the method these fierce Glandelinians will try to adopt. And believe me those Glandelinians are as 'slow' as streaks of lightning, and even they are not fools, and I'll bet any one ten to one that that is the next move they will be up to. If you like I will take a score of my men, and fifty of the boys all armed to the teeth and cross a portion of the land right away, and I'll send you Jane Angeline to examine the whole line of shore. To avoid danger we'll all don Glandelinian uniforms of our sizes, and carry Glandelinian flags, its the only safty, and they'll examine the whole line of shore as far as we can. If there are only one or two points by which the enemy can take us in the flank we may be able to successfully defend them, even to inflict the loss only on their side, but if there are even two places far apart our fore force cannot be so much separated to hold them, for these Glandelinians if they wanted could muster half the army upon us from three directions, perhaps even the whole."

"That is the best thing to be done Penrod. Of course you must send us word by wireless telegraph directly you see how the land lies. If we find they can even land in a good many places by water too, there will be nothing for us to do but to try and make a bolt of it, at whatever cost. Keeping close in within the forests at night we might manage to give them the slip, or in any case desperately fight our way out. Better that than to run the risk of being all caught like rats in a trap here, and we'll never surrender, for the Glandelinians do not give children 'quarters' anyhow. We'd all be massacred, so it's best therefore to fight our way through."

As soon as possible Penrod started for the rear portions of the landscape, while Estabrook Watson started for the shoreward side with four picked boy scouts, all armed with little machine guns, also carrying with them their arms, and axes, and a whole night's rations. The rest of the troop of men and child scouts were employed during the evening in strengthening their positions, digging deep trenches to shelter themselves from shell fire. Also an arrangement had been made between the girl and boy scout chief leaders that the raft if not captured, or forced to be ditched or scuttled should transfer the weaker scouts to the first boat worthy of sending to the raft with safty.

Even Hettie Kaumann was well content with this arrangement, for their Regiments' contingent contained about fifty girl and boy scouts, who were too young of age to have nerve enough to do any fighting. All speculation as to the purposes of the enemy was put to an end about two hours or more later by a message from Estabrook, and Penrod saying that the enemy officers were out scouting and already examining all portions of the land for the chances of making a flank attack. By nine o'clock that night, Penrod himself arrived, and Estabrook a little later.

"It is as we feared," both said, when he joined the other leaders. "There are many ways where the enemy could easily flank us, and even overlap our position, by an assault, and infiltrate it with artillery. The land slopes gradually to the rear and some portions even down to the edge of the flood waters. They might land at any point also to flank us, and the guns of the Glandelinian batteries would cover their landing if they came and if we opposed it."

"We still by some lucky chance we might beat the enemy back," one of the other girls and officers said. "We can muster about fifty hundred men between us, and the Glandelinians are not likely to land more than that to attack us on flank."

"I don't think that could or would be a good plan," Gertrude said. "To begin with we might be able to even repulse the flank attack, and frontal too at the same time, as we have so many good reliable machine guns in our possession, but we can't tell which of the Glandelinian batteries would infiltrate us with destructive effect. And then there's the danger of the 'Red Plague.' We could face peril from it more than the enemy as we could be lying directly in its path. We certainly cannot hurry through any portion of the woods anything like so fast they can come on, and the enemy would barrage the forest with shells and grape, so that would place us at a disadvantage, and we might come out of the ordeal with a mere handful of survivors. In the second place you know very well, we can't rely upon our men defeating an unequal number of these Glandelinians, who are men by men as strong as three, and in the last place we should not gain much if we did, by moving them down. We would lose a tremendous tremendous lot of our men, and some Glandelinian officer would go off and fetch three or more divisions of men to attack us, so that in the end they must beat us. I think there is no question that it will be better for us, to send some force to rescue Angeline Riches under cover of night, then for the whole of us combined to take our chances of fighting our way through, and escaping."

"Either the Glandelinians will guard all approaches and bring the

720

face caverly round to the other side of the stockade or they will send a courier to Manley with the news that they have us cornered, and then the enemy will send double their number. But it may be an even chance. I do not think the Glandelinians will attack any more to night, but it may be made sooner or later, and we cannot withstand them. It certainly won't and though I hate to do it I'll make a fire upon the forest to stop the attack if that is the only way. If we succeed in rescuing Angelina Riches quick enough we could leave by the raft while it is still dark, and by the time she has got round the neck of land and beyond reach of the frigate we will be out of sight by morning. We could have a better show, we know the woods, even by dark, and the enemy would not in any case manoeuvre before morning for the Glandelinians would run the risk of losing their way in the woods, and they fear the fire too. So my proposal is to send a strong force under cover of darkness to Angelina's aid, fight and desperate her besiegers bring her and her escorts safely back, and then about two o'clock in the morning or earlier if possible we make a start, and grab the raft under way. We can hoodwink the enemy some way, and we can get out of range of the Glandelinian batteries so they won't be able to get us with half their guns so that at the outside all of us might safely get off. We can over a Rosary and a Ten Our Fathers, and Five Hail Marys for our success."

"But suppose the Glandelinians besieging her would be too strong to break through, we would not succeed even then, and should the Glandelinians make up their mind to launch a night attack by flank, we should have also the batteries covering the attack, and having sent such a large force of our troops away to her aid what would happen then? And those Glandelinians sail forward on their horses like witches on broomsticks."

"I have thought of that," Gertrude Angelina said. "My idea is to put a man up on top of the cliff just above where the raft is anchored. If the Glandelinians are going to make a night attack, he is to light a small signal fire a short distance back from the edge of the cliff. There also should be another man on the top of the hill. When he sees the fire, he should show a red flash light four times. We will return the signal to let him know that we see it. If the Glandelinians lay quiet and do not move to attack the look out is not to light the fire until he sees the foe concentrating for a flank movement. If there is no danger the other is to make a signal with his flashlight three times, but the light shall be white. The moment we see the white light we embark upon the raft, with our full force and set sail."

"But how about the two signallers? one of the Captains said. They would be left behind, and might not get the chance of rejoining us again."

"I have thought of that too," Gertrude said. "I can make it work so they'll get back to us safer than you think. Also I have a German lad with us whom I picked up out of the water, during the crash of our raft against that floating boat. He is a smart lad and as been working among us, though he is not a scout. I would give him instructions, and he could easily get back. I do not intend to leave anyone behind. The cliff is only thirty feet above the water, we would have the raft, where the three others are, and as soon as we signal we could dive to the water, and we can pick them up easily. That will give them the chance to rejoin us."

"That would do capitally Gertrude. You got a good thinking cap believe as" exclaimed Penrod. "But how about our wounded. You see if we abandoned them they would be massacred, if they didn't be found by the enemy they would probably starve, or perish in fire if the forest fire comes up this way. It would need a very high bribe to induce any body to run such a risk as that."

This was so evident that there was silence for fully three minutes then Gertrude Angelina spoke again.

"I have a girl scout officer who would be more likely to do it than any one else I think, because she has taken such a strong fancy to this young German boy scout. She is a good girl scout, I do not fear any danger losing her, and the thing is so important that I do not hesitate at that. She'll be with us, after our test, with her, and bring the boy and the two men with her too. Still we must offer her something good to run the risk or rather the certainty of being captured. I propose that his name and her name shall be put down on higher commission papers, so that if we ever get either to Emperor Viarians army or my uncles, rather I prefer trying to go to the latter she will have a fair certainty of a good lot of prize money and girls to command, for she is a good signal scout, and it'll be hellish luck if everyone of us do not manage to get back safely. I know she'll succeed, or I wouldn't ask her to take the chance."

All the other officers agreed to this....

721

"She will be here in half an hour," Penrod said. "The men were all sitting down to their evening meal when I came away, and I asked them to do what they could to strengthen the position. They'll do anything for us as they adore us boys and girls as if we were their own sons and daughters. It'll be hard luck for the Glandelinians if they would attack us, as the men will fight as if the enemy were trying to do away with their own children. The sentries were also eating their meal. Of course if Jean refuses, which she can do the only way I can see will be for all the men to cast lots, when of course whoever remains to do the signalling would get his commission, and his three shares as we agreed."

Half an hour later the twenty persons scouting alone shore came back. Also came Jean from a little scouting tour of her own. As soon as she appeared Gertrude called her before her and told her that it would be necessary to have two men, and her and the German boy on a cliff, explaining the duty as they would have to perform, and that they should use their own judgement in their escape to the raft.

"Now Jean," she said when she had finished, "I thought that perhaps you would be more likely than any other girl scout signal corps with us to volunteer for this work."

"I volunteer," Jean said in astonishment. "What should make you think of such a thing Gertrude?"

"For this reason Jean, I have settled to send a big force to aid, Angelina Riches, and have decided to leave two men, and the little German boy on the cliff as one of the signallers. Of course he will gladly undertake the job to prove his mettle and courage as if he really does it, it will enable him to get the pull to join us as one of the scouts, which we'll undertake to see to when we reach either Emperor Viarian, or my uncle, and as you like him, and he fairly adores you, he might be able to make things easy for you. In the second place we have determined that the name of whoever stops to do this, shall be born on the Regimental books of all the Christian armies, so that there would be a good deal of pull coming in, and which will bring you a commission as high as I can get it for you from the Vivian Girl Princesses. Of course when you are through, the raft will be waiting close below the cliff, the water there is deep, and the four of you if there is no other way much plunge down and swim to the raft. Of course you have to face a spell of great danger, but if you won't do it I'll have to myself, and you won't like that."

"That is so," Jean agreed. "If you give me a few minutes to think it over I will give you my answer. It's come upon me sudden like. I will talk it over with the boys. I suppose I can tell him Gertrude?"

"Yes."

On getting near the position, Jean looked for the little German boy, and finally found him standing by a tree.

"Come and sit beside me, George," she said sweetly. "I want to have a private talk with you."

"Somewhat surprised George followed his girl friend out to a solitary spot.

"Now George," she said, "I have got a bit of news to tell you, which is pleasant if you take it that way, and exciting in another way. That's the first thing, and the next is I want your advice. You are a sensible young boy, although you are a little foreigner, and I should like to know what you think about it."

"Well what's the good news, Jean?"

"The good news is this, you are likely sooner or later if you do what Gertrude planned to be a girl scout as soon as she can secure you the papers."

George gave such a start of delight, that he nearly fell off the log he was sitting on.

"How is that Jean. It seems too good to be true."

"That's the way of it," Jean said. "First Gertrude is going to make a most desperate attempt to rescue Angelina Riches, and her escort, and that is all ready being on the way. When they have her back the whole force is going to cut and fight their way out of this region, and get away on the raft to night. The Glandelinian column is preparing to make a move on our flank sometime but just now is stationed to our right, and we want to be sure the Glandelinians are stopping there, then there will be only Angelina Riches enemies to deal with, and in these light winds and dark smoky night we ought to be able to crush her besiegers, enable her to get a slip and join us, but the only way to be sure the other Glandelinian horde keeps the other side is to watch it. So four persons are going to be placed on the cliff above her and at eleven o'clock to night if the enemy is still on our right

one of the men are to light a fire well back from the cliff so that the light will not be seen by the enemy. Another man is to be on top of the hill where I and you were together first seeing the enemy's advance, with a lantern. You see we can just see the top of the hill from here. When he sees the fire, he is to show a red light four times. If he sees it answered here he will know it is all right and his work is done if not of course he shows the lights again until it is answered. If the enemy makes any suspicious move, the man will not make a fire at the proposed time, and then the man on the hill will flash three times a red light. Now as four signallers are needed they are going to leave you as one of the signallers, and then when it is finished you may jump into the water from the cliff and join your friends. To do the signalling is ticklish work, we may draw a terrible fire from the enemy's batteries, but if we don't, do it Gertrude will. And I don't want her to do it.

"That is capital," George said. "Nothing could be better. I'll dare on this. Now what is the other matter, that you want my advice about, Jean?"

"Well you see, it will be awkward for the men who do not know how to do the signals, and so some one is needed to instruct them. It's extremely dangerous too for all of them that is the four will either have the choice of being captured by the enemy and carried off as prisoners, being fired on by the batteries, or if escaping but being pursued, may get lost in this dangerous region, and there is the fire. So we'll have to be extremely careful as Gertrude warns. Of course the best course should be taken as suggested, jumping into the water from the cliff and swimming to the raft, and get picked up. Well they have offered each of the four as does this to put their names down on the Regimental Books of all the armies. That means of course the four of them will receive a commission as high as the Governmental authorities are permitted to give to a boy or girl scout, and to these men as well as prize money besides. That's a pretty good offer you know. You see anyone of us, men or girl and boy scouts may get captured, wounded killed or wrecked in battle, and in that case there would not be a penny of prize money though there may be a pension or a commission. The four who stops here do it do the work is sure of a great commission and prize money if we do it, as Gertrude feels sure we can make success for her, and which will enable her to give our Blessed Lord's women the ship. We may have a bloody fray but she intends to get even for the losses already suffered when on the raft. Now they ask me if I will undertake it with the three others, to be their instructor. I am an expert and shall be better off than the others because in the first place I shall have you to encourage me, and I to encourage you, and in the next place and in the next place I can talk your German language; you know which no one else can do, and a little English too. Now what is your advice, Jean?"

"I should say certainly accept the offer, Jean. You see, because we blunder so much, or some of us are cowards, that your Abbeismians usually despise us, or ignore us, but you and all the rest on the raft have been good friends to me in spite of my Nationality, and it will be I'm sure we can do our work and make our escape, but even if we don't I have brought a trusty little machine gun with me and plenty of cartridges, and you may be sure if any Glandelinians come and try to attack us I will do all I can to show them a German boy also is a bad one for them. You see when we get back to the raft and get the commission every one will look upon you and me as a great pair of heroes. So I really think you would be wise to take the officer offer. Another thing if you like, we need not show ourselves at all when we do the signalling, and when we are finished we can go down the way we came."

"No George we couldn't do that. It would be too risky. We can easily jump into water from thirty feet without mishap."

"Yes, but suppose we cannot see the raft?"

"Oh yes. Gertrude would show a little light. We must all come together. If we try anything else, we might get lost in the flaming forest, seeing that neither of us know the Geography of these regions, we might get short of water, or caught in a fire hurricane or killed by the enemy in ambush. No we must all four plunge into the water from the cliff. It's the worst the other way rank suicide. We are like in hell, here, and it seems as if by mistake, and that there are little chances of getting out. That's the best thing for us to do."

Having decided to stay as one of the signallers, Jean proceeded at once to where Gertrude was still standing.

"I'll do it," she said. "It's an ordeal but I'll see it through or die."

"I am so glad you have decided so, Jean. It would have been a troublesome business to have lost lots, and many of the men and others might have absolutely

refused to do so, which would have made it possible that I w u would have to do it myself, so I am glad it is settled. I have arranged with the other officers that you shall have an advance of ammunition, and a machine gun for your protection. You had best hide them about you, you'll find they'll come in very useful. The boy is to be equally armed. Of course he is glad of the chance to show his mettle, but at the same time he is doing us good service and he has worked well since he came with us. It will prove whether he can get on well for his enlistment or not."

"Thank you Gertrude, those weapons may save me from being murdered or taken to a Glandelinian Island prison. I will manage a hiding place for ourselves as I know the Glandelinians are not to be trifled with. And now I think Gertrude, we will be off at once. It's a long way to the region where the Glandelinian troops are lying on our right, and I shall have to choose a place for our signal fire so that it can be seen from the top of the hill."

Jean therefore told her comrades, that she was going to temporarily remain behind and do the signaling for them. A good deal of regret was expressed by all who feared for her safety, many of whom came like herself from W Abbeism, and had known her as a little girl. They wanted to oppose her doing this but she wouldn't relent. Before starting she went to the trench, she got a bottle of wine from a steward and shaking hands with all she could, was on the way with George and two men.

"Don't worry about me girls," she said. "I'll bet you ten to nothing I'll be back."

They then mounted horses given them and riding for a mile together and then Jean said:

"Here our paths separate, George, you can't miss your way to the top of the hill. I go almost the other way, for the Glandelinian force on our right lies but a short distance from the end of our position which we left. If I were you, I should get a little sleep for a while as soon as you get there. Remember you will not see my fire until probably one or two o'clock. I'm perfectly confident Gertrude will have Angeline Riches safe by then. If you do not see my fire by one o'clock you must keep watch till morning for there is no saying when I'll see the chance to light it. Remember if I do not light it, but flare a red signal you flash back with your searchlight covered with red glass three red signals, which whichever the signal is; four white, or three red,-----"

"Gertrude said, if there is danger I should flash four Red, and if it is safe three white," the boy said.

"Well which ever it is, the danger signal is red," she said. As soon as you see the fire you show the white lights, four times in the direction of the Greek there. If you see it answered, you will have nothing more to do, if not you must keep on showing the light till you do get an answer. Meanwhile when the raft reaches under the cliff then come to this spot and wait for me. I shall observe Gertrude's signal down below, but I have not further to walk than you have, so I will not be there before you. But remember we do not all four leap at once, but only one after the other and in different parts. If we find the raft has not come near the cliff we will wait till it does come, then when we find that there is no one there, we can go to the shore and look for it, but we must look out for the enemy for if the Glandelinians see us they might begin to shoot directly they saw us, without stopping to ask any questions."

So sure enough there was Jack Sanders, and two boys just outside the stockade, one of them waving a white cloth, the other I no less a person than the former careless boy scout himself. It was still quite early in the afternoon, and the hottest evening, that was ever experienced. The sky was still dark with forest fire smoke overhead, and the top of the trees far distant rose rosily in the glare of forest fires. But where Jack Sanders stood with his blue lieutenant, all was still or was deep in shadow, and they were knee deep in a low white smoke fog, that had hung low for some reason or other, and probably came from some dried up morass that was smouldering far away. The heat, smoke fog, glare, and such a stillness in the air all put together told a poor story of the neighborhood. It was plainly a dangerous region.

"Keep in doors everyone," said Angeline Riches. "Ten to one it may not be reinforcements but a trick of the enemy."

The Then she hailed the others outside.

"Who goes there. Stand or we fire."

"It is I Jack Sanders. We got through the enemy's lines and came to reinforce you till Gertrude drives your enemies off."

Angeline Riches was standing behind a thick tree, keeping herself indeed carefully out of the way of a treacherous shot should any be intended. She turned and spoke to the officers:

"Have every sentry on the lookout. Jack Nic-Holleston take your sentries to the east side, Jim Seannon the left, and right, George Green the next. Every one else to their posts. Lively every one and be careful."

Then she again turned to those on the outside:

"And what proofs are of you to produce that you are not enemy boy scouts is disguise?"

"Our flag of truce," the boy cried.

"And what do you want with your flag of truce?"

This time it was one of the other boy scouts who replied.

"Captain Jack Sanders sent by Angelina Aronburg to reinforce you." He shouted.

"Angelina Aronburg? Good. Now you got through the enemy's lines." "And others could hear her saying to herself: "Captain Jack Sanders after all is it. My heart here's promotion. I didn't think anyone could come here. But I must make sure before I allow them in. Enemy boy scouts could pose as that lad and fool us."

Jack Sanders however answered for himself.

"We gave them the slip Miss Riches. We were willing to take the chances to get through at such danger, and you doubt my word. We are willing to give you aid but if you won't let us in it's not our own fault. I have fully sixty six boy scouts with me, and eighteen well armed girls. All I ask is to admit us, for Gertrude is pleading to send big forces to get us all safe and sound out of this region, Miss Riches, safe and sound, and you have delayed some minutes already. If the enemy ever hear us we are lost."

"My boy," said Angeline Riches, "begging your pardon. Now I have not the slightest overcaution about me, but I have to be careful you know. If you wish to prove yourself to me you first must come alone till I see you face to face. Glandelinians will say even just what you said. If there's any treachery and you are real foe it'll be on your side, and the Lord help you!"

"That's true enough," shouted Jack Sanders, cheerfully. "A word from you is enough. I know a good girl scout and you may lay to that."

"They could see the boy who carried the white flag, attempting to hold Jack, back, for fear of the stockade being also in the hands of the foe. Nor was that wonderful seeing how cavalierly cavalier had been Angeline's answer. But Jack laughed at him aloud, and saluted him on the back as if the idea of alarm had been absurd. Then he dismounted from his horse, the boy with the white flag remaining behind, and climbed the stockade dropping softly to the other side. Angeline Riches in the meantime had seated herself on the threshold of the stockade house on a bench, with her elbows on her knees her head in her hands, and her eyes fixed on the water, as it bubbled out of a spring. She was whistling to herself a hymn. Jack had easy time getting up the knoll despite the steepness of the incline, the thick tree stumps and the soft sand. He stuck to it like a spruce in silence while he came on, and at last arrived before the girl, who saw he really was her friend after all, and in twenty minutes all were allowed entrance to the stockade. She was now reinforced. However Jack was trimmed out in his best uniform, and a fine lace hat was set on the back of his head.

"Here you are, my boy," said Angeline, raising her head. You had better sit down and tell me what had happened elsewhere."

"Don't you think it is better for us to go inside?" asked Jack. "No telling who might over us as we sit out here upon the sand."

"All right," said she. "It's your own doing. But I forgot what you are. You are either Gertrude's captives, where you were treated good, or mine where you receive the same, but how did you get through this dangerous zone?"

The boy told her as graphically as possible. He had followed a course where he knew there were no Glandelinians within sight. Then he ended with:

"A pretty strong defensive place you have of it here. Ah there's Jane Jane. I see she is wounded. Will Angeline I have brought you myself and my boys girls, and a score of men which I forgot to mention. By there you are to gether like a big happy family, in a manner of speaking, than if you were in such a perilous position. Why Miss Riches, what ails you. You are braver than I thought....."

"I sure am, but if you have anything to say for aid advice Jack, better say it for our good," said the girl.

"Right you are, Miss Riches," replied Jack. "Duty is duty for us all to be sure. Well now you look here, that is a good strong position you have secured here, and if the fire doesn't come you sure can hold it to the last. I don't deny it's a perilous situation but we can hold till

Gertrude sends a big force to our aid. Many of your boys are pretty good with the machine guns which you have. And I'll not deny either, but that we were all turned nervous, I was nervous myself when Gertrude dismissed you and your followers so long, that's why I'm here now. But you mark me girls. He said raising his voice louder "we can not hold here for twenty four hours, if they get their thundering batteries trained on this fort properly they will blow us all from the earth. We all have to go on sentry duty. Maybe it seems to be a sheet in wind's eye but we ain't. But I'll tell you it was Gertrude who first noticed your absence, we over there too are attacked by the enemy, and if she had been suspicious sooner we'd have been to your rescue sooner. Now the Glandelinians can't catch you in the act I cannot make out."

"Well," said Angeline Riches, as cool as can be.

For a moment it seemed that all that Jack said her was a riddle, but no one would have ever guessed it from his tone. As for Dolores who was standing close by she began to have an inkling, she began to suppose that Gertrude Angeline was in as much trouble as was Angeline Riches herself, and began to reckon up that Gertrude had a harder problem to deal with.

"Well here it is," said Jack Sanders. "We want to defeat you and her enemies--and we have a chance at it if you'll follow Gertrude's point. You would just as soon save your lives, and so would I or her, or anyone else. You have a chart haven't you?"

"No not now," said Angeline. "But I know the country as well as if I had one."

"Well I should have known that," returned Jack Sanders. "Of course we needn't be so hushy about the Glandelinians or what they will do, there ain't a particle of sense in sense in that, but we can get the lay to it. What I mean is, we want your opinion of our plan. You slip out with me, and make a get away before the enemy gets wise. The Glandelinians cannot do any harm to us if we outwit them."

"That won't do with me my boy," interrupted Angeline. "We can resolve here know exactly what the Glandelinians meant to do, and we don't care,, but you see, we can't do as you propose. We'd run into ambush."

And Angeline Riches looked at him calmly, and proceeded to eat an apple.

"If general Manley-----" Jack broke out.

"Against there Jack," said Angeline Riches. "I saw nothing of Manley, and I asked nothing of Manley, and what's more, I would see him and his whole Glandelinian army and the whole landscape be stays on blown clean out of the world into blazes first. So there's my mind for him, my boy, on that."

This little whiff of temper seemed to cool Jack down. He had been growing nettled before, but now he pulled himself together.

"Like enough," said he. "I would set no limits to what anyone including myself would like to see happen to Manley Manley and his army or might not as the case may be. At last I wouldn't worry if the earth opened up and swallowed him and his whole gosh darn army and nation together. And as I see you are about to eat an apple, I'll make so free as to do likewise."

And she took an apple, and started eating it, and the boy and girl sat eating for quite a while now looking each other in the face, now taking another bite, now leaning forward to spit out a disagreeable portion. It was as good as a drama to see them.

"Now," resumed Jack. "Here it is indeed. You and me and all of us can easily give the enemy the slip, get through somehow and come to Gertrude's aid yourself. I know the way and I can lead it. You do that and we'll offer you a good choice. I'll give you my word we can lead you safely through the danger zone. We can get aboard the raft once the Glandelinians are outwitted. If that ain't to your fancy, then you can stay here, till it gets darker, and then we'll start. We'll divide stores and munitions with you, girl for girl, boy for boy, and man for man, so we can be well prepared in case the enemy makes an attack. Now you'll see that's talking. Not even a more handsome opportunity could any one get. While we are out of course the enemy might attack us but we can fight them off. There are forty of us equipped with deadly machine guns, and other awful weapons." And I hope-- raising his voice "That all in this here stockade will overhaul my own words, for what is spoken to all is spoken to every one."

Angeline Riches rose to her feet.

"Are you positive?" she asked.

"Yes."

"And is that all?"

"Every last word," answered Jack warningly. "Refuse to do that and you'll see yourself and us all massacred by the enemy right here in cold blood. Gertrude can't send us aid, the enemy know her intentions. We can break through though if we go in an hour, and I'll take the lead."

"Very good" said Angelina Riches. "But how about Jack Saunders, Jean's deserter. Is he still safe?"

"No the enemy got him. They killed him as he resisted when they tried to capture him."

"Well then it's too bad but that leaves us free of a prisoner. Now how would your plan work?"

"If we go from tree to tree in groups, I'll engage to bring you all through, and we can take Gertrude's besiegers on the flank. We have here more than she has. She has over three hundred only to defend her, we have here as you told me over four thousand. We'll see the enemy in my Jones before we'll let them outwit us, and get us, and our raft. Gertrude has placed the raft where the enemy can't find it. If any one did they can't sail the raft, there's not a man among the foe fit to sail the raft, and we could regain it easy if there were Glandelinians on board. With the weapons we have with us, and unko unkon unknown to the enemy the Glandelinians can't fight us, we could mowed now down twenty to their mowing down one of us. The Glandelinians are crowded top much too. We can bundle out of this place, hand over hand, and double quick, and surprise the enemy."

Angelina's face was a picture. Her eyes started in her head in her anxiety to really outwit the enemy. She took another apple.

"Who will give us a hand in this interprise?" Jack cried.

"I will," returned Dolores.

"Who's brave enough to fight through?"

"Every one shouts 'I'."

"There," he cried, "That's what we all think of the enemy. Before an hour out, we'll get through and secure the raft, and aid Gertrude Angelina." And with a dreadful oath he stumbled off to join his own command.

THE FIRING ATTACK. JACKS ADVEN JURE ON THE RAFT, DURING A SLIGHT LOWERING OF THE FLOODS, THE CRUISE OF THE SMALL BOAT UNDER FIRE. THE GLANDELINIAN CAPTAIN ON THE RAFT. AND BACK TO ANGELINE RICHES CAMP.

As soon as Jack Saunders disappeared with his own companies, Angelina Riches who had been closely watching him, turned toward the interior of the stockade, and found most of her force just about finishing supper. It was the first time any one had ever seen her really angry for three of the boys and five of the girls who had supposed to be doing sentry duty were not at their posts.

"To your posts you darn fools," she screamed. "And then as they slunk back to their posts 'Captain Gray' she said, 'I'll put your name in the Regiment books, your troop of guards stood by their duty like true soldiers. Captain Kahl, I'm surprised at your boys sir. Daniel I thought you had worn a new uniform for obedience. If that is how you serve out, you have better resigns.'"

The sentries therefore were all back at their watching posts, while the main companies within were getting ready to make the surprise sortie as Jack proposed, and every one with an excited anxious face you may be certain, and ready for the move. Angelina Riches looked on for a few minutes in silence. Then she shouted. "Attention everyone, officers and all. Guards remain where you are until further orders."

Then then after all were in formation, she spoke again, "Attention Companies," she said. "I've given the machine guns into the hands of those who know how to use them best. If when we go out, the enemy moves to attack us, give the Glandelinians a broadside. Pitch it in red hot, or we won't be able to advance. We have nearly five thousand with us, Gertrude plans to give me aid, and has only five hundred, three which are men. Of course both of us are outnumbered, I needn't tell you that, but we fight from behind trees as we advance, and with discipline. I've no manner of doubt we can drub the Glandelinians, if you choose because we have the advantage of machine machine guns, unless they got any, but if they have, we can grenade their nests." Then she marched up and down to make an inspection, and the guards reported that all was clear, and that it was getting dark.

North of the stockade, and east and west, there was two groups of very high trees, on the south side, the main forest stretch. Every one had good reliable weapons, and every boy and girl and man had a word or snare in case to defend themselves if attacked at close quarters. It was a dangerous undertaking, it might cause them heavy losses, but Angelina was going to take the dare. It was the only means of escape. Someone proposed to set the stockades on fire.

"No," said Angelina. "We'll have lots of smoke in our eyes, and besides it'll make too big a light, and reveal to the enemy our movements."

"Every one is ready Miss Riches," said Dolores.

"All right. Lively now lads, and you girls, you'll want every nerve before it is done. Muster you and your officers, serve out a round of brandy to all before we start out. It'll make them more courageous as this is a very risky undertaking and might result in heavy loss, but I hope not." And while this was going on, Angelina completed, in her own mind the plan of advance.

"Dolores, you will take the left wing," she resumed. "See but don't expose yourself, keep within your defiles. Angelina Jennings, take the Right. Joyce aid her and stand by her left. Jean though you are slightly wounded I know you won't mind bringing up the rear. Hedda you are the best shot, you and Angelina Rae, and Kuffman will take the left, it's there the danger is. If the enemy come up to us and surprise us things would begin to look dirty. Marie Stanok, neither you or I are much account in our condition just now at the shooting party, we'll stand by in the advance and use machine guns."

As Jack had said the dark mass darkness was coming fast. But just the same Angelina Riches feared that the venture would not be so much of a success, for as soon as the darkness had come, the glare of distant forest fires had seemed to climb even above their girdle of trees, and fell with its its forceful reflection upon the clearing, and the heat of the air drank up all vapors that might have been coming from the distant waters at a draught. All day long the sand had baking, and the resin melting in the logs of the block houses, and still now it being night there was no relief.

Jackets and coats had been flung aside, shirts had been thrown open at the neck, and now as all were staring on the way cautiously and slowly through the open gates of the stockades they were in a fever of heat and excitement and anxiety.

An hour passed away after their departure, and still no signs of the enemy.

"Hang them," said Angeline Riches. "This is as dull as the doldrums. I don't believe the enemy had remained. Colonel Teon whistle for something won't you."

Just at that moment came the first signs of danger.

"If you please Miss Riches," said a boy scout whose name was Jimmie, "if I see any of the Glandelinians approaching toward us, is it that I'm allow to fire, sir?"

"Suit yourself," said Angeline.

"Thank you Miss Riches," returned Jimmie, with the same quiet civil civility. Nothing followed for a time, but the remark had set every one within hearing on the alert, straining eyes and ears, the men with their muskets at a ready, Angeline Riches in the middle of the Central column with her mouth very tight, and a frown on her face. What she feared most was that the sound of conflict may bring down the fire of distant Glandelinian batteries. So some seconds passed, till suddenly a score of men suddenly opened fire in front with one report. The report had scarcely died away, ere it was repeated and repeated in hundreds of shots, and in scattering volleys, volley behind volley, ending at times into a clattering fire, and returning to volleys, from every side in front of the advancing column. As many as possible had immediately taken defense behind all kinds of shelter, and returned the fire until there was a perfect "bang of musketry."

"Shall we use the machine guns?" asked one of the boy scout officers.

"No, not till the devils charge," said Angeline.

Many bullets struck the trees and prot. setting objects but not one of Angeline's force yet was hit, but by the cries there were many of the Glandelinians hit. Yet the gleam of flashes betrayed the presence of the foe.

"Did you hit your man?" asked Jack of one of his lieutenants.

"I hit too Jack, but I do not believe I killed them."

"Next best thing to tell the truth," muttered Angeline Riches to herself. Then she added aloud to Jack who was within hearing, when the firing had slackened down a little, "How many are firing upon you in your location, Jack?"

"I do not know precisely," said Jack, "but there were over a hundred at one volley, and countless numbers after that. I saw the many flashes, many close together in lines--the main wave of flashes farther to the east."

"So I see. More than two hundred," repeated Angeline Riches. "And how many on your side, Dolores?"

But she could not easily answer this. There had come many from her point of view, all in fusil fusillades of volleys--seven separate lines seem to have opened fire by Jeane's computation, eight or nine, according to Jane. From the east and west only a single volley, at slow intervals had been fired. Jane Gray had been wounded a second time but still stuck to her post. It was plain therefore, that the attack would be developed along Dolores' point of the line, and that the other three columns were only to be annoyed by a show of hostilities. But Angeline Riches did not believe it wise or safe to make any change in her arrangements. If she waited any other column the Glandelinians if they succeeded in crossing would take the possession of any rise of ground in the rear, and shoot them all down like rats in the forests. And the greatest dread was of the enemy's batteries on the heights above. Nor had he much time left for thought, suddenly with a loud yell, a cloud of gray figures, leaped from the woods on Dolores' side, and charged straight on the men. At the same time the fire of the enemy elsewhere was renewed with greater vigor, and a rifle ball knocked Angeline's pistol from her hand, and too knocked a boy's small rifle into bits. The fierce Glandelinians attacking the soldiers swarmed forward like so many monkeys, the boys and men with the machine guns, kept up a continual fire and moved them down firing again and again also with musketry, three hundred Glandelinians fell in several minutes, and one surge of them close to the defenders, two platoons back in the rear. Indeed so fast as they came on they were shot away by the machine guns, and the Glandelinians who were more exposed or those who were not shot down threw themselves behind trees and opened a fierce fire on them. More than two hundred had been killed, but the rest of the Glandelinians again came on, and despite the fact they were mowed down so quickly, four hundred had made good their footing, and drove the men soldiers before them with the bayonet bayonet, while from the shelter of

the woods an unknown number of Glandelinians, kept up a hot but useless fire on the others. The four hundred as they pushed back the soldiers shouted and blasphemed as they ran, and the men among the trees shouted back to encourage them. Suddenly boys who were behind a natural defense in the rear, flung a volley of grenades, and a whole line of the Glandelinian soldiers were blown to bits. But in a moment the other three hundred had swarmed close and were upon the Abyssinians. However the other soldiers not in the fight rushed to give the aid, while the officers shouted:

"At em, everybody at em."

"Down with the Glandelinian hell hounds," roared the men.

At the same moment the Glandelinians who were pressing on were on the point of victory. A fierce bayonet fight started, and one Glandelinian grasped Colonel Handson's musket by the muzzle, wrenched it from his hands, and with one stunning blow laid the poor fellow dead on the ground. Meanwhile a Glandelinian officer appeared suddenly and fell with his sabre upon Dolores, who brought him down with a pistol shot through the head. The positions of the soldiers, and the boys and girls was utterly reversed. A moment since they had been firing under cover, at an exposed enemy, now it seemed it was they who lay uncovered, but nevertheless those of the boys and the men with the machine guns had not been driven back and they now had a chance to open a cross fire upon the Glandelinians, and brought down one whole column at a sweep of their fire. The woods was full of smoke, to which the Christian girl and boy scouts not only owed their comparative safety but also their crushing victory. Grief and confusion, the noise of machine guns, the thunder of exploding grenades, confusion, the wile of the enemy, the flashes and reports of pistol shots, the rattle of musketry, and all the noises of battle about the woods.

"For ward lads, forward, and fight them in the open," cried the officers. "wise bayonets," cried Angeline.

She snatched a sabre from a fallen Glandelinian, and stooped at the same time snatching another, accidentally gave her a cut across the knuckles which she hardly felt, the sabre being a man's size was kind of heavy for her but she dashed forward. Someone was close behind, she knew not whom. Right in front a little girl though she was Dolores was pursuing an underdressed assailant down a rise, and just as Angeline's eyes fell upon her, bent down his guard, and sent him sprawling on his back, with a slash across the face.

Forward, "cried the officers. The Glandelinians are retreating."

Mechanically Angeline obeyed the impulse, turned northward, and with her big sword raised, ran forward as the others did. Next moment she was back to back with a burly Glandelinian officer. He roared and blasphemed aloud, and his sabre went above his head, flashing in the distant fire light. Angeline struck back to ward off the blow, and knocked him down, but the impact unbalanced her, and she was rolling headlong down the slope when she had first sailed forth, the other Glandelinians had already been swarmed swarming swar swarming forward to make an end of them. One Glandelinian officer in a red night cap, with his sabre raised, had plunged forward, but Jane brought him down. Well so short had been this interval, then when Angeline found her feet again the Glandelinians were on the run, and the others pushing on through with very small loss after all, and the victory was theirs. Jane followed close behind Angeline Riches having shot down another rebel ere he had time to run. Another had been shot as he rushed for Angeline Jennings and now lay in agony, the pistol still smoking in his hand. A third Glandelinian as she had seen, Dolores had disposed with a shot. Of a score of others who remained long enough to continue the fight only one remained and he was clambering out of a hole he had been knocked into, and with the fear of death upon him had taken out his handkerchief and held it up in token of surrender.

"Go back to your comrades you darn fool," shouted Dolores. "Or I fire. We don't bother with prisoners. Get or I fire despite your white flag you rat. Beat it."

And he did, and the last Glandelinian made good his escape, and disappeared with the rest into the woods. In three seconds nothing remained of the enemy but the great number who had fallen killed or wounded, how many no one could tell in the dark. The whole column finding no one had been killed among their number except one man, thought the result a miracle. The woods was by this time somewhat cleared of smoke, and they saw as they pushed on what a price the enemy had paid for their attack, but Angeline saw too on her side a number had been wounded. Jack Sanders had been stunned, and Joyce another boy had been wounded on the side of the head, while even Wilf Wilfred Maxwell was being supported by two girls, the three as pale as one or the other.

"Mildred's wounded," said Jane.

"And so am I," said Angeline Jennings.

"Are the enemy still running?" asked Mildred.

"They are sure doing it all that can, you may be bound," returned Angeline Jennings, bandaging her hand. "But there's hundreds of them who will never run again."

"Hundreds," cried Angeline, "That's the second time we've inflicted a heavy loss on them without serious loss, to our selves, and this time better, as we have only one who was killed. That's better odds than we had at the starting. We can push on now, quickly and get to Gertrude's aid. How's Jack?"

"No he's only stunned. He's coming too," said a boy. "He is making it we hope."

There did not seem to be no attempted counter charge of the enemy but nevertheless every one had to fight it out during their advance, for from nearly every quarter now, even from the rear more flames from shots came flitting back and forth than a person could imagine, and the reports were a continual roar. The glendelinian soldiers were in overwhelming numbers, but at a grave disadvantage because of the dangerous weapons of the defenders, and therefore afraid to show themselves in the open. Every one now had to press on despite the danger, and even in the darkest part of the woods they did could hardly tell what they were at, for horror of annihilation, and the loud groans that came from so many glendelinian soldiers that reached them from the places they had just left. Out of the eight hundred glendelinians who had fallen, eight glendelinian officers were among them, and only three of the officers still breathed-- that one who had been shot by Mildred before she was wounded, James Gordon another rebel officer, and Captain Turner, of those two the first were as good as dead, for the general said, and the other never recovered. He lingered all that night, breathing loudly, but the bones of his chest had been crushed by the blow of a musket butt at the hands of one of the Abyssinians, and his skull fractured in falling against a tree trunk, and sometime in the morning without sign or sound, he went to give an account to his Maker, probably an awful one, since we readers know what a horribly wicked man the glendelinians are and fighting for.

As for Mildred, and Jane and Walter too, their wounds were grievous indeed, and Jane, too, but not dangerous, and a number of Abyssinians soldiers, and four girls, and ten boys needed bandages for their wounds. No one however was fatally injured. A musket ball had hit Mildred, almost breaking her shoulder blade, and touched her lung but not badly, the second had only torn and displaced some muscles in the thigh, she was positively sure to recover, but it was feared that in the meantime for two weeks to come, she would not be able to walk nor move her right arm, nor so much as to speak when she could help it.

Sometime later for some reason the firing of the enemy stopped gradually, and Jack Saunders led the way down through a secret gully by which he had come having finally gave the enemy the slip. Here in the thick darkness without making a light the columns were halted, and Angeline, Mildred, and the two Jennings, sat on each side of Mildred, who was lying between two others where those who had been carrying her left her during the halt, and all the glendelinian officers were soon in consultation, and when they had talked in whispers to their hearts content, it being a little past ten o'clock one of the boy scout officers took up his hat and pistols, girt on his small boyscout sword, put something like grenades in his bag which he had along across his back, and with the hand machine gun along across his shoulder, saluted Angeline, bowed and started off alone, through the trees.

Nettie Kaufmann and Mary Glorina were sitting together out of earshot of the consulting officers, and she was to go thunderstruck at the boy going off alone that she almost fell over.

"Why is the name of Henry as William Jones mad?" she asked.

"Why not," said Nettie. "He's about the last of our regiments of boyscouts for getting that way I'm sure...."

"Well Nettie," said Mary, "We may not be mad, but if he is not, you mark my words I am then. Why is he going out alone. It's rank suicide."

"I believe," said Mary. "The boy has his idea of going to see whether the raft is safe, and if I am right I'll bet it's Jack Saunders."

She was right. He had been selected during the council to go forth through the danger region, and he started out. It seemed very foolhardy if the reader likes to say so, and that he may be doing a bold or heroic act, an overbold act in a fact, but he was determined to do it, with all the precaution in his power. He had taken also rations, for should anything

befall him on the way, it would keep him at least from starving till far on in the next day. As for his ammunition, that too was secured. He was well supplied with arms for he had a good brace of pistols, all forty five cartridge numbers, and plenty of cartridges for the pistols, and munitions for his little machine gun. The atop atmosphere despite it being night was stifling hot. Everyone was sitting grilling with their clothes almost wet from sweat, and so many dead bodies lying all round the region, and all the rest had therefore a disgust of the place and started forward again slowly, and cautiously.

As for the scheme that Jack had in his hand, but there by Angeline, it was not a bad one at all. He was to go down a large sandy spit, that divided the cove on the southeast from the open flood, find a tall white rocky ledge, which Angeline, Mildred, and the two Jennings had observed last evening according to her statement, and ascertain in whether there was any good sized boats, a thing worth doing. He was to go forth to spy toward the raft, to know whether it was still safe, and if not to do as she planned, don a uniform as a gray coated scout, board the raft, pretend to be a hand for the enemy soldiers and secure the raft by a trick. As the boyscout officer thought of this plan, and as he was certain he should not be allowed to do anything too reckless, his only plan was to do what she suggested, and to slip near the raft when nobody was looking, and if he donned the gray uniform to slip look out for Gertrude's gang, as then he would be in danger of being fired on from any side. He must do it when no one was watching, not to be seen by the parties of either side, otherwise he might do the thing wrong, and a glendelinian even like he used to do in his careless ways, would cost his life. As he was the youngest of the boys, she had had her mind made up for she felt sure he could succeed. And she had said:

"Make sure whether the report of Jack Saunders being killed by the enemy is true or not. I don't believe a word of it. He might have betrayed us and himself, to save his life."

Well as things turned out, the boy found an admirable opportunity. He came upon a host of glendelinian soldiers, but as they were busy attending to their wounded, the coast was clear, and the boy made a bold leap of it over a rise of ground, by crawling hands and knees, and got into the thicket of the trees where the glare of distant fires would not reveal his movements. This seemed to him a folly for him, for when he had the advantage of the most dangerous spying exploits, but it would be a help toward saving the raft, and all the forces, but he was surrounded by glendelinian soldiers, and it would be difficult to get through. He had to go a long way to the distant forest fire would be accomplished. If even the glare of the distant forest fire would make too much his plan would be greater to be accomplished than a miracle. It would be even an impossibility. He took his way on hands and knees toward the northwest first, for he was determined to go down the flood side of the spit, to avoid all chances of observation from over the cove. He had proceeded about one quarter of the way, when there came a sharp challenge:

"Who goes there. Give the counter the sign."

As the boy could not see kind of a bird or animal, he gave the cry of a night owl. It was already late in the night, and still hot, and close, and the sentry who ever he was wondered how a bird could be even there when a forest fire driving out every creature. He cried out:

"Halt Mr bird. You're a creeping foot of a man imitating a bird. You who only twenty paces from my observation post. Come here nearer and I'll fire."

Jack was puzzled. He knew what he could do, if he knew for sure whether the sentry was a Christian soldier or not. Then suddenly he decided to make a scheme. He knew how to find out without exposing himself or his hiding place. He also could throw his voice some where else, and he did so setting up the words:

"Oh Lord of Heaven Have Mercy upon the dying."

"Hey you over there," shouted the sentry. "This is no Christian camp. Stop that. You'll draw the Christian dogs down upon us."

Now Jack knew it was a glendelinian sentry. Cautiously and carefully he changed his course, and crept through the tall weeds, and as he could hear far before him, not only the continuous thunder of the flood but a certain tossing of foliage and grinding of boughs which showed a breeze was springing up from the west. Soon cool draughts of air began to reach him, and a few minutes more of crawling forth brought him into the open borders of a grove, and he saw the distant flood lying black, and the waves of it bubbling and tossing its foam along the shore.

From its hidden wilderness he had seen the flood quiet for its currents produced great rollers which ran along the shore thundering, and thundering by day and night, and no one within a mile or more would be out of earshot of the noise. Jack looking cautiously about him to prevent himself from being surprised, crawled and walked slowly along the shore, taking the cool breeze with great enjoyment, till thinking he was now far enough to the south-east, started forward, when there was the crack, crack, crack, of the three distant rifles, and bullets whizzed about him, and instantly he took the cover of some thick heavy bushes growing a rabbit as he did so, and crouched warily up to the ridge of the hill by sea who was firing the shots.

"Good! I must look out! I'm mistaken for an enemy now! It's Gertrude firing the three shots. How will I go forth unseen? Good! My prayer will not be answered. I look like an enemy, and I must look like an enemy."

For a moment he did not dare to move. Behind him was the flood, in front the cave, and at a distance lay the floating mass of wreckage close ashore. The west breeze as though it had sooner blown than out itself out by its unusual violence, was already at an end, it had been succeeded by light winds from the north and east, carrying great banks of smoke in the distance over the water like a fog cloud, and the cave itself lay still and quiet, the water there was laden in color. The raft in that unbroken mirror was exactly portrayed for the distance it stretched, and the boy gave a gasp. The main glendelinian flag was hanging from the high mast, and a number of glendelinians were aboard of her. He realized for truth. The glendelinians on the raft had seen him and they it was who fired. Along the way of the glendelinian gasoline launch, a glendelinian officer in the stern sheets, while a number of men were leaning over the stern bulwarks with rifles pointed toward shore, one of them with a purple hat apparently they were waiting for him to re-appear, though at that distance, upwards of a mile he could of course could not hear whether they were still talking or not. All at once there began the most horrid unwarlike unearthly screaming, which startled the boy, thinking it might have been the no earthly boy about tortured by the glendelinians, but he suddenly made out a kind flying upward and realized it was a falcon. A glendelinian brought it down with a couple of shots. A moment after the boy's plumed off and to his surprise and dismay plunged for shore, and the man with the purple hat immediately shot about the same time the redness of the distance to fire place had slightly gone down and the fog of smoke was collecting rapidly it began to grow thicker. Jack saw that moment knew no time if he were to get aboard the raft before daylight. What made him feel good, it suddenly came as if it were a lightning bolt, or was he just imagining it. There was a tall steep rock visible enough above the brush, but was about a mile further down the spit up that shape of land is called, and it took him good long while to reach it, crawling often on all fours, to avoid being seen by the enemy, and going among the scrub. Often he heard a gun change and had to stop until he was sure it was safe to go ahead. Once he literally was then challenged by Gertrude herself from the heights to the north, and several up there fired in his direction. Finally the boy reached the hillside below it there was an expanse of small hollow or green turf hidden by a some bushes, and a thick undergrowth about knee deep, that grew there very plant life, and in the center of the dell, he found something that looked like a long boat.

He dropped into this hollow, lifted the side of a overhanging cloth and found the boat in good shape. The thing was extremely small however even for him, and he could hardly imagine that it could have floated with a full six dead men. There was one thwart set as low as possible, a kind of stretcher in the bow, and a double paddle for propulsion. He had never seen a boat such as any person made, but he had seen one once as a schoolboy person made, and he could have no truer idea of this boat, than by saying it was like the first and worst kind of boat ever made by man. But it certainly possessed great advantages for him, for it was exceedingly light and portable. Well now that he had secured a boat, he now decided to try the other plan Angelina had suggested. Hazardous as it was he was getting obstinately fond of this adventure, so fond of it, that he would have carried it out in the teeth of Satan himself. This was to slip out under cover of the dark and murky night, out the raft swift as she suggested, and let it go where he could, and then he was to try and get on board and hold it fast near the cliff beyond where Gertrude now was. It was a dangerous undertaking, he might get shot by both sides, but he must do it. He had quite made up his mind, that the glendelinians who were in possession and the main glendelinian horses, after their two bloody repulses, had nothing

nearer their hearts than to try and besiege the defenders, this Jack thought it would be a fine thing to prevent, and now that the boy observed how those who were in charge of the raft, had left their guns unprovided without or with a boat, he believed he could accomplish his work with little risk. He was just starting to crawl forward, when a shot came from the heights above. Down he sat to wait for the smoke fog to hide everything, for he was in danger of being fired on from both sides. It was a night out of ten thousand for his purpose, and if he failed, now all would be lost, and the whole of Gertrude's army of girls and boys would not escape the enemy, finally the smoke fog seemed to have buried all of heaven and earth, everything seemed to dwindle and disappear, absolute blackness, settled down. And when at last the boy shouldered the little boat, and groped his way stumblingly out of the hollow where he had waited, there were but two points visible on the whole coast. One was a great fire on shore about a mile away throwing its glare. The other far to the north a mere blur of rose colored glare upon the darkness, indicating in the far distant distance, despite the fog he could when looking sharply enough locate the position of the raft. He had swung round to the "ebb" of the flood—her boy was now toward the boy about—the only lights on board were in one of the bigger tents, and what the boy saw was merely the reflection on the fog of the strong rays, that flowed from the tent opening.

It seemed the flood had slightly recessed indeed, and he had to wade through a long belt of muddy ground where he sank a several times above the knees, before he came to the edge of the retreating water, and wading a little in, with some strength and dexterity set the boy, head downwards, on the surface. This boat indeed, was a very safe boat, on the calm part of the flood for a boy of his height and weight, with good, and clever in a way, but as he soon learned it was the most cross-grained, lop sided craft to manage. The boy would do as he pleased, the boat always made some leeway, then anything else, if he wanted it to go north, it would go south, if he wanted it to go south, it would go west, and so on, or otherwise would also keep turning round and round in the same spot like on a pivot. He turned in every direction but the one the boy was bound to go, the most part of the time they were broadside on, and the boy was bound to go, the most part have made the raft at all but for the current of the flood. By good fortune paddled as he pleased, the current was still sweeping him down it was it and there lay the huge raft right in the fairway in view, hardly to be missed. First as he came boy before him like a blot of something wide and very long, yet blacker than darkness, then her spars and side railings began to take shape and the next moment, as it seemed, (for the further he went the brinker grew the current of the flood) he was alongside her mast, and had laid hold. The main hammer was a strong and stout as a bowstring, and the current so strong even in the cave, that the big raft pulled at her another. All around the raft, in the blackness, the reeling current bubbled and chattered like a little mountain stream. One out with his long sharp knife and the raft would go humbly humbly down the flood and those on board would have a terrible time of it, as there was not a paddle or an oar on board. So far so good but it next occurred to the boy that a boat hammer, suddenly cut, is a thing as dangerous as a kicking horse. Then to one if the boyscut were so foully as to cut the big raft from her anchor, he and the boat would be knocked clean out of the water, and he himself killed or drowned, or the noise would arouse those on board, and the two parties of enemies on shore. This sudden recollection brought Jack to a full stop. But fortune again gave particularly favored him or otherwise he would have been forced to abandon his design. But the light breeze which had begun blowing from the southeast, had again resumed to the westward and then veered northwards. Just while Jack was pondering and meditating, a strong squall came, caught the raft, and forced her up into the flood current with a sort of "boom" and to the boys great joy, he felt the hammer clenched in his grasp and the hand by which he held it dip for a second under water. His mind was immediately made up, he took out his big knife, opened it with his teeth, and cut one strand after another, till the vessel owing only by two. Then he lay quiet, hearing voices on shore, waiting to answer these last, when the strain should come more be lightened by a strong breath of wind. All this time he heard the sound of voices from the big tent, but the boys mind had been so entirely taken up with other thoughts and the peril of his undertaking that he had not listened a moment. Now however when Jack had nothing else to do, he listened.

He couldn't however recognize the voices. Both men were plainly angry about something something, for even while the boy about was listening one of them with a loud cry, pushed open the entrance way of the tent and threw

734
 something said which the boy believed to be some sort of a hook. It was plain they were furiously angry about something. On the flow like blizzards, and every now and then there came forth such an explosion of words as the boy thought was a sign the Glandelinians were cursing against the Christians and the whole world. On shore he could easily see the glow of the great distant forest fire glowing brightly through the far distant trees. Some one on shore was singing a dull old droning Glandelinian war song of some kind, with adrop and a quavar at the end of every verse, and there seemed to be no end of it at all, but the patience of the singer. Jack had heard Glandelinians sing it more than once, but could not remember the words, and he listened this time carefully and heard these few lines:

"But one Christian doggie came out alive,
 Went to battle out of seven seventy five.
 Our own line, drew out our captian to dine,
 And we hung a Christian dog to the lonesome pine."

And indeed Jack thought it was a ditty rather too dolefully appropriate for a troop of Glandelinians, that had already since this time met such cruel losses that evening, and night. But indeed what from Jack saw and understood, all the Glandelinian soldiers were as callous as the hell they all will go to. At last the breeze came, the raft, sidled and drew nearer in the dark, he felt again the jawer slacken, and with a good tough effort, cut the last ropes through. The breeze had but slight effect on the small boat, and the boy was almost swept against the side of the raft. At the same time with a spurt of spray the big raft began to turn upon her "heel" spinning slowly, and for end, across the current of the flood. Jack indeed wrought like a fiend for, for he expected every moment to be swamped, and since he found he could not push the little boat direct directly off, he now made a desperate shove straight astern. At length after some trying effort he was clear of his dangerous neighbor, and just as he gave the last impulsion his hands came across a light cord that was trailing overboard across the stern bulwarks. Instantly the boy grasped it, but why he did it he could not hardly say. It was at first more instinct but once he had it in his hands and found it fast curiously began to get the upper hand, and he determined he should have one look at the crew on board the raft. He pulled in hand over hand on the long cord, and when the boy judged himself near enough, rose at infinite risk to about half his height, and thus commanded the surface of the raft flooring, and all its contents and a slice of the interior of the big tent which was nearest. By this time the raft, and the little boat were gliding pretty swiftly through the water, indeed they had already fetched up quite level, with the glare of fires in the distance. The raft was breaching the great ripples with an incessant splashing, and until the boy got his eye above the tent opening he could not comprehend why the Glandelinian soldiers on board the raft had taken no alarm. One glance, however, was sufficient, and it was only one glance that he dared to take from that unsteady little skiff. The light showed him, a number of Glandelinians sitting about a table doing some sort of writing. The boy therefore dropped upon the thwart again, none too soon for he was now overboard. He could see nothing for the moment but those furious Glandelinian soldiers, and the boy shut his eyes to let them grow once more familiar with the darkness. The endless ballad on shore had finally reached its finish at last and the whole forest on shore from thousands of voices had broken loudly into the chorus:

"Di fifteen million christians have died in battle,
 Down with them all, down with them all,
 Down troy and the Devil will help us do the best,
 Good, good, good, and down with them all."

The boy was just now thinking how lost the war and the devil were at that very moment in the whole country, when he was surprised by the sudden lurch of the little boat, something hit it. At the same moment she yawed sharply and seemed to change her course, and the speed strangely had increased.

135
 He opened his eyes at once. The glare of the fire was brighter, and he could see all around him ripples, coming over with a sharp bristling sound and slightly reflecting the fire glows. The huge raft itself a few yards in whose wake the boy was still being whirled along seemed to stagger in her course, and he saw her spars toss a little against the blackness of the night, nay as he looked longer, he made sure she also was wheeling to the southward, the direction he did not intend it to go. The boy glanced over his shoulder, and it seemed as if his heart leaped against his ribs. There right behind him was the glow of a camp fire, on shore, and soldiers started to open fire toward the water, for they saw the ship was adrift, and to make it worse two great glaring searchlights flared from the heights, taking in the water at great sweeps. To make it worse the current of the flood here had turned at right angles, sweeping round along with it the long raft and the little dancing boat, ever quickening, ever building higher bubbling higher, ever muttering louder it went spinning through the narrows for the open flood.

Suddenly the big raft in front of the boy gave a violent turn turning perhaps through twenty degrees, and almost at the same moment, the Glandelinians on shore set out a roar, while a tumult of shouts came from on board the raft, the boy could hear feet pounding on the raft flooring, saw lanterns flaring, and knew that the Glandelinians on the raft had at last been interrupted in their work and awakened to a sense of their disaster. As the searchlights from shore grew more numerous, the boy lay flat down in the bottom of that wretched little skiff and devoutly recommended himself to Our Blessed Lord. Not only the peril of the enemy discovering him, but at the north stretch of flood he made sure the skiff would fall or ride into some wreckage. Now where all his adventure would be ended speedily, and though he could perhaps bear to die, he could not bear to look upon his fate as it approached. So he must have lain for several minutes continually beaten to and fro upon the flood billows, now and again wetted with flying sprays, and never ceasing to expect death at the next plunge. Once to his horror one of the lights near came revealing the skiff, and the light fully struck the raft, revealing it fully and the excited Glandelinians on shore. Now the boy did pray. The searchlights made it appear broad day on the raft, and the boy could see, and also his skiff was teasing at the southwest bend of the land, after all just where Gertrude had planned it to be for Jean and the others to leap. The glare of distant forest fires was as bright as if the sun was rising but the glare was behind the great bulk of the distant forest which descended in this location almost to the flood in formidable seas of its own. A portion of the Red Riding Hood forest was at the boys elbow, a hill forested and black against the background of fire light. He realized he was scarce a quarter of a mile to the northward, and to avoid the flashlights and those on board the raft, it was his first thought to paddle in and land.

The notion was born in his mind. A certain stretch of rocky land over which the flood topped the flood rushed in hollowing spouting breakers, and heavy sprays flew and fell with loud reverberations, succeeding one another from second to second, and the boy observed to his dismay that if he dared to approach any nearer, he would be dashed to death upon the rough landscape half covered under water, or spending his strength in vain to scale the heaving crags. Nor was that all, for crawling together on large flat tables of land or letting themselves drop into the water with loud reports, he beheld huge regular brightly colored great creatures monsters in size—seemingly reptilian lizards as it were, of incredible bigness—two or three score of them together, flapping their wings and so forth making the rocks to echo with their cries and then all disappearing into the flood and swimming away. He understood they were the well known Blengiglooman creatures, and though entirely harmless to all good people and those of the Christian side, it would not do for him to allow himself to be seen by any of them in his disguise of gray, but the look of them, his consciousness of his gray uniform, the frowning batteries of the enemy on shore, added to the difficulty of the shore, and the high running of the flood again was more than enough to disgust the boy scout of that landing place, and he feared the Glandelinians only by right, for if there was a chance meeting with the "Roverines" he could so easily discard his gray uniforms and they therefore would not harm him. He knew the Blengiglooman all right and their nature.

736

He felt willing rather to starve or perish on the flood than to confront such perils from the Glandelinians, when they would learn he fooled them by casting the raft adrift. In the meantime he had a better chance, the searchlights did not touch the little boat, and one of the glare only fell full in the face of one of the Blangins, who dived under water after admitting a terrific roar that brought a crowd of soldiers on shore to see what it was that made the noise. The boy believed he could be a little safer by keeping closer to these creatures who might protect him in an emergency. North of a stretch of land not under water, known as Evangeline's Bend the land stretched forested in along way. To the north of that he saw a high cliff, and on top were a few christian acouts and some men, though what they were doing up there he knew not, though he distinguished a girl and a boy, the former which looked to him more like Jean. He remembered what Gertrude had said about the flood current that rushed southward along this whole stretch of inundated land, and seeing from his position that he was already under its influence, and noticing that someone about three girls were noticing the craft by the aid of lights were running alone along shore, believing it was an enemy spy, and he could occasionally hear cracks of pistols, and the whistle of bullets flying or passing overhead, and he had to lie down to avoid being shot. He was facing the fire of both friend and foe. He therefore preferred to leave this location behind him, and reserve his strength to attempt to land upon the kindly looking shore thickly wooded, and all clear of smoke. There was a great swift current indeed in the flood, but there was a fortunate for him an immense clear space of water, no floating wreckage, junks which would have sunk him in a jiffy. The wind was blowing steadily and gently from the southwest there was no contrary between that and the current, and the flood roared and swished past the shore. Had there been any flood drift, or floating houses, or had any of the enemy search lights spotted him he must long ago have perished, but as it was it was surprisingly how easy and securely the little and light boat could ride the rough billows of the flood. Often as he lay still at the bottom to avoid shots from shore and kept no more than an eye above the gunwale, he would see a big black summit, heaving close above him, yet the boat would but bounce a trifle, dance as if on a spring, or whirl round and round as if on a pivot, or shoot straight ahead as if on a roar road and then subside on the other side into the trough as lightly as a bird.

After awhile as it was very quiet, and the lights of distant forest fires, grew dimmer, and the enemy searchlights went out, the boy began to grow a little bolder, and sat up to try his skill at paddling. At that moment, there came the "Boom" of some cannon, and he had scarcely moved before something struck the water near the boat which produced violent changes in the behavior of the boat for it gave up at once her gentle dancing movement rose up and down as if on a leap spring, and ran down a slope of water so steep that it made the boy giddy, and struck her nose with a sprout of spray deep into the side of the next wave formed by the falling object into the water. He was drenched and terrified, and fell instantly back into his old position, just as a volley of shots sounded from shore, and then the boat seemed to find her head again, and led him forward as softly as before through the flood. It was plain that he must not even show himself, and yet at that rate since he could in no way change her course, by paddling, what hope had he of reaching land under fire. He began to be horribly frightened, but nevertheless he kept his wits about him for all that. How could the enemy gunner have seen him in the dark. He believed the enemy had night telescopes and they examined all strange black objects that were moving in the water to see if they were boats. First of all with care, and moving carefully so as not to show himself, he gradually baled out the water with his soldier camp cap, then getting his eye once more above the gunwale, he set himself to study how it was she managed to slip so quietly through the rollers of the flood. He found each roll wave of the flood nearest shore, instead of being the smooth glossy mountain of waves they appear on sea, or like any rushing rolls and splashes, and the boat left, to itself, turning from side to side threaded so to speak her way through the safer parts, and avoided the steep high runs of water, and higher toppling summits of the biggest waves.

"Well now," he thought to himself, "it is plain if I do not want to be sunk by shells, or shot from shore I must lie where I am, and not disturb the balance either, but it is plain also that if I can put the paddle over the side, and from time to time, in the smooth places, give a shove or two toward land I may accomplish something...."

737

No sooner said than done. There he lay on his elbows in the most trying attitude and every now and again gave a weak stroke or two to turn her head to shore. It was very tiring, and slow work, and even his movements brought more firing from shore, but the bullets went too high, and he did visibly gain ground, and as he drew near something that like a cape in the flood though he saw he must infallibly miss that point if he wanted to live he still had some hundred yards of moving eastward. He was indeed close in. In the darkness he could see a black wall that he knew were the forests on shore and he felt sure he could make the promontory without fail. It was high time, for another shell had exploded in the water, not very far, and he began to be tortured with thirst. The glow of the distant forest blazes, its thousand fold weird reflections upon the flood waves, the flood water that fell and drad upon him, the ill smelling smoke, the parching heat and dryness of the air combined to make his throat burn and his brain ache. To drink the water of the flood was risking dangerous sickness. The sight of the forest so near at hand with many trees even rising out of water for a considerable distance almost made him sick with longing but the current had carried him past the point, and as the next reach of flood opened out, he beheld a sight that changed the nature of his thoughts, regardless of solid shot that every minute plunged close to the little craft.

Right in front of him, not half a mile away! loomed up in the darkness like some hide monster with a sail on top he balf the raft under sail, or it seemed to be. He made sure of once that the Glandelinians were using it in pursuit, that he was sure would be taken, and though he was distressed for want of water, he decided he would drown himself before he allowed him self to be taken by these child murderers, and long before he had come to conclusion, surprise had then taken possession of him, and he could do nothing, but stare, gasp, and wonder. The raft as it appeared in the darkness was a n under her main sail, and two jin jibs, and the beautiful white canvass shone in the glare like rose snow or golden silver. When the boy first sighted her, all her sails were drawing, she was laying a course due almost northward and he presumed the Glandelinians on board were going down the water in search of the one who had on a cast them adrift. Presently the raft began to slowly fetch more and more to the westward, so that the boy finally thought they really had sighted him and were in chase in earnest. At last however she fell right into the "winds eye" was taken dead aback, and stood there awhile helpless, with her sails shivering.

"Clumsy Glandelinian fools!" he thought, "They must be all drunk."

Meanwhile the raft gradually fell off and filled again upon another tack, sailed swiftly for a minute or so and brought up once more, dead in the winds eye. Again and again to the further astonishment of the lad this was repeated. To and fro, up and down, north, south, east, and west, the raft sailed, by swoops and dashes, and at each unusual repetition ended as she had begun with idly flapping canvass. It now became plain to Jack that either nobody was on board, or no one had sense enough to know how to steer the raft, or it was left to go as it liked, and if so, where were the Glandelinian soldiers that had been on board? Either they had been caught under fire, from Gertrude's position, either the rebels were dead drunk, or had from fear of her being cast adrift in the flood had jumped into the water and deserted, he thought, and perhaps if he could take the chances and get on board, he might bring the vessel back to another safe spot, where those of his friends and Gertrude could regain it.

The current was bearing the boat and the raft southward at an equal rate and both were now under fire, and a shell landed in the middle of the raft. He looked in the direction of the smoke and saw it was Gertrude's battery firing on the raft. He decided to get on at all risks, run up a white flag and turn her round, but as for the latter sailing, and the way it was teased by the shock of the explosion it was so wild and intermittent, and she hung so long each time in "iron" that the raft certainly gained nothing, if she did not even lose. If he only dared to sit up and paddle, he made sure that he could overhaul her. Why not slacken or stop firing by raising up a white handkerchief. Maybe Gertrude could see that, though of course the Glandelinians would not respect it. The scheme though risky had an air of adventure that inspired him beyond control, and the thought of the water breaker beside the raft doubled his growing courage. Up he got, but was welcomed despite his white flag by a explosion rising like an eruption from the water, and relieved another white cloud of spray and dirt around, the boat was almost captured, but this time he stuck to his purpose, and set himself with all his strength and caution to a paddle after the unsteered raft. Bang came a cannon shot, another eruption arose in the water

and the little boat shipped a sea and a shower of mud and spray so heavy that the boy had to stop to bail, with his heart fluttering like a bird, but gradually he got into the way of the thing, and guided the guided the boat onward with only now and then a blow upon her bows, and a dash of foam in his face. He was now gaining rapidly upon the boat or raft rather, he could see the brass rails glisten, and still no soul appeared upon its decks. He could not choose but suppose she was deserted or the men had been killed on board, or they were dead drunk and if so he could easily make them prisoners, and tie them to the posts so they could do him no harm, and do what he chose with the raft. If no one could see his little white handkerchief, they could see the white flag on the mast. If firing then did not stop, he knew it was from the foe.

Now for some time the boat had been doing the worst thing for Jack,---stand still, and both the boat, and the raft under fire. It is said to be hard for gummers to hit moving objects, especially when they are small, but standing still, that is another question. He headed nearly due southwest, yawing of course all the time. Each time she fell off, her sails partly filled, and these brought her in a moment right to the wind again. This seemed or was the worst thing that could have happened, for helpless as she looked in this situation, with the canvas cracking like cannon, and the blocks trundling and banging on the flooring of the raft, she still continued to run away from him, not only with the speed of the current running even against the wind but by the whole amount of her leeway, which was naturally great. But now at last Jack saw he had his chance. The breeze suddenly fell, at least for some minutes, very low, and the current gradually turning, her the raft revolved slowly round her centre, and at last presented her stern to Jack, with the row of tents within full view on her, with the middle tent still gaping open, and the lamp over the table still burning. The main sail hung drooped like a banner, she for that minute was stock still, but for the current.

For the last little while Jack had even lost, but now he redoubled his efforts, and began once more to overhaul the chase. He now was not even a hundred yards from her when the wind came again in a clap, she filled from the port tack (back on your port please) and was off again, stooping, and skimming like a race horse. Jack's first impulse was one of despair, but his second was toward joy. Round she came till she was broadside on to him round till she had covered a half, and then to two thirds, and then three quarters of the distance that separated him and the raft. He could despite the darkness see waves boiling white under her forefoot, and then of a sudden, the boy began to comprehend. He had scarce time to think,---scarce time to act, and save himself for the raft was bearing down on him. And he was on the summit of one flood swell, when the raft came stooping over the next heading toward his little boat with fury. The boy sprang to his feet, and leaped, stamping the little boat under water. With one hand he managed to catch the jib boom, while his foot was lodged between the stay and the brace, and as he still clung there panting a dull blow told him that the raft had charged down upon the little boat and smashed it to bits, and that if in peril from enemies on board he was left without retreat on the huge raft.

He had scarce gained a position on the bowsprit, when a round shot from shore caused the jib to flap and fill upon the other "tack" with a report like a loud gun. Something also hit the raft, with a crash, there was a tremendous explosion and the raft trembled to her keel under the reverse, but next moment from another shot, the other sail still drawing, the jib flapped back again and hung idle. This had nearly tossed the boy off into the sea, and now he lost no time, crawled along the floor, and tumbled head foremost on the planks. He now was on the lee side of the row of tents on board, and the main sail, which was still drawing, concealing him from a certain portion of the other section and the former horse sties. Not a soul was to be seen. The planks covered covering over the logs like a true flooring had not been cleaned since its capture, and before the print of many feet of soldiers, and even to Jack's surprise an empty bottle, broken by the neck the raft came right into the wind. The jib behind the boy cracked aloud, the boom slammed too the whole raft gave a sickening heave, and a shudder, and at the same moment the main boom swung inboard, the sheet groaning in the blocks, and showed him the "lee after deck." There were the Glandelinian soldiers all right, twenty of them at different parts as stiff as handspikes, some with their arms stretched out like those of a crucifix, and

one had his teeth showing through his open lips, their captain or some officer on propped against the railing or "bulwark" his chin on his uniformed chest, his hands lying open before him on the deck, his face as white, under its tan, as a tallow candle, whether they lay in that position from drunkenness or whether they were killed by shots from Gertrude's guns no one could say. For a while the raft, because of glancing shots hitting it, for and aft kept bucking, and sliding and sideling like a vicious colt, the sails filling from the breeze, now on one tack, now on another and the boom swinging to and fro till the mast groaned aloud under the strain. Now and again too, there would come a cloud of spray hurled by a shot over the railing bulwark, and a heavy blow of the raft's front against the swell so much heavier was weather was made of it by this great rigged raft than by the boys' lopsided boat now gone to the bottom of the flood. At every jump of the raft one or so of the men or sometimes all would slip and go to and fro, sometimes roll together in a heap, but---what was ghastly to behold neither their attitudes were anyway disturbed by this rough usage. At every jump too the captain appeared to still more sink into himself and settle down upon the raft's deck his feet sliding over the farther out, and the whole body canted toward the stern, so that his face became, little by little, hid from the boys' out, and at last he could see nothing beyond his ear and the frayed ringlet of one wisp.

At the same time, the boy observed by the light of the lantern he observed around all of these splashes of dark blood upon the plank planks, and at first began to feel sure that they had all killed each other in their drunken fury, but on closer examination found by the looks of founts, they had been killed by the fire from shore of Gertrude's guns. While he was thus looking and wondering, in a calm moment, when the raft was still, he observed that the captain turned partly round, and with a lean low moan writhed himself back to the position in which the lad had first seen him. The moan which told of pain and deadly weakness, and the way in which his jaw hung open, at first went right to the boy's heart. But when he remembered that he was a Glandelinian, and what the enemy did in carrying on the war, all pity left him. He walked aft till he reached the main mast.

"Come aboard you rascally men," the boy said ironically.

He rolled his eyes round heavily but he was too far gone to express alarm or surprise. All he could do was to utter a few words. "Christian dog fire on shore kill us. Brandy."

It however occurred to the boy that there was no time to lose, and dodging the boom as it once more lurched across the raft's deck, he slipped aft and went into one of the main Mess Tents. It was such a scene of confusion as anyone could hardly fancy. All the look fast places had been broken open in quest of something the Glandelinians had been looking for. The floor was thick with mud, where the Glandelinians had no doubt sat down to consult after wading in the flood marshes near the shore. The interior of the tents of white canvases and beaded round with gilt bore a pattern of dirty hands, and the marks of shoes as it if the rebels had sat in chairs with their feet resting against the wall on the tent-poles of empty milk bottles clinked together as well as brave bottles. One of Gertrude's record books lay open on the mess table, half of the written leaves pitted out, as the boy believed for the soldiers used them to light their cigars. In the midst of all this three lamps still cast a smoky glow, obscure, and brown amber.

The boy went to the supply tent, all the small barrels of brandy were gone, and of the bottles a most surprising number had been drunk out and thrown away. Certainly the Glandelinians who boarded the raft and probably scores of them could not have been sober for twenty-four hours. Foraging about, Jack finally found a bottle with some brandy left, which he decided to give to the Glandelinian captain, and for him self himself he brought forth some biscuit, some pickled fruits, a great bunch of raisins and a big piece of cheese. With these he went across the deck of the raft, put down his own stock behind a stall and well out of anyone's reach, went forward to the north end and had a good deep drink of water, and then afterwards but not till then gave the Glandelinian captain the brandy. He drank a glass before he took the bottle from his mouth.

"Thanks boy," he said, "I sure needed some of that."

Jack had already sat down in his own corner, and began to eat.

"Are you much hurt?" the boy asked him coldly.

The Glandelinian soldier or captain rather, grunted, or rather again I might say barked.

"If a doctor was on board," he said, "I would be all right in a few minutes but I don't have no manner of luck here you see, and that's what the matter with us. You Christian dogs have us at your leashes. As for those of my comrades they are as good as dead, being killed by the fire from that hill over there." He

740

added "indicating Gertrude's position." They exposed themselves, and so did I the fool. Hang it, there came another shell. And where might you come from Christian doggie?"

"Well," said Jack. "For the first thing, I'm a no dog, and in second place I have come on board to take possession of this raft, Mr. Captain, and you'll please regard yourself as my prisoner until further notice."

The glandelinian captain looked at the boy wickedly enough but did not say anything then. However some of the color had come back into his cheeks, though he still looked very sick and still continued to slip out and settle down as the raft banged about. It struck a wreckage floe of some size and shattered the whole into a flying eruption of splinters.

"By the by," the boy continued. "I can't have these Glandelinian colors Mr. Glandelinian prisoner. I'll run up a white flag or the friends of mine will continue to fire and kill me and whether you say so or not, I'll strike your" and run up the white. Better than the both of us get killed."

And again dodging the boom, the boy ran to the color lines, handed down the cursed glandelinian flag, chucked it overboard, and ran up a large big spread of white cloth for a flag.

"God save Abbisannia and win her cause," said the boy waving his cap. "And there's an end to Glandelinia."

The Glandelinian captain watched the boy keenly and shyly, his chin all the while on his breast.

"I believe said the man at last. "I reckon boyscout you will desire to get to shore now out of reach of my own comrades' comrades."

"I sure do and intend to do so," answered the boy.

"Well suppose we talk."

"Why yes," said Jack. "With all my heart Mr. Prisoner. So speak on but no trick remember. I know you Glandelinians."

"These men, my comrades," he began nodding feebly at the twenty corpses these men intended to recover a plan stolen from Myletse believing you had it or your people had it. Well they are all dead now, and who's to sail this raft I wonder. I do not see. I could give you a hint boy for you ain't that man after all. No look here, you give me food and drink, ty up my would like a good boy, and I'll tell you how to sail her, and that's a square deal I take it."

"You are wrong two ways," said Jack. "I know how to sail it never fear, and I'm not going to land on shore in this neighborhood and be under fire from your friends and mine too, the other by my mistake. I mean to remain right here till day break or get into some inlet, and beach her quietly there."

"To be sure that is a good intention," he cried. "Why I ain't such an infernal wicked Glandelinian after all. I can see what you mean can't I. I have tried my fling, and haveload, and it is you who made me a prisoner taking my weapons from me. Beach it in an inlet. Why I have no choice and I'll obey you. I'd help you sail the raft up to the Christian lines so I would and not argue either."

Well, as it seemed to the boy scout Jack gaunders, there was some sense in this, and the boy believed all the Glandelinians were not bad.

The two struck their bargain on the spot. In three minutes the boy had the raft sailing easily before the wind along the shore with good hopes of turning the northern point ere noon, and beating down again as far as the inlet indicated hoping the flood was not too high to beach her safely. Then the boy lashed the tiller and went to his own chest where he got a soft silk handkerchief. With this with his aid, the captain bound up the great bleeding stab he had received in the thigh from a shell fragment, and after he had eaten a little, and had a swallow or two more of brav y, he began to pick up visibly, sat straighter up, spoke louder and clearer, and looked in every way another man. The breeze served them admirably. They skimmed before it, like a bird the trees on shore flashed by, and the view changed every minute. Soon they were nearer nearing higher lands but low country every where seemed under water as far as the hills and soon they were beyond that again heading north for the high cliff and had turned the corner of the rocky wooded hills that comes again near Gertrude's position. The boy was greatly elated with his new command, and pleased with the new cool weather and these different prospects of the coast. He now had plenty of water, and good things to eat, and he had nothing left him to desire but for the eyes of the Glandelinian prisoner as they followed the boy or derisively about the raft, and the odd smile that appeared continually on his face. It was a smile that had in it something of both pain and weakness—a haggard old man's smile but there was beside that, a grin of derision, a shadow of treachery, in his expression as he craftily watched, and watched, and watched the boy at his work....

741

The wind served the boy and prisoner to a certain desire, and hauled slightly to the west. The raft could run so much easier from the southwest than otherwise, and it seemed as if the firing on shore had stopped, though some flash lights flashed again. Only however they had no power to anchor, and dared not beach her till they got to where the water covers a level stretch of land, and not hilly dally, and therefore time hung on their hands. The Glandelinian captain told the boy how to lay the raft too, explaining he should work it just as a ship, and after a good many trials the boyscout finally succeeded. They however rammed another wreckage floe and had had trouble getting free of that.

"Boyscout," said the Glandelinian captain at length, with that same uncomfortable smile. "Here's twenty of my comrades lying in one way on board this raft. Suppose you was to heave or push them overboard. I ain't particular as a rule, and maybe I don't blame the Christian dogs for settling their hash, but I do not reckon they are good lak to be left lying here till morning do you?"

"I'm not strong enough, and I don't like the job, and there they can remain lying for me," said the boy.

"This here has been an unlucky raft, this big raft boy," he went on blinking. "There's a great number of my comrades been killed in two battles with your gangs of boy and goll scouts, and their soldier escorts, a sight of soldiers of my side dead and gone since I entered the army. I never seen seen such dirty lak to our cause not I and who's to blame? Not we I'm sure. There was Captain O'Brien now, he too is dead, ain't he killed at Cedarline. Well now I'm no military scholar but you might be some day lad if you live to see this war through no matter how long, you can read, write, and figure, and to put it straight do you take it as a dead Glandelinian soldier is dead for good, and never see heaven, or does he be forgiven his sins and go there after a long, long, time."

"You can kill the body Mr. Captain, but not the soul, you ought to know that already," the boy replied. "But where you fellows go when you die I know not as I know not your characters, though you do surely fight for a wicked cause. Many of you, millions now I am sure though are in another world, a good hat one too."

"Ah," said he, "Well that's unfortunate, appears as if fighting in this awful war was a waste of time, our kings fault no doubt. However hellish spirits do not reckon for so much boy, by what I've seen. I'll chance it with the spirits and the demons boys and fight them too. And now since you have spoken free I'll take it as you are a kind good boy, like a Christian of your side, if you will step over there in the other tent and get me—a will a good night. I can't think the name of it—well you get me a bottle of milk boy—no more brandy, this stuff is a too strong for my head and I'm not used to it."

Now the hesitation of this Glandelinian captain, seemed to be very unusual, and as for his notion of preferring milk to wine or brandy, the boy entirely doubted it. He felt sure the whole story was a pretext, and besides the boy knew full well, that Glandelinians are as treacherous as leopards. The Glandelinian wanted him absolutely to leave the floor of the raft—so much was plain, but with what purpose he at first could not imagine at all, even though he had his suspicions. The eyes of the scoundrel never met the boys, indeed they kept wandering to and fro, up and down now with a look to the sky now with a flitting glance upon the dead soldiers about him, and at the shore where the Glandelinian batteries were known to be.

All the time he kept smiling, and putting his tongue out in the most guilty and embarrassed manner so that even a child could have suspected that the Glandelinian captain was bent on some deception. Jack was prompt with his answer however, for he saw where his own advantage lay, and that with a fellow fellow so dreadfully wicked, and yet densely stupid he could easily conceal his suspicions to the end.

"Some milk!" said Jack, pretending to be astonished. "I thought you Glandelinians love wine and brandy, white or red. But are you sure you want milk?"

"Well I reckon I said I want milk," he replied in a surly tone. "All of us Glandelinians do not drink brandy to an excess, and milk is the blessed same thing to me—so its fresh, cold, and plenty of it, so what's the odds? Want me to be drunk so you can rob me oh, you dirty Christian dog. I know you all through, and through. Get milk or I'll get you."

"All right," the boy answered. "I'll bring you what I find. But if there isn't any you'll have to drink water...."

With the Jack went into the main supply or quartermaster tent, making all the noise he could, then he slipped off his shoes, ran quietly along the railing, mounted a fore-castle ladder as it was called on the raft, and peeped his head out between the railing. The boy knew he would not expect to be seen there by the Glandelinian officer, yet the lad took every precaution possible, and certainly the worst of his suspicions proved to be true. Slowly but surely the Glandelinian rose to a new position, seemingly in the dark to the boy, on his hands and knees, and the boy heard him groan which proved that as the second moved his leg hurt him badly, yet it was at a good rattling rate that he managed to trail himself across the floor of the raft. He reached a tent in about a half minute, and picked out of a half emptied sack of potatoes a long knife about eighteen inches long, discolored to the hilt with blood. He looked upon it for a moment thrusting forth his under jaw, tried the point upon his hand carefully and then hastily concealing it in the bosom of his belt jacket, looked around cautiously, and then trundled back again once more into his old place on the north side of the raft nearest his dead companions. This was all that the boy scout required to know. He observed that after all the Glandelinian captain could move around, he was now armed, secretly, as he might believe, and if he had been at so much trouble to get rid of Jack, it was plain that he was going to be a victim of murder. What the rascally fool was going to do afterwards, Jack didn't know, whether he would try to crawl right across the shore or whether he would try to reach his comrades was more than the boy could say, but he felt sure the rascal was determined to gain his freedom by treachery. Yet the boy felt positively sure that on one condition he could trust the scoundrel, and that was that the interest of both seemed to be at one point, and that was in the disposition of the huge raft. We may both desired to have her slightly stranded safe enough, in a sheltered place out of range of fire, and so that when the time came, she could be got off again with as little work and peril as might be, and until that was done, and also as long as he did not argue with the man the boy considered that his life would certainly be spared. When they landed the raft, to avoid much disaster, the boy had decided to grant the rebel officer his liberty. While the lad was thus turning the business over in his mind, he had not been idle. He had stolen back to the main supply tent, slipped his shoes on once more, and laid his hand at random on bottles filled with milk, and now with this for an excuse made his reappearance across the floor of the raft. The Glandelinian prisoner lay as the boy had left him, all fallen together in a bundle, and with his eyes lids lowered, as if he were too weak to even bear the darkness broken by the glare of forest fires. He looked up however when the boy approached, knocked off the neck of the bottle and drank the whole quart hardly without stopping. Then he lay quiet for a little while, and then pulling out a long square piece of chewing tobacco, begged the boy scout to cut off a piece for him.

"Cut me a piece of that," said the officer, "for I haven't no knife, and hardly strength enough if I had. A boy, boy, I believe I have missed my former life. Cut me a good piece, as it may likely be the last, lad, for I am on the way to join my comrades here, and no mistake."

"Well," said Jack, "I'll cut you some tobacco, but if I was you, and thought I was going to die so sure, I would repent of my sins, and start saying my prayers, and be like a Christian."

"There you Christian dogs go again," he growled. "And why should I do that? Now you tell me why?"

"Why?" cried the boy. "A little while ago you were asking me about the future life. In fighting for Glandelinia you have broken your trust with God, you have lived in sin and wickedness, and savage cruel cruelty, and lies and blood of innocent children, there are soldiers about you of the same cause who have been killed by fire on shore, and where are their souls? God only knows, and you ask me why. For God's mercy and forgiveness, Mr. Captain, that's why."

The boy spoke with a little heat indeed, thinking of the bloody knife he had hidden in his belt, and designed in his ill thoughts to start an argument with the lad, to find excuse for killing him. He for his part took a great draught of wine which he still had, and spoke with the most unusual solemnity.

"For thirty years or more," said he "I've been in the army, and seen good and bad times, better or worse for us in this war now, provisions running out, battles and floods and great fires raging, and what not and your armies putting us down on our knees and tell the world we are winning, and we are not. Well now I tell you, I never seen good come of goodness yet. Him or

they that strikes first wins, is the motto, then is my view--amen so be it, and your armies strike first. We have a right to think what is best, and at Hell I go, well so be it. And now boy you look here, he suddenly added as his tone of voice changed, "We have had enough of this fooling. The current of this flood has made good enough by now. You just take my orders, boyscout, and we'll beach this darn raft and be done with it, and then I want my liberty or I'll kill you to get it," and he suddenly revealed to the boy the long bloody knife.

All told, they had scarce two miles to run the raft, but because of two perils the navigation was extremely delicate, one because of being exposed to shell and rifle fire on shore, the other because the entrance to the new beach landing point was not only narrow and shoal but lay east and west so that the big raft must be nicely handled to be got in without disaster. However the boy scout turned out as good as a prompt subaltern, and he was sure that the Glandelinian prisoner was a very good pilot, for both he and the boy went about and about, and dodged in shewing the shore banks, avoiding the rougher stretches of the flood with a certainity and a neatness that were a pleasure to behold. Scarcely had they passed some heads of land when they came close to the cliff which Gertrude had designated to Jean. The shores here were as thickly wooded as those of the main cove but the space was longer and narrower, and more like the estuary of a river. Right before them, at the southern end they saw the flooded wreck of some small country town or village seemingly in the last stages of dilapidation. It had been a grand and beautiful town, but had lain so long now exposed to the ravages of the dreadful flood, that half the houses were badly decayed or destroyed. It was a sad sight but it showed the boy and Glandelinian, that the region apparently was calm and safe.

"Now," said the captain, "Look there, there's a good place for us to partly beach the raft in. Fine flat sand, never a cat paw trees all around it, and we can avoid the destroyed town."

"And once beached, and I allow you your freedom, and I have to go it alone," the boy inquired, "How shall I get her off again?"

"Why now?" he replied with a smile, now more friendly than usual. "You take a long line ashore, there on the other side through the low flood water, take a turn about one of them big oaks standing out of water bring it back, take a turn around the capstan, and tie to for a while. Come high wind, even a head can take a pull upon the line. I line, and off she comes as sweet as nature, and now boy you stand by. We are near the bit now, and the raft's too much way on her. Starboard starboard a little,--so steady--starboard--starboard, a little--steady, steady."

So he issued his commands, which the boy breathlessly obeyed, till of all of a sudden he cried like a sailor, "Now my hearty, luff!" And the boy put the helm helm hard up, and the raft, swung round, rapidly and ran stem on for the low wooded shore. The excitement of these last maneuvers had had some what interfered with the watch, the boy had formerly kept, sharply enough for any danger that may threaten him. Even then he was still so much interested, waiting for the huge raft to touch, that he had quite forgot the perils that hung over him, and stood crouching over the starboard rail bulwarks and watching the ripples spreading wide before the raft's frontal edge. The boy might have fallen without even a struggle for his very life, had not a sudden disquietude not only seized upon him, but a shout or yell followed by a cry "Look out! Keep!" made him turn his head. Perhaps too the boy had heard a creak or seen his shadow by the fire light and light of the lantern moving with the tail of his eye, or before the shout it was an instinct like a cat, but sure enough when he looked around, there was a most terrible hideous man all dripping wet, wild eyed, fuming at the mouth, and now screaming something terrible already half way toward the boy with a long curving knife in his hand. (It was the same maniac who tried to kill Jean.)

"For Neptune's sake, keep run jump into the water!" cried the Glandelinian captain, as he hurled his own big knife at the insane being but missed. "He'll kill you sure. He's crazy."

The insane man and the boy together cried out aloud when their eyes met but while the cry of the boy was the shrill shout of terror his was a roar of fury like a charging bull. At the same instant he threw himself forward but the bow leaped sideways toward the railing. As he did so he let go of the tiller which sprang sharply to leeward, and this saved his life for it struck the raving madman across the chest, and knocked him down, for the moment. The Glandelinian sprang forward to hold him down, but he rose to

his feet and knocked him down. However before the madman could recover, the boy was safe out of the corner where he had him trapped, with all the flooring of the decks so to dodge about or the tent to dodge in and out of if possible.

"Run to the main mast, shot him, shoot him," cried the Glandelinian, who picked up a block of wood and threw it at the madman hitting him in the back of the head but not stopping him. However just forward of the main mast the boy stopped, drew a pistol from his pocket, took a cool aim though he had already turned and once more was coming directly after the boy, and drew the trigger. The hammer fell but there did not follow a report or flash, the priming was useless with flood water. Jack cursed himself for his neglect. Why had he not, long before, reprimed, and reloaded his only weapon? Then he should not have been as now a mere fleeing sheep before this dangerous insane man.

The Glandelinian officer again threw something at him, and it struck him in the leg, knocking him down, but he again got up, and wounded as he was it was wonderful to see how fast he could move, his grizzled hair tumbling over his face, and his face as red as a red flag with his haste and fury. The boy had no time to try his other pistol, nor indeed much inclination for he was sure it would be useless. One thing Jack saw plainly, he must not simply retreat before him or he would speedily hold him, boxed into the or into one of the tents. Once so caught, and nine inches of the long knife would be driven into him. The boy placed his palm against the main mast, which was very big round, and waited every nerve upon the stretch.

Seeing that the boy meant to dodge (though in his crazed mind the child looked like a Glandelinian soldier to him) the insane man also paused, and a moment of two passed in feints on his part, all the while raving about the loss of his home wife and children, and calling the boy such names as dirty Glandelinian skunk and so forth, and there was corresponding movements on the part of the boy though he remained silent. It was a game, such a game as Jack had often played with some of his girl scout friends and boys too, but never before the reader may be sure, with such a wildly beating heart as now. Still as any one man any it could have been a boys game, and he thought, felt sure he could hold his own against the madman at it, against a raving human beast with a wounded leg, and bleeding head, with at both places the Glandelinian had thrown something at him. Indeed the boys courage had begun to rise so high, that for a moment he allowed himself a few darting thoughts of what would be the end of the affair, and while he saw certainly that he could spin it out for a long long time, he saw no hope of his ever making any escape. Well, while things stood thus, and the frightful faced man raved on, foaming at the mouth, suddenly the raft, struck, staggered, ground for an instant in the sand and mud, and then swift as a blow canted over to the port side, till the flooring or deck stood at an angle of sixty five degrees, and a great spray of water splashed over the whole raft. The boy and two men were cap sized in a second, and the thrance of them rolled together into the corner of the railing, the dead men on board tumbling stiffly after them. So near were they, indeed that the boys head came against the Glandelinian captians own head with a crack that made the boys teeth rattle and made him see a million stars. Blow and all, the boy was the first afoot again, for the captian, and the madman were involved together in a terrific struggle. The sudden canting of the raft had made the flooring no place to run on, the boy had to find some new way of escape and that upon the instant for his foe was voracious the Glandelinian, and was almost touching the lad having risen to his feet. The Glandelinian arose and tried to strike him down with a long pole but missed and hitting the floor broke it into three pieces. Roaring like a lion the madman sprang for the Glandelinian intending to strike him down with the knife.

The captian picked up a piece of iron and tried to ward him off by vain feints of his own, and quick as thought the boy, taking advantage of this sprang into the main shroud, rattled up hand over hand, and did not draw a breath till he was seated on the crosses trees. The boy had both been saved by being prompt and by the interference of the Glandelinian, the insane man flung the knife but it had struck only half a foot below him as he pursued him upward flight, and having knocked the captian down with a lift fisted uppercut there stood the man madman with his foaming mouth open, and his face upturned to the boys, a perfect statue of surpris and disappointment.

Now that the boy had a moment to himself, and the dazed Glandelinian was slowly getting to his feet, spitting out a couple of teeth the boy lost no time in changing the cartridges of his pistols, and then having ready for service, and to make assurance doubly sure, he proceeded to draw the load

of the other, and recharge it afresh from the beginning. The boy's new trick struck the madman as strange, he began to see the "idea" going against him, and after a long obvious hesitation he also hauled himself heavily into the shrouds, and with the long knife in his teeth began slowly and painfully to mount. It surely cost him no end of time and groans to haul his wounded leg behind him, his head was red with blood, and the boy had quietly finished his arrangements before the madman was more than one third the way up. Then with a pistol in either hand, the boy scout addressed him. "One more step Mr man," said the lad, "And I'll blow your brains out." He did not stop, and the boy could see that by the working of his face that mad as he was he was trying to think, and the process was so slow and laborious that in his new found security the boy laughed aloud. At least with a swallow or two he spoke his face still wearing the same expression of extreme perplexity. In order to speak he had to take the dagger from his mouth but in all else he remained unmoved.

"Mr Glandelinian skunk," said the madman "I reckon you think you're in heaven up there, but only good girls like me get to heaven. I'd have had you but for that there lurch of this boat or raft, but girls like me don't have no luck and home and children, I reckon I'll have to stake from here, which comes hard, you see for a master girl to a Glandelinian fool like you up in that pint tree."

The boy was drinking in his words and smiling away, probably as con- catted as a cork upon a wall, when all in a breath back went the mad mans air, the boy felt a blow and then a sudden sharp pang, and there he was a moment, the madman leaped into the water, and at the same time the boys two pistols went off, and both escaped out of his hands and fell into the water. The madman had plunged headfirst into the water, and swam across from the attack of the madman upon him too to get to his feet again. Owing to the cant of the enormous raft, the mast hung far out over the water, the raft resting on a sort of slope, and from his perch on the cross trees, the boy scout had nothing below him but the surface of the flood. The madman who was not safer up was in consequence nearer to the edge of the raft and jumped between the bow and the edge of the raft. He rose to the surface and in the light of the lantern was seen to swiftly swim ashore. As the light of the lantern reached even shore the boy could see him finally disappear among the trees. But he was gone though beyond where he had designed the boys slaughter. Jack was no sooner certain of this, than he began to suddenly feel sick, faint and terrified. And the hot blood from his wound was running over his back and chest. The long knife where it had fastened his shoulder the real sufferings distressed him, for these indeed it seemed to the boy scout that he could bear without a murmur, it was the horror he had upon his mind of falling from the cross trees into the foaming water of the flood, and now a fan of debris was passing. The boy therefore desperately clung with both hands till his finger nails ached, and he shut his eyes as if to cover up the peril. Gradually his mind came back again, his pulse quieted down to a more natural beat, and he was once more his h himself. First he thought to draw forth the long knife, but either it was sticking too tight in his shoulder, or the boys nerve failed him, and he gave up with a violent knife in fact had come the nearest in the world to missing the business. The altogether it held him by a meretricious pinch of skin, and this the shudder tore away. Of course the blood then ran down the faster, but the boy was free again, and only tasked to the mast by his shirt.

He broke through the shirt with a sudden jerk, and then slowly regained the deck by the starb starboard shrouds. The Glandelinian captian was missing. Yet for nothing in the world would the boy again dare to venture, shaken as lately first followed up a little and then jumped off to swim away. Jack went into the Kit tent, and did what he could for his wound. It pained him considerably, and bled freely for a time, but it was not deep nor at all dangerous, and it did not even greatly gull the lad when he tried to use his arm. Then the boy looked around him, noticed the fire glow increasing and looking at his wrist watch saw it was just about one o'clock. The raft was now in a sense in the possession of the boy scout, and therefore he began to think of trying to clear it of its dead crew--by pushing each body if possible through the openings under the lower section of the railings....

They had all pitched, against the railing, in a sort of row where they lay like horrible dead creatures of another world in that dark darkness, life sized indeed but how different from life's color, and in that position, and because the under opening of the rail was somewhat high or over a foot, the boy could easily have his way with the bodies, and as the habit of trigonal adventures, and the experiences of war had worn off all his terror for so many dead, the boy shoved each man through and overboard. Each man went in with a sounding plunge. In fifteen minutes he was finished with the last one. He was now alone upon the huge raft the water of the flood seemed to be rising again. The glare of fires beyond the horizon was as red as a setting sunset. A stronger southwest wind had sprung up and though it was well warded off by the cliff with the two strange forested hills on the southeast, the idle sails began to rattle to and fro. The boy began to see a danger to the raft. The jibs he speedily doused and brought tumbling to the raft deck, but the main sail was a harder matter. Of course when the raft partly canted so in a slantwise manner the boom had swung outboard and the cap of it and a foot or two of sail hung even under water. The boy thought this made it still even more dangerous, yet the strain was so tremendously heavy that the boy half feared to meddle. At last he dared to climb the main mast again, drew out from it the long knife, went down, and finally cut the halyards. The peak dropped instantly, a great belly of loose canvas floated broad upon the water, and since pull as the boy liked, he could not budge the down hall, that was the extent of what he could accomplish. For the rest, the raft had to trust to luck just as like Jack had to. By this time the glow began to die down a little the region fell into blackness again, the lay last rays of the light falling molten iron red like through a glaze of the wood, and shining bright as a sun on the mantle of the wrecked town. The air began to grow cooler, the water was rapidly fleeing southwestward, and as it was rising the raft began to rise more upright too. The boy scrambled forward and looked over. It seemed shallow enough, and holding the out hawser in both hands for a last security, he let himself drop softly overboard. The water scarcely reached his thigh, the ground was firm and covered with ripple marks, and he waded ashore in great spirits, but now feeling somewhat sleepy, but leaving the raft where it was with the main sail trailing wide upon the surface of the bay. About the same time the glow disappeared behind a black cloud of smoke, and the breeze whistled low in the darkness, among the tossing pines.

At least, and at last, he was off the flood nor had Jack returned thence empty handed. There lay the raft clear at last from the Glandelinians, and ready for Angeline Richee, and the others to board and get to outward bounds again. Jack had nothing nearer his fancy than to get back to where he left the force under Angeline Richee and boast of his achievements. Possibly he might run into a party of the enemy, but he hoped not, and also for Angeline questioning the recapture of the raft was a clenching answer, and he hoped that Angeline Richee would confess he had lost no time.

So thinking and in famous spirits the boy began to set his face however for Angeline's command and all her companions. He remembered the proper pathway well and bent his course in that direction that he might pass without meeting with any of the foe. Here the wood was pretty open, and keeping along the lower spurs the boy had soon reached the pathway he had left when coming to the raft and not long after he waded to the middle across a small water course. This brought him near to where he had recently encountered a Glandelinian force on his way up to reinforce Angeline Richee, and he now walked more circumspectly keeping an eye on every side. The darkness had come deeper but as he came to an open the far distant cliff on which Gertrude was the took looked and became aware of a new wavering glow against the sky where as he judged the roaring forest fire was moving in a new direction. And yet he wondered, in his heart, that Gertrude should with her troop remain in such a precarious position. Gradually the night fell blacker. It was all the boy could do to guide himself even roughly toward his destination the flood behind him loomed faint and fainter, there were no stars in the sky and in the low ground where the boy wandered slowly and even carefully he never theless kept tripping among bushes, and rolling into sandpits. Suddenly a kind of brightness fell about him. He looked up, a stronger glow of forest fires seemed to rise behind the summit of some long high far distant hill. With this to help him the boy passed rapidly over what remained to him of his journey, and sometimes walking, sometimes running impatiently drew near to the spot. Yet as he began to thread the grove that lies before it he was not so thoughtless that he slackened his pace and went a trifle warily. It would have indeed been a very poor end of his adventures to get shot down by his own party by mistake. The distant glow was rising higher and

higher its strange red reflection began to fall here and there in masses through the more open districts of the wood, and right in front of the boy the glow even appeared again like a red sunset among the trees. It was red and bright, and now and again again it was a little darkened--as if it were the other side of the world a smouldering. For the life of him Jack could not think what it might be. Was the forest fire coming? At last he came right down upon the borders of a clearing. The western end was already steeped in the glow, the rest, and the hills themselves still lay in black shadows, chequered with long red streaks of flickering light. The scene was if an immense molten planet was changing place with the earth on that distant location and shed upon the sky a steady red reverberation contrasted strongly with the paleness of still further distant lights. There was not a soul stirring nor a sound beside the noise of the breeze. Jack stopped with much wonder in his heart, and perhaps a little terror also. It had not been his way to risk going near big fires, nay all his followers were indeed by to fear that something had gone wrong while he was absent. He stole round by the eastern end, keeping close in shadow, and at a most convenient place, where the darkness was thickest, crossed the road. To make assurance sound toward a large pine tree. As he drew nearer, his heart was suddenly and greatly lightened. He heard the whisperings of boys and girls not even two feet away. Even such a thing as the sea cry of the watch, that beautiful "Alls doubt of one thing, they kept a good strict watch. If the enemy had been lad paused. He had to be careful. The lad stood up behind a tree. All was dark, he saw no one he could not distinguish nothing by the eye. As for noise, a flickering or pecking that the boy in no way could account for. With his arms before him the boy walked steadily on. The boy thought with a silent chuckle that he should lie down somewhere, and enjoy their faces, when they saw him in the morning, but that wouldn't be doing the work assigned to him. They must be on the raft by morning if possible. His foot struck something yielding--it was a sleeper's leg, but it did not move. Then Jack struck something "Oh Miss Angeline Richee," for he believed it was she keeping better watch than any one else. The lad had no time to recover his voice. At his sharp clipping tone, the sleepers awoke and many sprang up, and the voice of Angeline Richee cried:

"Is that you Jack Saunders?"

"Yes Angeline, I have accomplished my mission."

"Come forth, Jack," she said and he did.

"Bring a torch, Dick," said Angeline, when he was assuredly among his own comrades again. And one of the boys presently lighted a torch. The red glare of the torch lightingship thimportion of the woods, showed the boys' beliefs of having reached his friends confirmed. The boy and girls, scouts of Angeline Richee's regiments were in possession of even the enemy's camp and stores, there was even casks of cognac, there were pork and bread, as before and what tenfold increased his surprise, not a sign of any Glandelinian soldier, not even a prisoner. He could judge as far as possible that Angeline Richee during his absence had attacked the enemy herself and suddenly surprising them had captured the tent and provisions, and even ammunition and many kinds of weapons, sixteen flags, and a Glandelinian general's uniform and coat besides his sword, and two cases of jewelry. His heart smote smote him sorely that he had not been there to participate with them.

There were six of the boy's scout officers; all told near him. Five of them were on their feet. The sixth had only risen up on his elbow, he was dead pale, and the blood stained bandage round his head told that he recently been wounded, and still more recently dressed. Angeline Richee had come forward, and she Jack thought looked somewhat paler and more stern than he was used to seeing her. She still wore her fine purple coat and red dress in which she had always uniformed herself, but it seemed bitterly the worst for wear daubed with clay, and torn with the sharp brains of the wood.

"So," said she, "here's our friend Jack Saunders back with us again, and so soon. Dropped in like, and through the rest of the enemy's lines. Well come boy that I take that as a sort of miracle."

And thereupon she sat down upon a stump.

"Give me a loan of your flash light, pick" said the girl leader. "And then when she had turned it on, and the torch was put out" she said again "Out with our camp fire, and you boys and girls who are awake, bring yourselves to --- you do not now need to stand up gawking at Jack-he'll excuse you. And so Jack dear-here you are back again, and quite a pleasant surprise for your good friends here. I see you were smart and clever when first I set my eyes on you, even if you were a little careless at times, but this here gets away from me clean it does. I do not need to ask you how you succeeded, for I saw it all with my very eyes, from my night field glasses. I saw you even repulse a man who attacked you."

To all this the boy as well may be supposed, he was too surprised to even make answer. He had stood with his back against a tree, and he stood there looking Angeline Riches in the face, pluckily enough, to all outward appearance, but as he knew all were surrounded by the foe, with black despair in his heart. Angeline Riches felt good and sleepy but she remained composed and then ran on again.

"Now you see Jack, as you are now back again, I'll give you a piece of my mind. I've always liked you, even when you did some careless things. I have for a lad of your courage and spirit. Ever since I knew you at Emperor Vivian's army I always wanted you to join my own squadrons and take your share and do for me as you did for others, and now my friend you have done so. Gertrude Angeline is a fine girl scout as I'll own up to any day, stiff on discipline, but she'll hear my plea and get you a better commission for this."

Duty, is duty, she says, and right she is, and I'll do what I can for you. Just how you kept clear of the Glandelinians all around you as you went for the raft I cannot comprehend. I was afraid you would never make it. The doctors himself is dead having been shot, and we have to have Mary Glorinda their girl scout doctor as far as she is able. The short end of the whole story is about here Jack, we can't I'm afraid get through the foe lines below us for they won't let us, will oppose us too strongly, and without Gertrude sending the men to our aid we'll be looked up here for weeks. But she sent me a message by wireless that help is coming. She repulsed her attackers and am able to bring me plenty of aid."

So far so good. Most of his friends then were still alive, and though from what he had of his own experiences he believed the statement of Angeline, that the Glandelinians were too strong in numbers to push through the woods to the cove, and that they were incensed at the child scouts for their three victorious conflicts without much loss, and heavy loss to the Glandelinians, Jack was more relieved than distressed by what he heard. What Gertrude could not do, his general could either.

"I don't say nothing as to how you escaped being in the hands of so wily a foe," continued Angeline. Riches smiling sweetly upon him. "Though here you are, and you have made far better success than I suppose. I know even where you beached the raft. You have shown that you liked the service of us girl and boy scout regiments, and though you did have little careless ways, you sure break records for a acting boy scout. If you like to have a higher commission you'll sign this by help of my flashlight, and if you don't Jack why you are free to answer no---free to answer Jack, and if fairer can be said by me or any of my followers then all right."

"Am I to get a higher commission just for that little trick on the foe?" the boy asked, surprised indeed. Through all this talk he was nevertheless made to feel the threat of death that overhanged him and all the rest in this region, either from the foe or fires, and his cheeks turned and his heart beat painfully in his breast, and he wondered how she could be so cool and seemingly without even nerves in such a perilous situation.

"My lad" said Angeline. "No one is pressing you. Take your time. We are of us won't hurry you, time goes so pleasant in our good company, you see."

"Well" said Jack. "If I'm to choose, I declare I have a right to know what position we are in, why we are cornered here by the foe, and how is Gertrude going to send us aid. That seems impossible."

"What's impossible?" Repeated Polores Mic-Hollister, who stood beside Angeline. "You accomplished harder than she'll attempt and you say it's impossible. Ah he'd be a lucky one who would know where we are, and how we are cornered."

"But it's dangerous to stay here. We should be moving long ago." said another a boy scout.

"You'll perhaps wait till you are spoken to, my friends," cried Angeline. Riches re the truculently. "And then in her first gracious times, she replied to Jack. Tests- Best night when you was gone Jack, about two minutes ago some wounded Glandelinian officer, a captain I presume, approached me with a glaf of truce. Said he to me "Captain girl scout, my regiment is sold out, hoodwinked. I helped the boy beach the raft, and we were attacked by a nut. As the boy was good to me even though I was a foe, I took his part."

When I noticed the soldiers of my side observe the disappearance of the raft I never seen a pack of fools look fishier. He then wanted to bargain with me, on a proposition, of handing over to us this small camp and provisions as a token of surrender for his kindness to you, and your helping him when he was the lone survivor of all his comrades on the raft. We bargained him, and I, and we gave him his freedom, and here we are. Steep, brandy, camp with tents and in a manner the whole blessed raft from cross trees to keelson. As for the Glandelinian Hordes below us he warned us of their numbers and then pledged that he would abandon the cause and go back home. And lest you take it into your head dear Jack" she went on, that you was included in the treaty, here's the last word he said "Have you a boy scout captain by the name of Jack. I said yes, and he answered "He'll find his way back here." These were his words.

"Is that all?" The boy asked.

"Well it's all that I could tell, my friend," returned the girl scout. "And now am I to choose?"

"Well said Jack, I was not such a fool after all, but when I did my work I knew pretty well what I had to look out for. When I went forth as you asked me, I thought to myself, let the worst come for the worst, it's little I care, as long as my country's cause is at stake. I've seen too many countless thousands die since I came into the army as a boy scout. But there's a thing or two excited, and the first is this: Why cannot we get through the enemy's lines, and give Gertrude a surprise. You Miss Riches are a far better girl scout than she is, and both you and she know it, that's why she wants you with her all the time. Here the enemy is, who are down here, in a bad way, raft lost to them, after they had captured it, and probably over 2000 men gone to wreck, and if you want to know who did it, --- well it was you and was you I found out who killed the twenty men on her decks with your long range rifle fire, and it was I who brought her where the Glandelinians will never see her more, not one of them. The laugh's on our side Miss Riches, we've dastardly foes of our Lord no more than a fly. The Glandelinians can fight us till us off if they tried, but one thing I'll say, and no more, we can get through if we make a desperate effort of it. We can do it."

The boy stopped, for he was out of breath, and to his wonder, not one of them moved but all sat staring at him like as many sheep, and while they were still staring, the boy broke out again, "And now Miss Riches" he said "I believe and know you're the best girl scout of them all, and if things go to the worst at our attempt, I'll take it kind of you, to also let Gertrude Angeline know the way I took it. Can can outwit them yet, and inflict on them the heaviest losses possible for our own that we suffered recently."

"I'll bear it in mind" said Angeline, with an assent so curious that the boy could not for the life of him decide whether she were laughing at his request, or had been favorably affected by his courage. "I'll put one to that" cried Polores. "It was him that did up general Manley's headquarters once."

"Well and see here," added Angeline Riches. "I'll put another thing to that, for it was this same boy that faked that chart orpkins from Manley why two spies were trying to obtain the original. First mid last we've by his help succeeded in putting things over on the Glandelinians very good."

"Then here goes," said one of the boy scout leaders. "We'll start the march."

And he sprang up, drawing his sabre and was about to give a command. "Wait a minute there," cried Angeline Riches. "Who are you Thomas Sanders here? Ma to you thought you was a general in chief in chief or something. By heaven if you sat that foolish and reckless I'll teach you better. I gave no command to march. Dross me and you'll go home as a simple boy and not a scout. I may be a girl but there's never a boy nor a soldier, nor a girl scout looked me between the eyes and disregarded my commands, and seen further scouting commissions afterwards, Thomas and you know that."

The boy scout captain paused, aghast, but a hoarse murmur rose from the others.

"Tons right" cried one. "It's dangerous to remain here Angeline."

"We've remained here long enough for one" added another. "I'll be hanged if I'll remain here any longer. See the fire is coming nearer."

"Did any of you foolish boys want to go it alone then?" screamed Angeline, bending far forward from her position on the stump. "Go if you like if you are in a hurry, but you are not dumb dumb I believe. Those that do not want to wait go now if you like I won't stop you. I have been guard of many persons in my day, I allow I know this country, you do not. I know the way through here, I could lose every one of you, and you'd never get out of these woods. If you are so impatient as that, why you may go right now and see if you can get through. I'll move when I'm ready. I do not make haste and run chances of dire disaster. Take a march off him that dares, and I'll plug a bullet into him and all before he can even think."

Not a boy or girl stirred, not a man answered.

"That's your sort now is it?" she added putting out her flash light. "Will you are good boys and girls at that but you do foolish things. Perhaps you cannot seem to understand the enemy cannot be trifled with. They are a thousand times more dangerous to us kids than they are to the very soldiers. Not much worth to fight them hand to hand you ain't being too small. I'm head girl scout captain here by promotion. I'm captain here because the Vivian girls gave the commission to me, and because I'm the best guide in all the country by a long run, and no one can dispute it. You cannot get through the enemy without my own planning, then by thunder you'll obey, and you know it. I like that boy Jack too, I've never seen a better boy than that. He's more than any pair of rats of these glandolinians trying to cut us off from Gertrude's party, and what I say is this, he's to be also your captain. Next to me I command, and against what I say is this, let me see him or her that'll not obey him, that's what I say, and he or she will pack up grip remove uniforms and go back home in short order with disgraceful discharge papers in possession of the commanding officer."

There was a long pause after this. Jack still stood straight up against the tree, his heart still going like a sledge hammer but with a ray of hope now coming in his heart. Angeline Riches leaned back against another tree, her arms crossed, as calm as though she had been in her church, yet her eye kept wandering furtively, and she kept the tail of it on her reckless but good rightable followers, who came to comprehend that she was right. They on their part drew gradually together toward a small clump of trees, and the low hiss of their whispering sounded in the boys' ear, continuously like a stream. One after another they would then look up, and the red light of the torch would fall for a second on their nervous faces, but it was not toward the boy, it was toward Angeline, that they turned their eyes.

"You seem to have very much to speak of," remarked Angeline Riches. "ape up, and let me hear it."

"Begging your pardon Miss Riches," returned one of the girls, "you are pretty justified with the rules, maybe you'll kindly keep an eye upon the rest. We'll have to obey you, but the whole force is dissatisfied; we all of us don't like this position we are in, we all have our rights like other girls and boys abouts, I'll make so free as that and by your own rules; that we should be talking together, since you did not give any command of "Attention." Begging your pardon, Miss Riches acknowledging you to be head captain; but we claim our right, but ask you to please listen and get us out of here. We are in hell as it is."

And with an elaborate salute, this girl scout, a long, homely looking blue eyed miss of fifteen, stepped subtly to her respective place. One after the other the rest followed her example, each making a salute as she or he did so. Angeline Riches instantly relit her flashlight.

"Now you look here, Jack said Sanders," she said in a steady whisper; that was no more than audible. "We all of us are within half a inch of death, and what's a long night worse; facing three different dangers, mainly from foe and fire. The fire is coming this way and we are in the path of the heart of it. We must get through the enemy. If I don't move, they that is many of my followers will rebel, and throw me off. But you mark I'll stand by you through thick and thin. I was about desperate to know the foe had possession of our raft, and to be captured into the bargain. But I see Jack you are the right sort. I said to myself, you stand by Jack, Angeline, and he'll stand by you through the fight. You are his last card, and by the heaven's Angeline he's yours for safety. Back to back said I to myself. You said him and he'll bring you through and back to the rest."

Jack dimly began to understand.

"You mean all is lost?" he asked.

"Yes I do," she answered. "We won't accomplish your plan of breaking through without serious loss, and the men propose to do all the fighting and will cover our own side. We must break through, or we will all perish for when daylight comes, the foe will be able to see us, and will attack in dreadful numbers and bring machine guns to do us up too like we did them. Since

the raft was first gone, and our only peril, and once I looked into that cave, Jack, and saw the raft into the possession of the accused enemy I felt as if all was lost and I was about to give out. As for your work you saved us all. As for your lot mark me they are outright fools and cowards. I'll bring ourselves through so if so be as I can from them and get back to Gertrude. My followers would rather die fighting, than remain cowed here. If I remain they'll mutiny and I cannot blame them. But see here Jack--if for tat--you stay beside me, and do not get separated."

Jack was bewildered it seemed a thing so hopeless she was planning to under undertake--she a mere little ten year old girl, yet the ring leader throughout.

"What I can do, that I will do," he said.

"It's a bargain," cried Angeline Riches. "You speak up lucky, and we have a chance."

She walked over to the torch, where it stood propped against the bark of a dead tree, and knocked it down for fear it would set the tree on fire and start a blaze at a very bad spot.

"Understand me Jack," she said returning. "I've a good head on my shoulder and will before daylight join Gertrude's side. I know you've got that part safe, and know where it is too for I saw you beat it. Now you don't it as cleverly I do not know, but it is safe and out of sight of the enemy. Now you mark me. I ask no questions; nor I won't let others know when a game on together. Here that every one. We'll get through this very night."

She drew some milk from a condensed can.

"Will you drink a little Jack?" she asked, and when the boy said "Only off or you" she first took the drain, and then handed it to the boy. "She said, "we need something to revive us for there's a serious trouble ahead. And talking of trouble, why did those two glandolinian spies want the plane we got from the dead christian spy Jack?"

The boys face expressed great wonder so unaffected, that she saw the boy did not know anything about it, and that it was needless needless to ask questions on that subject.

"Ah well they tried to get it though," said she. "And there's something under that, no doubt-- something, surely under thatm Jack, bad or good. That is why we are so hard pressed."

And she took another swallow from another can she opened shaking her fair curly head like a tigress who looked forward to the worst.

THE DEEPHEAT PLAINS. THEY START THE ADVANCE.
THE DEATH TELL OF THE GIMDELINIAN. AMONG THE WOODS.
THE FALL OF A GIMDELINIAN CRUISEMAN
ANGELINE RICHES AND GERTHIDE AT ARE REUNITED AGAIN.
AND LAST.

GERTHIDE RICHES THEN ORDERED THE GIRL AND BOYS OUT TO HAVE A COUNCIL among themselves to plan as how to break through, and bring her their suggestion. The council had last some minutes, when one of them came forth, and with a salute begged for a torch as the one thrown down had gone out. Angelina blantly agreed, but advised him to be careful with it, and not start a forest fire over their heads, and this emissary retired again, leaving the boy, Angelina, and the sleeping force in the dark.

"There's excitement coming for us soon, Jack," she said in a friendly tone.

The boy looked toward the fire but could see nothing that far. The smoke of the camp fire had died out or at least burned themselves out, and now glowed so low and dusky, that the boy understood why the girl and others holding the conspiracy against the foe desired a torch. About half way down the slope to the distant flood, eighteen boy and girl crisscross were collected in a group, one held the light, another it was Dolores, and on her knees in their midst, and the boy saw the blade of an open knife shine in her hand with varying colors in the distant fire, and torch light. The rest were all stopping as though watching the work of the girl. The boy could just make out that she had a piece of paper as well as a knife in her hand, and was still wondering how anything so inconspicuous had come in their possession when the kneeling girl said: "Here comes more to her feet, and the whole party began to move together toward Angelina.

"Here they come," said Jack, and he returned to his former position, for it seemed beneath his dignity that they should find him watching them.

"Well let them come," said Angelina cheerfully. "But I hope they have reached a final answer."

They finally came, and five of them out of the twenty officers, ordered one of their number forward. The girl, stepped forward briskly, and having passed something to Angelina, which from hand to hand, slipped smartly back to her companion officers after saluting. Angelina looked at what had been given her.

"The decision, I thought so," she observed. "Where did you get the paper? My hello, look here now, you've gone and cut this out of an old newspaper. Why cut it from a newspaper?"

"Ah there," said Angelina Jennings. "There. What did I say to you? Well, it's done now," continued Angelina Riches. "Well all going forward to the front now I believe. What fellow had this newspaper. It's a Gimdelinian newspaper."

"It was Richard Finkleton," said one.

"Richard Finkleton? Then he can get to his own word," said Angelina Riches. "Remember no one in camp here allowed to carry round Gimdelinian newspapers without special reason."

But here the long plain looking girl scout officer struck in.

"Let's settle down to work Miss Riches," she said. "These officers have handed you the decision in full council, as it is our duty, just turn it over and see what is written there. Then it would be best and safer for all of us to get into motion."

"Thanks George Finkleton. You always was brisk for military business," replied the girl scout leader, and had the rules by heart as if he pleased to see.

Ah well what is it anyway? Ah move the troop in front, and girl and boys in rear. All with machine guns go first, that's it. It is our duty, just turn it over and see what is written there. Then it would be best and safer for all of us to get into motion."

"Why you was getting quite a leading girl in this here regiment of yours. You'll be captain next I shouldn't wonder and help us drive the foe from our country. Just oblige me with my flash light will you, and can write my name."

Then she turned to one known as Mahle. "Come now," continued Angelina, some down off that high barrel there, and help sign this. We are moving in one hour."

"That is so," said Dolores excitedly.

"Plenty enough too," retorted Dolores. "We'll all be destroyed and sundry for these Gimdelinians if we do not get out of here."

"Well now look here, I'll talk these four points again, one after another more plainer. The Gimdelinians made a new man out of our cruise on the flood didn't they?"

"Yes."

"And killed some of our best friends, especially girls?"

"It should say so."

"And wounded Jean Saunders three times?"

"Indeed."

"Killed our lovely boys?"

"Yes indeed they did the dirty skunks."

"Well now girls and boys, you all know what I and Gertie wanted, and you know that if all that is being done, we'll be aboard that raft before the first streak of daylight to-morrow morning we ever was, whether every man alive or not, and fit, and full of good plum duff, and all these provisions on board her too by heaven. Well who among the Gimdelinians will cross me even though I'm a ten year old girl with a pretty sissy nose. Who will cross my hands? Who will try to frustrate me, Ah with a few dimes, I'm with you there, or if for us. Why it was Jack. And the enemy have enough insolence to up and dare stand for getting us into their grasp, that try to sink our country. Holy ones, and make Christianity a blot on the world. By the powers of God and heaven but we'll show the enemy this will top the stiffest yarn to absolutely nothing. We girls will make history or my name is not Angelina Riches," who paused, and Jack could see by the faces of her officers that these words had not been said in vain.

"That's for number one," said Angelina Riches, wiping the sweat from her brow for she had been talking with a vehemence that shook the air. "Why I give you my word, I'm sick to speak of the Gimdelinians. The Gimdelinians who call us Christian dogs, have neither when nor memory, and I know it to be join the army under their command rings. Brave Gimdelinian soldiers. I reckon cowardly butchers in their trade. All they know of U is out the inside out of little children, and call that a war."

"Go on Angelina," said one of the boys. "You are talking good."

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She did but in signing her name she made a slight mistake. At thought you said you know the military rules Mahle. Returned Angelina Riches almost contemptuously. "Let's say if you do not you should, and I should wait here till we get satisfaction for our grievance from the enemy and so we wait move or our own names won't be worth pen and ink. After we reach Gertrude again we'll see. First the Gimdelinians have absolutely made a new of our flood cruise, and any body will be truthful enough to say that. Second we were forced to almost let the enemy out of our trap for nothing. What did they want out? Do not know but its pretty plain they wanted the part to prevent our escape on it. Third we couldn't get proper chances to go at them when they first struck us because it was so dark. Oh we see through the whole thing girls, and boys, the enemy wanted to do us evil, that's what's wrong, and they are portious or Mylans troop it'll be bound. And then forthly Jack accused the raft."

"That is so," said Dolores excitedly.

"Plenty enough too," retorted Dolores. "We'll all be destroyed and sundry for these Gimdelinians if we do not get out of here."

"Well now look here, I'll talk these four points again, one after another more plainer. The Gimdelinians made a new man out of our cruise on the flood didn't they?"

"Yes."

"And killed some of our best friends, especially girls?"

"It should say so."

"And wounded Jean Saunders three times?"

"Indeed."

"Killed our lovely boys?"

"Yes indeed they did the dirty skunks."

"Well now girls and boys, you all know what I and Gertie wanted, and you know that if all that is being done, we'll be aboard that raft before the first streak of daylight to-morrow morning we ever was, whether every man alive or not, and fit, and full of good plum duff, and all these provisions on board her too by heaven. Well who among the Gimdelinians will cross me even though I'm a ten year old girl with a pretty sissy nose. Who will cross my hands? Who will try to frustrate me, Ah with a few dimes, I'm with you there, or if for us. Why it was Jack. And the enemy have enough insolence to up and dare stand for getting us into their grasp, that try to sink our country. Holy ones, and make Christianity a blot on the world. By the powers of God and heaven but we'll show the enemy this will top the stiffest yarn to absolutely nothing. We girls will make history or my name is not Angelina Riches," who paused, and Jack could see by the faces of her officers that these words had not been said in vain.

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is no more. And also perhaps you didn't know that we must rejoin Gertrude at all costs. But there is a necessity to it, and not so long till then is there safety for us all, and we'll see who will be glad to have Jack as our best boy scout leader when it comes to that. And as for number two, and why I made a bargain with the sensible wounded Glandelinian captain who came with the flag of truce to me when he came crawling on his hands and knees to make it not being able to walk---on his knees he came, he was that downhearted---but that's a trifle, look at the provisions that's why. And the reason for sure the Glandelinians after after us like this, you look there, that is the reason."

And she cast down a paper that Jack could not recognise---but which was none other than the map plan that the dead Christian spy had secured from Mylstein's headquarters. How Angelina Riches happened to have it in her possession no one could fathom. But if it was inaccessible to him, the appearance of the map was but a tribute to the others. They looked upon it like a sign from upon a new source of aid, one tearing it gently from another, and by means of citations and orders, the children together with which they acted, sent the examination, anyone could have thought, now not only were they finding the way to the crisis of the nation's cause, but were in heaven over it besides in safety.

"Yes," said one, "that's Mylstein's great and myx mystic plan alright. See there is left a score below, so he's up to something about the flood too."

"Mighty pretty," said Dolores. "But how are we to get away with it, and us so far from the raft, and the enemy close by."

"Angelina Riches suddenly sprang up. "Now I give you warning Dolores," she cried. "One half hour more of waiting and we'll give the enemy a good taste of our fury. How do I know? You ought to tell me that---you and the rest, what'll we do to the enemy who almost lost our raft with their interference turn them. But they can't get the best of us, they ain't got the invention, the very brains of a cockroach. But we'll fool the Glandelinians."

"That's fair enough," said Mildred. "But I should say so," said Angelina. "The plan delineates lost the raft through this boy, I found the map. Who is the better boy and girl scout for that, and how we'll prepare by heaven, lest when you please to be the first advancing column, and let's be done with it."

"Abbaaminia forever. Abbaaminia forever," they cried. "Abbaaminia forever. Down with Glandelinia."

"So that's the tune is it? Good," cried Angelina Riches. "Now every one this move, Glandelinia will arise across her luck and sink into a hole, and that's about all just now."

"It'll do to make Glandelinia do the kissing on, won't it?" growled Dolores, who was evidently uneasy about the whole situation of the war. "Our nation is not in danger at all," returned Angelina Riches derisively. "Not at. These dimwits don't blind us no more than a ballad book. It'll be the ruin of Glandelinia."

"Don't it though?" cried Mildred, with a sort of joy. "Well I believe that's worth having too."

"Here Jack, here's a curiosity for you," said Angelina Riches, and she tossed him the strange map.

It was very large about the size of maps we see hanging on walls. One side of the paper was full of strange writings, the other contained a map of Glandelinia with some sort of wood and which already began to come off and soil the boys' fingers. He had seen this curiosity before but could not read a trace of the writing by the mere torch light. That was the end of the planning. Soon after, with a drink of milk all around for the officers and still paying no attention to those still asleep they started the preparations first. Indeed for Jack he had heaven knows matter enough for thought in the man madman who had almost slain him earlier that night in his own perilous position, and above all the remarkable game that he saw Angelina Riches now engaged upon keeping her troop together with one hand, and grasping with the other after every means possible and apparently impossible to save all the lives of her comrades by outwitting the Glandelinians. Jack's heart was sore for all of her followers to think on the dark perils that threatened, and the shameful outcome of the adventures so far. It sure was disastrous. They were no better off than if all had swung on shameful gibbets that avenged criminals.

Soon the rest of the force of the boy and girl scout, were awakened and they were all awakened by a huge call, and Jack could see one of the sentries who was a man shake himself together from where he had fallen against a tree trunk and also were awakened by a clear hearty voice hailing them from the margin of the wood.

"Camp ahoy!" it shouted. "Who's in possession?"

To Jack it sounded like Penrod's voice, and he was surprised. He looked through his glasses, helped by the glare of the forest fire reflecting the country side. And Penrod it surely was. Recently before, the boy and others who had not slept had heard distant and heavy firing for quite a long time and wondered what it had all been. Although Jack was glad to hear the sound, yet his gladness was not without a feeling of regret too. He felt he would be held responsible for not bringing Angelina Riches through as Gertrude had hoped he would, and he almost felt ashamed to look Penrod in the face.

He must have come round with a large force and drove off the foe, for it was now two o'clock in the morning, and when Jack ran forward a little to see, he saw him standing at attention, and at some distance a large force of men and boy scouts were behind him.

"You Penrod," cried Angelina Riches. "Good morning, for sleep as who was she had remained broad awake and he ming with good nature in a moment. "You have come? How did you do it? And you are bright and cheerful too. Well they say it is the bird's early bird that catches the early worm. George Gaby escort Penrod with two of his officers into our camp. He's got a flag of truce with him. All is doing well Penrod, and we have vanquished the enemy three times ourselves. So she continued on, standing on the hilltop, with her arms on her shoulder as was for the way of greeting, quite the same girl scout in voice and manner and expression. "We also have quite a good surprise for you too, friend Penrod," she continued. "We've a good brave little boy scout here, and looking fit and stout as a tree itself, worked and helped us like a miracle, even though we were cooped up here thus far into the night."

Penrod, was by this time across the road, and pretty near Angelina, and who and the boy could hear the alteration in his voice as he said:

"That the deserter and cowardly our Jack Saunders, who left Jean when she was in danger."

"No, our friend Jack Saunders, the very same Jack as ever was," said Angelina Riches. The boy scout chief chieftain stopped outright, although he did not speak, and then it was some seconds before he seemed to be able to move on.

"Well, well," he said at last, "Duty first and pleasure afterwards. I have broke through the enemy's lines and brought my troops to you. Let us overhaul this camp you have captured, and go forth to rejoin Gertrude. We have a way of escape now, and the enemy won't bother us for a while now..."

A moment afterwards, he had entered the camp, and with one grain nod to Jack, proceeded with his work of seeing that everything was gathered up. He seemed to be not under any apprehension, though he must have known that at his life, among these treacherous fire endangered woods, and in the face of so many unknown perils, depended on a hair, and he rattled on to Angelina of his own relatives. His manner as Jack supposed reacted also on the men escorts, for they behaved as if nothing had occurred---as if he were a great general they were devoted to, and they his faithful army.

"You're doing well at your work of gathering up the provisions," he said to a man with a bandaged head. "And if any one has a close shave it was all of you here in this infernal hell of a place, and I see now many of you were wounded in your third fight. Well Dolores, how does it? You're a pretty color, certainly, why you need sleep my girl or otherwise your head will be upside down. Did you all this this camp in a fight? Did the y take this camp in a fight or captured it otherwise Dolores?"

"No a Glandelinian officer, who had been saved and befriended by one of our boy scouts delivered it up to us with a flag of truce," returned Dolores. "Because you see, since I am Miss Armstrong's chief boy scout leader, or sent way," I mean it a point of honor not to lose a man boy or girl in it."

The girl and boy scout officers looked at one another in silence. "Jane one of our girls is wounded badly sir," said Joy. "I'm afraid she won't pull through." "She has hit sir."

"She don't," replied Penrod anxiously. "Where is she?"

"Over there."

"Well lead us to her."

Penrod was soon bending over her.

"I should say she is. Sit up here Jane and let me see your tongue." The girl obeyed and Penrod continued, "No she sure does not seem very good. She's in bad pain, and she's in a fever. If we ain't careful we'll lose another girlscout, thanks to the enemy. I'm going to get a general for this the next chance I have."

"The enemy killed three of our girls last night," said a soldier by the name of Morgan. "We have been arrant asses to have ever gone ashore from the raft in the first place, and not having sense enough to know when we are safe and when we are not. We are just as well off here as if we were sinking in a vile pestiferous slough. I think it is most probable though, of course its only an opinion—that we will have the duds to pay before we will get out of this territory. You know we have the foe batteries up above to face yet, and I'm afraid they'll sink our raft if we go before dark to-morrow."

"We do not intend to go before to-morrow but this very hour," said Penrod.

Where's Mary Gloriana?"

"She's sick too, got a fever, and wouldn't be wounded in the arm."

"I see. Why did you say camp here for anyway. Make us is a tar bog. Girls and boys I'm surprised at you all. Well," he added, after he had dosed some of them, and ordered Angelina Riches to see that his prescriptions are filled for Jane, Daisy, and ten other wounded girls, and sixteen boys. "Well that's done now. And now, before we march, I should wish to have a talk with that brave boy, leave."

And he nodded his head in Jack's direction carelessly. Mary Evangelina was at the tree nearest him, spluttering over some bad tasting medicine but at the first words of the boyscout leaders orignal some other boy swung round with a deep flush, and cried no, don't do it!" and swore.

"Silence!" almost screamed Angelina Riches, and looked about her positively like a tigress. "Penrod" she went on in her usual tones, "I was just now thinking of that knowing how you can have a fancy for the boyscout. We are all humbly grateful for your kindness in coming here to us, and as you see, all put faith in you and so on. And I believe I have found a way as will suit all. Jack will you give me your word of honor as a young boyscout—for a young boyscout leader you surely are, your word of honor not to slip beyond the safety line."

Jack readily gave the pledge desired.

"Then Penrod" said Angelina Riches, "You just step over to the camp fire yonder, and once you are there, I'll bring the boy down to you. Good night to you all, and all our duties to Gertrude, and your friends."

The explosion of disapproval which nothing but Angelina's black looks had restrained, broke out immediately after Penrod had left and stood near the campfire. Angelina was roundly accused of exposing Jack to unseen dangers and Penrod too of sacrificing the interests of her followers, and in one word of the identical sort thing that he was doing. It seemed to Jack to be so obvious in this case, that he could not at all imagine how she was to turn their distrust and excitement. He was twice stronger in nature than they were, and her leadership, and three nights victories over the foe had given her a unique huge preponderance on their minds. She called them all the fools, and dolts any one can imagine, said it was necessary that Jack should talk with Penrod there, fluttered the map in their faces, and asked them if they could afford to be dismissed from the service if she were to report their conduct to Emperor's friends.

"No by golly," cried, "You couldn't well afford that. Well then you'll keep quiet, and till then I'll guess the enemy if I have to fight Satan to do so. And then she had them have a new camp fire light lit, to give light enough to prepare the removal of the camp and its provisions, and then strode forward, with one hand on the boys' shoulder, leaving her foolish almost rebellious boys in a disarray, and silenced by her volubility rather than convinced. Otherwise she had no fear of them, as though they acted this way, they were terribly devoted to her, and they were only protesting but she nevertheless said to Jack:

"Slow, led slow. They might come upon us in a twinkling if we were seen to hurry."

Very deliberately then, did the boy and girl advance across a stretch of sand to where Penrod was awaited near the glowing camp fire of old and as soon as they were within easy speaking distance, both saluted and she stopped.

"Oh! I'll take notice of this here also Penrod" she said "for if he is not too shy or modest the boy will tell you how he saved all our lives. Penrod when I and all my troop is playing chuck farthing with the last breath in our bodies, you wouldn't think it too much, maybe to get us through without a single loss. You'll please bear in mind its not my life only, but all these with me—it's that boys into the bargain, and you'll speak for me Penrod and give us a bit of hope to go on, for the sake of God's mercy. We are in dreadful peril here, fire, enemy, and what not."

It seemed that time that Angelina Riches was a changed girl, once she was out there, and had her back to her swarm of comrades, her cheeks seemed to have fallen in, her voice trembled, never was a soul more dead in earnest.

"Why Angelina, I'm almost surprised at you, you surely are not afraid!" asked Penrod.

"Penrod, no I'm no coward, no, not I—not so much," and she snapped her fingers. "If I was I wouldn't say it, I would have come into the army as a girlscout and gone through so many adventures with Violet, and her sisters, but they truly never were in this fix we are in right now. And I'll own up fairly, I've the shakes upon me for the flames are glowing in u on us. Jean Thoma told me so. She saw it from the top of a tree. You are a good boyscout and true to your colors, and sure, I've never seen a better boyscout. And you will not forget what good I have done, nor any more you'll forget the perils I have saved you from. And now I will step aside—see here—stretch, and we have hiding places everywhere who'll open fire as soon as we move..."

So saying she stepped back a little way till she was out of gunshot, and there sat down upon a tree stump and began to whistle, spinning round now and again upon her seat so as to command as much sight as possible in the darkness sometimes of Jack and Penrod, and sometimes of his her apprehensive boyscouts as they wait to and fro in the sand, between the new camp fire—which they were busy kindling—and the trees beyond which the full force were preparing for the advance.

"So Jack" said Penrod "suddenly "here you are. I didn't expect you to be so close. As you have brewed so shall you drink my boyscout's knowie. I cannot find it in my heart to blame you, but this much I will say be it kind or unkind, but I saw what you did upon that raft, and whether you was told to do it or not it was downright rash, very reckless. You exposed yourself to ours and the enemy's guns. First we thought the raft was going off with the enemy on board and we opened fire, not the enemy. Was you in that little black boat too which we tried to locate with our searchlights?"

"Yes" said Jack. "It's a miracle I was spared. My life's forfeit my way, and I who I should have been dead by now if Our Blessed Lord hadn't protected me, and Penrod believe this, I can die, and I dare say I deserve it—what I fear is the enemy may close in on us, and rush us as soon as daylight comes. If they come to do this—"

"I'll set the forest ablaze in their path," said Penrod firmly. "That'll stop them never fear. The wind is off us to them. But Jack we can't have Riches ready. We can't help anything now. I'll take it on my shoulders holus, bolus, blame and shame my boy, but stay here we cannot do. Jump, one jump and we'll run for it like antelopes."

"No" replied Jack, "I snatched through I did, and it can't be done but on hands and knees only. Even I passed my word as a pledge that I would not go beyond the safety line. You wouldn't do the dangerous thing yourself, neither you, nor Gertrude nor others, and no more will I neither I would Angelina. Angelina trusted me to take care of myself, I passed my word, and she wouldn't do it either. But Penrod you did not let me finish. We can easily fight through. If they come to attack us when we move we can fire the forest on them now and I could let slip word where the raft is, for when it was in possession of the enemy I got the ship or raft by Angelina's plan, part by luck, and prayer, and part by risk, and she lies in an inlet, on the southern shore and just below the higher water."

"No you are mistaken," said Penrod, with a grin. "Gertrude and her force are on it, waiting for us."

Jack looked at Penrod as if he believed he was either kidding or was mad.

"The raft," exclaimed Jack.

"Yes," replied Penrod, and rapidly he described to him the full thing as will be seen in the next portion of this chapter near ending, and the boy heard him out in silence.

"There's a kind of fate in this," he observed, when Penrod had done. "Every step its too that German boy, and little Jean Saunders my friend who saved us."

"Yes," said Penrod gleefully, "and do you suppose by any chance that we are going to let you and Angelina Riches and all the rest lose lives too? That would be a poor return, my boy. And Little Catherine Westbrook found out the enemy's plot, you took the raft from the enemy. The German boy secured it with the help of the soldiers where you left it, the best deep deeds of heroes and heroines ever did. Our girls are as good as soldiers, and over in America they used to say girls are 'Trudy cats'. Oh by heaven, why this is the mischief on the enemy in person. No one throughout the whole country does what you and Jean, and the German boy did. Miss Riches," he cried, "Miss Riches! I'll give you a piece of advice before we start," he continued, as the girl's countenance drew near again. "Don't you be in too great a hurry to start. It's dangerous. We got to be careful."

"Why Penrod, I'll do what impossible and right," said she. "I can only asking your pardon, save my life, that of my force, and the boys by seeking the reunion of Gertrude, and you may say to that."

"Well Angelina," replied Penrod. "If that is so, I'll go one step further look out for a tempest when you find it."

"Sir," said Angelina Riches. "As between boy and girl, that seems to be too much, and too little. What you are planning, why you managed to leave Gertrude and come to our aid, why you've given me the map taken from the dead Christian spy, I do not know, and yet I have done your bidding with my eyes shut, and never a word of hope. So but how it seems too much. If you won't tell me what you mean plain out, just say so and we'll have to go to the bottom."

"No no," said Penrod, amusingly. "I've no right to say more, it's not my secret, you see Angelina, or I give you my word I'd tell it to you. But I'll go as far as I dare with you, and a step beyond but I cannot tell too much now or I'll be in trouble with Gertrude. And first I'll give you a bit of hope Angelina, if we all get out of this wolf trap alive, I'll do my best to pull us all through safe and sound."

Angelina's face was radiant. "You couldn't say more, I'm sure Penrod, not if you was even my father," she cried.

"Well that's my concession," added Penrod. "My second is a piece of advice. Keep Jack close beside you, and when you need help give a signal. I'll order my troop up now. Go back to Angelina now. Jack and we'll soon start."

And Penrod shook hands with him, nodded to Angelina, and then called to his troop to come forward.

Jack said Angelina, when they were alone. "You have done us a great service and we will never forget it. I'll see Penrod advise that we should run for it—with the tail of my eye, and I seen you say no, as plain as hearing. Jack indeed that's one good point to you. To run would mean our annihilation. This is the first glint of hope I had since we were attacked three times to night, and I owe it to you and others, and now Jack we are going to start our move, with sealed orders too, and I don't like it, and therefore you must stick close, back to back like, and we'll save our necks in spite of foe fire, and fortune."

Just then a man hailed them from the fire, that everything was in readiness, and that breakfast too was ready even at so early an hour as they would have no time otherwise, and every one was soon seated here and there about the camp, fried meat and other provisions from found in the camp. They had made a fire fit to roast a hundred oxen, and it had now grown so hot that they could only approach it toward where the wind did not come from it and even there not without precaution. In the same spirit they had cooked enough for all to eat, and when any who had eaten could not finish, to save it from recepture they placed it in their knapsacks and what they couldn't take along they threw it into the fire which blazed and roared again over this unusual fuel. It was a wonder the enemy was not attracted by it, or that it didn't start a new conflagration, even though in an opening as it was. It even looked as if they were careless of the morrow, but they were not, and these scouts sure had enough fitness for anything like a prolonged campaign.

Even Angelina Riches eating away, had not a word now to say. And this the more surprised Jack, for he thought she had never shown herself so cunning as she did then.

"Oh girls," said she finally. "It's lucky you all have our Blessed Lord to thank for our escape from the foe so far. We all have what we wanted we have. Sure enough they thought they had the raft. Now we have it and once we all get on, we'll let the enemy jump about, and find out. And then girls and you too boys us that have the raft, has the upper hand...." Thus she kept running

on, with her mouth full of the hot bacon, thus she restored their hope and confidence, and Jack more than suspected, repaired her own at the same time. "As for Jack our hero," she continued. "That is the last talk, I guess he likes to be with those he loves dear. I've got my piece of news, and thanks to him for that as a all is over and finished. Gertrude and her gang in possession of the raft. I'll take him as my bodyguard when we start. Immediately after eating. Once we get back to the raft and Gertrude both, and off to the water again like jolly companions, why then we'll get Jack his promotion, and we will give him his share to be sure, for all his kindness to us. And Penrod too is good."

"It was no wonder everyone were in a good humor now. For his part Jack felt horribly cast down. Should the scheme she had now sketched prove feasible would not the enemy seeing their move spring fiercely and fatally to the attack. Of course as it seemed Angelina Riches still had a foot in either side, and there was no doubt she would prefer anything to escape from the fury of the foe, but most dreaded danger was fire, which was the best hope of escape they had on their side. If the enemy would attack too strong, and start to deplete her force, then fire would be used to frustrate the foe. It was indeed a most desperate plan, nay and even if things so fell that she was able to get through even then what danger lay before them all, what a moment that would be when the full force of the enemy's attack would be disastrous to the country further by making a fire, which would be the only source of escape from the Glandelinians, fiercer than pirates. Add to this double apprehension, adds to the mystery that still hung over the behavior of the rest, their unexplained getting somehow through the foe's lines, Angelina's unusual possession of a great and puzzling map, or harder still to understand, Penrod's warning to Angelina Riches. "Look out for a tempest when you find it" and anyone can readily believe how Jack, nay many others had little taste for their breakfast and with how with uneasy hearts they set forth at last. It was a dangerous move, Penrod took the lead, whispering to Angelina. "See that all move cautiously." They all made a curious figure had any one been there to see them, all in soiled uniforms. Angelina Riches had two a guns slung about her, rifles, one before, and one behind, and a brace of pistols on either side besides the great cutlery at her waist, and her long dagger, and a pistol extra in each pocket of her "jockey like red jacket. To complete her strange appearance, her hat was on wrong side out. All the rest were variously burdened with the provisions, and all carrying their own proper weapons, the men going first, and others laden with pork, bread, brandy, milk and so forth. All the stores of the camp Jack observed came forth with all the men and he could see the truth of Angelina's words. Had she not struck a bargain with the Glandelinian captain who surrendered to her, she and all her followers, at first deserted by the raft in possession of the foe must have been driven to subsist on clear water and the proceeds of dangerous attempts to raid, or hunt. And if they had been so short of eatables it was not likely they could have lasted very long. Well this happened, they all set out, even those of the wounded, and one of the fellows with the broken head, who should certainly have been very careful, and soon the whole force was in cautious motion. As they continued on, there was some discussion on the plan.

They had planned on following what was written on the plan sheet, but the markings were too large to be guides, and the terms of the note on the back admitted of some ambiguity. And where did Gertrude Angelina now have the raft? If they could get to the shore as Penrod suggested, the raft would pull up so they could board, but all would have to be careful even then for the sake of safety, and as their numbers divided between them, the men first, and the boys second, and the girls third they all set forth upon the bosom of the adventure. The plan as Penrod said of where the raft was to meet them was thus:

"Tall lone pine tree on shore, with branches stretching out like wings, near shoulder of low rise of ground ending into a thirty foot cliff, bearing a point to the N. of N.W. Ten feet from trees."

A tall pint tree was thus the principal mark. Now right before them the forest was bounded by a forested plateau from two to three hundred feet high, adjoining on the northern slope and rising against towards the south into a rough cliffy eminence called by Angelina Riches the "Asthma" Hill. The top of the plateau was massed as thick as grain or wheat with pine

trees of varying height, but at that distance in day time looking like a forest or parsley. But higher than any ever here and then there one of a different species rose forty or fifty feet clear above its neighbors, and Penrod said:

"Grop group low when we pass here, Glandelinian masked batteries on that Plateau."

Yet although that was the case, every man ahead had picked a favorite movement of his own, and therefore not a sound was made, all were careful not even to make the creaking of a twig, and Angelina Riches alone shrugged her shoulders, and bidding all to be careful. As a red light round and piercing fire flared from the plateau, all pulled forward easily and noiselessly by Penrod's direction, and after quite a long passage "It seemed a million years to some nervous ones, they finally passed the location of the plateau and came to what looked like a watery swamp but what was the lowest land partly under flood waters. To go through here, they could not, as their feet would make a splashing sound in the water, and aroused the very enemy. They then changed their course to the northeast to higher ground, and began to ascend the slope, beyond the plateau. At the first outset heavy misty ground nearest the flood and a matted vegetation like that of a marsh, greatly delayed their progress, but by little and little the rise began to steepen, and became more forested under foot. It was indeed a most pleasant portion of the region they were now approaching, but Penrod had whispered we are "We are close to our enemies now be careful. A heavy scented broom and many flowered shrubs had almost taken the place of high grass and weeds. Thickets of green brush were thickly here and there or in rows and nutmeg trees too which were dotted here and there among the pines with red columns and the blacker shadow of the pines and the faint mingled their tops with the aroma of the others. The air being with wind off the flood was with here color of smoke and fresh and stirring, and this under the most far distant forest fire glare was a wonderful refreshment to their senses. The party spread itself a r abroad in a huge fan shape, sometimes crawling on hands and knees, sometimes leaping to and fro, or doing exactly as the girl Angelina, and the two boys, Jack and Penrod were doing. About the centre and a good way before the rest, Angelina Riches, and Jack followed, she plowing with deep pants, among the sliding gravel. From time to time indeed, she had to lend him a hand, and then he had to do likewise for her or either one would have missed their footing and fallen backwards to down the hill. They had proceeded for about half a mile, and were approaching the brow of another plateau, when some man upon the farthest left disregarding to orders to keep silent began to cry aloud as if in terror, shout after shout came from him, and many of the others began to run in his direction. A searchlight flared from the Glandelinian battery position, but it failed to penetrate the forest.

"But the fool," hissed Jack. "He can't find a ghost."

The whole force was signalled to halt, and Angelina, Penrod, and Jack and some others ran in his direction, and they found indeed as they reached the spot it was something very different. At a great distance to their rear they observed a great wave of flames was advancing, deploying like the advance of men in a battle line, and trees of all kinds seemed to be involved in the flames now here now there, some flaring, going out, and flaring again. And at the foot of a very big hill covered with pine smoke rose like as if the hill was ready to explode into the air any moment. A chill struck for a moment to every heart.

"The fire is threatening us," said Merry Tur who was bolder than the rest, and who had come up close. "Let's see if it might help us more than anything. But James why cry out like that? You'll have the enemy on our ears next thing you know."

"My, my, I forgot in my excitement," said the man.

"Like enough, you wouldn't look to find a bishop here I reckon 't' give you the last sacraments if you were shot down by a rebel sniper. But what sort of a way is that fire burning anyhow. It ain't according to nature."

Indeed on a second glance it seemed impossible to fancy that the fire was burning forward in a natural position or progression forward as a fire does. But for some disarray the flames perhaps ripple but in turning seemingly three directions at once the frontal wave now advanced in a long straight curved line, then breaking off one arm moved in one direction, and the flank going direct to the fire city in the opposite, and the rear starting to mount the hill toward the plateau where the Glandelinian battery was.

"I've taken a notion into my mumble," said Penrod. "That fire has been set. It's not a branch of the main one. Here's the compass, there's the tip top point of the hills. Just take a bearing will you I will along the line of them fires. The enemy set it to drive us out, and by gad its heading for the enemy instead. Hurrah. That's one of them."

Indeed it was true. The fire moved straight in the direction of the long plateau.

"I thought so," cried Angelina Riches. "This here is a good thing for us, as long as it does not change its course. Right on there is our way to where we had theretofore in the cave. But by keeping beside it if it don't make us cold inside to think of what the Glandelinians might do if they spot us. This is one of his purposes to put us into the open so the enemy can get us and massacre us all, and no mistake. The Glandelinians are sixteen thousand even here, they'd kill us all if they had the chance. They are under general Alard's command. You remember that general don't you Penrod?"

"I sure do," returned Penrod. "I know him well. He'd take the very inside out of a little child as he would, he's that cruel and fierce."

"Speaking of inside," said another, "why don't we see day find his lying round? These Glandelinians don't deserve mercy, or quarter for they war in a fiercer and more heartless way than if all the legions of hell were at war with creation."

"Jumping lizards, and that's true," cried Angelina Riches.

"When the forest of fire comes properly there won't be a thing left here," said before still looking at the fire. "Not a tree or ground brush. It don't look natural to me."

"No by Jupiter it don't," agreed Angelina Riches. "Not natural, not good for us as well as the foe. Great guns comrades, but if the Glandelinians were surrounding us, this would be a hot spot for all of us and you and me too. Penrod, sixteen against our six they are, and if they got the better of us, two weeks from hence bones would be what is left of us then."

"I saw the Glandelinians commit the most horrible massacres," said Jane Melfort, "violet and her sisters saw many. There lay thousands of little kids, torn and mangled and gutted."

"Dead—ay sure enough, they were dead, and how many of their assassins now gone below to feed Satan's fires," said the soldier with the bandage. "But if spirits ever would walk like ghosts stories it should be those of those children, and haunt those Glandelinians good and proper. Dear heart, but those children died horrible deaths, they did."

"And they sure did," observed another. "I saw one terrible slaughter, and I tell you true I never would like to see another or hear the terrible shrieks and cries of the victims. It was frightful, and the death haul on the country already."

"Gone come," said Angelina, "let's stop this talk. They're dead, and in heaven they have died my myrons to the cause, and their spirits do not haunt, that I know last night, they won't be by day if they did, and you know there ain't such things as ghosts. Gads killed out. Let's proceed before we join the dead kids."

They all started certainly, but in spite of the hot air raining from the trees, and the glaring red light, the troops and boys and girls no longer ran separate through the wood but kept side by side and did not even speak with bated breath, but kept silent altogether. The terror of the horrible situation had fallen on their spirits. They knew the fury of the dreadful Glandelinians, partly from the dampening influence of this alarm, as soon as they had gained a thicker wood. The plateau in possession of the foe as Angelina observed not out of range of the enemy's batteries though. But nevertheless where they were commanded a wide prospect on either hand. Before them over the tree tops in the far distance they beheld by the aid of the forest fire glare a high sloping shore fringed with the black flood surge brought the raft in, but saw clear across the distant dove where they had which were partly under water—a great field of open sea like a vast expanse of water upon the west, north, and south. Above them rose a great flaming hilltop, and there was no sound save the hiss of the flames and that of the flood rollers, and the chirp of countless insects. So dark it was in the woods that not a soul was seen outside of the Christian troops of men and child scouts, black masses of wreckage upon the flood, and the very largeness of the view aided by the lights of fire increased the sense of solitude and the horror of the situation.

Angelina Riches, as she sat, lighted her flasher, and took certain bearings with it her compass.

"There are dangerous turpentine forests about here," she said. "About to our front and on our left and right. If the fire was to get here notice of us would get time to escape. Well, region I call it. It's a child's play to fight the enemy, but the fires are the worst. If it was safe going to morrow I'd have a mind to sleep the rest of the night now."

"I don't feel that comfortable," growled George. "Thinking of the forest fire, illness in this few feverish region, and the enemy and other perils has about done me up." "Ah well George, you can praise our Blessed Lord the situation is not worse," said Angeline.

"The two Glandelinians were ugly devils," cried another boy, with a shudder. "And as dreaded as the forest fire. They'll get one all about us I don't doubt."

"That is how the Glandelinians fight a war," added George. "Fallen men, if they can't whip us in battle, they'll flood and blow, and burn us up."

"Bad situations," added still another. "That's a true word indeed. We are sunk, and no doubt about that."

Ever since they had discovered the new forest fire started to their rear, and got upon this train of thought, they had spoken lower and lower, and they had almost got down to whispering by now, so that the sound of their talk hardly interrupted the silence of the woods. All of a sudden out of the middle of the trees far in front of them, and resounding in a long drawn chorus a tumultuous high, volume of voices struck up the well known Glandelinian air and words only in two lines here:

The Christian dogs are beaten, many a cat they have eaten,
We are the cats, they are the dogs, but we'll make them the hogs."

Jack never seen men or boys, even girls more dreadfully affected, than these. He noticed that of those within his sight in the darkness aided the by the glare the color went from their faces at once, hundreds leaped to their feet with rifles at the ready, some clanked hold of others, and every one else threw himself flat to the ground.

"The Glandelinians! They're going to attack us!" cried George.

The war devil yell of a song had stopped suddenly as it began—broken off as any one would have said in the middle of a note as if some one had been able to lay the fingers of a hand upon the mouths of all the singers at once. Coming so far through the now smoky air among the forest at such a quiet night, Jack thought it sounded quite thrilling and somewhat sweet like a troop of men at the song, and the effect on the rest was different.

"Come, come, come!" said Angeline. "Riches struggling with her when lips to get the war words out!" "This won't do. Be steady to resume the march. Every one has the rifle at the ready. The Glandelinians are not going to attack, they are either skylarking or they're drunk."

Her own courage had come back as she spoke, and some of the color to her face with it. Already however some of the others began to lend an ear to this encouragement, and were coming a little to themselves when the same voices broke out again—not this time singing, but in a faint distant hail that echoed yet fainter and weirdly among the cliffs of the distant hills.

"The Christian dogs are the demons of hell!" the voices yelled—for that is the way the words may have sounded—"Down with Christian nations, down with their churches, down with all Christian children even unto hell—down, down, down, down, down," again, again, and again, and still again, and again, and then rising a little higher there came swelling a roar of yells as if from a million voices from the infernal regions, sounding more ungodly than even the weird cries of ghosts in that solitude. "We'll hang the Christian dogs to the Run halter boys."

Every one remained as if they had been trees rooted to the very ground, their eyes staring from their heads. Long after the voices had died away they still stared in silence, dumbly before them.

"That fixes it for all of us," said one of them. "We are in hell. Let's get out."

"They ain't real human beings, them's demons!" cried another.

"Indeed there are the cries of the fiends," moaned Mildred. "Those are the words they use in hell."

Still Angeline Riches was unconquered. She was not even trembling. She had often, too often to relate heard these same cries, at at the first time long ago she had been unarmed but now she was used to it, and she had not now surrendered.

"They are not the fiends, but Glandelinians, all in flesh and blood," she muttered. "And then arising here!" "Every one Attention!" she cried. "I'm here to get to that raft, and I'll not be beaten by the Glandelinians, nor the whole of hell and earth combined. I never was afraid of them, and by heaven I'll face demons and ghosts. We'll get to Gertrude and the raft. When ever did boy and girl scout ever show the yellow feather for a rotten bunch of grey-coated pole cats, not I and I won't."

But there was no sign of re-awakening courage in any of her followers, rather indeed, instead, there was growing terror at the disastrous nature of her words.

"Be careful there Miss Riches. Don't you cross the fiends of hell. They are dangerous."

But what Angeline said about the Glandelinians and the demons, though not sinful, are not fit to mention here. And the rest were all too terrified to reply. They would have run away deserted, had they dared, but fear of both the strange yells, and of Angeline's severe authority kept them together, many close to her and Penrod and Jack, as if her daring helped them. On her part had pretty well fought her weakness down to keep from laughing at their fears outright. "Fiends, well maybe they are," Angeline said. "But there are things to that sound that does not seem clear to me and I'll explain your fears are wrong. And how! Well to the sound you've observed there was a tumult of echoes. Now no one ever wrote that a spirit had a shadow, and not an echo either. That would not be in nature entirely. Those are Glandelinians with their infernal 'devil yells.' Have no you not ever heard the Glandelinians give forth their devil yells in battle."

"Every one within sight shook their heads, and those distant said:

"No never."

This argument seemed weak enough for Jack, and to his wonder they all began to greatly to be greatly relieved.

"Well that's no," said Penrod. "You've a head on your shoulder, Angeline, and there's no mistake. We are having the wrong opinion, and now to think of it it was not the enemy's cry of battle but some chanting and singing. They were doing it just—"

"To unnerve us," said Angeline.

"Yes and so it is," said Mildred, springing to her knees. "They are trying to frighten us into the open so they can shoot us all down."

"It don't make much odds does it now?" asked Jack. "We are in a tight hole as it is."

But the others greeted this remark with some scorn and derision.

"Why none pays any attention to the Glandelinians when they get used to them, and know their ways," cried Penrod.

Indeed it was extraordinary how their courage had returned, and how their faces came back to natural color. Soon they were chatting together, with intervals of listening, and not long after, hearing no further sound, they shouldered their new weapons, and set forth again, Penrod marching first with Angeline's compass to keep them all on the right line with where Gertrude was waiting for them on the raft. Mildred alone still held her small bible which she had been reading from, as she went and looked around her with fearful glances, but she found no sympathy for her fears, and even Angeline joined her on her precautions. But she would not be comforted indeed it was soon plain to others that the little girl was falling sick, hastened by the heat, breathing in smoke so long, and by exhaustion, and the shock of her alarm, the fever predicted by Penrod was evidently growing swiftly higher. About forty of them were lay down a little hill downward slant. The pines great and small grew close together, and even the clumps of nutmeg and ashlea close together like wheat in some places. Striking onward as they did pretty near the northwest of the landscape, they drew on the one hand even nearer under the shoulders of the higher hills, and on the other looked over wider over that sea like expanse of water where Jack had once tossed and trembled in the little boat. The first of the tall forests was reached, and by the bearings proved the wrong path. So with the second rise. They were a further off from where Gertrude had the raft than they thought. They came a forest of thick pine with trees rising nearly two hundred feet high into the air, above a clump of high underbrush. This forest had been easily seen far off on the gloom flood both on the east and the north. But it was not the size of this forest that now impressed every one it was the knowledge that they were only a mile or so away from where the raft now was. The thought of getting on board the raft, as they drew nearer, swallowed up their previous terrors. Their eyes could not be bound up in that fortune of securing a means to outwit the enemy. Angeline Riches went forward as fast as she could, her nostrils stood flaring settled on her hot and shiny face, and she frantically turned her eyes upon the direction of the distant enemy position with a deadly look.

Certainly she took no pains to hide her thoughts about the foe, and certainly Jack who was closest read them like print. In the immediate nearness of her goal, all else seemed to have been forgotten, and Jack could not doubt that she had hoped to get through the enemy's lines or annihilate them, and that she hoped to seize upon the raft under cover of the night, then when right off at a proper distance turn all her guns on the raft toward shore and destroy every Glandelinian on shore within range. As he was with the alarms of the peril it was hard for him to keep up with the rapid pace of the others before and behind. Now and again he stumbled, and as he got up he noticed Angeline Rischee looking murderous looks toward the enemy, battering. Mildred who had dropped behind them, and now brought up the rear, was babbling to herself both prayers, and curses against the enemy, as her fever kept rising. This also added to Jack's wretchedness, and to crown all, he was haunted by the thought of the tragedy that could be enacted upon this location if the enemy ever once got the upper hand would cut them all down like they were mere grass. This forest that was now so peaceful would soon again ring with cries. They were now at the margin of the flood shore.

"Hurrah comrades, all together," shouted a boy by the name of Merry wolf, and the foremost of them broke into a run, and suddenly not ten yards farther, Angeline beheld them stopping. A low cry arose. Angeline Rischee doubled her pace like one possessed, and next moment she and Jack had come to a dead halt. Before them at a distance revealed by the glow of the forest fire was a great line of Glandelinians in perfect array advancing toward them, and one Regiment was pouring through an excavation, which was not very recent for the sides had fallen in, and grass had sprouted on the bottom. Into and out of this poured an immense Regiment of Thirteen Hundred rebels broken into two sections and starting forward at a run. All was clear to probation. Their plan of advance for the raft had been found out.

"Those with their machine guns into position," ordered Angeline Rischee at the top of her voice, and her command was obeyed.

There was never such an overturn in this world. Every one of Angeline's followers were as though they had been struck. But with Angeline Rischee the blow passed almost instantly. Every thought of her soul had been set full stretch, like a racer, on getting through to the raft, well she was brought up in a single second, dead, and she kept her head, found her temper and fixed her plans before her officers had time to realize the situation.

"Every one behind trees who can," she shouted. Machine gunners, wait till they are near enough. Then turning to Jack, she whispered:

"Jack! Take these, and stand by for trouble."

And she passed him a couple of small but deadly hand grenades, and get ready with a few herself. At the same time she began to quietly move northward, and in a few steps had put a small hollow between herself, Jack and the advancing foe, and suddenly herself to Jack's surprise threw into position a machine gun which she evidently and secretly carried. Then she looked at Jack and nodded as much as to say: "Here's a narrow corner for a good position." As indeed it was.

"Do you think we'll worst them?" Jack asked anxiously.

There was no time for her to answer. The Glandelinians with oaths and cries, mingled with blasphemies and defiance, began to rush forward in groups here and there evidently scattering to avoid disaster from the fire of the defenders as much as possible pulling down brush and branches as they did so. Angeline smiled. A strong breeze was blowing straight from her toward the Glandelinians.

All the rest of the men soldiers stood behind trees with rifles at the ready. The leader James Morgan found a good position for his men. He stuck a flag right at the spot paying no attention as the advancing Glandelinians gave forth a perfect spout of oaths and blasphemies. It was an Abyssinian flag.

"This a beautiful flag," he roared, shaking it toward the Glandelinians. "Come and take it if you can. You're the Glandelinians for bargains are you? Come forth and take it you wooden headed skunks."

"Into position now everybody," said Angeline, with the coolest insolence. "You'll find those Glandelinians more dangerous than we think and I shouldn't wonder."

"Dangerous!" repeated Dolores in a scream. "Comrades do you hear that? I tell you those Glandelinians knew we were coming all along. Look at them coming, and you'll see they mean to do away with us."

By this time every one was in Dolores' favor. They all were in position darting furious glances toward the foe. One thing Jack observed which looked well for them, the Glandelinians were exposed, the defenders were not.

Well there they stood, they two to the enemy five, a big pit between them at one location. Angeline Rischee never moved, she watched them, standing very upright, and looked as cool as Jack ever saw her. She was brave and no mistake. Just as soon as the Glandelinians were near enough, all the men opened with their rifles, and those in front with their machine guns, the sudden roar was terrific and terrifying. A full hundred Glandelinians tumbled every which way into the excavation, the others moving between the trees were seen to drop like grass cut by a lawnmower, and the survivors turned and ran for it with all their might, throwing those advancing on further in the rear into confusion. They were rallied however, and their chief officer a general pushed them on but suddenly he spun round like a topstone, and fell his length upon his side where he lay dead, but still twitching. Again and again the Glandelinians tried to push on, but they were annihilated.

"Forward," cried Fenrod. "Break through. We have a good chance." "Double quick every one. We must head them off from the raft region or we'll be cornered."

And with a shout all set off at a great pace, the firing now being of a clattering nature, many some times plunging through the bushes up to the chest. The Glandelinian return fire this time was telling, and men began to fall on Angeline's side, one by one as quick as a shot was fired by the enemy, but they kept on. Angeline Rischee was anxious to keep up with them. The work that good brave little girl went through was work no sound girl ever equalled. As it was she kept up with the rest and on the verge of strangling with her exertions and from out of breath, when they reached the brow of a low slope, where the enemy suddenly let crash a terrific volley, bringing down dead, a hundred of the Abyssinian soldiers. A shot skinned Jack's knee, and killed ten boys within his sight, the Glandelinians let loose shell and sprang shrapnell, and it was time for Angeline's side to scatter for shelter, as another hundred men were mowed down many suffering dreadful wounds and screaming horribly in their agony. Three men at once had their eyes and face torn from their heads, and made the air hideous with their cries of agony.

"Halt them!" screamed Angeline. "This is too much. They'll mow us all down." Sure enough this was necessary. A shell hit a tree top near her, and a falling branch struck her down but did not injure her. In a more open part they could see the Glandelinians still running who were not under the shelter of this position, and the men with machine guns let loose upon them destroying every single last man of them by the hundreds. Jack threw a hand grenade up toward the slope and blew up a gun and its full crew. On the left others of the foe were still running in the same direction right for the brow of the hill. They got into the fire of the machine guns, and they too dropped to the last man. It was a massacre of Glandelinians pure and simple. Part of Angeline's force were already between the , and the shore line, and now moping her face, came slowly up with the rest.

"Thank you kindly Jack for demolishing their battery," Jack said. "You threw the few grenades in about the nick of time I guess, and so we were saved. Then again did we, even at this awful loss, three hundred of my men gone to death, and four hundred disabled. Well this is a nice situation to be sure, and we still opposed by those on that rise."

"I'm in favor for charging and driving them off," replied Fenrod.

Angeline was too, or she couldn't go ahead. She sent Jack back for the machine gun she left behind in her hurry, and then as they all proceeded cautiously from tree to tree less leisurely up hill the Glandelinians recoiled before their ever increasing and advancing fire, and finally broke and fled, leaving even what was left of their small battery in possession of the others. This was a situation that profoundly interested the boys, and they were all heroes from beginning to end. During the lull, those that were killed were hastily buried of their own side, and then with the wounded taken between them who couldn't walk the advance was pushed on. However in their long opposed advance through the woods, the Glandelinians still fought on, and Angeline saw they were pushing forward from some point a sort of rifled cannon, moving it in front of a tall pine, and was preparing to discharge it. When Fenrod had noticed this, he pressed the attack, and hurled his grenades at the gun keeping the crew at a safe distance, and a few minutes later saw the gun deserted, and some of the surprised Glandelinians proposed to surrender holding up their hands, but in answer the men led them to trees tied them there securely and went on. The Glandelinians saw that to oppose them was absolutely useless in the dark and they tried everything, anything to get a chance of retreating in safety to their main position, there to be clear of those dangerous Christians and to leave them go.

unmolested. The fighting therefore stopped, and the survivors of the bands under Angeline Riches were within sight of the shore, and at some distance saw a long black peculiar object on the water about a half mile away from their observation post. The tables had been turned. First the enemy had found the raft, they had rifled it, they had destroyed the provisions on board, had drunk up all the military wines found on board and had lost it again.

"As for you Jack," said Angeline Riches "it went against my heart to send you on the dangerous trip to try and regain it by a trick, but I did what I thought was best for all of us who have stood by our duty, and if you had not been successful, then whose fault would it have been?"

Now finding that the whole surviving Oak Companies were to be involved in the horrid disappointment they had prepared for the Glandelinians, on timid topush on toward where the raft was seen to lay, and Penrod had taken Dolores, Angeline Riches, and others, ordering the whole force to make a diagonal across the stretch of land to be at hand beside the pines. However other sections of plan delinik forces had the start on them, and Jack Saunders being fleet of foot, had been dispatched in front to do his best with his own machine gun squad. Then it had occurred to the lad to work his machine guns from behind bushes, and he was so far successful, that soon the rest had come up and were already ambushed before the arrival of the enemy who had pressed on in spite of the machine gun squads. One platoon after another melted away but still they came on. Then from the rear there was a scream and something landed in the woods to the rear of the defenders, there was an eruption, a terrific crash, and every one was showered with splintered sections of trees and clouds of earth debris.

"Ah," said Angeline Riches "it is fortunate for me that we have the woods to shelter us here. The Glandelinians would be able to cut us all to bits, and never give it a thought Penrod."

"Indeed not a thought," replied Penrod, cheerily as he worked one of the machine guns. By this time the Glandelinians came within easy range but this time they took defense behind a tree or all the trees rather and opened a withering rifle fire upon the defenders which was answered with great effect. On and on came the Glandelinians though they fell by scores and to try to stop the foremost, one of the men blew up a tree with three grenades, and it fell crashing among many of the Glandelinians causing great confusion but not any retreat. Penrod held a momentary council with Angeline and he decided the whole force should try to set out to go round by shore for an inlet where they could frustrate the Glandelinians till Gertrude sent more troops to their aid as she promised as now he said it was her proposed time to do so as she had told Jean.

This would be a risky running fight of two or three quarters of a mile. Angeline Riches though she was almost killed already by fatigue, decided to make the diversion, and they were soon working their way carefully from tree to tree, but the Christian soldiers who were nearest to the foe, were being picked off by tons all being killed, and the maneuver had to be abandoned or the soldiers would all be annihilated. Before stopping they had passed out of a big depression in the land, and as they passed a two pointed hill, they could see many black objects appearing from above, and a figure in the lead. It was reinforcements fortunately for them, Gertrude had warned her own enemies and was able to keep her promise and suddenly from all those black specks came a tumult of rifle reports and many specks of flame and at this Angeline Riches waved a handkerchief, and gave three hearty cheers, in which the voices of others joined as heartily as all the rest.

The Glandelinians meeting this fire on their rear were driven in to confusion, and abandoning the attack, fled in the greatest panic for cover far beyond the range. Angeline Riches was then enabled to push on, being forced on account of the serious situation to abandon her dead, and just as they came near to the shore where they met no further opposition, what should they meet but the raft, seemingly cruising by herself. It looked as if the flood had lifted her, and had there been much wind or a strong current they feared they should never have found her more or found her stranded beyond help but just as they thought these things, a light light appeared on board, a bright flare. They could then see the whole thing plain, and as it was there was little noise beyond the wail of the main sail, and a swarm of girl and boyscouts were on board with fifty guns trained toward the shore. Angeline Riches and all the rest marched around to the cove, the nearest point to have a chance of meeting the raft. The raft was paddled ashore, and when it partly landed, Gertrude Angeline met them. Then came the reinforcement that had galloped to the enemy on the rear. To Angeline Riches the reception was like between mother and daughter, saying nothing of her mishap. At Jack's polite saluted Gertrude somewhat flushed.

"Jack Saunders" she said "you're a prodigious boob, and reckless dare devil - a monstrous dare devil," and she laughed. "What in the world did you do with the raft. I fought it where you had beached it. I am told by one of my couriers the enemy had taken it, and at dreadful risk, and after being attacked by a madman you recovered the raft. I am told I should promote you. Well then I will as soon as I can get you the promotion papers. But the dead men you threw off you did not kill them single handed did you?"

"No the fate of your guns on the cliff did Miss Aronburg."

"Well then you are good just the same said, the bravest boyscout we have."

"Thank you kindly Miss Aronburg," replied Jack, again saluting.

"You do not need to thank me," said the girl chieftain. "It is your own doing. You done a deed something unusual. I thought we would never recover the raft, and seeing it in possession of the foe I tried to demolish it. I didn't know you was on board until the enemy's flare or searchlight revealed the whole raft, and I saw you. So I stopped firing."

And thereupon all the girl and boyscout officers of Angelines bands went on the raft, all the rest staying on shore in line formation to frustrate the enemy should the foe make another attack. This time the floor of the raft was covered with sand. Before a big open space on the raft lay many of Gert Gertrudes own wounded, and before a camp fire on the sand lay captain George Anders, and in the far corner of the raft, only dusky flak flickered over by the blaze, Jack himself beheld great heaps of gun grease grenades. That was captured from the enemy by Gertrudes men, in which conflict for both Gertrudes and Angelines, had cost already the lives of seventeen hundred men, and the wounding of nearly a thousand, and in this last contest alone. How many it had cost to the enemy in the amazing, what blood, fury and horror, what shot of cannon, what shame and ferocity perhaps no man alive can tell. Yet of the whole command there were still three thousand men left to repel any further row from the enemy under the leadership of Gertrude, Angeline Riches, and Penrod---who had each taken their share in these dreadful war adventures as each had hoped to share in vain the reward of success without losses.

"Come here Jack," said Jean. "You are a good boy in yer line but I don't think you or me will ever go through an adventure like this again. Is that you Penrod How did you succeed?"

"Right good Jean."

"Ah," said Gertrude herself, and that was all she said.

What a breakfast most of them who had not eaten had that early morning of August the 7th, with all the girl and boyscouts around Gertrude and Angeline Riches, and what a meal it was, with salted hare herring and other goods left on board the raft by the careless Glandelinians and what Angelines force had brought besides from the surrendered camps. Never were people gayer in spite of the peril all around. And there was one time reckless Jane Welford sitting back almost out of the firelight besides Mildred Maxwell, both eating heartily, prompt to spring forward when anything was wanted even joining quietly in their laughter the bland same polite obsequious Jane Welford.

As it was before this event, eleven thirty that night, (11:30) George made his way up to the top of the hill, throw himself down under some big pine trees near the summit, and was soon fast asleep. When he awoke it was already dark, and far away he heard some spirited and continual firing and the strange droning of machine gun guns. He lit his lantern as he was advised covered it up in his jacket, and then at the bidding of Jean took his station at the highest point. He had plenty to think about. First he wondered why there was such a sound of firing, and also he was slightly alarmed as he wondered why the raft was moving of its own accord, and another thing, he would soon be back with his friends, and Gertrudes force would soon be victorious. He had no reason to complain of the situation now, and besides it was painful to him to be seeing so many Glandelinians maddening against the very little friends who had befriended him who was a foreigner, and this did not cause him any delight, and therefore it was a source of pain. And besides he knew the cause of Glandelinians, the method of her way of carrying on the war, and most of all he thought of his mother and father, of how she and he, and his sisters had perished in the flood as far as he believed, and blamed the Glandelinians, for it. The hours therefore passed quickly and he could scarcely believe it to be two o'clock when he saw flashlights from the enemy's position sweeping the flood, and there was the light of a fire which he had not expected, and saw Jean signalling "The enemy is running away with the raft." Then Gertrude by signal.

He wondered what was wrong. He glanced toward the flood, and the flashlight showed him she was correct. He rose to his feet, and talking to the lantern did not hold it aloft as Gertrude had suggested, but started swimming and produced a red coloring around the glass, then lowered it behind a bush and twice raised it again. Gertrude saw the signal, she knew exactly the direction in which he indicated, and no sooner had he put down the lantern for the third time, than three flashes of light followed in close succession, and three of Gertrude's guns on the main hill opened on the raft, the shells exploding with crashing force and noise in its midst. Again they opened, one shell blowing up some of the huge stails with splintering wood; every gun hit the mark, and that accounted why the twenty dead Glandelinians were later found dead on board and their officer wounded. George knew that she was frustrated for the start proposed. Orders had been issued before he left that the cars of the boats were to be muffled that the chains at the entrance of the channel were to be removed, and the raft got into position, with shortened cables for a start, and he wondered how it got into the possession of the Glandelinians.

He could picture to himself as he had stood there gazing into the darkness that the men would already be in the boats awaiting his signal, and as soon as it was seen they would board it and begin to tow the raft out of the watery cove. But to his dismay he had seen it adrift and therefore warned Gertrude. After the bombarded bombardment he had seen the raft lose control of itself; it was and apparently cruising backwards and forwards under easy sail some two miles off the entrance now under fire of the enemy. How under fire of Gertrude's guns, and every one believed that if she could command closer to the shore, the lookout with night glasses could have reported that she would be seen within a quarter of a mile off the entrance and Gertrude's guns then could rake it for and aft. Half an hour had passed however before Jean had been well aware that the raft had been in possession of the foe was and was leaving the cove, now as the raft was under fire, George fancied he heard the sound of musket shots from shore followed by many others, and he discovered some black object moving on the water, and believed that it was something unusual and that the enemy were discovering it as flash lights from the enemy's position was directed toward it but failed to strike. A few minutes later there was two flashes some distance from a plateau, followed after an interval by the deep boom of guns, then came a broadside, followed by a steady fire of heavy guns. These evidently were fired from the Glandelinian position, either upon the little black speck in the water or upon Angelina's position further off, but no answering sounds came from Angelina's position. As ever reaching his ear. He could see by the direction of the flashes that the enemy were firing on the raft, or the black speck. The firing continued for an hour, and then it ceased altogether. Suddenly a flashlight from Gertrude's position struck full upon the raft, and he saw it some two miles away, and some small dark object was climbing on board. There was a smaller craft close to the raft, and the raft had suddenly ran it down. George believed Gertrude's guns had annihilated every one on board, and the raft was making its escape by itself in the open water, and he wondered how, for the wind was exceedingly light. Some miles nearer to the shore than the raft, a broken flag ship was visible coming down the water, a perfect wreck. The flood was bearing it down toward the raft but who ever was getting on the raft did not see the danger, but as the raft and the wreck was fully three miles apart its chance of overtaking it for a crash appeared to be slight, and it was starting to change its course and float sideways.

George waited an hour, and saw the raft suddenly to his surprise moving southward in good sail, the Glandelinian flag on it suddenly hoisted down, and a white flag running up. He then proceeded at a leisurely pace toward the spot where he was to meet Jean. He was but about six minutes at the spot agreed upon, when she saw her coming through the trees.

"I heard nothing of the landing parties, yet Gertrude's force had disappeared and gone toward the south in all haste," he said as the girl scout approached. "The reason is not far to search for," she replied. "They did not land at all, and I did not much expect that they would. The raft started to move away by itself just before I lighted my warning fire. I was lying down at the edge of the cliff, looking right down upon her decks and saw twenty Glandelinians aboard. Others left in a body rowing with muffled oars. I could just hear the sound of their talking as the rebels came on board. They had captured the raft some time later I saw some one whom I knew not cutting her hawser and the raft went adrift. As soon as I had the fire alight, and you answered me Gertrude no doubt saw both our signals, and opened fire on the raft. Everything was quiet until I heard the boom of her first guns, then I heard 'Forward' on her part of the hill. I suppose one of our men not a Glandelinian had cut the raft

adrift knowing the Glandelinians would not know how to man the sails. Of course the sound of the guns did not come to the enemy under the shelter of the cliff as it did to me. Then came the sound of enemy guns and evidently both us, and the enemy had concentrated the fire on the raft, and some moving dark speck upon the waters. Afterwards there seemed to be fifty guns firing at once, and then three four or five broadsides close together, and I saw blacker splashes about the small speck, and flashing lights around it but which failed to reveal what it was, though no doubt the enemy with the night glasses were able to reveal what it was. A little later one of Gertrude's searchlights directed properly revealed the raft to my full view, and believe me a boy scout was climbing on board. Gertrude ceased firing, but the enemy did not, as the foe even when that white flag went up did not regard that in the least. Not long after I saw the raft getting her sails set, and she went off toward the south at a good lively speed. The Glandelinians guessed however that our craft being in the possession of some of us was making off for then you know the firing of the rebel cannon increased."

"They were too late to do anything, as I saw the raft go around a head of land, Jean."

"Ah you have seen it too from the top of the hill. I did not think of that. What is your news?"

A wreck of a ship was following the raft and I feared there would be a crash. It was too far for me to see which way it was heading, but I believe she was two or three miles in the rear, and when I saw the raft get well out of gunshot range, she began to suddenly increase her lead and I wondered why. I watched the performance of the raft for one hour, and I believed that unless the wind freshened I believed the raft would continue on.

"The raft is very fast in a light wind like this," said Jean. "Well if the flood current was faster and the floating shipwreck should catch them, the one on board would know how to maneuver out of its way Jean, as the ship was flopping bulwarks first. So far I think one of our boy scouts played a trick on the enemy, and got away with the raft."

"Maybe I did. We have had not much luck so far though. I began to be a girl scout when I was eight years old but wasn't then allowed to go on any adventures and not allowed to go near a battle field. At nine I had to go to a military girl scout training school in the army, and then half a year later I was able to do as I'm doing now. I did not report myself to the head military school however for I had no wish to do any severe work, and yet this is worse than anything I had expected to go through. Let I have not made much by it. If we ever get back to any Christian army, I'll keep within its confines for good. No more long distanced scouting adventures for me. I suppose as there are no accused Glandelinians in sight we may as well go down to the cove now laid. They are soon to come back, whether they get hold of the raft or not, and must rejoin them."

"Oh yes we shall be safe now. We will stand on the shore when they come in. And it's slightly starting to get a little lighter. When the first who return see that we are boy and girl there's no chance of their mistaking us as foes and opening fire. We can go up occasionally to the cliff and watch them."

It was not until it began to grow daylight in earnest that the raft was seen approaching the cove, and it was in possession of Gertrude and her followers.

"She will only take four or five minutes to work it in again," Jean said, "and they will not likely to land unless she sends a force to aid Angelina. Riches. All their force are away already trying to help her through the enemy's line of lines. I should think we ought to be on the way by this noon. Either she has already rescued Angelina's Riches before it got lighter, which I don't think likely though I hope so—or she may have given the enemy the slip during the night. In that case we might look for them at any moment for Penrod went to locate her with his force you know since we vanquished the foe at our part."

As Jean predicted, the raft was seen by the aid of the twilight about less than two miles away.

"We may as well hoist a white flag, Jean. The girl scout officers on board will be savage that the Glandelinians caused them all this trouble, and if the foremost don't know us at first we might find things hopping."

George ran down to one of the small storehouses, held hold of a sheet and a long pole, and a white flag was soon hoisted on the top of the cliff. Five minutes later two boats were seen rowing off from the raft. Jean and George took their places on the shore. When the boat reached the cove the order was given for the men to lay on their oars. George shouted at the top of his voice:

"You can see on air. We are friends...."

769 167

The order therefore was given to row on, and Gertrude and her boy companion at once went down to meet them at the end of the cove. A captain was in the stern of his own boat while a young lieutenant held the lines in the other boat.

"I understand now," said the captain, as he stepped ashore. "You are the boy who is German by speech, and Jean is with you."

"I am German by birth, sir. You remember I was on board a sailing craft when we were run down by the raft in the harbor. I believe my parents and brother and sisters died but I clung to the railing and was brought on board."

"But you are not a boy scout I see..." said the captain abruptly.

"No sir, but in Germany I had had some boy scout schooling."

"And how did it come that Jean is with you alone? How is it you two were left behind?" he asked.

"We were round the other side of the cliff watching the raft, and the enemy 'And then he told of all of Gertrude's plans and orders, and how she and he had carried them out."

"Have you done any fighting yet with the enemy?" the captain asked.

"Not yet sir. But I would like to. We have exchanged shots with the enemy on shore since we went. The enemy fired one broadside upon the raft which drove off out of range a good deal damaged. We then secured a new mast by overhauling a floating wreck of a ship as I believe you know full well."

"Well you are right," said the captain. "As to one fact we have captured prisoners and ought keep them with us."

"I hope not sir," George pleaded. "I'm a foreigner and a stranger here sir, but I know the Glandelinians well. If we were near our army it might be all right. But on our raft it's dangerous. They might do something."

The captain's face relaxed into a smile. "I see you are a sort of a war lawyer. Well we shall see about disposing of the prisoners. What is there left in these storehouses? Gertrude decides to overhaul them before we go."

"A good quantity of things sir, deserted by the enemy. They did not take away a single thing with them when we routed them during their last attack upon our rear. I believe they have plenty of munitions and provisions here."

"That is satisfactory at any rate," the captain said.

"Then he ordered some of his officers and men to take a look round the storehouses and the camp, and see if there was anything worth taking away besides the munitions. Then he said, 'Are you quite sure lad, that you are the only two child scouts on this shore?'"

"I cannot say that exactly sir. The orders were for all to embark upon our raft last night, and so far as I know none of them were left behind but us, when Gertrude went after the rest and sent the rest to aid Angeline Riches. We have been here for ten hours now, and have seen no one but skulking Glandelinians so I do not think any one else of our boys or girls has been left."

"How did you get rescued and brought on board the raft?" the captain asked. "I suppose you cannot speak Abbinannian?"

"I couldn't speak any Abbinannian when I was first brought aboard sir but picked up a good deal during the trip. Jean speaks German pretty well, he was in Germany too. He told me for three years with her parents on a night seeing tour, and learned it there, and it was that therefore which caused her to speak to me directly she had got me on board, for no one else understood me. So she got to work at once to help me learn your language, so that I could get along. Gertrude was very kind too. She said as I had been picked up a refugee of the flood, and as I would prove my character she would not treat me as a prisoner, though she generally does to foreigners, but she executed me to make myself useful, and of course I do so. It is the only way to get along you know."

"This is a likely place these Glandelinians had on shore here," said the captain smiling, and looking round. "I suppose in these two huts the storekeepers lived, stopping behind to look after things while the Glandelinians came lay close by, and yet our raft arrived here almost in time to be captured. We were floated into a trap and didn't know it. I was puzzled in the morning yesterday, when I saw something fishy on shore. What Glandelinian army was it for sure? Manley or Myletse?"

"We found for truth it was that of Myletse's," said Jean. "First we thought it was Manley. The enemy went at us in a number I believe of four thousand, and eight thousand against Angeline's force. On the plateau there is thirteen guns."

770

"Do you know whether he had intended to go off with his army, or whether he is going to remain here and sent concentrate a position?"

"From what I gathered from their movements sir, I believe the army is going to move on north. They did not mass any general batteries on the hills and they moved off with most of the valuable stuff. There was a great deal of firing to the far north, as if a battle raged but what the trouble was I really do not know. We can load up our raft too from the stuff here if it'll not be too heavy for it. I do not know whether the Glandelinian army is going to remain here for a time, but I should rather think that now the forest fires are moving forward toward that plateau where the enemy batteries are, and that we have raided their places the army thinking it's the main army of general Myletse may not remain here, for I do not think it intended to do so long in the first place. I know that the army had its destination to the northwest, and I believe as Gertrude said, Myletse is moving on Sanitary Creek."

"In that case, our dangerous expedition has been more satisfactory than I ever could have expected," said the captain. "We shall have discovered and destroyed their shoreward depot here, a captured for our own use for our continued trip some valuable stuff here, and frustrated a good size Glandelinian force who had tried to capture or annihilate us in the bargain to say nothing of rescuing Angeline Riches which has been accomplished but not without some bad losses. Well sir," he continued as one of the officers came back from the storehouses and camp, "what is your report?"

"Not only will it take a very long time to go through the whole sir, but I should say if we had a hundred rafts of our size we could not take half of it away as there's too much. We sure have taken a valuable prize from the enemy. Parts of the goods consist of food and rum and other liquors which we do not need. All the rest is of uniforms, house furnishings and furniture. We used only take the munitions, and food stuffs, and destroy the rest."

"That is most satisfactory and we will do that, sir, and we shan't have our terrible experience here for nothing. Ah here comes the other boats. As he spoke, three other boats, and others belonging to the raft, the others having been captured, dashed into the harbor cove and in a minute or two reached the landing places."

"So you succeeded in rescuing Angeline Riches' hands, Captain Jean?" said Minnie Saunders.

"Yes, and trounced the enemy confound them," said the captain. "The enemy got away, and fairly outran my troops in their panic. I was afraid however we have made rather a mess of the whole affair, though we acted for the very best, and I do not see how we could have done otherwise. However I have learned that the flood is full of wreckage but I hope we won't have much trouble from them. Some wreck of a ship missed the raft after all when the boy was on it alone last night. So we did not do so badly for we can report to Gertrude that we have found Angeline Riches, row row rescued her and destroyed the various Glandelinians nests there, and I fancy from what my lieutenant says we have made a very good capture, enough to take a hundred rafts and the arms and munitions, and the smaller artillery. We can make use of them."

"That will therefore be some great consolation for our trip," the other said laughing. "But I surely would give my share of it if I could but come up to the superior Myletse army, instead of going through such dastardly adventures as now. How did Jean and the boy get left behind?"

"They were doing some fancy signalling for Gertrude. One is the German lad, who with his parents was in a boat we run down in the flood a couple of nights ago and who I dare say wishes to be one of the boy scouts. It seems that it is he is a bright likely lad too, and his story is clear enough. The girl is one of our superiors. The little girl has been particularly kind to the boy scout, and therefore I think there is something in his words. Now we can bring them both safely aboard the raft which we secured at the inlet. At one time the boy as he told me was a prisoner among the Glandelinians under 'Jackass' Manley and therefore he had slightly picked up our language and he by doing this act for Gertrude may be able to get into the boy scout ranks with her help without difficulty."

"What are you thinking of doing with all this provisions?" the major asked, pointing to the storehouses.

"I think we'll take the munitions and the food provisions away with us. We can't take every thing on board the raft, and therefore what we can't take off we'll destroy. Besides we can't turn the raft into a store house, and if we did that we would have to stop here until it is all carried away, and that would take a month. Therefore we'll take what we can and burn or blow up

the storehouses afterwards."

"Then by all means let us load up," the Major said. "I anxiously have no wish to be kept here for over six weeks or a couple of months with such perils hovering around, and the way it feels and smells the region can endanger us all with deadly fever. I will go out and bring the bigger boats at once."

"The sooner the better Major. At once I will get a number of boats to take soundings here, and in the cove. If we can get the raft all the way in, it would save us a lot of trouble and time."

It was found that the cove and the channel through to it, none contained deep water to the very edge of the shores so that there was no danger of the raft being grounded. The width of the shores between however was only

only sufficient enough to let her through, and therefore the raft was towed by hand. The next hour though still under shore fire from a distance the work of shipping the eatables and munitions commenced, but they observed that so large was the quantity of the goods stored up, that if they took six days of hard work, to fill or cover sixteen big rafts like this they would not but have started. This shows that despite the difficulty and the frightful experience she and her followers had, nevertheless Gertrude sure did capture a lot of provisions. The men however did not grudge the trouble of being forced to leave the majority behind, but the food and the munitions and artillery, and small arms were taken aboard.

"I hope we shall not get in range of those Glandelinian batteries on shore," Gertrude said, coming up in her own boat to view the work, and looking with some disgust at the already loaded raft. "I think we better stop now, as what we have brought on board would last us six months, at heavy gunnery meals and it had brought the raft nearly two feet lower in the water as if she was laden down like a collier, and if we take too much on we might find our raft, swimming like a rock in no time."

"Yes her wings are clipped for the present," the captain said. "We have carried off the pick of the booty with us and we will have to be content, as we cannot take all or other wise our raft won't float. Yet it is the best haul any one of us have ever made since the war began. As a rule the most we can hope for is what we obtain on a forage or an attack upon a isolated camp, and they generally go for next to nothing. I certainly never believed we should ever be making such a haul as this, as in reality we are fugitives of the fire, and the one and the enemy. I suppose the enemy was going to camp here."

The captain had George the German boy and Jean taken aboard the raft, and the boy still showed his same good nature, his willingness to lend a hand and make himself useful in any way, and his growing knowledge of their language made him indeed a favorite with them. When all the goods which could be taken with safety to the raft, were therefore on board, fire was applied to the storehouses and the huts. The raft then was towed out of the harbor, and hoisting sail, made for the open flood waters to resume the course northward. The winds were still light and they were for the time being stalled.

The boy had in the meantime watched every one of the men at work for the transportation of all the food stuffs and minute munitions near a mile by land to the beach and then onto the raft was a considerable task for even so many men. The Glandelinians who were still in position at a distance did not greatly trouble them, except sniping some times and occasionally on and the sentries placed on duty were able to insure any of them from any surprise of a sudden onslaught, and the boy thought that beside these Glandelinians for the time being had had enough of fire with fighting for a while. Therefore the work had pushed on briskly. Captain Gray and George

thus superintended the loading and movements of the boats, while the rest carried the stuff on their shoulders or in boxes. A good sized box full of food even made a good load for a grown man or two to carry a mile, one even that he was glad to walk slowly with. For the part of the boy and girl scouts, as they were not big enough to do much carrying, a great number of them were kept busy for these hours packing what was to be taken into boxes and sacks or bags, and so forth.

It was a strange collection indeed (you are in need). There was biscuits, soldiers hard tack, canned corned beans, and every kind of canned goods a person can think of, gold coins, money of all nationalities even Oriental and the children wondered where the Glandelinians had got these. For they found in the camp every variety of money in the world that was in that collection, and for number they were as it seemed like Autumn leaves, so that their backs ached with stopping stooping and their fingers with sorting them out.

Minute after minute this work had continued on, and on, and on, and by that time of two hours work a great fortune had been stowed aboard the raft, and all this time of the raiding of the storehouses and the camp, they had not seen anything of the Glandelinian soldiery. At last they were about to finish the work, and Mary Turner and others were strolling on the top of the hill as guards to watch the enemy, when out from the thick darkness of a portion of the forest below, the wind brought them a noise that sounded like between the weird cry of a ghost and the yells of the demons. It was only a snatch that reached their ears followed by the former silence.

"Heaven forgive them!" said one of the boy scouts. "But it is the Glandelinians." "All up to something sir," struck in the voice of one of the girl scouts behind. "George you are sure you know what they mean?"

George the little German lad, was allowed his entire liberty, and was as privileged as any of the others. Indeed it was remarkable how he bore all the hardships, and with what unwearied politeness he kept on trying to please all. Yet none treated him better than little Jean, who was terribly afraid to leave him out of her sight, who also had really something to thank him for, although for that matter, she had reason to think worst to the Glandelinians who might be planning a fresh treachery upon her and her followers. Jean answered him as he said yes.

"Are those Glandelinians drunk or raving George?"

"They surely are Jean," replied George, "and precious little odds I'm thinking to you and me."

"I suppose you would hardly call the Glandelinians human," returned Jean. "Yet my feelings may surprise you George. If I were sure any one of them nearest were lying wounded—I should take the risk of leaving this camp and at whatever risk take them the assistance they need," in medicines and bandages for their wounds."

"Asking your pardon, Jean you would be foolish if you did," quoted George. "You would lose your precious life Jean. Though I'm a foreign born boy and I not yet in the scouts Regiment by enlistment, I am nevertheless on your side now, hand and finger, and I shouldn't wish to see you get killed, or our parties ambushed, let alone yourself, seeing what I surely own you. The Glandelinians are as treacherous as phantoms and they wouldn't trust you no more than we would them."

"Oh you're right," said Jean. "You are the boy to keep your word for I see that."

Well it was hoped that this would be the last seen of these fierce Glandelinians. Only once or twice they heard a roll of musketry, and supposed the Glandelinians to be firing on the parties at a distance. A council was held before the departure, and it was decided that they must leave the region entirely to the huge glare of most of the men soldiers, and with the strong approval of the others. They had secured a good stock of war munitions a lot of different medicinal medicines, and other necessities, besides tools and lots of tobacco for the men who smoked. This was about their last doing in this dangerous location, and they knew they must move as the forest fire was sweeping up. Before that, they had got everything of value stowed, and had shipped enough wine and water, and plenty of meat in case of any distress, and at least toward eight o'clock, they weighed anchor, which was about all they could manage, and started out of the cove, the same colors of Abbess Row. However the Glandelinians must have been watching them closer than they thought, and they soon saw this. For coming through the narrow they had to first lie very near the southern point of the flood shore and they saw a line of gray-coated soldiers kneeling together on a long spit of sand with their muskets raised at the ready and sent a rolling volley of shots whistling over the heads of the others, who were standing close by and through the main sail. The Glandelinians on shore kept up the fire with grape and shrapnel from a further distance and all those on board the raft had to keep under cover of the stalls until the raft had gone beyond range and when next George looked, the Glandelinians were shoving out in boats. Gertrude herself trained a gun at the nearest of the boats showing out of the water and she herself sent a shot crashing through it, and twenty men were at once floundering in the water. That was at least the end of that, and before fifteen after eight to George's great joy, the raft was beyond range and pursuit. From their dreadful losses Gertrude noticed she was so short of men that every one on board had to bear a hand—only wounded Mildred Maxwell lying on a mattress, and giving her own orders, for though greatly recovered since that night she was still in want of quiet. They laid the head of the raft for the nearest land landing so as to spot they could find for they feared they could not risk the trip down the flood without more caution, and so many of

the boy and girls too were wounded, that those who were compelled to work were well worn out before nine o'clock, and they had to doze and let the raft drift for itself. To prevent the raft from drifting in the wrong direction while they rested, they cast anchor. Despite the suffering of many of the wounded, the sight of so many good humored faces never,theless, the taste of the fruits found in the enemy camp, and above all the fact, that the sun was trying to shine through the smoke haze far in the sky made a most charming contrast to their dark and bloody sojourn on the landscape that night. Here during the stop Gertrude soon weighed anchor again, and traveled along shore till she got to the spot where she knew Angeline Riches was and sent her the troops that brought her rescue, and on board the raft as mentioned before, with further dreadful loss to the enemy. Then they all being on board had so agreeable a time that the sun was shining a little better when they started off again.

Of course George made a wonderful confession to Angeline Riches, and that was Jack Saunders was not gone as she supposed but had been still held a prisoner with Gertrude's band on shore. Yet who could say that all the rest would have been pleased if he had been taken away by the enemy as no one loves or respects a coward. Well to make it short, Gertrude in taking the roll call discovered that only less than three thousand of her men escort had been killed, and about nearly four thousand among them were all wounded and in suffering on the raft, and it was all many of the girls who knew something about nursing could do for them. Their doctor was gone, having been killed, Mary Glorinda could not help one as she too was severely wounded, and she saw that fifty of her boys had gone to their deaths in the fatal encounter Angeline Riches had with so dreadful a foe. The Glandelinians she knew had done them with a vengeance that no one could comprehend. All of them had an ample share of the provisions. On her going forth again Gertrude Angeline during the trip for two or three miles to get even open shell fire upon the shore but however received no reply.

The Glandelinian position for all she knows may lie there, and certainly they shall lie there for her. Oxen and rain-rope would not bring her back again to that accursed land now, and always after that the worst dreams Angeline Riches ever would have when she heard the floods roaring along the shore there, or start upright in bed, with the sharp devil Glandelinian yell still ringing in her ears....

"I'll bet these Glandelinians are in a towering rage at our outwitting them," Gertrude said to Angeline Riches. "But I fancy too they will change their tone pretty quickly when they learn what we have taken on board from their camp. We I believe have made ourselves some of the most record breaking raiders in the country."

Angeline Riches agreed with her. Then she approached where George Zimmerman the German boy was sitting.

"I suppose you will want some chance to be a boy scout in our command young man," she said. "I being the head one here will authorize you as one as soon as Gertrude Angeline can secure for you the papers from some of the Vivian Girl Princesses or Emperor Vivian their father. I will however be security and the responsibility for the producing of your enlistment papers as soon as it comes."

"I am very much obliged to you Miss Riches," George replied. "I know lots of military ways having been a scout in Germany. I have also learned to be pretty handy on board of boats and ships, know lots of army life. Besides I don't want to inconvenience my own friends, and therefore I'll accept your proposition directly I get the papers. The Glandelinians have caused your country trouble enough as it is, and I would like to see her get put in her proper place. I have never in my life read of any nation fighting a war in this fashion. It's as it seems to me a war against, Christianity, Humanity, civilization, nature, heaven and innocent children all at once. Religions combined."

"You are right my lad," Miss Riches said. "I like your spirit. Having you training enough, so we won't have towards time to drill you while you are waiting for your enlistment papers."

"Yes Miss Aron Riches, thank you very much. I know enough to be an officer, and I was one over German boy scouts. Their drills Miss Riches is the same as yours. Before I was captured by the enemy one of the Anglinian captains said I had fairly earned my reputation, and that if I was a man I'd have Napoleon beat."

Angeline Riches laughed.

"If we had every general like a Napoleon or a George Washington or a Marion, or a Wayne or so forth we would have had Glandelinia on her knees long ago," she said. "Your Anglinian captain must have been a good sort of a fellow. Well, so long, and you won't need to work to day. Better get some sleep as you were up nearly all night."

George however felt so excited over the outcome of the night, that he didn't feel sleepy, and besides he had had some chance to sleep from eight to two before he awoke to do any signalling. However he went into his tent, while Jean went elsewhere to inquire about other orders. George was greatly amused at the aspect of the raft by daylight, crowded with chattering boys and girls in gaudy colored uniforms. The girls were dressed almost like Jockeys and did not resemble scouts one bit but for their weapons. The outfit of the raid upon the two camps, by Gertrude and Angeline Riches brought them an almost unlimited supply of fruit, and George and Jean sat down on a log of wood and for breakfast enjoyed a feast of pine apples, bananas and custard apples.

"As long as I live I shall never forget your kindness, Jean," he said in Abbeismian, "and if I ever survive the war too and you also, we can again always renew our friendship and talk over our adventures."

"As for the kindness it is nothing," Jean replied. "And besides that you saved my life from that strange madman, I dreamed already of that horrible man already. And it was really owing to you that I or all the rest of us are really here now. If it hadn't been for you I should not have been chosen to stop behind and do the signalling that saved us all. And in the next place George it is your doing that we are free to start down the waters at once to day. Why my parents will be ready to jump for joy, when some day when I'm on a furlough she sees me arrive, and she will hardly believe me when I tell her that foreigners are not so bad after all, and she will be most surprised at that moment of all when I tell her that is owing to a young German boy I fished on board the raft on that dark night."

"Well Jean, we won't dispute as to what of us two happens to owe the other most. Anyhow except as to my friends, I'm not sorry to make the trip on this excellent and most wonderful raft. I've never seen or read of I don't even believe an ocean storm could injure it. I have already seen a lot of life and adventure, and have made the first most thrilling adventure in my life, and I have learned so much of this kind of work, that if I am changed from company to company I will be able to work my way anywhere in the boy scout regiments in the future."

As the boy did not believe he needed any sleep for the time being he was soon hard at work assisting at the various work that was necessarily assigned to him. He was startled by the sound of a heavy gun. It was answered presently by many other guns at different locations, and five minutes afterwards the distant cannonading had swelled to a prolonged roar. Every one on board was surprised in the direction of the sound of the cannonade, and exchanging guesses as to its cause. They had had recently great news of some battle being fought somewhere where a Glandelinian army had surrendered, but then this sounded too severe for any cause as of their raft being under fire.

However knowing that something was up and believing that a Christian army was massing on the Glandelinian army they had just escaped, the whole big gang on board the raft burst into a hearty cheer (Battle of Sanitary creek, see next two chapters following next after this). There had come to them through news papers they had secured in the Glandelinian camps surprising news. It was known that up northwest, general Glandelinian Aronburg was gradually driving back the Glandelinian "barbells" near the devastated Bengail County, and that other new Christian armies were marched marching toward Vivian Wickey, and that two Glandelinian armies had fallen to ruin, six were captured without a battle, and that Emperor Vivian and his brother were concentrating in a heavy numbers, and in strong unassailable positions near Evangeline St. Claire on Santa Marie's Heights. It was seen that many of the Christian generals and their armies were now invincible.

Two hours later George was relieved of his work by Jack Sanders, and he asked the German lad:

"Going back to a military school when you can I suppose, young foreigner?" "No I don't think I am going back to any military school," George said with a smile. "At least not to the sort of military schools you mean, though I have been learning too. When I was picked up I had before the accident arrived from a Glandelinian prison camp."

"Indeed," the boy said, scrutinizing him closely. "No one told me that. I see you got a Glandelinian prison mark on your arm now that I look at you, but somehow or other I should not have ever suspected you ever with out any cause been among the Glandelinians. Were you a slave?"

"Well I was not exactly a slave, though I may say I was forced to work like one, though I was treated more as a prisoner. That was my first experience, and I suppose one takes much longer than that to get along to know what child slaves are. I was not always allowed near them."

"Been a prisoner among the Glandelinians, you a stranger? That's strange! Then I suppose you have been getting into some scrapes with them young air, or did some spying on them, for some friends, tried to run away and then got captured, for from your appearance, you would hardly have been a prisoner otherwise. But I suppose after your experiences you will be inclined to put up with any disagreeable you may have had in the army rather than try peeping on the Glandelinians again."

"You are mistaken." George said with a laugh. "I did not spy on them. I was taken away when my home was raided."

"Do you mean to say the Glandelinians came to Germany to raid your home?"

"No. In Gelferinia."

"Kidnapped." the boy scout said in surprise.

"No." And then George told the whole story of how it happened, and finished with his escapade, and then going down flood with his parents and then ended with "and the fact is you know, as well as others how my boat was run down by the big wreck of a ship that struck your raft, that I was hauled on board, and that here I have been ever since."

"Yes we will know that," said Jack. "How long ago is it since you first came to this country?"

"About five years ago," George replied.

"And you desire to become a boy scout in ours or any Regiment you can get to."

"Yes sir. Do you know whether she can do it, since the Vivian Girl Princesses are missing?" George asked eagerly.

"I believe that she can do so, although of course she will have to do a good deal of work to get the papers produced. I haven't the pleasure of knowing the Vivian Girls personally, but many friends of mine are well acquainted with them, and so is my sisters. I heard the matter talked about early this morning. And also Jack Evans is a friend of the Vivian Girls. He could make out the papers, and I believe Angeline Riches intends to ask him or Emperor Vivian, if they are still missing. But I believe they will soon be located. Some of them have been discovered by spies within the Glandelinian camps and elsewhere, and they said they have been separated but that it'll take a miracle to rescue them. Do you know Jack Evans George?"

"Yes I know him," George put in. "I was brought before him after I was saved from the Glandelinian camps by one of the Vivian Girls in disguise as a slave."

"Well do concerning the Princesses, the whole country has not altogether abandoned hope, and every one still clings to the idea that they will be found and as they escaped so often, it is believed they are staying for some purpose in the Glandelinian camps or wherever they are for the sake of their cause. At least no one will give up any hope until ample time has elapsed for better news to come in. At least if anything happens to them; I'll feel sorry for all the Glandelinian armies. Emperor Vivian is a terrible man, now and if he had his way the Glandelinian armies would receive no quarter."

"I would be very glad of that," George said bitterly. "It has been a great trouble to me that these Glandelinians have made disasters of these kinds as I'm very sure they did. I should not have minded been carried away so much if I have had a chance to looking into the trouble myself, but I never did have a chance, and yet I was near Abbisann when that beautiful city went under water."

"But how did you escape the facts of so awful a disaster and not perish?"

"Well Master Jack, it is rather a long story," George said modestly

CHAPTER TWENTY THIRD

A COMMISSION.

A NEW SCENE OF HORROR. A FOREST BURNED AND ITS REMAINS BURIED IN ASHES. PROGRESS OF THE MOST FAMOUS FOREST FIRE HORROR EVER WRITTEN.

"All the better," Jack replied. "We have a long journey before us, and if it is a mighty long one your story will help pass the time, so please don't out it short or try to, but let me have it in full."

George thereupon told the story, which lasted about an hour.

"Well that is an adventure well worth going through," Jack said. "And it was well for you George that in such perils and so forth you possessed good spirits and great courage. A boy who also is cheerful and willing under great difficulties will always make his way into the world, while one who repines and kicks against his and the fate of others only makes it harder for him and himself. I have no doubt also when you got aboard this raft, that instead of taking matters coolly when you found yourself on board you had therefore fretted and sulked, our boys would have made you a drudge or a prisoner prisoner and you might have been kicked and cuffed by every one on board. And you would not have had the chance of being chosen to make the signal that Gertrude wanted, and you would now be leading the life of a dog on board this raft. Cheerfulness and willingness are indeed two of the best and greatest watchwords of success in life, and certainly you have found it so."

It was eleven o'clock when it was decided to lift anchor once more and the raft again slowly started on its way. Jack offered to take George before Gertrude, and have him tell her what he knew of the disaster at Abbisann for that would be in a measure one help for the Vivian Girls should they return. Angeline Jennings was just rising from her early dinner at the mess, she too having declined to sleep during the day, when Jack and George arrived at the mess tent, and after congratulating the lad for his information she willingly agreed to have him bring his story up to Gertrude. A moment's walk across the big raft brought him before the tent of Gertrude. At her bidding George remained outside, while Jack and Jennings entered. Angeline Jennings lost no time in opening the subject.

"I have brought my friend Jack Elliott Sanders because he has happened to hear some news that I think may help you to bear upon the subject that you and Violet, and her sisters have most at heart."

"The Abbisann disaster, he knows about it too!" Gertrude exclaimed clasping her hands.

"We think it may refer to that at all right, Captain Aronburg," Angeline Jennings said. "We have a boy here who has been near the scene when it happened, which corresponds pretty well, I think with some clue which you and the Vivian Girls might try to trace."

"Just the same thing," Gertrude said. "Did they not say the name of the boy?"

"Well yes. The name as far as we know it, was the same as the boy we had picked up from the water."

"But I'm afraid I'll doubt that," said Gertrude kind of sheepishly. "A stranger cannot know about what happened at Abbisann I'm sure..."

"I believe there is not the slightest doubt about it," said Angeline Jennings respectfully. "I also consider you may quite set your mind at ease, for I have no doubt whatever and neither has Jack here that he has some very reliable information. He was so he says only a few miles away in some highland town when the disaster occurred, and he saw it from his window which he says went out from the concussion. I believe we have picked up a fortune for our cause in him."

Gertrude for the moment was so much over come, that she sank into a chair and sat for a short time with her face in her hand, crying happy happy tears and thanking Our Blessed Lord for His Mercy. Then with a great effort she aroused herself.

"You will excuse my emotion," she said, "but I'm sure you can really understand my feelings. I am thankful indeed for the news you have brought me. I nor poor Violet, and her sisters have never ceased for a moment to hope that we can find some clue as to what was the cause of the disaster, but the knowledge that it is so, that we have rescued a boy with such information if for the moment overpowering. And where was he when he saw the disaster?"

"How long ago do you think he may have experienced it, and can he memorably say what date and month it really happened, whether it was really June?"

"Well Miss Aronburg said Jack himself hesitating a little, 'He says he was in bed that night, but it being uncomfortably warm he was not able to get any sleep, and therefore he sat up to read. He told me the clock in his room said two minutes to Twelve when the first shock came....'"

"Then in that case," Gertrude cried "he may be able to give me no good details indeed. Perhaps, perhaps-----" and she paused and looked from one to the other. "But where is he. Didn't you bring him?" she finished.

"Yes, I'll bring him at once."

No word was needed. Angeline Jennings went out and called George, and in a nother minute he was standing before her. He was about to salute, when she smiled and said "not yet boy! you're not in uniform. Then she poured out question after question but Jack for a moment couldn't think of narrating the story as he wished. He first related all his adventures to her, who was surprised at his story.

"I suppose my poor parents was never heard of since the crash Miss Aronburg."

"No George. I have sent some of the expert men to locate them but they must have perished. I was afraid they had gone straight down, and you know none of us heard any cry for help. They must have perished in the collision."

The boy then gave a detail of his witnessing the ex-1 explosion, which words at first were the same testimony of the explosions alone, and which would have been somewhat discouraging to her if he had not told the same thing to Jack which he ended with "and Miss Aronburg I'm blaming no body unless it can be proved, but my parents, and Uncle, and my little sister before she died, saw many queer men around the neighborhood for six months at some suspicious work before the explosions. A day before the crashes, they had all disappeared."

"I must telegraph to day to Miss Jennie Turner," she said. "That'll be information you know she can communicate with Emperor Vivian. She had written to me several times, and she's the best girl known. You must know her when we see her. She had all along said that she believed some one would turn up some of these days with good information, and therefore she was right, and the probabilities in favor of your being able to discover this were great, especially as your parents and little sister had kept their eyes open. Do not worry about them either. George. I've a feeling, they did not perish and such feelings be never deceived me. They might have swum to shore somewhere."

"I hope we will not need to meeting with glandelinians down shore again," said George misfully. "I was surely glad to back back on the raft again with your people, Miss Gertrude, and it will be very hard if we have to have a settlement with glandelinians again."

"I am sure we will not be so unreasonable as to want to take such chances for new meetings," Gertrude said.

"And do I need to go to any school to be a boy scout Miss Aronburg?" "Not now certainly George. We'll have stirring adventures again of some kind shortly, besides you know, Jean told me you know lots of military affairs, and that you need not to be trained."

"That's right Miss Aronburg. It's high time I though a foreigner was doing something for your country. Besides after having my second experience since last night I shouldn't like to settle down to any military lessons."

"Well we must think about it," George. You know at first not knowing what kind of a boy you might be, I consented greatly against my will, not to make you a prisoner, and now, since I know you I'm glad I didn't, and I'm not going to draw back from that again. But as to your being a boy scout I nor Miss Riches cannot do a thing I'm sure until Violet, and her sisters are found, for no one else will do it. You are you say about twelve, and therefore that is just right, you being a scout in Germany, and we have lots of boys who have even received a commission as an officer of boy scouts at an earlier age than yours. In one of her letters Miss Turner said that as soon as she reached Emperor Vivian's army she would take the matter in hand about the disappearance of the seven Princesses, and though I have good interest in other quarters, and quite a pull with all the military, being the main friend of the Vivian Girls, and could probably manage part of it, Violet and her sisters would have need to sign their names to the papers or it would not pull through for you. And that is not because your origin either. That goes for even our own boys who desire to become one. It's hard to get in yet, know, the country and many others things, and then its alot of red tape. But as soon as they come back Miss Turner will arrange it when I write to her, and I and you too I know shall be grateful to her for doing so...."

That will be first rate Miss Aronburg" George said in delight. "I thought if I was in your army even as a refugee for another year I might get my enlistment papers but of course it would be much better if you or Miss Riches could did it for me."

For the next few minutes after his interview with Gertrude George was a "hero" among his new found boy and girls scout friends, and had to tell his story so often that at last he told Miss Aronburg when he happened to cross her that if it was for the flood he might dive out of sight to get out of telling the story so often as his voice was becoming paralyzed.

"You won't be called upon to do that," she said smiling. "For this telegram it hat I have just opened is just from a boyfriend of mine known as Radcliffe and he tells me if he could he would come to see you but he thinks its impossible to find us himself without a guide."

"Radcliffe" repeated George in a low voice. "Radcliffe. You don't mean to say your sister in disguise-----" "G Gertrude gave him a warning fecture which checked him and looked around but no one had been near enough to overhear.

"I don't know how you came to find it out," she finally said. "But say nothing about it. If she finds her secret of disguise is out she'll turn the armies upside down to find out who let ou out the secret, and we'll be to the party. But you don't mean to say you know Radcliffe after traveling as much as you did."

"Yes," answered George surprised still more. "And I am very glad he's a loving friend of Penrod."

"He asked me in his letter," Gertrude said with a passing smile of amusement. "If I am planning to take in Jennie Turner on the same expedition that Violet, and her sisters had planned. He says she has never been so long from the army before as she was this time, and that it would be a treat for her to get away and see a little of what the disaster looks like. Jack Evans is still on the quest for the Vivian girls, and believes he'll have them back in camp in two days."

"That will be very jolly Miss Aronburg," "You know I told you or Jean what nice sort of Princesses they were, and how well they and their followers got on together with those little Military Saints. I don't know how I should have got out of the glandelinian prison camp if it had not been for one of them. Her sisters, and girls scouts were very kind to me too, yet I often wondered why they didn't make me a scout then?"

"That is because you never asked I presume," said Gertrude.

For a time however Gertrude Angeline nor even Angeline Riches had much chance to doing anything on that line for him without much argument with her other officers and many of the scouts too. Angeline Jennings had been the main one to at first oppose Gertrude's idea by saying:

"But you'll do your work for nothing. The boy is a foreigner, and and German, and I'm afraid they won't do it."

"Well you know what I have set my mind on Angeline," said Gertrude. "But of course such an idea didn't either the heads of the others, and yet it would be very desirable if it would do so. The boy had brought me good information, he knows lots of military ways, more in fact than most of us do, and therefore he surely deserves to get his commission at once, and I do think it would be a good thing for him to receive the papers of his enlistment before even we ever reach a christian army. Jennie Turner is nearest and she could communicate to the Princesses should they return, and if anything happens to us before we get there, and you know how probable this could be the case with us being on such a dangerous adventure, and the losses we have already suffered, they would be sore about not being as I should have seen too. It would be a treat for us and our cause, and he could fill the place left by James Green when he died."

"How long do you think it will take before, Violet, and her sisters ever return Miss Aronburg?"

"Radcliffe said ten days or a fortnight. On a score of conditions existing because of the flood it shall be a day or two before my telegram shall reach Jennie Turner, and I'll do it for I want to arrange about George's commission. Then, perhaps I shall persuade Jennie to watch developments around Eva St Claire, and to let me know if there comes to be any fighting, and how it turns out. Now if you and others would agree to it, that would complete my happiness."

Angeline Jennings, D D Dolores, and others even including Penrod said that this was impossible without the written permission of the Vivian Girls. But Gertrude urged her request with so much earnestness, that at last they agreed to make the attempt. And indeed when they recovered from the first surprise at the proposal, they all also thought that this plan would be an extremely pleasant one, for in those days it was quite an event in the lives

became a girlie, and a girlie." All of us are much thinner than when

100

kept continually as comfortable as it was possible. Gertrude exerted herself to lay aside her regrets at their bungled adventure, and to try to enter into the happiness which Penrod evidently felt.

"No Miss Aronburg," said Penrod at the conclusion of the dinner, after the first talk over the commission was concluded also, "We will in the near future I hope to treat Lieutenant George Zimmerman with the respect due to an officer in Emperor Vivians, boyscout service...."

"I don't see any chance in our situation as yet," Angelina Jennings said, examining both shore, and the flood carefully.

Some of the boys burst into a laugh not understanding what she said and one of them said:

"Wait till you see him in uniform, Angelina. I am afraid though that respect is one of the moral qualities in which you are deficient. Still I think when you see Master George in his new uniform you will be struck with awe."

"I don't think I was talking about that," said Miss Jennings quite severely, and shaking her head. "Anyhow I don't think he or any boy will or can frighten me, even though he might also not frighten the enemy. I know we surely don't."

"My dear Miss Jennings," said Penrod somewhat gravely. "You don't know what we even are going to go up against next."

"No, and none of you either don't know what George is going to turn out next. He may be your superior," and she laughed.

"If a foreign boy ever has the chance to become my superior then he has to go through a lot of red tape, and have a monstrously big pull with Emperor Vivians Daughters," said Penrod almost severely to himself. "But if he went my commission as bad as all that he's welcome to it."

During the following hour all the party who were not too worn out went straight to work and were joined also by Jean, George and others. Gracedelina frequently declared, (she being also among the slightly wounded) that she did not think any one could have more enjoy themselves on board the raft than George and Jean, and she did. They went to see that the survivors among the cavaliers horsed horses were cleaned and fed, and the boys, Drury Lane, and Rene Legue did their best to do some paddling when the wind suddenly died down and the raft became becalmed. Penrod during the work to get the raft started under way again was the life of them all, and had he had his way many more would have had more time than they did. But many of the scouts too wanted to enjoy themselves and not be worn out, and many who felt fatigued stayed in their tents, and finally only the four girlscouts leaders were still directing orders to the raft which seemed as great a threat as anything. As the boy during some of his work got his clothing quite dirty, Jack Sanders got for him some cleaner garments, and of course George had to dress up like a dude. By this time the raft came within sight in the distance of another flood town partly under water and here again they were stalled for a time near shore, very one wanted to go far in shore to view the wreck but Gertrude sternly forbade anyone to leave the raft without orders.

"It is too dangerous," she said. "My advice to you all is to keep the raft clear of the houses and do not even work it through the town as the craft will get jammed between the street and then we'll have to blast houses to get loose. We got to keep very well on our way you know, and a little advice always comes in useful. We all got to hold our own with others. I consider that it was quite unfortunate for us to have gone through the time of experience when I landed the raft at the cove, and heaven knows we don't want another such experience. No one must leave the raft at all, and I have no intention of landing any where anymore until we reach our destination. I told, as a promise to look after everything, and she is going to and it has given me a vast pleasure to have such a girl scout like her assist me. And if we get into any more scrapes we will have plenty enough. This flood is dangerous but to land on shore is still more dangerous. We have by the speed of the raft through the sails I believe outraced the forest fires but we can meet it again if we land. So no one is to land anywhere here, and you rowers, and paddlers, keep clear of the flooded town. If there is need of rescuing any one from homes or roof tops we'll use our boats. But we won't go near the town as our raft is too wide and too long for the water logged streets."

Then Gertrude had a long talk with George.

"I don't think I need to give you much advice, my boy," she said as you said been out in the world partly on your own account, but mostly because of the enemy, and have shown you can make your way, and are as good in military preparation as any of us. I therefore got to tell you something before

you receive your papers, and your uniform. You are going into a life George that has many dreadful perils, and some of us have had such hardships in our work that we had many temptations to desert. If that comes on you, do not give way to them my boy. We all fought them off and succeeded. We only so far only suffered one scourge and that is a boy who deserted us by the name of Jack Saunders. Therefore shove all set your face against the curse of our times, fear, cowardice, and so forth and over indulgence in recklessness in case you are not afraid. And do not be overcautious. That has been the ruin of thousands. Do not think it heroic to be reckless because you see others are, and we cure them of that habit pretty soon as a wilder did of a girl we have here called Jane Wellford. Always live if you can so that if you keep a true diary of your experiences you could hand it to either me to read or your relatives without a blush on your cheek, and always bear in mind that though violet, and her sisters will not always be near to see you. Our Lord will always see you. I know you are a good Catholic and therefore trusted you. Your being a Catholic was the saving of you from being made a prisoner when we took you on board. When your old clothing was searched, we found every article that showed your true faith. You will try, won't you George?!"

"I will indeed Miss Aronburg."

Penrod did his level best to keep up the spirits of all the party on board the raft, but some of the officer among the girls had nevertheless broken down over so many of their girl and boy companions who were lying wounded. Gracedelina cried early that morning almost without intermission over Midrademishap and even Penrod's eyes had had a suspicious moisture in them as he his shock hands with George for his good work. Gertrude had not broken down, but nevertheless she had been vengeful and therefore had for three lowest and highest part of the shore and whether there was any results no one knew. Fortunately the raft was kept quite a distance off from the flooded town. As long as the town remained in sight George stood on the stern waving his handkerchief toward the town in hopes of attracting anyone who may be marooned there but there was no response, then having removed the traces of tears from his cheeks he turned again to look at what was going on around him. He observed the raft was about a thousand feet long, and three hundred feet wide, and carried the full number on it now besides room for horses of the men and tents for shelter and floated easily and swiftly. Before they had come closer to the flooded town he found that one girl scout among them Maud Angelina belonged to his own company of friends, as did another girl scout with always a smiling face who he learned was nicknamed "Bright eyed Mary," and whose proper name was Mary Gloria. Though she too had suffered a wound, she was able to be about, and she was a cheery girl scout, full of life and spirits, and seeing him at once took George's hand, and was not long in drawing from him the story of his adventures with the Glendelinians in camp, his witnessing of the disaster and other stirring times.

"You will do my bid for a boyscout if you can get into the service and can see you have the roughness rubbed off you already and will get on splendidly with all of us. I can't say he much for all foreigners. I've known many who did succeed by a pull of getting into the army as scouts and so forth, and yet they had been completely puffed up with the sense of their own importance, and to do things that finally caused their disgraceful discharge from the army. However I have known more unlikely subjects than they to turn out as decent boys after a course of instruction, but they have had rather a rough time of it, and that's a fact. The boys or men we mainly do not trust of foreigners. Nationality for they have turned out bad for us. We have had many new comrades that a newly joined boyscout is not regarded in the same light as a commander in chief. And it just like a new boy or girl going to school for the first time in his life you know. If his fellow scholars find out he or she are a decent sort, they let them alone and even be friends, but if he or she are, especially a connoisseur as he'll have rather a rough time of it. But George you must do everything that is asked, and be particular not to mix with these leaders, Gracedelina, Angelina, Jennings, and her sister Dolores, Maud Angelina, and Penrod and also Rene Legue, and Miss Aronburg. And as you will be in the same tent with Penrod and have had the advantage of having gone about the world a bit, and had lots of experiences you might be his best friend."

"I have been chatting with him a bit already," George said. "He has always been a fine scout, and has been brought up as a military scout by General Greatheart, and I should think from what is said that he is one of the favorites of the Vivian Girl Princesses."

"So much the worse if you offend him," V Evangelina glorina said. "There is nothing like experience for being a boy scout to his senses unless it is military training, and the earlier in life the process takes place the less painful it is."

"I don't think I will turn out a bad fellow," George said laughing. "I have seen some English scouts belong to one of the Regiments under Walter Starring, and they were as good as the British but he trained them out of the military abhorrence. I did what I could to give them a hint, but they would not take on advice from an 'Old Dutchman'. Now they find out, I was right."

The voyage ended the flooded forest, then starting past it was quite a pleasant one, but close to it they had to drop anchor for Gertrude wanted to use her glasses and see if she could find any one who may be marooned on house tops or in attic windows whom she may rescue. Close to the town the shore was observed thick as clouds with forests of the Parale type, and to avoid serious consequences in case houses would break loose and float down the raft was brought as near shore as possible without of course running peril from possible foes or what not on shore. Gertrude nor others could hardly see anything like human beings and she wondered if the town could be deserted. Ra George was quite sorry that there was no one seen who could be rescued, but nevertheless a party was allowed to disembark, and row up the flooded street a ways. Gertrude charged those to pick out what lug age they could, and to bring back reports.

Indeed for some reason or other George felt extremely pleased that Angelina Aronburg was remaining on the raft as he felt none of the shyness and unpleasantness he would have otherwise have experienced.

All this time he had observed that Angelina Aronburg was a great favorite of all her followers, and he had often overheard her speak warmly of him. Once he had overheard her say:

"You girls and boys will find George a first rate young boy scout when he gets his papers. He has seen something of this war already, knows what child slaves go through, and had been a prisoner for two years, and has gone through a lot of adventures. He is a bright pleasant good tempered young boy. Some time later I will question the glandelinian boy scout George had captured but don't be too hard on him you boys for otherwise he'll not say anything at all, and glandelinians are revengeful you know. Remember easy does it, and don't be pushing him too far. He is not a fool, and if watch rightly will come round in time. I sure can thank George that he brought so valuable a foe as this prisoner, who had such valuable papers upon him. I'm going to try and make him tell who kidnapped the Vivian girls or seized and carried them away. I'll make him confess if I have to bribe him."

Indeed the great formidable Mio-Hollesler and Maria Osborne forests, the far famed wooded country of Calverinia, stretching from the southeast to the northwest and north, as seen as it could be as far as a birds eye view would reveal it from an unusual mountain height formed the most prominent feature of this portion of the frightful forest fire horror, and the dreadful most frightful battles to rage in the wars near future. These forests considering in this story for many century centuries has been and will still be probably the greatest interest and great attractions of people who desired to live in the locality or view it from the mountain tops. The city of Abbeinn or its extreme northeastern section which escaped the ravages of the flood, faced a portion of the northern extremity of the forests which even there formed as grand and as magnificent a panorama as any to be never seen in the world for real. Strange pine forests, that rear high to the sky like thickly mated leaves of the Carrots, or like Parale was an unusual sight but very inflamed in the dry season. These forests was a link in the unusual historical scene and chain which will from now on always bind the surviving war victims to the horrors of the past which da takes them back to the days of the Frightful Glandelinian-Abbeinnian Child slave war. Emperor Vivian himself had wrote-

"Throughout eastern Calverinia rises our beautiful hills crowned with magnificent forests, and nothing like it seen in the world. Beautiful pine, supply the nation copiously with turpentine, tar, resin and other worthy saws even for mad houses. Beyond or within clearings of these forests on level plains are magnificent towns and villages. This makes Calverinia one of the beauties of the world."

Though of his own kind Emperor Vivian too is a great historian it was evident that he could not be a prophet on what was to come upon Calverinia and her sister states, and now this subsequent history of the horrors has shown that at varying points the war as has burst forth in great eruptive activity. The destroyed city of Abbeinn indeed was a city of the greatest antiquity its origin being believed by far distant Calverinian tradition to its former character, but it was not founded by any Calverinians, and about the time of its destruction it was a municipal and fortified town situated on low ground

ground between two big rivers its position also being able to face the Great Mio-Hollesler Lake was considered very important its lake port being one of the best in Calverinia. The mystery of the flood is unknown, and it was not the lake or the two rivers that made the inundation, but which had been turned into seas by the flood coming down from the north. Many villas surrounding Abbeinn were of great splendor and had been owned by the Abbeinnian patricians, who gave worthy accounts to the cause Abbeinn too was one of the most ancient cities in Calverinia, and one of the most largest and oldest, and was probably founded by some very ancient Rok roman colony that settled in Calverinia in this story, for what is considered its oldest buildings which stood on high elevation fortunately, a big Greek Temple, and others to the appearance of ancient Pagan temples temples that looked like buildings constructed four hundred years before Christ. For over fifteen hundred years these big buildings however had been known the grandest Catholic Churches in all Calverinia, and as there were twelve, they had received the names of the Chief Apostles, the highest being known however as St Joseph's making the 13th. This temple had been dedicated to St Joseph and Our Lord.

The situation of Abbeinn possessed many great advantages. On the verge of the greatest Calverinian inland lake, near the mouth of a river known as the Abbeinn too with fertile plains far west, and immense beautiful forests east, north and northwest it united the main conveniences of commerce railroads as great as may be observed in Chicago, St Louis and New York combined with the security of a strong military station. Early in the war the enemy made some desperate efforts to capture the city and failed.

The delightful position of the immense city the genial climate of the locality where though quite a distance north, cold winters are unknown, and its many attractions, its beautiful churches, Cathedrals, the kindness of the people, and the civility of the children toward all strangers, and the saintly character of all its population caused it to become a favorite retreat of all persons who could afford to go there, either for visits or for stay, and thus for the reason the city grew, and had 10,000 railroad lines running in and out. A section of the city that would be about the size of St Louis M. MO. which was on higher elevation escaped total destruction, and was too high to be reached by the deluge, and later also was found that few of the inhabitants at that section perished but deserted after the disaster in their apprehensions of the sea repeat.

"How did you learn all that George about Abbeinn?" Asked Jean "I've learned all that in School. I've seen a good part of the extreme northeastern portion of Abbeinn, and though its unapproachable from the other directions, it was only partly ruined. Only a considerable portion was overthrown by the shocks. I've learned that as soon as the inhabitants had recovered from their alarm, they instead of rebuilding their shattered houses went away toward the northeast fearing a still more fearful catastrophe."

Gertrude and her followers realized they after all had a very important boy scout boy with them in this German sea land for he was able to give singularly and graphic descriptions of the disaster, he was one of the only accurate eyewitness, and who had been well qualified to observe the strange phenomena of the disaster's shocks, and therefore they believe he was entitled to not just getting mere instant papers, but those for a commission. By now the girls and boys had moved their raft a little beyond the flooded town they had reached and had come to a new section of shore that was more densely forested than usual. As they thought of beaching the raft to go on shore and get some new logs to repair damaged portions of the raft, they noticed that the sun had again disappeared entirely, and a strange murky darkness was overshadowing all.

Jean was standing by the rail still speaking with Gertrude, Gertrude went to her tent, to rest a little, she allowing now every one to rest and make up for what they lost during that horrible night, when George himself to her surprise surprised wanted admittance in.

"Miss Aronburg," said her aide-de-camp "that little German lad wishes to see you on great importance. Maybe he has some suggestion about his commission you promised him."

"Show him in," said Gertrude with a smile.

"He came in and saluted."

"Well what's on your mind now George?" she asked.

"Something unusual," he said, and she noticed he looked quite excited.

"What is it?" she repeated.

"I wish you would consult Miss Aronburg. There's a peculiar cloud over yonder rising high into the sky which seems to me of very unusual shape and size."

"Cloud?" she asked. "What from a storm?"

"I can't tell," he answered. "I observe it in the east. It does come forward it goes up."

Gertrude was quite annoyed at this because she had just decided on getting some well needed rest, but as George's information was quite queer she immediately rose from the cot on which she had been lying.

She went out, and indeed saw a cloud that resembled something of a long line of volcanoes in the most violent eruption they could ever have without blowing themselves away to the level of the ground. She proceeded to the cross tree of the mast by quick climbing from where she could probably observe it, and George at her bidding had crept with her.

"This is a very uncommon appearance to me," she said.

"What is it?" asked George looking kind of scared. "Are there any awful volcanoes in eruption over there?"

"It is too far away to be seen perfectly and I cannot clearly perceive from where it comes from," answered Gertrude. "Then she halloed down 'Jean bring up my glasses. I want to see something which appears very unusual.'"

"What?" asked Jean as it was kind of hard to hear from that height.

"My Opa field glasses," shouted Gertrude through her hands.

Jean understood and said to one of the boys "Go to Gertrude's side-deck and get Gertrude's telescope."

"Get what?" he gasped, looked toward the cloud which he observed Gertrude had seen. "Looks like some big volcano in action don't it. All right I will," and he dashed off.

When the boy brought it, she sent Jack up with it.

However even with the help of the glasses at that distance it could not be clearly perceived from where such a dreadful cloud issued, but Gertrude felt in her heart that no volcano had anything to do with it. It appeared like an immense wall full of rolls, bulges, cauliflower and other odd shapes but it rose even into bigger convolutions clear across the sky overhead in big balls, and to an enormous height, and to the north extended itself at the top in a sort of false cirrus roll and wreaths occasioned either by strong gales of wind at such an elevation, the force of which might have increased as it rose upwards or by the expansion of the cloud itself, when pressed back again by its own weight. Above it appeared a bright strange orange yellow but the under portions were intensely black, and gray, and even brown and was at the higher rising portion dark and spotted as if it had been more or less impregnated with earth and cinders.

Gertrude was excited. To her this was a most unusual and extraordinary phenomena and her curiosity getting the best of her she desired to make a more closer inquiry of it even if it was risky. She descended to the floor of the raft, and though many objected to her purpose she ordered a boat to be made ready for her to go toward shore, and invited George, and Jean, and any of her girls' scout officers and privates to accompany her if they choosed to do so. They did.

As she was leaving the raft or rather preparing to do so a note was brought to her from one of her girls' scouts, who was in the utmost alarm at the scene, and feared a peril threatened them all if they landed ashore, and the only mode of escape if anything happened was only by the waters. It came from Graedelina, and she earnestly entreated Gertrude and the others not to take the chances to go to land. Fearing she might be a little too reckless, she accordingly changed her first design, and she recalled the boat and ordered that the raft should continue the trip. Therefore she returned on board, and ordered the sails up and the paddlers to take a rest with an intention to get a little further out on the water where she might have a better view of the land. Indeed they were almost in terror at the sight as the great cloud so steadily increased, and therefore those who remained at the paddles steered directly outward toward the open waters, and with so much composure of mind, that Gertrude before it grew dark were able to make and dictate her observations on the changes and aspects of that dreadful scene.

It was some work to get the raft out into the more open waters, and quite perilous too, and for a moment a sticky fog enveloped them which grew thicker while the atmosphere grew hotter. Pausing whether she should go back again toward shore to avoid the fog, to which she was advised by Graedelina she finally consented to do so knowing that fortune befriended her.

The raft was pushed in where the flood after several windings goes over a low flat shore forested, and making it partly a swamp. Gertrude again had a desire to go ashore and see what was wrong for nothing on shore at that time seemed to be in any actual danger yet being within prospect of it, and therefore she was determined to go ashore, and if anything went wrong to pit back on the water as soon as peril threatened. She knew that if it was a volcanic eruption cinders from the mountains would fall into the water and on the raft, together with pumice stones, and black pieces of burning rock,

and the flood would probably ~~not~~ but no such things occurred. The wind was however favorable, and off the west, but nevertheless every one on board the raft was in the greatest consternation at Gertrude's idea of proposing a second time to land. However she spoke to them encouragingly, and told them to keep up their spirits, and still better to dissipate their alarm, she ordered with an air of unconcern one of the boats to be got ready. After this was done she got into it with great cheerfulness or what was equally courageous with all the semblance to it.

Meanwhile new clouds like the same eruptions, broke forth in several other places as if with the greatest violence, and yet Gertrude or the others knew they couldn't be eruptions because there was no cinders falling, no lightnings in the cloud, nor was there any loud hissing or thundering, yet what ever it was the darkness of the cloud contributed to render it still more visible and dreadful. But Gertrude to soothe the anxieties of all those on board the raft believed it was some strangeness of a storm, or that a big rain was quenching the distant forest fires or that it was the burning of villages and works which the enemy may have at his ablaze when compelled to leave them behind in their continual advance. After this Gertrude finally retired to rest advising a many of the others to do so too and it seemed that she was so little disconcerted that she fell into a deep sleep. The raft in the mean meantime was pushed off from the shore a little ways or it would have been impossible for any one had they continued to remain there longer to have made their way out into the open waters without serious disaster. As it grew darker and the air grew very warm, and a strong easterly breeze began to spring up it was thought proper therefore to awaken her.

Finally she was aroused, and she got up and joined her girls' scout officers and the rest of her company who were too nervous to think of going to sleep that afternoon for a while. They consulted together which course would be the more prudent, to trust to remaining close to shore, or to go out into the open flood where debris floated sometimes in such quantities as to threaten destruction. And especially in such darkness it was dangerous to go far out on the waters. In this dilemma they decided to risk the open flood way, as offering the greatest chance of safety from what they began to fear it was, a resolution which, while the rest of the companies hastily adopted it through their fears, Gertrude, Angeline Riches, and some of the others including Penrod refused to think of.

"Not in such darkness," she said. "If we had light enough to see what would be tearing down upon us I might risk it. If we crash into anything our raft will be torn apart and we'll all go swimming."

They therefore remained close within shore. Probably it was some thing like day everywhere else without any actual sunshine but over this locality there was now a deeper darkness prevailing than even in the obscurest night, though it was in some degrees broken by torches and lights of various kinds on the raft. They thought it proper then to go further to shore to ascertain whether they might safely land in case anything happens on the flood, but in doing so found a great heat prevailing off shore on a high boisterous wind from the east. Finally an hour afterwards the daylight began to appear a little again, but the light was exceedingly faint and languid, the forests of trees on shore wavered with the wind, and though they still remained off shore on their raft yet, as the waters here were shallow, Gertrude realized she could not run the risk of becoming mired or run aground here without certain and formidable peril, and she therefore resolved to run down the shore a bit. Everybody on board seemed to be in a panic of alarm and, as to a mind distracted with terror every suggestion seemed more prudent than its own, and they pressed closely together of kept to the middle of the rafts, and the horses themselves neighed pitifully.

As soon as the raft had been paddled a convenient distance from the shores, the raft was halted in the midst of a perilous and dreadful scene. The outline of the forests seemed to roll back and forth in waves before a strong gale blowing, as if to be driven from its strands by the winds convulsive throes. On the other side, a new and more terrible and black cloud seemed to dart out a long train of fire resembling flames, shooting high into the air, and moving forward.

"Leaping Lizards," gasped Gertrude. "It's the darn forest fire again."

"So it is," said Angeline Riches, as the black cloud seemed to descend and enshroud the whole flood area, as in truth it now entirely concealed the whole shore. Smoke now began to envelope them as if a fog though in no considerable quantity and the heat became greater, and the winds stronger.

"A better move," suggested Angeline to Gertrude. "If this is a fire hurricane starting up, this is no place for us. The fire would envelope us on the raft."

"Look there for heavens sake," cried Gracelinia.

Gertrude turned her head and perceived behind her a dense smoke, which came rolling in the tract of the raft like a torrent. Also far off behind the trees a dreadful flare brightened the upper skies, and a hissing as of burning grass was heard.

"I believe," proposed Gertrude "we'd better better diver e from this locality lost we should be overwhelmed by too much thick smoke and be smothered, or that trees may fall on the raft and crush some of us to death. We could do this while there is yet some light, and the flare ought to help us."

But scarcely had she gave orders when darkness overspread them, not the darkness of a cloudy night, or when there is no moon but that of some chamber which is closed shut, with all the lights extinct.

Then nothing could be heard but the shrieking of the wind, the astonished cries of the boy and girls, and the exclamations of the men. Some called aloud to God for light and safety, others for their comrades not to lose themselves from the raft, others for prayers, being only able to distinguish persons by their voices, not a few wished to die out of very fear of death, many lifted their hands heavenward, but most imagined the last day of the world had come, which should destroy the world and the oceans together and the people on it. At length a new glimmer of light appeared which was the appearance of an approaching burst of flames, then the return of daylight. The fire however having stayed quite a distance from them, disappeared again behind clouds and they were all again immersed in dense darkness. Fortunately a little after, the wind suddenly changed direction again, blowing stronger yet off the west, and after a while this dreadful darkness gradually disappeared the cloud of smoke moved eastward, and hung there as seen before, the actual twilight day returned but not no sun. Every object that presented itself to their eyes (which were extremely weakened) seemed changed, and where the fire had swept within view they could see everything was covered with a layer of gray ashes, with stubbles of trees standing and smoking here and there. Though day daylight returned, they all passed an anxious time between hope and fear, though indeed with a much larger share of the latter for the roar of flames still could be heard, and the smoke wall increased intensely though the westerly winds kept it off the western sky by now.

What this account for was that the forest fire had reached a portion of the inflammable Mic-Hullester Run Fore Forest one hundred miles southeast of Evangeline St Claire. The consequence was terrible in all its circumstances, the rolling smoke wall of darkness and horror, the flashes of flame every now and then through it, the distant fire hurricanes—but yet more terrible in its novelty of character, and the seemingly wide range of its influence.

If there had been any towns in its path this time, these combined causes would have brought a fatal effect upon the inhabitants. If road ways had been crowded with with people at this time no one probably would have escaped. If any did escape by immediate flight it might have been those warned in time. Yet w it was and is impossible to exaggerate the horrors of these dreadful conflagrations. The flames even when you were close by made a sound as if of the rumbling of the earth beneath, the dense obscurity, and the murky shadow of the sky heavens above, the long heavy roll of the waving trees before the gale before the fires races up, the strident noises of the hot fire created vapors and gases as if escaping from many mountain craters, the shifting glares with which at intervals relieved the awful darkness, only to make it ghastly more than before, the burning seas, the hurrying fugitives from distant towns warned beforehand with wavy faces and straining eye balls, calling on those they loved to follow them, the hot ashes and smoke borne onward by the wind driven through the air, above all that fine impalpable but choking dust which was driven everywhere by the terrible high winds, going everywhere where no human skill could devise protection, all these things during that time that Gertrude's crew was in horror must have combined into a whole of such unusual and such awful terror that no imagination can describe it. The strongest, and bravest heart was appalled, the best balanced mind even lost its composure. Many refugees no doubt lost their reason, and wandered through the territory or down the roads gibbering and shrieking lunatics. And none we may be sure who survived the peril ever could forget the sights and scenes they had witnessed on these days of awful doom. Some could have been heard calling aloud for their little ones, others for their parents, others for their husbands, this man lamented his own fate, that man or woman the fate of the family or loss of home too. For fugitives no one could say how many days and nights must have been thus endured with all the anguish of suspense and uncertainty. On with the passage of the fire the darkness would by degrees begin to pass away. The day would appear, the sun try to shine forth though very faintly as when an

collapse is coming on, but all nature seemed changed. Where forests lately stood is a sea of smoldering and gray or whitened ashes. The scene was changed all was over, but the sea of ashes and smoke is there the air is shimmering in the heat, and the beautiful forests are no more. In their places are apparently desolated plains of smoldering ashes, with a smoking tree standing here or there or with even no tree visible, nothing to be seen—nothing but a great surface of white ashes or gray, smoking and smoldering red. The conflagrations goes onward burning fiercer and faster the progress sometimes is slow though continuous, the progress is great, horrible and most most destructive. What is left of half burned trees seem petrified ashes and charcoal. Not even the wild flowers in all their loveliness and beauty can be seen to hide the hideous tragedy of the "red plague. Nothing but miles upon miles of smoldering ashes as if a world is burned out and dead. To day day it is a municipal conflagration, a combination blaze of great fury and extent, the flames are absolutely unchecked by the hundreds of thousands of fire fighters who struggle desperately but in vain. If it was a true one no country in all the world would so completely portray that period of the past to us as does poor Calvernia, both east and west, overwhelmed by hideous floods, torn by battles, made harrowing by massacres of thousands of children, rent and shattered and torn gaping open by so many terrific explosions, and hidden in all its horrors for months and months by the smoke of forest fires that prevent sunshine even more than a thousand miles away from the state. A "Beautiful magnificent, satisfactory" outcome of the war so far is it not?"

CALVERINIA AND THE WAR HORRORS.
GERTRUDE DAIRY ON THE WAR, WITH A RECORD OF OVER A SCORE
OF ENORMOUS DISASTERS TALE OF DESTRUCTION.
STARTLING NEWS.

During the late afternoon of this dreadful day Gertrude wrote a true diary of the great astonishing disasters throughout Calverinia, of which the boy George recited to her which she hoped she could present to the Vivian Girls, and this is first what she did write:

She entitled it "Calverinia and the war horrors."
It runs as follows:

Our State of Calverinia is probably going to turn out as one of the most celebrated war torn and shaken countries in the world, and is a state somewhat northeast of Angalinia State situated between Abyssinkila, and Angeline Vine and has two sea boards or shore, of the Mic-Whirthian, and the Angalinian seas, not forgetting also the northern most sea known by the name of the State itself. I've traced in history that the most ancient peoples often alluded to Calverinia, and by some it was believed to be the "1 old Eden" from which Adam and Eve were driven from by others as a strange land peopled by people that are torridious to be true, and which stories and facts were therefore investigated..... Now Calverinia is like a hellish region. The flames of forest fires proceed as if from the breath of the great Infernal Regions, the thunderous noises of battles, and great explosions, which the world still believes exaggerated seem to be the demons trying to blow their way out of hell, and create the shocks for their escape. Indeed it seems to all who survive that we are in a condition ourselves, and that from great portions great clouds of unapproachable fire are vomited upon our forests from the innermost depths the yelling Glandelinians are the demons, and the victims and refugees and others the lost souls, yet it seems as a hell with some daylight occasionally, which during twilight the fires pour forth a lurid rush of smoke to darken probably the world, but in the darkness a red rolling sea of flame sweeps over everywhere accompanied by the fire hurricane that rages with the uproar of the wide deep sea. Combined to this is the devastating foul poisonous flood waters like the seething lakes of hell. I've recorded that many others writers speak now of Calverinia as gone down unto hell for not being wicked, and among them is Emperor "Vivian. While many poets on the one hand are now investing the Calverinian horrors with various preternatural and spectral attributes, and had made it also as a hell upon earth, and the workshop of the butchering enemy, many writers are endeavoring to show that the horrors and other phenomena of the dreadful war could be explained as the enemy "leading disaster to his side" being desperate, and resorting to foul means in the efforts to crush the christian tide. The ordinary operations of nature is even hoodwinked.

We could also find mention of the horror by even some of the Christian generals. I had been advised to have a work published in which I should describe my own experiences in the war but so far I had refused as it might get into the hands of the enemy. The horror is in three kinds, explosions, flood and fire, and otherwise too in battles and massacres, and all our beautiful forests are going even while I and my followers still go riding on the raft. The great explosions at Abbeinn are described at length by many of the volcano investigators, and a brief account of them has been given by the Mayor of the city of La Polana which was wiped out by the flood. All the writings have attracted a great deal of attention, and has been described by countless numbers of eye witnesses. The height of the disaster seems now at hand, especially the floods. The earlier writers had very unexaggerated notions on the subject, and an extent of a "hundred miles or more of the floods has been assigned, when that is a mere trifle. It must be born in mind that flood disasters we had in the past had variations in size and fury, and the only worst before this in my estimate is estimation was the Lake Solicia calamity. During the last couple of months this former flood however in its height has been practically constant, and shows no abatement whatever. Wherever all the water is coming from only Our Blessed Lord knows. Out of 17000

Out one thousand, there are said to be two cities, Catania Junction, and Aci Reola, and sixty three towns and villages in certain locations that are sole survivors of the disaster. And the far most thickly populated part of Calverinia, Bengall State, and Angeline Vine suffer the brunt of the disaster, and an unestimated number are still homeless. Calverinia and Abbeinnia are far more thickly populated than any other states of Abbeinnia. No less than thirty million people lived in Abbeinn and the villages around it.

A remarkable feature of these disasters is the large number of them occurring at so many different places at once. Of course many are small in comparison with the great massive disasters that now have occurred, but in reality a many of them too are gin gign gigantic. I have kept a final list of the disasters which I have recorded which no one knows anything about and which I have experienced myself.

First, The first disaster within the historical period of this war happened at Bantan Barolay, an explosion in the town which tore all the buildings skyward.

The second occurred at Watson which explosion leveled the town of Pyth agrees to the ground with a death list of thirty thousand.

The third disaster which occurred in May 1912 was mentioned by one of the Vivian Girls, and it must have been the same disaster to which Miss Turner and Walter Starring allude, and that was the conflagration at Pullaway. A destruction of the town of Thucydides happened at the same time by fire at the torch of the enemy.

An outburst of disasters took place at or near the city of Monte Di Moja and the conflagration following the course of the river Dargo, crossed the creek near Herdrudes Junction where 101 10,000 men checked it in time with the help of rain.

I could make or find no record of any further disasters for about 100 days till the month of June 1912. On the sixth a disaster occurred, and the authorities mention a disaster at Klase simultaneously. Four days later the city of Corringtonia was nearly destroyed by a mysterious conflagration. Another conflagration of which I alone possess the details as a witness occurred during the battle of Delight's Junction, a hundred miles south of Maraculan, on the Angalinia State Boundary. Livy town was convulsed by the concussion of an explosion which took place on a mountain side shortly before the battle of O Granter Hundreds which it was believed to have caused.

In the hour of Three on the afternoon of Sunday following three different fires took place.

The next disaster of which I heard of is that mentioned by one of my girlscouts. This was the same day. Also a disaster occurred, after which none were heard of for nearly two months June and July but on the First of August 1912 a violent flood lasting nineteen days is recorded having been brought on by the foe. Carrera, and Photius towns were carried away in this deluge, and the cities of Geoffrey and Vitarbo were wrecked. After another long interval of at least a week the enemy again started catastrophes. On July 10th one of the most disastrous floods then on record took place. A violent rushing torrent which swamped the country as far as Glorinia destroyed Golden Creek city in the course of a few hours drowning they say about fifteen thousand people and rendering three hundred thousand homeless.

It too was a Sunday, and the Churches of the city were crowded with people hearing Sunday Mass who were all hurried beneath the ruins or engulfed in the flood together with the priests.

There also was a great torrent that came upon East Eastern Angelinia State on the same day. Flood waters from a hurried dam descended in the same vicinity causing a new deluge. I myself witnessed a part of the Lake Solicia horror in November 1912. I first heard the explosions, the ground was strongly convulsed terrible noises were heard and the horizon sky was dense with rolls of black smoke. Soon after a torrent of water poured from the lake near my observation post and to save myself I ran to a slope.

A day after this disaster a fresh outbreak of horrors occurred. I preserved a manuscript which mentioned this disaster which caused the destruction of numerous groves near the place where I observed it. This disaster which lasted for twelve days commenced also in November two days after I escaped from the Lake Solicia horror. I saw a violent explosion also that made me think an eruption broke out. The towns of Cardinal Bembo, and Fazzello were destroyed by the concussion, and a quantity of flood waters engulfed three villages, and several new disasters were recorded almost at the same time. On the first of December a fresh outburst occurred. A number of lakes of the River Bete were opened on the south side by explosions near the city of La Fontanelle and a quantity of water burst forth which flowed in the direction of Gertrude village, destroying a part of Santonion, and St Antonio.

In four days the flood ran six hundred miles. The levee at the north and then suddenly fell in letting a torrent enter. Through a diastema occurred in the same day. Glendale town was partly destroyed by a violent explosion a year by and explosions became frequent about ten miles away. On Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday important disasters occurred. On the eighth of December a new flood torrent opened on the northwest side of Angelina State, and five days later several new inundations broke loose in the west, and poured out vast volumes of water which threatened to overwhelm Angelina Junction. I have a good detailed report of this flood. It was observed also by many men of different nations, and there are a number of narrations regarding it. The flood was in every respect one of the most terrible on record. Great forest fires also broke out on mountain sides, and the sun was obscured by the thick clouds of smoke covering the sky, and a strange whirlwind of hot gases blew over the face of the mountain, at the same time something like earthquakes as earthquakes caused by explosions were felt, and they continued to increase in violence for three days, at the end of which occurred a mighty explosion that reduced a town of Panter into ruins. A fissure was torn in the levee of the Aronburg Run nearly twelve miles long. The flood poured over a vast territory and there was a strange low bellowing sound reported that could be heard over forty miles away. At night it was said a bright light proceeded from the forest fires seen for two hundred miles. Six floods reigned with the principal one, and toward the close of the fourth day, a new disaster opened new floods about a mile below the other horror, and an explosion covered the country with fallen debris for a distance of sixty miles.

The new breach in the levee soon vomited forth a torrent of water that presented a rolling front of two miles. It encircled the city of Standard, and flowed toward Minnie a town of eighteen thousand people which was entirely swept away. Seven new floods broke from other territories and in three days united with the main one forming one large flood a hundred miles broad. The torrent of water continued to flow and it destroyed the town of St. Anna on No. December the 25th. On the same day the flood brought forth all the wreck to a jam which was packed so tightly that the flood had to change course and flowed into the bigger rivers which received most of the water, and threatened to overtop their own levees. The original current of the flood had then divided into three new ones one of which destroyed the town of San Pedro, the second Tondo, and the third the lands about Angeline Junction, and afterwards the villages in the immediate neighborhood. Fourteen towns were afterwards swept out of existence, and the flood made its way toward Angeline Junction. Near here it is recorded a fork of the flood occurred. It undermined a hill near Panellio two miles from Angeline Junction all the hill being covered with forests and cornfields and farms and carried it forward a considerable distance, a vineyard was also seen floating on the watery surface before it broke asunder and dissolved into the water.

When the water reached the city of Angeline Junction, it accumulated for a time through the lower streets without much progression, but it kept rising higher and higher hour by hour and overwhelmed and overran a part of the city. Another portion of the same flood threw down the buildings of the north part of Maroulien and carried death and destruction in its course. On the following morning the flood reached the sea which it entered as a torrent fifty miles wide and at some places forty feet deep. It is considered the length of this flood was three hundred miles while its greatest width was between two and three hundred miles. For a few days after this terrible disaster none was heard of but three days later a new deluge came from a blasted opening in the Mic-Hollister Run River near Mic-Hollister Junction and the water rushed down on the city and loud noises resembling the discharges of heavy artillery were heard. A violent explosion followed and the town was engulfed in the flood, and eighteen thousand of its inhabitants perished. It is said that in all fifty cities and towns were destroyed in this inundation together with over one hundred thousand people. The following day elsewhere witnessed a flood but no serious disaster resulted. A fire broke out and the great column of black smoke which issued from the flames was seen as they say three hundred miles. Loud detonations from scores of great explosions were heard, and two streams or seas of fire surged through the forests. A new conflagration broke out near Rocca Totta four miles from Mic-Hollister Junction and an extraordinary flood of water descended from a undermined dam carrying all before it, and straving its path with wreckage of all sorts. The volume of water was estimated to be about 976,000,000,000 feet probably a greater amount indeed than could be furnished by any good sized river. It formed a channel six miles broad and in some places sixty feet deep and it flowed at the rate of two miles a minute minutes during the thirty miles of its swifter course. The flood was produced by the destruction of the dam.

It was believed a smart shock like an earthquake produced by some explosion caused the wall of the dam to fall out. The explosion torn in a long levee of the Mic-Hollister Run River a gap which they say was seven miles long terminating in a new and tremendous flood. This flood encountered a sort of rise of ground in its course, and separated into two floods each of which was about fifty miles in extent. Other gaps were torn in the levees later by the enemy and emitted larger quantities of water while elsewhere there were slighter floods. Concussions were also prevalent with the bursting of these levees by explosions and vast volumes of debris were carried out to sea, and the smoke of great fires were also carried over the land seeming to form a great bridge between Calverinia and Abyssinkile. A torrent of water flowed toward the town of Adernio, and a second flowed as far as thirty miles southwest of Angelina Agathie. By one of the explosions a pit was opened below the levee and the country round was desolated. For ten days after here and there slight disasters occurred simultaneously. In one week of December not less than twenty one disasters occurred between the towns of Gut Castiglio and Furni, and a week later more than thirty thirty disasters occurred on a straight line running eastward for forty miles. Explosions seemed to momentarily eject from the ground jets of fire, accompanied by much smoke towering as high as if from great volcanic eruptions. In January new disasters again occurred, and three of which were floods and which united into one large inundation and poured forth in a large quantity of water. The flood flowed on until it reached the town of Val Del Bui, and it is no more. Emperor Vivian observed that the flood had flowed at the rate of fourteen miles an hour nine months after its emission from the broken levees.

Disasters occurred every day in January without a break, and fifteen floods occurred in middle Angelina State. The flood finally divided into three streams the two main of which soon came to a standstill, which the central stream continued to flow at the rate of thirty miles an hour. A forest fire broke out two hundred miles away, and the heat of it, at a distance of three hundred miles with the wind blowing from its direction was 99.0F. A new flood also broke out just beyond the town of Bronte Junction, and the flood rushing over the old battle ground of Empire Greaserods threatened the town, but it fortunately encountered resistance from sand flows from some unknown source and was forced to change its course. While a large number of inhabitants of Bronte Junction were doing what they could to strengthen levees and frustrate the floods advance, a scarpion of the levee was blown out by an explosion. Debris and water was hurled in every direction and a cloud of dirt smoke stones and smoke enveloped everything. Two hundred and six persons were killed on the spot and six hundred survived only a few hours, and a thousand were hurt.

This however was a very violent flood which lasted in that quarter more than nine months before. It was first witnessed so I was told by a party of sixteen English origin Tourists, who were in our country to witness what they dared of this tremendous war. As they approached Bonte Junction the flood came. They were in a narrow defile and the concussion of a distant explosion over threw the horses and the riders, and forced them to seek shelter on high rises of ground. They sheltered themselves beneath some high overhanging rocks, when suddenly a nearer concussion shook the hill, and the horses fled in terror. They remained there for days surrounded by the waters, and were finally rescued none the worse for their terror. In the course of the night many rifts of debris floated by. This flood continued for a long time with abated violence during the early months from June 1912 to June the next year and then did not fully cease. The entire mass of waters hurled forth is estimated to be one third as big as the floods now raging with an average depth of about eighty feet or more.

In March of this year frequent shocks from explosions were felt by the towns of northeastern Calverinia. Clouds of smoke were emitted to a great height by the explosions and frequent roaring sounds were heard. On the night of the 30th of March a violent shock was felt at Angelina Agathie. Somewhere near there a forest fire broke out and burned at the rate of a mile or so an hour and finally divided into two fires. By April the 10th the fires had increased to seven in number and they were all situated along a line stretching along the forest sea of Middle Southern Calverinia working northwards. From some unknown source came forth loud detonations three or four hundred times a minute so it was said, but there has been no loss of life in consequence here. It will be seen from the foregoing account that there is a great likeness in the general character of the disasters of this war. Something like earthquakes accompany the explosions, loud explosions are heard as frequent as gunfire smoke and dirt are hurled upwards. Out of seventy eight enormous disasters

I know you girls and boys on the raft are all aware of the nature of the plan that the Emperor makes, and you may be sure that those Glendalians know if they also know of it what whether they do it or not I cannot say-- they would make an effort to get it, on the Glendalians bitterly resent the mobilization of such enormous christian armies north that has been going on for the last two months. I have known enough of the nature of the empire to know that it was evident from general kindnesses shown to me to day that either he is suspicious of something wrong--within of course is possible--or if not then he has nothing to say. I should imagine myself that he is terribly suspicious, because important persons are missing from his headquarters. Had Emperor Vivian been well when the battle raged at Underhill it is likely enough that he as the head of the nation would have told us of its existence, but you and I was also wounded at the time, while his wife, Empress, was at Pandora at the time, and was therefore probably without of the secret. It is awkward, extremely awkward. Of course if not stolen the will order may turn up at any time between this week and the next, any how if a spy was here he cannot make escape, as strict orders are in effect always given to allow strange soldiers or any soldier to leave camp without being searched and investigated but I hardly know what steps have been taken. If our friends and the others have made up their minds that this plan must either not see the enemy camp under any conditions, or that it shall be immediately stopped they are likely to carry it through to the end, and I have therefore plans how to remain on the defense. The others quite agreed with Emperor Vivian and others about that and so do I. I have never been able to understand it however now I believe have you any reason to do so for when I first got back here by the aid of the Indians I learned a good deal on the part Emperor Vivian had played to have the enemies of their great disaster investigated, and that of course set in altogether against the plan. You and your followers are still risking.

Of course my dear friend Gertrude Angelina I do not wish to alarm you about the plan, still you ought to know how things stand, and some of Vivian's boy scouts this morning asked me to tell you all there is. I tell you hope to be in a few days again able to give you better news. Things may not be as they fear. But you know this is the fortune of war.

Your dearest friend,

Miss Jennie Turner.

Emperor Vivian's army.

Evangelina St. Claire.

While she had continued to try to read this disappointing letter her face had continued to grow paler, as she came to the conclusion her hands trembled and in a faint voice she gasped:

"I...I don't understand....." and with a low cry of pain as of some creature wounded to death she staggered to her feet, stretched out her hands as for help and would have fallen to the ground if Pandor himself had not caught her in his strong arms and helped her to a couch, whispering to her as if in a dead faint. She looked round her in a most dazed way, then catching sight of the letter lying on the floor, she turned her face in her hands with a low moan of pain. Pandor gathered her up tenderly in his arms and still bathing her forehead and chaffing her cold hands soothed and comforted her as a loving brother would a sick sister. Gertrude's breath came in low sobs and it was some time before Pandor dared ask her what it was that Gertrude said. Surely that is Miss Jennie Turner's handwriting. She cannot be dead! He could barely whisper the words.

"No, no the situation is worse--than that, even to her-- I would have borne that--she--she sent me such shocking news, Christian first caught at Mic-Whither, our best general a friend killed in an exploit, Emperor Vivian killed, Violet and her sisters not yet back--it is enough to make one faithless in the cause! The fate is striking for us, and Evangelina St. Claire is impossible to understand. And after all our prayers, all our sacrifices during these long tedious years! Oh it is too cruel! I cannot bear it, I cannot bear it!"

"But Gertrude dear it is impossible.....There is some mistake," gasped Pandor. "Why it is only four days ago she wrote you such a lovely letter."

"Yes, and how she sent me this.....she said she didn't wish to disturb me until it was sure. And now she o--own wrote that Emperor Vivian is ill sick dead, and with a powerful army concentrating upon the Christians and under that terrible central but Pandor's Glendalians has entered upon the heart of the world to be broken. Now I almost believe Vivian was right, that we are the losing side....."

And the friendly boy and girl lay in each others arms for several minutes utterly crushed by sorrow and disappointment to be able to find relief in tears! Inst Pandor said gently:

Gertrude, let us explore our blessed lord, for he is the only one who can give us strength to be resigned under this terrible disappointment and also to see help. Maybe she made a mistake in her feelings and might change it in another letter."

"Yes you go, Pandor," said Gertrude.... "I cannot--I'm afraid I could not pray, I'm too crushed--and what would be the good of praying? Have I not prayed and God knows how fervently and trustfully ever since I went into the army and it seems the last six months God has refused my prayer as refused to grant my petitions. How can I ever again believe in prayer?"

After Pandor went away Gertrude sat for a very long time with this letter before her. She had not from the shock read it straight through, but after some what recovering herself, and glancing again at the first few lines that told of the losses of battle just past, and the death of one of her dear friends she again had laid it aside and it was a long time before she took it up again. This man had been the love of her own life a father to her, and once when she had been seriously wounded he had watched over her and so faithfully nursed her, and that for her sake and those of her followers he had planned to get her a higher commission for her bravery. The shock of his death, the loss of the battle reported, the Vivian girls not yet back, and the raid in Emperor Vivian's headquarters, and of his being ill was a blow to her. Not that she had any thought that the past would ever return. Jennie's letters since she reached the army fully had shown that she regarded something unusual approaching something ill foreboding, but aside the receiving of such letters she had always thought of even her with a tender affection as one who might have been her sister. The last day they had been together had brought them very close together. She had assumed the footing of a sister. They had had but one talk alone and she had then said that she hoped Jennie would reach the christian army safely in the airship. She had shaken her head quietly and said:

"It is well that you should know Gertrude. I have seen a lot of this distressing disturbance since I became a girl. A little I don't think it will be this moderate much longer. A little time ago I did wish it would get better, and that we should be able to go on until we see our scheme realized, but I am sure, quite sure that it is not to be. It'll soon turn out to be a terrible war, and therefore I must be ready to go anywhere I'm summoned and am happy in the thought that I can be of good service to my country. Don't cry Gertrude dear! I don't want a single cloud to hang over our memories when I am gone. I am probably for good! I am happier than I have ever been in my life, and I do not fear the venture in the airship which I managed to secure! I have set my mind upon that, and if I see a cloud upon your face it will spoil it all...."

Still in spite of this she had hoped that Jennie might have taken too gloomy a view of the case, and that any chances of new disasters might yet either be a far distant event or not occur at all. And now it seemed all over. Her friend was dead, a good general, who had even been like a loving father to Jennie too. Mic-Whither's death repulsed the christian attack with great loss of ships. Loss of life too was immense. Even on many hearts she knew which had beaten so kindly for her and her friends was silenced forever. How could she bear it. Oh how she ached to jab a Glendal Glendalians wither in the back with her hunting knife. It was a long time before Gertrude recovered sufficiently from her grief and disappointment to take up the letter again. She did so with an air almost of indifference. She had learned the news and doubtless all this long epistle contained many details of which she did not care to read. But as she read, her grief almost increased and changed to wild yet calm anger and fury. She read it through and then throwing it on the table stood up and walked up and down the tent. She then spoke to the sentry on duty.

"Send some one for Angelina Riches."

"Angelina Riches, Yes Miss A--uh--uh."

So those Glendalians, who she knew were trying to ruin the lives of all christians were now going to attack Emperor Vivian's army, and had sent a girl to join him of his plans. They should not do it if she could help it. NEVER. Gertrude Angelina always had been a high spirited girl and strong willed. As steel, and I was dyed in when aroused and although those who had known her through her scout work so far would have taken her for a quiet and gentle child whose thoughts were entirely wrapped up in her duties, the old spirit was alive yet, as with head thrown back, and an angry flush on her cheeks she declared to herself that through her, and through her alone! Emperor Vivian will never lose a battle in the future. Now or in what manner, she not not say, she only knew that she was as much her enemy as he was of the

797

Vivian Girls, and if she could only, KILL him. Had it been otherwise the fact she might have been softened toward him, but this fact only added to the hostility she bore him. She hated any one who hated Violet, and her sisters. Federal, had tried to ruin their lives, and so had all his chief generals now she would defeat the scoundrel at all costs. She'll make it a fact that she'll frustrate his plans to crush Emperor Vivian a even at the distance she was from that place. Federal would not win if she could help it. She would have his crushed instead if it cost her her life. There was of course nothing to be done yet right away, but she would make her plans and suggest it to Jennie Turner to have it carried out. First she must hear from Jennie again not until she knew that the discovery of the plans missing was a fact, that its recovery was hopeless. Then it would be time for her to do something.

The thought barely occurred to her that the loss of this plan might make serious differences in her own circumstances, and that some great disaster may even befall her. That was so secondary a consideration that it at present gave her no trouble. It was of the peril of her friends in Emperor Vivian's army and of the failure of the Vivian Girls returning, she thought. And also of Jennie, and the poor men who were killed. Were the plans that Emperor Vivian made--to be shattered and his army crushed while he was ill? This to her mind was even more than the loss that any one else could suffer.

"The Glandelinians may have destroyed the plan," she said at last. "But if not one man will find it, and I'll bring Emperor Vivian through the crisis if I die for it."

Gertrude went to the telephone as Angeline Richee did not appear.

"I want to speak to Angeline Jennings please, yes, Miss Jennings, now genders stupid."

"What was the name please," came the answer.

"Go to grass and jump in the lake," retorted Gertrude, and she hung up the receiver.

"I'll go to her myself," she said to her sentry. "Let no one in until I return. Penrod has my instructions and if you do he'll hold you responsible." In a few minutes she had shown the letter to Angeline Jennings and then said:

"Evidently the plans have not been found. This is terrible. The officers and Jennie has searched in vain as she wrote. Every cabinet and drawer in the Emperor's headquarters had been ransacked for the missing document. And Emperor Vivian is ill. And no signs whatever have been found of the plans. General Roswell Buster Johnston is perfectly convinced that it may be hidden in some altogether exceptional place, and that in his illness Emperor Vivian does not remember well, but the others criticize him. The plans was not a bulky document as he says and might have been stowed away in a comparatively small hiding place such as a secret drawer or a cabinet, but the papers that Emperor Hanson is missing are bulky, besides what was in his pocket book and would take up so large a space that the generals are convinced that had a secret hiding place sufficiently large to hold them existed in any of the partial articles of furniture they have searched, they should have discovered it. Of course Miss Jennings, we feel this matter personally, it'll be disastrous to us too, as Jennie Turner was you know joint maker of this plan with my own help. We cannot but feel however that the loss is greater in their case than in ours and if Federal obtains possession Emperor Vivian would be destroyed. Jennie was never informed in the first place of Emperor Vivian's intentions toward concentrating upon the Glandelinian armies under general Federal and although of course we should have been glad to know that the Emperor had had brilliant prospects of licking this scoundrel, the loss of his plans do not we know affect him so much as the fact that no one no one can seem to locate his daughters. In the case of other situations it is different, and over the loss of the Vivian Girls his very prospects in life will of course be seriously affected, and I feel very much deep regret for this. I and Penrod have talked and grieved over the letter together, and while fully sharing my indignation at the conduct of the enemy hardly see that anything can be done to discover whether the plans are lost or not. However should you suggest or should be able to point out any manner in which a search for it can be carried on by Jennie over there, we shall be happy to do what we can to aid in the matter even at this distance as it is clearly our duty to endeavor to obtain for the Emperor the plans that seems to be missing. Jennie tells us in the letter that it is clear the spies have quite determined upon their own line of conduct, whatever they might have accomplished no one knows and no one else has been able to do anything in the matter. Even the girl and boy scouts have aided general Kindermere in his search for the plans. Every one has reason to believe from what Emperor Vivian had suspected that the plans was a very important one, that if God intended it should never reach the enemy's lines it would never do so."

798

He asked every one plainly if they were aware of the existence of any place in which it was likely that Emperor Vivian had placed it. To this Hanson himself, said that he had never seen the plans, that he couldn't understand it and that he did not know where Emperor Vivian had placed it, for aught he knew spies might have taken it, as well as his own documents. As to hiding places he knew of no hiding place whose existence he could in accordance with the dictates of his conscience divulge. So that is where we are at present Miss Aron Angeline Jennings. I believe that Jennie Turner is going to try to get a duplicate copy of the plan that he has in his possession admitted under the circumstances as proof of Emperor Vivian's intentions. But she owed to us or to me rather in this letter that she thought it very doubtful whether she should be able to do so, especially as Emperor Vivian had stated to her that since the loss is discovered he intended to make alterations, and it would be quite possible therefore to frustrate the enemy by that means."

For a few minutes Angeline Jennings studied the letter over, and then first asked:

"Are you sure this came from Jennie Turner?"

"It certainly did."

Angeline laid down the letter, and after thinking for a time said: "Well Gertrude dear the singular disappearance of the plan is strange but we must not let the matter rest, but shall have Jennie investigate, to make a closer search of the room than before to find out if the plans are in any secret place. In the second place Gertrude we must go on and try to get there as soon as we possibly can. I hope our own situation will not be affected by the loss of the plan for at the time when the plan was made, Emperor Vivian signed your name making it as your sole authorship. This assignment was of a binding character and of course continues to hold good. We shall consider it our duty to keep up correspondence with her."

Little as Gertrude had thought of herself from the time when she first learned that the plan was missing, the news of the generals' death, the destruction of the fleet attacking Mic-Whirther Janet, and the Vivian Girls still missing made her almost despair. She had formed no plans for herself but had vaguely contemplated the necessity of giving up the expedition as soon as it was decided that the plans could not be found, and try to find and get a Blenglimmensen creature to fly with her to the Christian army. However as she well knew there was no occasion no opportunity for her to do this for without difficulty some plan she might determine upon. Angeline Richee soon appeared, having first gone to Gertrude's tent, and learning where she went came to Angeline Jennings' headquarters and was ushered in. Upon the receipt of the letter announcing the death of the good general who had been their friend so long, she told nothing of it to Angeline Richee just then but now when Angeline Richee asked the reason for the summons Gertrude related to her the whole circumstances.

Angeline Richee had not known previously, Emperor Vivian's intentions of what he was going to do concerning Federal's concentration against him, being only told that he intended to push his way through when the opportunity presented itself and had considered that the agreement carried out by his fellow Court and generals was to arrange ways to give this Glandelinian army a licking which was never heard of before. Angeline Richee was surprised of the loss and she showed her regret equally as had as Gertrude did.

"Of course," said Gertrude the loss of Emperor Vivian's plan, my dear friend affects you as much as it does me as there can be no doubt that he had made some provisions in his plans for the regular movements which he had so kindly promised his daughters would send their arch enemy flying for shelter. This opportunity of course unless the plan is found he will of course lose. I have been and am a general's niece, and having also been a general's daughter I know that for any one to win any victory in the army conflicts it is necessary for all generals to keep the utmost secrecy of all plans they made, and therefore as I know as much of military affairs as any general does I can probably assist him, and though it was a shock to me, it was good too to have received the news from Jennie as that will be a lucky strike for him through her. I'll fear frustrate Federal myself even from this distance. I now have only eighty miles more to go to get there and by heaven I'm bound to make it before the end of this month or I'm not the nick name Gertrude. Angeline but a dumb dora failure and I mean it. My mind is made up. I have had good schooling, I have been calculating things up, and find that we can all get busy making our own plans to either have the Emperors found or frustrate Federal myself in other ways without making any difference in the distance of which I am from there as we can rely on our telegraphic instruments."

And Angeline you will be able to see that for yourself. Our country is more at stake now than before and I'm afraid I'll have to agree with Mildred Maxwell in her debatement. You need therefore feel no hesitating in accepting my own plan. It is not going to be a large plan that'll take long to form out but I know if it is carried out it will make a great deal difference in the awful situation and it will be a great pleasure to me to know that Jennie consented to a letter on how the battle turned out in case I do not get there before it starts. And it makes all the difference in the world whether one has a four or one single plan made up. You wrote once six months ago to me and told me of the handsome present Violet and her sisters made you at parting for doing them a favor that astonished the world on a haring of.....

This my friend and companion I should keep if I were you as a reserve only to be touched in cases of unexpected difficulties or needs. And besides no one can say when such needs may occur. I hope you will not pain me by saying you don't think the plan of mine won't work because nothing you can or will say will alter my determination to go through with it, and it will be also of course very much more pleasant to me to know that it will be a greater pleasure to you to help me pull it through as it is to me to help Emperor Vivian, while his good daughters are still missing. I have heard several nice times from Radcliffe and little, dear little Jennie too, they are all well in high spirits and they have asked me to tell you of their remembrances to you. I do not yet give up all hope after all as at first I did the plan may be found one of these days, but it is just as well that we should not build in the slightest upon it, and so I'm going to act..

"Gertrude dear it is awfully good of you to think of the country that way. After what you say, and after what I have read of in this long telegram, of course I cannot doubt of it, that you can do something, and if the trouble would in the slightest way inconvenience you I'll lend all the help that is necessary. But as you say that now since Violet, and her sisters, are still missing, we two and some of the others like Gracedelina, Mildred, and so forth must act for a time in their places, represent them if possible, and what we may accomplish the nation will thank us very heartily for it. I believe I could guess a way to allow Hanson Vivian to give Federal a good sock on the jaw. I fancy that a good many generals in our armies have nothing to do about it, or can't do anything, and I suspect if the plans were so cleverly taken that it may have been these "Mutt and Jeff" spies at work. Of course we all know in war times, and such an awful war like this things are not what we like, and even lots of men get commissions who would not have done so when the army was only less than a pinhead of its size as it is now and was considered as a gentlemanly profession instead of a real fighting machine. However as you say it is a good deal more pleasant seeing Federal getting thrown off his own guard, than having a chance to do Emperor Vivian's army. Despite our adventures on this raft you know Gertrude we are getting on good here, but it will enable us to do something. I think in another week we shall have gone further than before, that we shall be over half this peril, and shall then begin to reach Evangeline St Claire providing the conflagration does not beat us to it."

"We could depend on all of them here to help us," said Gertrude. They are all jolly, here, always up to some good fun or other friendly together and loving too and willing to do anything. I always thought when the boys would be in the military service they would be rather serious but it seems to me there is ever so much more fun here among them, than among those with whom I used to go to school. In school you know I got off very well because you see, what with school, and my parent being a general I had learned to be like them and take things good tempered, and when they all see that you are as ready for fun as they are they soon give up bothering you."

"There is something serious however in this letter too," said Angeline. Jennie also states on a smaller description that she had before the plans were missing has discovered her door screwed up when she went back after noon, and her boots full of water. Then when she had laid down in bed to rest up for the afternoon some one must have got a ladder and threw a lot of mud into the bedroom in the middle of the night. Of course she has done all she can to get the case investigated, for she really is a good spy herself, and explained to all of the girls of Violet and her sisters commands that it may have been the "Mutt and Jeff" gang. This has been an awfully long telegraphic note as she wrote, and how long she took to do it I do not know. But anyhow Gertrude don't tell it to anyone else or our whole force will be upset about the case, and then they may not have courage to do our work."

"I'll keep it a secret," she said. "Further as we see here Jennie also wrote that she had failed to induce anyone to accept the copy of the original plan, as an alteration of it that way would be fatal if it was already in the hands of the enemy. She had however obtained an order from Hanson author

ing authorizing her throughout to have the whole place searched, and to take down all wall paper and to pull up any floors that might appear likely to conceal any hiding place, while Hanson had issued orders that all officers of any rank trying to leave camp should be held and searched before allowed to go, even if to undress then and there to make the search. The generals were so indignant that they had even their own headquarters ransacked from top to bottom for any hidden spies. Jennie herself had five carpenters of the army and two military masons with her, and she tapped every square foot of square foot of the walls of the house, took down the wainscoting wherever there was the slightest hollow sound, lifted lots of the flooring, and even wrenched up several of the hearthstones, but could not find a thing whatever. There was a staircase leading from behind the wainscoting in Emperor Vivian's own room to a door covered with ivy and concealed from view by high bushes to the left of the house, and though it looked as if the ivy had evidently not been disturbed as long as it grew there, this passage even was investigated but nothing found except footsteps that look strange. Jennie truly regrets that the search should have been so unsuccessful, and can only say that all that could be done had been done. That the spies may have the plans she has not the slightest shadow of a doubt unless of course Emperor Vivian told it up before this, when he had to go away because of his illness. As to that she can give no opinion and indeed as it is a matter in which us girls' scout leaders are concerned our judgement as to the probabilities is much as correct as Jennie's. I too suspect that "Mutt and Jeff" fellows. As I expected, they will put the country into a bottom tomorrow and so as soon as I ever meet up with them again I'm going to do some shooting and I don't mean maybe. Jennie has requested me to destroy all papers and letters that she sends me after I have looked them over. This of course I have done and shall do. I need hardly say that in no case could I have consented to set if it was not for this. In conclusion I will say that we will do the work ourselves, and that Federal will blush with shame when we are through with him."

Angeline Riches was sorely disappointed indeed at the news of the letter for she had quite made up her mind that the plans would not be found. These two professional international spies had clearly made up their minds to deprive Emperor Vivian and his brother of their chances to win in case Federal would attack and if they felt sure they might be apprehended they would destroy or conceal the plans in some fresh place where the searchers would never be likely to look for it. She did not think it likely therefore that the plans had been hidden in any hiding place for any thing like that might be discovered by such clever professional spies, and she felt assured that were it discovered it would be now found empty.

"Very well," said Gertrude in a quiet determined voice, as she closed up the letter. "Poor Jennie has failed. Now I shall take up the matter even here. I dare say you think you have won Mr. Professional spies, that you can make general Pugnose Federal master of the situation. You will see the battle has not yet begun. It will last however, I can tell you all your lives, or mine, and I'll live to it that General Federal's Pugnose will be flatter than usual."

While Gertrude and all the other girls' scout officers were at Mess that evening all altogether unexpected event took place.

Another strange telegraphic letter arrived from some unknown source. Upon opening it, for it was addressed to Angeline Jennings, it was found to contain an offer upon the part of some strange person to settle the sum of a hundred thousand a year for life upon Angeline's Armburg upon the condition only that the allowance would be not forthcoming unless she would not do anything in the matter about the lost plans, and the disappearance of the Vivian Girl Princesses. The telegraphic letter was addressed to Angeline Jennings, yet queerer still the letter was meant for Angeline's Armburg, and after reading it she passed it to Gertrude without a word. She was too surprised to say anything for the moment, especially as so many others were at mess, and she surprised Miss Jennings by laying the letter beside her until supper was over, and every one except Angeline Riches, Miss Jennings, and Penrod had gone out. These she had retained by signal.

"Well Gertrude what do you think of it?" she asked. "Isn't that a good bribe?"

"What do you think of it yourself?" she replied.

Angeline Jennings hesitated, and then said:

"Well Gertrude it is a sort of a thing that for us all requires so much thinking about that I have had scarcely any time to turn it over in my mind yet, especially with all the other officers eating here at the time and having no idea what this long telegram contained. I would rather really hear what you think about it as you are the superior...."

Gertrude remained silent, and she went on. "Of course it would be a very nice thing indeed for any one to have such a provision for life but I wouldn't see sell my country's cause for anything."

A slight smile passed across Gertrude's face, and Angeline Jennings saw that that was not at all the way in which she (Gertrude) looked at it. "That is just like you girls' scout leaders," she said a little pettishly. "You ask us girls what we think about things when you have perfectly made up your minds what you mean to do, whether we agree with you or not, because you have the higher commissions...."

"Well I don't think that is often the case with us. Still Angeline I did want to see whether the matter would have struck you at once in the same light in which I see it, and I perceive that it has not. What think you Miss Riches?"

"That letter is suspicious."

"What think you Penrod?"

"My opinion is the same."

"Well Penrod, let me hear your view of the matter. I dare say we girls may agree with you when you tell us what it is."

"Well then," began Miss Riches, "Penrod rather seriously. It appears to me that we cannot accept this offer for any cause."

The girls looked a little surprised. The situation of the country and its cause was not in any good circumstances, and assured as they had been at the signal victory of the Christian armies at Cedernine, they had not endeavored to investigate further. The disappearance of the plan, and the failure of any one to locate Violet, and her sisters had disappointed their hopes, Gertrude was discouraged and almost in despair and all the combination of these past horrible disasters had raised many anxious thoughts respecting the nation's direful future, and the offer contained in the letter had therefore sunk her. I still more, and filled her with suspicion. Therefore she greatly valued Penrod's judgement and therefore replied:

"Why Penrod does dear...."

"Well you see Gertrude, we are all entirely agreed that these dreadful spies, these scoundrels that looked me that day in the den of rattlesnakes are making efforts to deprive Emperor Vivian's army of any chances to whip or frustrate general Pugnose's pure purpose near Evangeline St. Claire. They if they could not take it along with them have concealed or destroyed Emperor Vivian's plans, so he cannot remember how to carry it out, and are at present even in the Christian armies still. They are hard to detect too so clever are their disguises. Now I do not think that under these circumstances we can accept such a bribe when we know what it means. To do so would be practically to acquiesce in what we consider the robbery of our great Emperor whose beautiful girls His Princely daughters have so dearly befriended us and me in particular, and the acceptance would of course involve friendly relations with Our Lords and their enemies, a thing which believing as we do that even the producer of this telegram are acting wickedly, would be distasteful in the extreme not to say impossible, and if we do this, we might as well throw our uniforms off and put on the gray and fly the Glandelinian flag on our raft."

"Of course you are right Penrod dear," Angeline Riches herself said, rising from her seat and going over and kissing Penrod tenderly. "I had not thought of it in that light at all, did not even think it was a bribe so bad as that. In fact I had hardly thought of it at all, except that it would be nice to see Gertrude receive such a good huge sum supposing she could have used it for the cause...."

"It would be nice indeed. But we surely need not be anxious about her," said Angeline Jennings. "We may hope we'll all make a successful outcome of it. We hope too that we all may be spared long enough to make some provisions for this trip down the flood and accomplish as much as we can. Lastly dear Mother will be anxious, because we trust that God, and even His Blessed Mother will provide for us all should we be threatened with disaster. But even were I sure that we should all perish together, I would rather leave our own souls in the hands of God than accept money that would be the ruin of our cause by such a bribe. It is mere hush money and that's final its a condone and most abominable action, hush money so we won't reveal what we might know about the disappearance of the plan, and of Violet and her sisters failure to be found. There is too another point from which this matter can be looked at. You see this curious condition they propose that the money shall be for us girls' scouts and go home. Why should they propose such a condition?"

"I am sure I don't know Angelina for of course we should never give our sanction to any such conditions when it is a strange kind of a bribe, and surely such persons would not disapprove of a choice that we approve of."

"Well they might," said Penrod. "You know how bitterly all the Glandelinians generally hate the Vivian Girl Princesses, and how they resented their placing themselves at the head of the armies. It is also quite possible the foe generals may have had an idea of Emperor Vivians views about the situation. Violet and her sisters were planning to have investigated, and are determined that the Christian nation shall not benefit through any efforts of the Vivian Girls by any means whatever, and this clause is specially designed so that in case the Vivian Girls are ever recovered, the enemy may be able if not to stop their plan, at any rate to stop Emperor Vivians plans. That is the only fairer interpretation that I can give to this condition."

"Very likely that is so Penrod." Really these Glandelinian generals are getting more wicked and detestable every day."

"Penrod smiled at Gertrudes vehemence. "There is still another reason why we cannot accept the bribe. By the enemy Violet, and her sisters have been defrauded of much of their own rights as much defrauded as their father, and their mother and Aunt, as you see by their letters sent us are determined not to sit down quietly under the wrong done them, and the whole nation, just because the Glandelinians hate our Poor Dear Blessed Lord, what those two Noble Queens mean to do I have not the slightest idea, nor do I think there is the most remote possibility that any Glandelinian authorities will ever be able to frustrate them. Women you know are adamant. And Jennie Turner has made almost throughout search of Emperor Vivians headquarters, and do what she will, she cannot have any more opportunity of searching as she has done. Still she too had something on her mind. She had notified Emperor Robert Vivian asking him where he had hid the plans, and he denied that he ever hid them in any secret place. Therefore she intends to make some attempt or other to recover the plans or have them altered, which if done will be disastrous to general Federal before any of the Manleys can come to his aid. Therefore we cannot but regard her as our best assistant in this matter. Now were we to accept the bribe we should in fact be acquiescing, not only in the wrong done to every one of our friends and the horrors done to the country in general but in that done to Violet, and her sisters our dearest friends, and playing the drama of Judas who betrayed our Lord. We should in fact be going over to the enemy. We could not take the bribe and even tacitly connive in the efforts of Jennie to find the plans."

"I agree with you entirely Penrod. It would be impossible; only I do wish you had managed today all this before letting me be so foolish as to say I thought we ought to take it," said Angelina richie, almost hanging her head.

"You didn't say so dear," Penrod said smiling. "You only gave expression to the first natural thought of any girl that it would be a nice thing for the cause, not knowing it was a bribe as you did not see the letter. Therefore you had no opportunity of giving the matter any further consideration, and I was quite sure that as soon as you thought the matter over you saw it in the same light as I did. But I think before we knowing the address of this sender, send off our reply we should put the matter before both Jean and Mildred, and also Jane Melfort themselves our chief advisers. I have no doubt whatever what their answers will be, but at the same time as this is something very serious they ought to know of the two letters, and the offer which has been made to us as a bribe...."

CONSULTATION.
CALVERINIA DISASTER SOME SCOURGE. TERRIBLE DESOLATION AND
SUFFERING.
ON DETACHMENT.....

Gertrude Angelina, was fully justified in her conviction, that there need be no doubt as to the view Mildred would take of the bribe offer. The girl scout had hitherto been in entire ignorance indeed both as to the plans that were believed to be either stolen or missing, and there was no doubt she had no idea of its existence. Gertrude waited till all had finished the supper and then she, Angelina richie, Miss Jennings, her sister, sister, and Penrod repaired to their consultation tent, and even not only summoned Mildred, but all the reliable officers. As they were called in therefore, Mildred herself was entirely surprised and greatly discouraged when she saw the peculiar look on Gertrudes face, and was told to remain standing while the rest were ordered to down sit. Then Gertrude said:

"I'm somewhat worried about some thing, and though I summoned you all, it is to you Mildred only that I wish to have a serious talk, and the others must help you and us with opinions. But your decision I'll accept. Do you know Mildred, that we all have had a narrow escape from seeing the country suffer a more serious disaster than ever if it had not been for the work of Jennie Turner?"

"A greater disaster Gertrude! What do you mean. You look as if you had seen a ghost, and that you had been crying. Do you mean there's another awful big flood joining this one?"

"Well in one way yes, the Aronburge Run is flooding the whole our country through which it runs because of this flood running into it, but that is not what I wished to talk about. We never told you, but I and Angelina Richie there, made up some very important plan for Emperor Vivian, and we had it sent to him by Jennie. Jennie had confided to me and all of us her intention of dividing or having the army divided into formations so the foe could make no progress whatever."

"What! That's a wonderful plan, Gertrude, but why look so worried about it?"

"Yes my dear I am worried about it, and so are these four with me. General Federal is concentrating upon Trinoquer near Angelina St Claire, and every army force that he has accumulated during the past four months is moving upon Trinoque. That means a fierce action will soon occur at Evangelina St Claire."

"Then Emperor Vivian meant that a disaster is impending there, how is it that we cannot do anything to help. What is the trouble. I see nothing wrong?"

"Not yet, but let me tell you now, simply my dear, because the plan, Hansons important papers, and a document by which General Kindermine left the whole situation to the Emperor and Hanson has either been stolen by two spies or is missing." Then the two letters from Jennie were shown to her, and Gertrude explained the strong grounds there were for believing that the Mutt and Jeff spies may have secured them or hid them in some secret place in the headquarters of some general, and that this place of concealment was therefore only known to the so called International Spies."

"But those wicked spies could surely never be so successful as that Gertrude. Maybe Emperor Vivian in his illness does not remember where he placed them. I know of course those spies who resemble Mutt and Jeff in the fannies, if that is not just merely their disguise are dangerous. Still I don't think it likely they were there for how could they get in, and if they nailed up Jennie's bedroom door how could they do it without being seen even though using screws is needless."

"There is a mystery there. No I think in their way they have been extremely successful Mildred, the only ones they fear more than any person, is Violet, and her sisters, I and Emperor Hanson, and of course Violet and her sisters are still missing, and perhaps if Emperor Vivian had left half his important papers lying round lying round carelessly, nothing would have been found. Nothing seems to have been raided or broken into in Emperor Robert Vivians headquarters, but Hansons windows have been jammed, and his safe and lockers blown, and his desk smashed to pieces in order to get what the spies were looking for. But if they didn't do it themselves they hired some expert, for Hendro Dargar, they would hide from him as if from a ghost. They feared and do fear Dargar most partly no doubt because he's an expert, no disguise can fool him, while he can trap you, and principally on account of what Dargar is, and how he is at the guns, which I once believe they almost had one experience. Now it is in human nature Mildred, by the advice of our Blessed

Blessed Lord, if we want our own sins to be forgiven, we must forgive a wrong done to us, but it seems very hard to forgive a person you have wronged yourself, and that is the nature of these "Mutt and Jeff" fellows. We know their identification, one is from Italy, and another came from Spain. Maybe they are not such wicked fellows, only working for their own interests and big pay, and I know if they could get twice bigger pay from our government they would have immediately shifted sides. But we do not hire spies by wages, Glandelinia does. Anyhow I am convinced that it was somehow or other probably not these spies at all as they are in Myletzes army just now, and I believe it might be either some big blunder or someone trying to get a name for himself and therefore trying to prevent general Kindernine from getting these plans, than the spies getting it themselves, so that probably some one has concealed this w plans or rather refuse to point out its hiding place. Of course Jennie promised this very evening to try by wireless telephone!!!!

"The phone suddenly rang right in the room with a startling suddenness."

Gertrude bading all to be quiet lifted the receiver.

"Hello who is this she called?"

"Is that you Miss Aronburg? Well this is Emperor Hanson Vivian himself. Emperor Vivian is not sick after all, but someone has doped his food as the doctor found, and that is why he was overcome. Evidences from clues point that the two Professional spies have secured the plans. They were almost apprehended as they tried to leave the lines, but they got away though they left their coats behind in their escape. Before they escaped they had been searched and nothing was found on them. The plans are gone nevertheless. I'm ringing off Gertrude, but wait till Jennie calls herself. She has further details. I'm going off to warn Emperor Vivian. Goodbye."

"Gertrude explained what she had heard over the phone (wireless)."

"It does seem hard," said Glandelinia, that those spies escaped. How did they get there from Myletzes army so soon, and with this flood and forest fire?"

"Those spies have a very clever idea of their own Grace. These Glandelinia spies and other will be the ruin of our cause if we can't frustrate them. But this is a matter into which we need not go any further. Well Mildred," she said turning to her, the telephone call just gave us a proof those two spies had been at work. Now I will read you this bribe telegram because I think you ought to know it has been written, and I will then tell you the reasons why the four of us chiefs think the strange bribe offer cannot be accepted...."

Mildred, and all the rest listened in silence until Gertrude had finished the letter and the argument between her and her highest officers with the exception only of that relating to the situation and of the generals death mentioned in the letter. When she had ceased explaining Mildred exclaimed indignantly!!!!

"Of course Gertrude, we could not take the money on such a bribe not even if it were ten thousand times as much, and I'd have the briber face a firing squad too if I had the chance. Why we could not look Violet, and her sisters, and Emperor Vivian in the face again. Besides how could we do this when it would be the same as changing our places with the enemy. We would be doing a very wicked thing, and be a traitor to Our Blessed Lord, who is so outrageously insulted by these Glandelinians?"

"Very well Mildred. I and all the rest here were quite sure that you would agree with us, but at the same time I and the three other chiefs here thought it was perfectly justified before we refused the offer you should know the situation, first, and that the bribe was made. Whatever our sentiments on such an unusual subject are we should not have been justified in refusing without your knowledge an offer that might from a worldly point of view be Gertrude's interest to accept to use for the cause," declared Angeline Jennings. If it was not a bribe we could accept, but there's no way I think of finding out who wrote it, and what character the person is. I first suspected it might at that been a person trying to solve the mystery alone and get all the honor to himself or herself, if that is so I'd be willing to accept the money, but if it was or is hush money so the plans will not be recovered and the Princesses found, we'd rather shoot the one who offered the bribe whether it be boy girl, man or woman."

"Why Penrod?" Mildred said, "I would rather go home, and lay in bed all day than touch money from any such a bribing person as that. If we accept such a bribe then our country's cause is sunk...."

"The situation certainly is not at all very pleasant," Jane Melfort said quietly. "Our very unpleasant voyage here on the raft from our very start shows the situation throughout the country as it is. We have been making the true acquaintance of disaster after disaster since we came in the service. We were nearly a month on the way now I presume or even longer

as we were so often waylaid, or had to stop on shore. Still that was quite a minor question with me. I now am glad the debate is over with Mildred for the present and so Mildred I am first going to have a talk with you personally. And one good talk face to face does more good than a score of letters. First I'll ask you a question. Do you still state your belief that our country is fighting a losing conflict?"

Mildred looked rather surprised, and the idea flashed across her mind that Jane was putting her to a test.

"I presume Miss Melfort from this question you ask, that you are as thoroughly convinced as I am myself that this plan whether still in existence or not or whether hidden somewhere in a building or taken off is causing a nature more serious than we even think? Is that why you asked me that question?"

"Yes indeed. You are of that nature Mildred, one thing I argue with you so often about, but the situation is better supposing it has not been destroyed."

"Do you think Jane that it might have been destroyed?"

"All that I cannot say," the girl said gravely. "I have of course thought much over this matter since this council began. The news of this vexed me much for several good reasons. But you haven't answered my question. Do you still have that opinion?"

"I certainly do."

"Well that's settled," declared Jane. "So do I."

Every one looked in blank amazement at Jane.

"What do you mean?" asked Gertrude.

"Why the enemy literally have us at the throats. In the first place Gertrude, and you yourself Mildred have been good enough to place the matter in Penrod's hands, and to authorize me to act for you and it is always a sort of vexation to any of us professional girlscoouts, when a country they are serving is really losing its cause, especially when we are convinced through evidence that we are in the right. But that should not even discourage us. We have learned or read in history of the American Revolution in the years from 1776 to 1783 or something like that and how in the first five years they were really losing for facts, and how the worm turned against the British in the end. Well we are in the same situation at this period. In the second place there is full evidence that we are just now losing, and I am much disturbed that the wishes of Jennie Turner should not have been carried out, and what makes it far more serious than even the excitement over those floods and other disasters is the disappearance of Violet, and her sisters. Thirdly I feel now that we ourselves are somewhat to blame in the matter in following the entire imprudence of allowing their father Emperor Vivian to be placing his valuable papers in a place where should anything happen suddenly they might not be found when needed, or where spies might be able to secure them. Of course I have or could not have anticipated this unusual case. Still we I believe are partly to blame that we did not have the scouts of the Princesses or Jennie warn Emperor Emperor Vivian of the possibility of what in fact has already taken place. Unless we ourselves do something, and right away, Federal made plans for your father Angeline riches you remember and we won. We can make plans for Emperor Vivian, and have him flatten Federal's purpose good and proper. Lastly and she smiled, "I have a personal feeling in the matter. I have lost a reputation that added considerably to my hopes. I made the plan that is lost."

For a moment all was silent.

"I do not think any of us could be to blame for the matter Jane," said Jane. "I am sure we are not. And we could not have foreseen that any of the enemy could send in professional spies that were likely to turn out pocket book was rifled."

"Well that is a strong expression Jane dear," said her big sister, Mimmie though natural enough I must admit in your position as my sister. All spies are classed as military bandits whether their stealing is sinful or not, and spies always if caught face a firing squad. Yet you see there is a difference between concealing, getting away with, and disclosing. Emperor Vivian himself found so Emperor Vivian cannot carry it out originally and will have to alter it." And enable general Raymond Richardson Federal to take possession of Evangeline St Claire? said Haidid Gessmann.

"Quite so," Miss Gessmann. "I am not defending the conduct of any Glandelinian spies, for their work is morally dishonest in the extreme, for they'll even

resort to the most horrible vandalism to gain their means like we have experienced already following the results of these awful disasters, but I doubt whether it were the two Professionals Matt and Jeff "spies."

"Well now girls" put in Catherine Strahbrook, and you in particular Dolores, I want you to let me know whether you suspect any spies have secured the plans, and finding they could not escape the army with it in their possession, had not destroyed the plans which too is a more punishable offense."

"Gert only the destruction of the plan if it brings the army disaster, and in order that those who destroyed it might enable the enemy to get in possession of important strongholds, would be criminal, and not playing the game of war fair." Said Dolores. "What do you think Angelina." To her sister.

"Well I don't know, I have thought it over a in every sense and think the balance of the probability of the spies even getting possession of it is not true. They might have searched for it and failed. In the first place if they were the two "Professionals" they doubtless might have considered the plans were or is so securely hidden there is little if any chance of its being discovered. Probably Emperor Vivian has forgotten in his strange positioning where he had placed it. Only the Vivian girls know, and their return only will regain it. That this is so, we know from the fact that although Jennie Turner had the Emperor's headquarters ransacked from top to bottom, pulled down wainscoting, lifted floors and tried every imaginable point which either she or the men who were working with her suspected to be a likely spot for a hiding place they did not succeed in finding it, and stranger yet, it was said over the phone that the spies escaped but left their uniform pants and coats behind and nothing was even found anywhere in their possession when they were searched. So evidently the spies did not find the plan, or either sent some one ahead of them with it, who evidently escaped. Now I have suspected that Glandelinian spies wicked as they are, cruel, and deceitful, as well as dangerous have at times somewhat peculiar ideas as to morality and are apt to steer very close to the wind. They may consider themselves perfectly justified in preventing any one finding the plans if they too could not soothe their consciences by the reflection that by such an act they are committing no offense against the Christian army of which the law turns them at the stake for instead of shooting, but while doing this they won't shrink from the absolutely criminal offense of vandalism among ruined towns and villages and among the bodies of the dead. I do not say that now these two "Professional" professionals have entered upon the path they have that they would not destroy the plan if they thought there was a chance of it being discovered if they had been forced to hide it themselves. I only say that thinking it to be absolutely safe they are unlikely to perform an act which if discovered, and they are caught, would bring them under the power of the military law as to cause them to face the death penalty of stake burning. And also girls all you, the two spies may consider themselves also free to believe or if not actually to believe, to try and convince themselves that for aught they know Emperor Vivian for fear of his plans being discovered and known may have destroyed it himself or hid it in some secret chamber, and that they could not therefore find it at all. Upon these grounds if caught the spies know, with no evidence on their person, if they cannot get away, they are not in danger of a death penalty. Therefore I firmly believe the plans are still in existence but I acknowledge that so far as its utility is concerned it might as well have been destroyed, by Emperor Vivian, or Violet and her sisters to prevent it falling into the hands of the foe."

"Well Angelina Jennings" said Penrod himself, "no doubt from the lengthy description you are thinking that you might as well have expressed this opinion to me and the others on paper, and that we all have troubled ourselves very unnecessarily in making this journey from General Richees army, to Emperor Vivians."

"Why yes Penrod, I do not deny that this was in my mind."

"It would have been useless then for me and all the others too, to make this dangerous journey had this been all Angelina." said Hettie Kauffmann. "I am very glad to have heard your opinion, which agrees exactly with that which I myself have formed, but it was scarcely with the object of eliciting it, that we should have attempted to continue our journey. We will now proceed to that part of the subject. We all agree with your statement, and also Jane Welford that the plans may be still in Emperor Vivians headquarters, or that it is hidden in some other building. The next question is how it is it to be found?"

"Ah that is a most difficult question indeed Hettie." said Francis Lillian.

"Yes it is difficult but I do not think it is impossible" said Heidi.

"Why?" asked Jane.

"We have done our best it seemed and failed. No one has any further

suggestion to offer on the situation no plan to that occurs to us by which we might discover it?"

"None whatever." Mary Stanek said decidedly. "Jennie Turner as that long telegramic letter states has done all that she could do, and have I'm afraid dismissed the question altogether from my mind or her mind rather. She had the authority of Emperor Hanson to search, and she had searched very fully, and has reported her failure to the Emperor. And the power to search would certainly not be renewed unless upon some very strong grounds indeed."

"I suppose not" said Angelina Richee. "That is what I have expected. All it now seems to me Jennie having done all in her power for Emperor Vivian, and having now been forced to abandon her search, it is time for us to take the matter in hand."

All the others except Gertrude, Penrod, and the Jennings sisters looked surprised.

"I do not quite understand Miss Richee. How can we ourselves take it in hand.?"

"No! Well I can tell you Ruth, that we all are going to take a hand in doing so, at Gertrude's and my degree. We ourselves are not under any conditions going to sit down quietly, and go about riding merely on this confounded raft till we reach the line, and see Emperor Vivian robbed of not only his plans but his daughters, and the safety of his army as well. It's the same to me as if this happened to my own father. I have quite made up my mind that we should all devote our own means to this matter, and so some of you here can probably give me some advice. for I dare say you would try to dissuade me, and my resolution which is the same as Gertrude's is unalterable. but to ask you others to give me and her what aid you can in the matter."

"We all shall be glad to give you aid in any way," said Maud Angelina if you Miss Richee will point out to me the direction in which our assistance can be of any use. I suppose you and Miss Gertrude together have formed some sort of a plan, for I own forsooth that I can see no direction whatever in which we can set about the matter. And to attempt anything too hasty is dangerous."

"My intention is Maud, to have Jennie Turner search for this hiding place herself at night time when every one else is asleep."

Both Gertrude and the others including Penrod raised their eye brows in surprise. "To have Jennie Turner do the searching herself, Maud. Why she did it already. How do you propose to have her do more than she had already done, or even so much, when any fresh disturbance of the house would be out of the question?"

"That I quite admit Miss Aronburg. Still there is surely some strange hiding place that Jennie or the spies may have overlooked and it is morally certain also that this hiding place is opened by the touching of some secret spring. It cannot be found by merely tearing down wainscoting, pulling up the floors or any other way. And besides either Emperor Vivian or any of his daughters, it would seem would have used it habitually as a place of some sort for papers of some military value. Either one certainly therefore, did not need to break down or to pull up anything. They opened it as they would open any other cupboard or secret place by means of a key or by touching a secret spring. You agree with me all you other girls?"

"Certainly Miss Maud Angelina." said Penrod. "All in favor of her statement say I. If not say No."

Every one said I.

"All right" continued Penrod. "We all have no doubt in our minds that this hiding place whether a chamber or a small closet is opened in a way you speak of."

"Very well then, all that has to be looked for is a spring. No force is necessary, all that is to be done is to find the spring."

"But then upon certain second thought" put in Mary Stanek, "Could not the spies have thought of looking for the spring?"

"Yes, but how is it to be found even by them? I believe Jennie and her assistants tried every square foot of the building."

"I have no doubt she did" said Heidi, "but it was necessary to try every square inch, I will not say of the whole building, but of certain rooms and passages."

"And I think we may assume" said Ruth McWhirther "that it is not in the servants quarters we need to think of for her looking. Such a hiding place would be contrived where it could be used by the owners of the house without observation from their dependants and would therefore either be in the drawing room, dining room, the principal bed chambers, or the passages, corridors or stairs, between or adjoining these."

"I quite follow you in your reasoning, Miss McWhirther" said Heidi "and agree with you. Doubtless the place is so situated as to be what I may call

handy to the owners of the Hell. But as I believed she searched there, I do not see how she is going to find it in making another search."

"Couldn't she sent some one to follow or shadow these two secret Pro fessional spies, and try and capture them on the sly?"

"Try to capture them on the sly Miss Naud Angelina?" "Gruid Heidi."

"Yes indeed."

"But how is that possible under the circumstances. Jennie herself is the last person on earth who would ever try such a thing. It's like following two devils into their hellholes."

"It can't be that dangerous."

"I can prove it," said Heidi. "I know them two spies as well as I know my own self. If you don't even think I'm right, ask Master Penrod and Gertrude to tell you their experiences with 'Mr Mutt, and Jeff.'"

"I agree with you Hi Heidi," said P. n Penrod.

"But Jennie Turner could manage some way. They could frustrate her if they had any idea of her identity but that is just what she would not intend they should have. My plan would be that she could send some one to go to the enemy's lines and act as a child slave or servant to general Federal. The ones who are sent could get the child slaves to help. They are always willing. Once there, where they could get into the headquarters of these two spies, they could examine every square inch of the rooms and places where they might too have a hiding place. Every knob, knot, or inequality of any kind in the wood work and stonework shall be pressed, pulled, or twisted, until they find it, and Jennie could do the same in Emperor Vivians headquarters. I am aware the task may occupy a week or even months, for of course their opportunities would be limited and dangerous. Still whether weeks, or months, any one strong hearted enough could undertake it, and carry it through if their lives are spared until they had time entirely and completely to carry it out."

All the rest were silent, from sheer astonishment.

"Do you really think, or really mean that you think Jennie Turner could get any one to go there within the enemy's lines whether child scout or man to do as a servant or a child slave in order to shadow those professional spies. Heidi Seseemann?"

"Certainly I do," she replied quietly. "I suppose the work will be no harder for them, than it had been for the Vivian Girl Princesses to at tempt the same thing, and whereas they do it so frequently and had escaped so often, I believe others too could do it also. I do not see even the slightest difficulty or objection in that part of the business, and if they can play the part well I do not think it could be as dangerous either as many of you suppose. Jennie of course would not need to go herself, at least she would not be allowed to do so, but she could make arrangements for a letter being forwarded here, and for ours too to be forwarded there until we manage to reach Emperor Vivians army. And she shall have the satisfaction that while she gets the spies to be engaged upon this work her own efforts too would be accumulating in success for our countrys benefit. I own that I can see no difficulty whatever in such a plan being carried out. Now as to the assistance that we all could give her. It could perhaps have been more readily given by Walter Starring for naturally he would know personally most of the assistants of the Emperor as the majority of them belong to the Abyssinians. But Walter Starring is away on a search for the Vivian Girl Princesses as well as Jack Evans. At any rate I sure think it better that neither he nor Fredrick Nance should have any complicity whatever in my own plans. I therefore lay it before all the rest of you. What I propose in the first place is when the two agents get to Wankleys lines is to find out what child slaves found in the Glandolinian camp will be of any assistance in finding a vacancy that might be caused by some other child slave being shifted to another place which is sometimes the case, secondly if no such vacancy is likely to occur some plan of proposition of exchanging places could accomplish that, thirdly the vacancy must occur in the case of some child slave whose work would naturally like in the part of the enemy generals head quarters the agent is likely to examine, finally it must be arranged between trustful child slaves that the agent could be so recommended as to ensure of him or her of getting the place."

All the rest were silent for a some time.

"Certainly after all your plan does seem feasible, Heiddi," said Gertrude herself while Kwangelina Gloria nodded her agreement.

"And then said Gloria herself" "It does seem to me that if once installed in the way you propose in the enemy general's headquarters, and prepared to spend as you say, weeks or even months in the search, it is possible and even probable that in the end one of the agents might light upon the secret spring, or be able to corner the two 'professional spies' and make them confess and therefore solve the mystery. But would Miss Turner do it. Would she send any one where she would not go or al be allowed to go herself? You know those who do this must be prepared to face all kinds of unknown perils

unpleasantness and great difficulties, and even dread! hardships, proposing the one who goes, goes as a child slave. And worse of all the agent will have for all this time to associate with all kinds of dreadful Glandolinian soldiery, to do child slave work of the most disagreeable kind, to relinquish all the luxuries and appliances to which they have been accustomed in their time within the Christian camp, and possibly to fail at last, or be discovered---and go playing the harp with the angels. Still if any one can be found who is prepared and brave enough to face all this, there does appear to me a possibility of your suggestion for this enterprise being crowned with success."

"I have thought it over, Mary, and I believe we could find some one who would be quite prepared to make the sacrifices you mention, which however I am sure would be scarcely felt as sacrifices, working as they shall be for the future of the cause. I'd go myself and do it if I would be permitted."

"But you'll never get the permission Heidi," said Angelina Riches. "I'll not allow a single soul to do anything on this raft no matter who they are. The idea, that's a dangerous suggestion. I doubt if Jennie would take for that plan."

"But could not rely upon our assistance?" asked Heiddi Heidi.

"If she does follow such a plan she shall have all the assistance I can give, assuredly Miss Seseemann but none not one of us will do that kind of work though. The matter is by no means a simple one even though I do not see why it should not be successfully carried out. But I nor any one over or under me as officers would allow any child scout to go on a mission like that and neither would Jennie. An experienced man spy or agent alone would be allowed to go on such a almost fool hardy experience. We might suggest it to her and if she does not agree that's out."

"It must take time that I quite anticipate, Miss Riches. Time fortunately, is of no consequence."

"Well Heidi" Angelina Riches said, after some minutes in thought, "It's a matter that will require careful thinking over. How long do you think Emperor Vivian will withhold attacking Federal?"

"Just as long as it is necessary," Heidi said, "a week or a month." "I do not think the agent need give his own name."

"But" Colores said suddenly "Barely the Professionals knew Both Penrod and Jennie Turner in the time past."

"Certainly they did, and do still. But to begin with, that is nearly over a year or so ago, before the Delight's Junction battle, and of course, she had changed very much since then."

"Not very much indeed Heidi," Gertrude said, "for we had her often with us. I and any of you would know her her anywhere, and if you excuse my saying so she might pass at any place at ten years of age."

"So much the better for her purpose at present," Heidi replied. "Ten years of age will do very well for the age of a girl scout spy. I should imagine that the Glandolinian generals would prefer a daring boy scout of that age to any young girl, besides you see, if it is necessary to employ a child slave they sooner would have a girl of course and a girl can do a better work of shadowing a man than a boy can as she is more shrewd. As to any one knowing Jennie in the first place the two professional spies will not have the advantage of having any meeting with her, and in the second place it is not so difficult for a girl to alter her appearance so as not to be recognized by another who has not seen her for over a year. Jennie's hair too is more brown than golden as it used to be then and she wore it altogether differently. A little darker die on that, and on her eye brows, a child slaves bonnet and gown, would so alter her that those who see her now would not hardly know her, certainly they will do so. But you need not trouble about the suggestion of sending a child to the work, for in general I propose sending a man, for any girl scout who is a stranger will be mostly taken for one of the Vivian girls by now. It is possible just possible, that any one would know Jennie for there are so many disguise readers in both armies. Now as I hope we have quite settled the matter, I believe some or all of you ought to think the matter over before the final answer so we can decide upon the best plan for carrying out my own suggestions, and while this is being done if there are any others having suggestions we would like to hear it, as this is indeed a very thrilling and interesting meeting."

Every one sat for some time in thought after this. It was certainly a daring scheme, requiring no little courage indeed in carrying it out, and needing most strong resolution, and self possession and extreme caution to bring it through, but where was there not a soul in the Christian army among the men who did not possess those qualities. And Jennie herself had a clear

head and she could grasp every point in the matter. There was really no reason why she should not succeed. But would she send any one. As long as she might be told there is a secret spring somewhere in Hanson's headquarters who who was and is very patient would search fiercely for it first before she would decide upon sending in any one to go and shadow the "Professionals." And such a move would probably excite suspicion on both sides. And if Jennie was to send any one, the first difficulty was to get him settled at general Manley's headquarters. If she would do it, what would be the best way to set about that? It certainly was not as easy as she (Heidi) would think, it was even very risky, still if Jennie Turner would agree to do it, she could and would find so some way of managing it. At any rate every one on board the raft too must act cautiously in this matter as possible, and to avoid suspicion from the enemy must not appear in it in any special way whatever. And so they sat thinking until at last Heidi, who had been a good deal surprised at receiving no answer passed among each, as was instructed by Gertrude a piece of paper, and a pencil so they should write down their suggestions.

After all had wrote down their opinion, except Gertrude who had hesitated to do so Angelina Riches said it:

"Do you know Heidi Seemann the more I think over the matter, the more I feel that it is extremely difficult, and most dangerous to try and manage it from here. And it would be extremely dangerous for Miss Turner to join the Vivians army also?"

"How could it be so?" asked Heidi.

"Why she would have to engage someone with steel nerves and courage to go over on such a trip to the enemy's lines in the first place. And who ever was sent would have to stay in the enemy's lines some time before he could make the acquaintance of the child slaves at the enemy general's headquarters, and to get their trust in him. And he would also have to pretend to serve the enemy which evidently he would shrink from, and he would have to get very intimate with the child slaves before he could venture to broach such a thing, for if he made a mistake and the child slave may be one who may serve the enemy heart and soul, and would go and tell the general that someone had been trying to persuade her or him to betray the two professionals. The suspicions of the general would be so aroused, that not only would the scheme become utterly hopeless but he too would be arrested as a spy and pay the penalty of a spy. Not knowing what they do Heidi, many child slaves would betray a Christian spy, as fast as an enemy. You cannot trust them either when they do not know who you are. They take all strangers as foes."

"Yes I see the difficulty, Miss Riches for I thought it over in every way before I brought the subject before the council. Besides I don't think the thought of this intermediate. No doubt of course Jennie would choose a very trustworthy man. Still I don't like the thought of any one knowing the secret especially as the plan may take so long working out."

"What I have been thinking Heidi is this," said Gertrude. "I know child slaves, and Miss Riches I believe you are slightly mistaken about that matter. A child slave won't betray you if they know you are their true friend. No doubt the child slaves employed in any of the houses occupied by the enemy generals would take sides on this matter. Of course from our own efforts and from little Jennie's experience as a slave, they know what the Christian armies are fighting for, and evidently when they know that the plans are missing they might help providing something would be done too to aid them to escape with the one whom they lend a helping hand without knowing anything myself about the feelings of all child slaves in the army beyond what would probably be the case from the difference of character between Federal, the Manleys, and these two professional spies, I should imagine that they all are secret foes themselves of the enemy. This is really the case, for I have seen that myself from my spying expedition, and Violet and her sisters could prove a lot of that, and when any spy can learn to get into friendship with those little toilers he would be able to easily open direct negotiations. What struck me is this. The Gemini have a good powerful man our friend Ginggore, the man of a thousand faces, and if he could be sent, providing he is found he alone could do the work. He is well known by many child slaves who simply worship him, and he rescued many. The Gemini members who were over there with him when he posed as general Manley of course slept and took their meals and served as if they were Glandelinians, still going about as they did in the camp no doubt as "child slave" drivers, and they no doubt learned many things cleverly from the slaves without any detect in whatever. At the time the General Manley group were away, and I do say the child slaves had plenty time to act, and it is probable the men gathered from their talk something of their sentiments toward the Glandelinians and knew which side they would likely go with. I might ask Jennie about the plan over phone, or by telegram."

"I think the idea is a capital one, Gertrude but there is one detail I believe might be improved," said Jane Melfort. "I imagine that instead of asking Jennie to notify Ginggore we could try and locate the man himself. We know where he is and he could easily be communicated by with telegraph."

Gertrude laughed. "No doubt you are right Miss Melfort. That shall be done if possible. I must get into communication with Jennie first for her approval though I don't know where the other of the Gemini are unless they are aiding Jack Evans in his search for Violet, and her sisters. I shall write her that we proposed this and shall tell her frankly that we wish to find out the opinions of her followers first about the missing plans, ask her which of the searchers could be the most given to gossip with child slaves, and tell her to tell of his name as soon as she can answer by communication, then when we receive an answer and hear what she has to say we can judge for ourselves how far we can trust the man in the matter or whether to trust him at all. Perhaps we can summon George Zimmerman our German boy friend, and find out what he has to say on the subject first."

"That would be just right," said Heidi.

Accordingly the boy was summoned.

"I think Heidi, and the rest of you," said Gertrude after the boy was seated that things that going to go far better than we even hoped. The girl who brought George in said that from what little talk and experience she had had with the girl and boy scout under Violet, and her sisters he thought they all were attached to Emperor Vivian and his followers, and that the Vivian Girl Princesses were very popular with all the army. He said to me as he was coming with me that if Jennie Turner would agree to the plan I might work. But the best part of it is that one of the boy scouts he knew by the name of George Radcliffe whom the enemy know as the "Rattle-snake boy" took up recently with one of the girls of higher rank, and he believes that they conspire a great deal against the enemy, and also recently it seems that he and little Jennie are greatly attached in good work and friendship. If this is so it would be the very thing for Jennie Turner. One of us could suggest something to Radcliffe, and Jennie could help him get some men to shadow the two "Professional spies."

"The very thing," Heidi said. "Nothing could have turned out better. But who is Radcliffe? There is something strangely mysterious about him!"

"That is something through his own advice which I would never reveal till the proper time," answered Gertrude.

The boy was then asked to stand up, and he obeyed and saluted. He was indeed a pleasant-looking young boy and Gertrude was not at all surprised at the impression he had made upon Jean and all the others of her followers.

"All right George you may sit down now," Gertrude began. "You know what I asked you to come here for?"

"You told me as you brought me that it was something to do with that letter about the missing plans at Emperor Vivian's headquarters. Miss Aronburg."

"Yes that is it George. You know Miss Jennie Turner?"

"I certainly do."

"Did you know she was looking for the missing plans there, and wrote to me by telegram that it couldn't be found?"

"Yes Miss Aronburg, so I understood."

"Now what we wanted to ask you specially, George, was whether you can tell us what any of the girl scouts of Emperor Vivian's daughters would think about sending someone across to the enemy's lines to investigate the loss and shadow to Professional spies."

"I couldn't tell Miss Aronburg, unless you tell me what spies they were."

"The ones who disguise themselves either to look like Mutt and Jeff in the funnies or who are original in that feature."

The boy turned rather red in the face as he gave a start, and twisted his cap about in his fingers as he gasped:

"What shadow those dangerous scoundrels. Why that's suicide."

"Well that was our proposition in our own counsel we are holding."

The boy hesitated for a moment.

"Well Gertrude I don't know that I can say much about that. I don't think any one would be fond of making any trip over to the enemy's lines as that and no one can shadow those two Professional spies. They got many secrets watching for any such move. Those spies are covered by their assist ants in all they do and any one shadowing them would be shot down on the spot like a dog."

"Just so George, that is what I thought was likely as I am well acquainted with them two fellows, having had some experience with them myself. I know a boyfriend of mine whom they looked in an attic filled with rattlesnakes because he would not reveal the hiding place of a girl friend of his. Now the point I want to know George, and over my own head is I may tell you interested and anxious in the matter of these plans being found for the good of Emperor Vivian's army, is as whether there is in your opinion anyone of the Gemini who could be trusted to aid us and Miss Turner in this extremely dangerous business. Of course we all should make it worth his while to do so."

"I suppose it would depend on what you wanted him to do," said George. "Spying is a good service, though no one likes the work, but no one could be found I'm afraid who would like to do anything of shadowing spies which might risk them certain death as sure as suicide."

"That's natural enough," George said. "You see Jennie could perhaps more than make up for that risk."

"Well I don't know Miss Aronburg," the boy said after a pause. "It isn't only the peril of shadowing such dangerous spies, but you see any man or child scout wouldn't like to risk such a task, and then fall in disgrace of having something worse happen. You know then I know Miss Aronburg, but I'm telling you the truth I've known them a heap longer, when I was a prisoner in their hands, and I tell you those spies can't be shadowed or spied upon. Anyway I don't know what you really want, you see Miss Aronburg."

Gertrude looked at Heidi, and his eyes expressed the question, how far shall we go with this? He replied by taking the matter in her own hands.

"We can trust you, can't we, whether you agree to help us or not?"
"Yes Ma'am," he said decidedly. "You can trust me even though I am a foreigner. If you or the others tell me what you want I will tell you straight whether whether I can suggest or do anything. If it is impossible the matter won't go beyond me."

"Very well then, I will tell you exactly what we want. Because we now Jennie cannot find the plans, we surely believe the plans is not there, and we believe that because so many made a complete search of the house and it was not found. It is right that it should be regained, or those spies frustrated, and that Emperor Vivian's army too should be put on its guard, and which are almost put out because Violet, and her sisters, are still missing. We girl scout chief officers here are not exactly only very interested in the matter, but also very anxious, and worried, because should the spies really have it in their possession Emperor Vivian's army is in danger, and therefore we all have made up our minds to assist Miss Turner in finding the plans or frustrate General Pugose as Federal has always been called from the start. Now what I want to know is do you think Jennie could be induced to send some one who is reliable to raid the Headquarters of those spies and who ever it is if he is successful to give him a grand commission in the army, and twenty five thousand dollars besides. That would be a nice little sum you know to begin with when he gets home when the war is over."

Heidi saw at once by the expression of the boys face that she had secured him as a real helper.

"I think that might be managed, Ma'am, if she will do it," he said in a tone that showed her he was endeavoring to do in his plan. "Yes if she wills it herself I think that could be managed. Now she's well acquainted with a boy by the name of Radcliffe, and he a gi-----" and he stopped at a warning look from Gertrude.

"Don't reveal his identity," she said. "He'll raise thunders if you do."

However Heidi helped him. "I may tell you George, that one of us hinted to Gertrude and Miss Riches too that we thought you and Miss Turner were pretty clever actors, and we know that likely one of these days you'll be one of us and that is principally why we spoke to you as we know you know the two spies plot. We thought you see, that Jennie might agree to my plan and that perhaps we might bring it about to a good success earlier than otherwise would have been done. In that case you see it would suit us all. You and Jennie Turner would moreover have the satisfaction of knowing that you were helping us to right a great wrong done to our country, and restore the reputation of our great generals who have been so often hoodwinked by the enemy. What do you say?"

"Well Ma'am, I think that as you say it would be doing the right thing, and I don't deny that Jennie Turner and I have agreed to do our share as she knows me too, for as long as I was a prisoner in the hands of the enemy I have learned a lot. But what with your plans and this money you offer for the agent who is successful I think we might very well venture if she will agree to do it." And his radiant face showed the happiness the prospect of serving

these girls was causing him.

"Very well then. We may consider that as settled," Gertrude said. "What we want is for you George to telegraph to Jennie that she is to do according to our plans if she thinks so. It is safe, and that if she has an opportunity she is to mention to Emperor Vivian Vivian that we will do all we possibly can even while on the raft to save his armies from being overborne by Mr. Pugose Federal. Of course that is a good plan."

"But suppose Jennie shouldn't agree to the plan, Ma'am, and the young boys face fell suddenly at the thought, "What would be the situation then?"

"I shall try some other scheme, of course," Gertrude said, "and it is only up to Jennie whether she would or not, for she knows best what to do. I should think however that Miss Turner will very likely be glad to be saved the trouble of sending any boy scouts to do such dangerous work. But if she doesn't agree I must try some other way to frustrate general Federal."

"What name am I to say the person is who should do the work?"

"Let me think, Radcliffe."

"But suppose she asks about the boy being sent knowing who Radcliffe is and his other character. You surely don't want to sacrifice him by such a mission?"

"We will settle that afterwards, and I didn't suggest he was to go, but to do the sending. The first thing for you to do is to have Miss Turner telegraphed for, and you can suggest the whole plan as I tell it to you, to her and ask her if she is willing to do this."

"I think I can answer for that," Ma'am, the boy said with a quiet smile.

"Very well. Still we had better have it settled. Will you telegraph to her now or would you rather telegraph it, and then by to-morrow which is really in the 8th we will finish the council and talk the matter over and settle about the other points. Of course you will tell her not to give any thing until she has heard from me in person on the telegraph to-morrow as to what she is to do."

"Very well Miss Gertrude. I will start it at once if you'll give or get me her telephone number by wireless."

"We can easily arrange it," said Angelina Riches looking for the telephone number. "Though she is an Abbissinian George you know Miss Turner can speak good German and you use that long language. To-morrow I will telegraph too and explain the matter and who I am sure will oblige me by writing to say that Radcliffe can do what we wish. Will I really congratulate you George. At first I thought the project a hopeless one, now I think we have every chance of success. Then she lifted the receiver."

Finally in answer to what number please she said:

"Emperor Vivian's headquarters Evangelina St. Claire city. Telephone Number is Christi 1000."

"Christie 1,000, all right sir."

Angelina Riches smiled. "The operator thinks I'm a man," she said.

"Finally came an answering call:

"Yes hello who is this?"

"This is Miss Angelina Riches. I wish to speak to Miss Jennie Turner please."

"Miss what? Jennie Turner Turner. Who is that calling please again?"

"Miss Angelina Riches. She knows me well."

"Are you sure? Miss Angelina Aronburg with you. Are you on a raft?"

"Yes."

"Good I'll call her."

In a few minutes Jennie came to the phone and she was informed of the plans.

"My God don't you know came back the answer to the boy in German. It cannot be completed with. We have most terrible news and I was desiring to bring it through for confirmation before I could tell anything about it."

"Terrible news," said the boy astonished. "What happened? Is Emperor Vivian whipped?"

"No but there is worse details. Wait I'll get the paper and read you the list. Write down what I mention and set it before Gertrude."

He waited for a few moments and then came:

"Hello."

"Yes Miss Turner I'm still here."

"All right."

"Listen and take it down," came Jennie's exciting voice. "More than twenty one dreadful disasters have occurred from last June till now, and many beautiful towns have been devastated by conussions of explosions, and fire and even murderous slaughter. Greatest of all these is at Colman, Headrick city, Mandril Mullendatt, Martingue state, in Northern Angelina State and many other places where in that time hundreds upon hundreds of thousands have

been reported killed. I've heard over 1,746,518 are dead, over three hundred and eighty four thousand, six thirty three are injured, and the only known homeless are six hundred thousand and the property loss mounts into the hundreds of millions."

The boy knowing of the Abhisann horror could not doubt this though it seemed very much exaggerated, and he wrote it down. She continued "I'll give you the list of the towns reported lost, they are /1

Calman, Calverinia,, Hendrick city,
Disaster on Angelina State coast,

Destruction of Mandrill,
Aldron, in Calverinia,

Adisaster along southern Calverinia coast,

Min- Mine disaster destroying warships at Apiania,

Horror at Mullensett State, and destruction at Martinique city,

Northern Angelina, Tremendous mine explosion,

Tonnanda, Calverinia,

Maldorn County, two disasters simultaneously,

Godfrey, Christian, and Gilder Counties, in southern Calverinia,
Elaio County,

Hennrikta, and Allanby Counties, on the southern Calverinia,

Disasters in Kennier, Coplan, Landorn, Newell and All brood counties in southern Calverinia besides Shellen, gharpen and Good man counties, and to finish with Hendro, North and South Sumpar Counties, Maldof, Gentallion, Teneonda, Virgin, Kendro and Overland Counties all in southern Calverinia happening through June July and up to now the eith of August. The disasters are mostly tremendous explosions and floods, but what is more discouraging still George "are you writing it all down" yes, "well a great and most terrible forest fire has been discovered in the northwest section of the Mic-Hollaster Forest Regions and is racing headlong for Calvernia city, 100 miles away, and one hundred and sixty five forest rangers have lost their lives trying to check its course. Oh its awful and we believe the enemy has done it all. The floods as investigations prove will join without big one still raging, Lake Sel Sallois is on a cuse now, and Angelina Agethia faces destruction and is isolated from the whole world."

George wrote it all down and then wondered if it could be true and though he was doubting it, he asked her to hold the wire, and then presented it to Gertrude, who wrote it over. She could not hardly believe her eye sight when she looked this over, but as she had been an eye witness of this Abhisann horror and had survived the whole catastrophe and who could give a whole account of it which leaves no doubt the exact truth could not believe it justified to doubt all this, especially from Jennie. The boy George looked scared, and so did Gertrude. She herself went to the phone, told Jennie that she would call up again, when she had recovered her composure, and then ringing off went back to her post, and said "Jennie says because of these disasters the plan cannot be carried through, but that she will try it, if she is positively sure the papers are really good. She believes she must be able to find some place. So we will have to drop the matter and leave it all in her hands. Hettie Kormann somewhat excited too by the news said:

"I was at the city of La Polema, or at least I lived there, and was on furlough at the time this big flood we are riding on now occurred."

"Tell us about it, it'll help us verify our suspicions," said Gertrude.

"On that awful midnight of June first, the whole evening till then I had stayed up to write letters to my friends, I was seated in my spare room just finishing a letter. My mother had come to me before then asking me if I was not going to bed, and I had answered "Yes, mother I will in two minutes, when to my surprise I heard a loud noise far away like thunder rolling and simultaneously a chair in my room leaped clear to the ceiling and fell, while the papers and the table itself jumped up and down to a shorter distance, and I went sliding chair and all to the other side of the room. Just a manifestation rather surprised me, as I could not even feel a breath of air stirring. It however was all over, that having lasted only a few seconds, and then while I and my mother were wondering what this could be owing to, hoping it was no ghastly manifestation, and yet without the least apprehension as of the real cause, we were startled by another sound as of hollow distant thunder, and the window glass flew out, the table and chairs did the same stunt more vehemently and also at the same time the house shook frightfully from the very foundation and ceiling plaster fell upon us.

Upon this my mother gave a scream, I threw down my pen and started upon my feet, remaining a moment in suspense, pondering whether I should stay in the house or run into the street, as the danger in both places seemed as great, for with the shock I had heard the noise of falling buildings, the screams of many people in their death agony, and the flare of strange lights coming and going out. However again all was quiet and I went to look out the window for every one was crying "The earthquake. The earthquake."

"Mama I said "It's an earthquake."

"No it ain't," she screamed to me. "It's the gosh darn enemy with his explosions. The shocks are too sudden."

"I was going to say something in answer, when there came a sound as "Boom, Boom, Boom. I seemed as if I rose from my feet to reach the ceiling with my head, my table leaped frogged and turned upside down with a loud crash, and in a moment I was stunned with a most horrid deafening or ear-splitting crash as if the whole city had sunk to the ground in one heap at once. A cloud of dust came into my room, the window curtains flapped, and the building shook with such crash violence for that few seconds that the crash up above told me that the upper stories had immediately fell, and though my apartment which was on the second floor, did not then share the same fate, yet everything in those three mere seconds or instants was thrown out of its place in such a manner that I had to go bobbing up and down as if I was a jumping jack, two chairs seemed to play "horae", and I expected nothing glass then than to be soon crushed to death, as there were some more distant booming sounds, and the walls continued to rock to and fro, opening in many places large pieces of stone and brick falling down from every side from the cracks and the ends of most of the rafters or beams starting from the roofs. To add to this terrifying scene, the sky in a moment became so red despite the midnight darkness that I believed a volcano was doing this, and outside dust rose from the ruins so thickly that I could not see anything outside for even ten feet.

The shocks then stopped but it was a long time before the dust would disperse. My mother was sitting on the floor, all covered with dust, pale and trembling, and so was I, and my hair was white with it and my clothes too. I asked her if she was scared, but her consternation was so great that for a moment or so she could not say a word. At first I had also believed that the world was at an end, and I feeling as if I was going to choke with all the dust in my throat looked for some water.

My eyes burned from the mortar dust. I went into a washroom where I kept a large jar of water but found it broken to pieces. My mother having now recovered herself told me I must not now think of quenching my thirst but of saving our lives, as the house was just falling on our heads, and if a second or third shock came, would certainly bury us both.

My mother hurried downstairs, I following close behind, and made directly to that end of the beautiful or once beautiful street which opens to the great Norms Run. I was horridly horrified, and so was my mother. This was quite or had been quite a wide street, but now it was blocked entirely up with so many fallen houses to the height of at least their first or second stories.

"We were then forced to turn back to the other end which led to the main street, and there my mother helped me cautiously over a vast heap of ruins with no small hazard to our own lives, for just as we were going

into this street, as there was one part that I could not well climb over without the assistance of my hands as well as my feet I desired her to lead let go her hold which she did, remaining a few feet behind me, at which instant there fell a mass of stone as thick as a cloud from a tottering wall, which if we had been a little later would have crushed us both under its debris. The whole wall then gave, and she had escaped just in time.

We were in dread of sharing the same fate as the others especially of the many instances of the horrors that showed all around, and so we hurried along. We had now come to a long narrow street, which we had to pass through. The houses on each side had been four to five stories high all very old, but the greater part had already been thrown down, and were continually falling here and there, and threatening any one who passed through with death at every step, and therefore we hesitated to take the chances. Both my mother and I were shocked for great numbers lay before our very sight killed or hurt, or what we even thought more deplorable, so bruised and wounded and disfigured that no one could stir to help themselves.

As self preservation, however is the first law of nature to anyone these horrid thoughts did not so far prevail as to make me totally despair. I and my mother proceeded on as fast as it was possible for us to do so yet with utmost care and caution, having at length got clear of this

street we found ourselves safe and unhurt in a large open space before what we once remembered as St Vincent's Cathedral, which had been partly thrown down a few minutes before. No one however may have been in there at this hour of night, and close by were mostly buildings not much injured, but with the windows all out. Here we stood for some hours, considering what we should do, and finally not thinking ourselves safe in this situation we came to the resolution of climb climbing over the ruins of the west end of the big church, in order to get to the river side, that we might be removed as far as possible from the tottering houses in case of other concussion and booming sounds coming on.

We succeeded in doing so but with the greatest difficulty and finally entered a large open space found a enormous concourse of people rich and poor, and of all rank and conditions in confusion, bedlam, and horror. There were many priests and nuns and brothers among them, ladies, and children only half dressed, and many without shoes, some men half naked, and many with bloody scratches and wounds on them, all these whom their mutual dangers had here assembled as to a place of safety, were on their knees at prayer, and with the terror of death in their faces.

In the midst of these devotions another concussion was felt, and a boom heard much further away, and completion completed the ruin of those many buildings which had been already much shattered, and clouds of dust again formed. The consternation now became so wide spread, that the shrieks and cries of the frightened people could be distinctly heard by me and my mother from the furthest distance, at points too where vast numbers of the survivors had likewise retreated to shelter. At the same time we could hear the fall of some big building a mile away.

Then we remained still where we were, but all the rest of the night we felt no more shocks or heard no more thunders, and we believed all was over. Finally day light returned, and as soon as the sun started to rise through a strange red mist, or fog, we heard a general cry: "A flood is coming. We are lost." Turning our eyes toward the Norma Run River which at this place was nearly six miles broad, we could hear it roaring and observed it swelling and heaving against its natural course in a most unaccountable manner. In an instant the far land as far as eye could see was being covered with water roaring and foaming and in an instant there appeared at some very small distance a large long body of water rising as it were like a long moving green wall. It came on then tumbled and turned into foam only to raise a green and then small and form into numerous washes and waves and came toward the city with such fury and speed that we all immediately ran for our very lives as fast as possible to the highest parts of the city many were actually swept away, and the rest were above their waist in water at a good distance from the lowest part of the city. For my own part I had the narrowest escape, and should certainly have perished, had I not climbed a high fire escape on a building partly standing high till I and mother worked ourselves to a safer spot. As there now appeared as much danger from the flood as from the land shocks and we scarce knew where to go for safety, I myself suggested to mother to return to the area of St Vincent's.

We did so, our clothes all dripping, and here we stood for some time observing the river ships tumbling and tossing about as in a most violent storm, and to our apprehension the water kept rising foot by foot. Many river ships had broken their cables, and were carried away by the flood others were whirled around with incredible swiftness, many were turned keel upwards by the violence of the flood, and the ruins were being washed, and all wooden houses that withstood the shocks were floating away.

It looked at about noon of that terrible day as if the lower portion of the city would be entirely swallowed up by the flood with all the surviving people amidst the ruins. At the time too during the increase of the flood a great number of boats and small river vessels were swept away in whirlpools of water and never more appeared.

This dreadful incident I and my mother witnessed with our very eyes, and my mother also had the account given from several masters of ships that escaped the full force of the torrent who had been anchored within two or three hundred yards of an immense quay of the city which had also been entirely swept away with all the people on it who had fled there for safety, and these captives had seen the whole disaster. One of them in particular with the help of some glowing light told me that when the third roaring sound and shock came he could perceive the whole city as far as moon and darkness would allow to be seen fall into clouds of dust, that the instant agitation of the earth was so great even under the river, that he threw his boat almost ashore that immediately the river was shaken till its water swamped the shore. The flood came at about six o'clock in the morning and everything had been swept away. I had not been long in the area of St Vincent's and the water

had risen so that even there I and my mother remained partly walking on water though we had gotten upon a small eminence at some distance from the direction of the water with the ruins of several intervals houses to break its force.

At this time I and my mother took notice the waters rose and rushed past so swiftly that some vessels were left quite dry upon some of the ruins, and it was justly dreaded that our fair city would now meet the same fate as those towns that were swept by the torrent from Lake Soligia. I and my dear mother were now in such a situation that we did not hardly care which way we would turn. I being young was faint from the constant fatigue I had under gone, and I nor my mother had not yet broken our fast and were very hungry.

We determined to go and find some means to leave the city before the flood would engulf us entirely. We proceeded with some hazard to a large space before what was once a large Catholic School but which had been now thrown down still it was now only a three story affair, from a seven, and which had it happened during the day might have buried a great number of little children. Passing through the open square of the school yard, I was surprised to find it full of wagons, coaches, chariots, chaises, a horses and mules and drays deserted evidently by their drivers and attendants, the poor animals seeming to be left to starve. From this immense square the way led to what we hoped to find as St Ann's street though we had to go through a long and narrow street to reach it. Here we met now scenes of horror in spite of the waters which had not reached here and this exceeded all description we could ever tell or write, and nothing anywhere could be heard, but sobs, screams of agonizing agonies, sighs and groans. There were crowds too of refugees trying to liberate their injured friends from the rubbish and I nor my mother heard nothing but the wailing from many persons of the loss of nearest relatives, dearest friends or of property. And my mother nor myself could hardly take a single step anywhere without the unavoidable possibility of treading on dead, wounded or dying. We came to a long narrow street where there lay wagons, and coaches, or street cars caught between piles of wreckage, and of wagons, and drays, and carriages with their masters, horses, and riders almost crushed in pieces. At the end of the street we found mothers with very infants in their arms, even ladies and children richly dressed, including priests, friars, gentlemen, mechanics, in the same condition, and many expiring; I counted nearly three hundred who had their legs, or backs broken, six with great stones on their breasts, and many who lay almost buried in the rubbish, and all were crying out in vain to the rescuers for succor, and who were failing to liberate them work as they might.

At length we arrived at another street where all buildings were thrown down of brick, but those of wooden still remaining. In less than half an hour we reached a large public house, which had survived the disaster, where we found a great number of refugees in the same wretched circumstances as ourselves. We could not leave the city we found as except by boat and the only way we could save ourselves was to go to the highest point where the largest majority of the city was not yet touched by the waters and there we remained with many refugees all day long.

"It was a bad experience," said Gertrude. "What happened then during the night. Did some one come to your aid?"

"No, and perhaps you may have thought that this present dreadful subject will be concluded here, but the horrors of the many days and weeks we remained there facing starvation, and exposure are sufficient to fill a volume, and especially the suffering of the thousands of marooned threatened more and more by both fire and flood at the same time. After the coming of dark after our first day of experience another shocking and terrible scene scared us. The whole city not touched by flood was apparently in a fierce blaze, and though we were so far away from one of the fires, the glare in the sky was so bright we could easily see to read by it. My mother feared it was on fire in a thousand different places at once, and it continued to burn for days and nights together without intermission or without the least attempt to make to stop its progress, while the flood raged on and on but never rising enough to reach the fires. It seemed as if it would consume everything the shocks and flood was sparing, and the foolish people who could do so were so dejected and frightened that few or none had courage enough to venture down to save any of their property. I believe the fire had three causes which all occurring at the same time could and will naturally account for the great havoc it made.

It was chilly that night, and stores had been left with banked fires these setting fire to the fallen wreckage of the houses and timber work that fell with the explosion shocks, the conflagrations soon spread to all

the neighboring houses and th being there joined with the fires of the fallen electric fires increased to such a degree, that it could have destroyed the whole city, especially as it met with no interruption, if it was not for the waters.

But girls what would appear almost incredible to you were the facts less notorious and public is that a gang of hardened rascals, all Glondelindian prisoners who had escaped from the prisons when the walls fell were busily employed to setting fire to all those buildings which stood any chance of escaping the general horror.who could conceive what Indun induced them to the hellish work of vandalism, except to add to the horror and confusion, and for the hatred they have for Calvernia, and therefore that they might by this means have the better opportunity of also plundering with security. But as far as I or my mother observed there was surely no necessity for this trouble, for they could have easily done their wicked business without it, since the whole ruined part of the city was so deserted by night because of the raging flood that I believe not a soul remained in it, except those execrable Glondelindian ghoulas. It was possible too girls that some of these might have had other motives besides robbing the dead, as one in particular being up captured--they say he was an Ovarian Circle condon condemned to death--confessed at the gallows that he had once tried to set fire to Emperor Vivians palace at Angelina Agathia with his own hand--at the same time glorifying in the action, and declaring with his last breath that he had hoped to have burned all the royal family."

"How many perished in that city do you think?" asked Angelina Aronburg.
"The loss of life is not known, but we believed that the whole number of persons that perished including those who were burned to death afterwards, and those drowned in the flood or murdered by the vandals is supposed on the lowest calculation to amount to more than seven hundred thousand, and though the damage in other respects cannot be estimated, yet you may form some idea of it when I assure you that this extensive and beautiful city was nothing but a vast heap of ruins in many places, that the rich and poor were upon the same level, all rich families which but the day before had been in easy circumstances being then marooned by the flood amidst the highest wreckage or on surviving house tops and finding none able to relieve them, while it is said that over twenty eight thousand, two hundred and ninety seven surviving houses had been carried away, and the ruins washed level with the ground. In order that you may realize the awful prodigious havoc that has been made, I will mention one more instance. Gertrude among the many that had come under my notice. There was on St Peters Street a high arched passageway, fronting a great railway station on the left hand was a high factory, and on the right some private houses seven stories high. The whole area surrounded by all these buildings did not much exceed one of our large courts in Angelina Agathia. At the first shock, numbers of people who had, had time to flee from their houses when awakened in their terror, were then fleeing in panic under the arch, and were moving seeking the middle of this arch for shelter. At this instant, the other shocks came and the arch entrance to the station gave way, with the fronts of the station the big factory and the contiguous buildings, all inclining one toward the other with sudden violence of the shock fell down and buried every soul as they were standing there crowded together."

"It is getting awful" said Jane Melfort. What are we going to do. Mildred sometimes I cannot help starting to agree with you that we are on the losing side, even if in the final end we might win. But if we do that good luck is terribly far off, and we will see a most terrible war before it'll ever reach the crisis. This fever of war is mauling higher and higher, and with the frightful loss of life stated at the battle near Mic-Whirther Jane, and of Margert Ford, and Turners Hill which we too have heard of it already a proof. Let's take our map and examine it thoroughly with these lists of all the disasters and see from the beginning of November last year until now the 10th of August how far they extend."

she called to Penrod to bring the map from the drawer but he found it was not there, and one of the boys said it was left in Gertrude's headquarters. George was sent to fetch it which he did in a few minutes. It was then spread out on the table and there was room enough for all who attended this long council to observe. It took quite some time before they could trace and those who could first ed marked out with pencil the portions devastated as carefully as possible and the names of the towns before they could take the proposed measure.

"Gertrude then said: Let me make my effort; let's see! October 1912 was to have, and to Abbemann there, see girls, ain't it terrible, why--"

"It takes the whole map almost" said Haldi. "The portion of the country surfaces convulsed by explosion shocks, devastated by floods, and fires, could be over four or five times greater than the whole extent of the distant land of Eup u Europe and parts of America or a distance of nearly twenty thousand miles. As we see the shocks too were felt from other blasts and floods not only over the southern Calvernia State but in Angelina. Angeline Vine, and Hin Nickencile and were all nearly as violent. What covers the map here is the horrors of Lake Selicia with the destruction of Schloeder Sperryville and many others, which now again are inundated by the Abbemann horror. Why the list of these disasters in numbers up to now is almost an unbroken one, since Nineteen Twelve till now the total number of disasters one after another are twenty seven big one, and tens of thousands of smaller. And look here, is where the forest fire horror started July the 12th last year, and which is still raging, and interfering with our own efforts to get to Emperor Vivians lines. This fire started at a place about twenty four miles northwest of Jessica, and where ancient village of eighteen thousand inhabitants had been engulfed giving the people only time enough to flee without saving their small articles. And look here, these disasters were felt in flood and explosion shocks as far to the westward as Angelina Junction, which is also now being devastated, and the States of Martinique and Calter are wiped out in their property where the river Throne which usually rises about two feet at flood time had been risen twenty feet because of the floods pouring into it from the north the water being at the same time black as ink."

Toward the Northwest the shocks of Abbemann were perceptible as far as Northern Abbemannia where the great lakes and even the sea itself was disturbed. "Then she pointed and continued" Here in June too of this year 1913 Northern Angelina State began to be swept by raging forest fires and terrific floods combined which was joined later by our Abbemann horror to an enormous extent, and where thirty towns were then covered or inundated now there are hundreds. This northern Angelina fire joined the southeastern Calvernia "Red Flapio, and that is why now we almost fancy we are lost souls in hell."

Angelina Agathia, Dorothy Gaa, and Jessica and many other towns have never been released from the floods since the first in 1912. Toward the west still tracing on the map it has extended to near Vivian Wickey, to Zennagisto pelius and to the very State of Bengall. Toward the northwest into Daddobbia the shock was sensibly felt throughout the country of Northern Tripanglilia and Uncontinia and along the shores of everyone of our western coasts. I was told that even at sea that horrible night of the Abbemann terror to the southwest of the sea port of Calvernia city, a Calvernian warship was suddenly strained as if she had struck on a rock, the seams of the decks opened, and even the compass was upset. On board another ship one hundred and ten miles to the westward of Cape St Johns near one of the Belgilomenean or Boyking Islands the shock or concussion was so violent as to cause men on deck as not as if they were popcorn on a hot stove."

As I can trace here girls the great flood of Abbemann surged across the whole central and southern portions of Calvernia, and at the vicinity of Angelina Agathia it is said to have risen sixty feet or more. At Dorothy Gaa the flood during the full year had rose and fell fifteen times. At Jessica where the usual flow of the rivers is seven feet above normal in exist and where the flood rolled in over the rivers as if they did not see fifteen feet on the level depth above the highest known mark of water rivers was then they are swollen. This immense tide of floods rushing into this city of Jessica pointing caused great damage as we heard, and many other towns throughout the region were as badly flooded. The tide of the very sea near here was also suddenly raised by the flood rushing into the bay, the shock was sensibly felt there at Jessica. All these facts as we can see by this map tends to show that all these shocks and the horrors of Lake Selicia, Northern Angelina, and Abbemann must all have had their origin through the efforts of the enemy and that the four mainly mentioned were of a very violent kind. These disasters have followed one after another for months in greater fury. The Abbemann disaster we know however is the most disastrous of all because its force was spent on the most commercial, commercial and populous capital city of Abbemann, known as Abbemann, where world commerce and travel made the facts conspicuous at once, with the destruction of 100,000 railroad lines. Artists will paint, and authors will write of its horrors for all time. The sweeping away of such

an enormous city who will be considered one of the most dramatic and terrible war horrors in the whole history of all disasters. Yet we feel sure girls that some day Abbeism will rise again and be once more a rich and most magnificent city interesting to travelers for its and history of the past, romance and beauty and holiness, and where we know in due time the New Abbeism can boast of Abbeism's vengeance for her destruction.

As far as we can trace on this map the list of cities known destroyed, or sadly broken up are these, Belendale, Henrietta, Specksville, Schlunder Town, Irenetown, Angellina Agathia, Dorothy Gale, Jessica City, Big Girl-Knool, Little Girl-Knool, Abbeism, Poverty Row which also was wiped out with Abbeism, Vignon, wiped out, La Polana also, El Verbo, El Paso, San Antonio, Mandro, Bengaller City, Delight's Junction, Calman, Headwick, City, Mandrill, Andron, all the towns of Mailenatt State, Mortingia City Ton Andra, and many others. Why Mildred says that it seems our cause is hopeless is this which she often mentions, over eleven thousand miles of land has been or is under water; 10,000 cities and towns are a thing of the past; 10,000,000 are homeless and facing dire poverty, starvation and exposure; the loss in property is nearly a hundred billion dollars, and still it rages on.

"It is awful indeed."

"Since the disasters began what is the total loss of life up to now?"

"I do not know," said Gertrude herself, but it was stated as high as 209,018. The total number of homeless even now is up to the awful figure of 12,284,633."

For a short time they were all quiet. George who was now at home with them all had written down the date, which was the 8th of August 1913. He had found all his comrades on board the raft a cheery and pleasant set of girls and boys, ready to assist him as far as they could, and therefore he was willing to assist them as far as he could. Just to test him recently a few practical jokes had been played upon him but George had taken them with such perfect good temper that they were soon abandoned. He had so secretly before this applied himself very earnestly to make something of the mystery of the girl and boy scout drill, and it had not been long before he had become secretly to them efficient, and he had only to wait till the news would come of the return of the Vivian Girls so he could get the pairs that would cause him anointment to some company. He however had had the good luck to have an excellent aid assigned to him nevertheless even though he was not yet a scout. Frank Benedict was a completely handy boy scout and could turn his hand for anything, and was always good tempered and cheery.

"This boy is rather free and easy in his ways," Jean Saunders told him told George when she brought the boy to him. "But you will get accustomed to that. He was a side-de-camp to one of the Vivian Girls, and his forward parting from his service to her almost broke Benedict's heart, but I no doubt believe he will soon be as much attached to you in time. All of us are good but we all have our imperfections; and he will want a little humouring but take them as a whole I would rather have an experienced boy scout take care of me than any one who is not trained."

And George had never regretted the choice of this boy guardian Gertrude had made for him, and found Benedict an excellent servant, and his strange eccentricities and the opinions with which he always expressed afforded the German Boy a constant source of amusement.

Despite that Gertrude and Angelina Rich were the supreme girls out leaders George had been made as head of the council because of his knowledge and his experiences. As soon as they were through and they waited for the next call from Jennie which they expected any minute, Gertrude told one of the boy servants:

"Order the sails up, as the raft is going to be on the way again. We are going to travel by night this time as to land ashore would be more dangerous. Guards must watch careful to night so we won't be found. This is an out of the way little as we put it, and according to these disasters it seems that there are lots of Glandelinians at such dirty work. The whole nation will apply for military aid soon and laboring aid too. A nice job we have got before us. To travel by a flood made at the hands of the foe. I have had my turn at it before and know what it means. I'd rather tramp ten or fifteen miles over hills and through bogs than do this. We start the first thing to night so you had better see that the sails are up. We must travel nineteen miles to night impossible, and it's a pretty bad watery road to travel."

The boy went to do for Midding and George said:

"I think it is a nice, nice change, and we shall be very glad to have done with all this smoky atmosphere. Evangeline St. Claire is on our the river by its own name is it not?"

"No it is about ten miles away, I believe. The river gets the name from the city. We are still more than fifty miles away from there."

The council was over, now and the raft started on again. Many strong boys were placed on night watch between hours of turns, and men who had been on sleep all day were requested to remain on sentry duty all night to watch for any dangerous floes which the raft may collide with. George George indeed had again left the left of the continued trip, and was not sorry when they had quartered in their tents, and the officers took their sleeping quarters in the big mess tent. Except when engaged on in calls from different sentries the boys of the night crew found not much to do now, but exciting noises flowed shore, and George finding nothing else to do, and as it was two hours yet before retiring, and any way being not in service he could retire or get up when he choose, the boy walked to the edge of the raft facing landward, and there watched with the help of the light of fires, and the moon trying to slide through the smoke the many strange objects in the water, and also the strange birds flying here and there over the water and occasionally dashing down to its soft surface. A few floating houses could be seen close to the raft but with no one on the roofs, and it was seldom now that even a distant wreckage was visible anywhere for they were now in or on a part of the flood where it was more immense and deeper, and by its appearance on shore George fancied it must have risen a little again. The shore which he passed now rose sheer up from the water at places but occasionally they fell away and a good climber could make his way over the rough rocks and boulders down to the waters edge if he choose. As however there was nothing to do or nothing to be gained by it, no one as if there were any on shore ever made the attempt.

Looking back over the waters, the view was a very dreary one indeed. There was not a single thing in sight but water, water; even the highest trees in the lowlands were either gone or covered over their tops with water which was evidently for one instance when the raft ran under into the top of a submerged tree and its speed from the wind in the sails tore the top off and thus absolutely uprooted it so that it floated down with the current. It was rarely now that a single floating object of any large size could be seen as near as our nose would permit. Once or twice that into evening one of the boy sentries came up to the edge of the raft and would salute the boy, and one of the men soldiers off duty for the evening stopped to have a talk with George.

"There are," he said "a good deal of suspicion going on concerning this water since it has occurred, but there is so much of it now that no one knows where it came from. No river did it; nor any amount of them; neither did a lake. However it seems it does not pay just now to try and pry into the same affairs, as it did when the war was young, and there was lots of information to be had had save that which was taken away by Violet, and her sisters. They were missing or are now missing because the enemy heard of their intentions of having the Abbeism horror investigated. Now the trade of spying is open again to a good extent; there however is only the duty to have, and I fancy a good many of the spies will take a dreadful risk or go out of the business for failure. You see since the Vivian Girls are missing, and these awful disasters a have occurred, and rumors come that the enemy is on the road of success which no one believes the reverse spies have got all their Glandelin Agents in every Glandelinian town in Glandelinia secretly to find details and get news from them what Glandelinia's purpose is to be next in the progress of this conflict, and from what part of the countries their new armies come from. Along the Angelina coast there has been a good deal of heavy fighting so I hear and world shaking artillery dueling. Anna Aronburg city was shelled and repulsed us. There blockading pays well. This war my boy is getting very bad. It's too bad you and your parents were in this country at this terrible time."

"I suppose there is a good deal of that going on."

"Any amount of it my boy. For every town that is captured I remember or reckon there must be a hundred thousand or more at work that no one dreams of for making these catastrophes; and will be as long as investigations cannot prove anything, and there hiding places among hills and bogs all over the country and other safe hiding spots where no one not in the horrible secret would dream of searching. The Glandelinians know how to carry their work through. If it were not for that we should know lots. But my boy I warn you I would stay too long so close to the edge of the raft at this hour of night for any spy Emperor Vivian can give me, for I know not what might be lurking on shore or above on the cliffs there and my boy might be found laying on the floor dead with some horrible wounds. We even would be passing a foe machine gun nest and would not see it."

"Will I'm sure I would be afraid to try to find out anything about the Glendalins," said George. "As long as it is a war of this kind, it would be as much an effort of us as well as any other spy."

George however, believed the man was right, for although he had not been able to see any one from shore at such a distance he had sometimes had a sort of uncomfortable feeling that he and even the motions of the whole raft was being watched from the shore. Once or twice when he looked shoreward with his glasses he had caught a glimpse of what he thought was a man's head among some distant rocks, but on looking with his night telescope he had seen no one. Another time looking suddenly where the shore was visible he had seen the shape of some man standing at the edge of some boggy ground where the land dipped suddenly away from huge close pine forest, but directly he saw that he was observed he took to his heels, and speedily disappeared in the forest.

At last George did not trouble himself about these matters, nor did he see any reason why any one should not be watching the movements of the raft. Had he wandered about or along the edge of the raft he might be taken for a spy by those on shore trying to find out some hidden position and he might cause the raft to be under fire, but sitting here at the edge of the raft near the railing watching the passage of strange objects on the water surely no absurd suspicion could fall upon him. Unless those on shore were Glendalins. Finally one of the men sergeants of the guard came alongside was a powerful looking man and carried a brace of pistols. George was lying on his back, looking up at the smoke clouds crossing the moon and did not hear the man approach till he was close to him, and then with a quick movement spring to his feet.

"I did not hear you coming sir," the boy said. "Thinking of Glendalins, you have given me quite a start."

"It's a handy place for sleeping so close to the edge," the man said civilly.

"I was not asleep sir," George said. "Though I own I was just starting to drop up when you approached."

"Are you mad expecting to meet a friend of yours here?" The sergeant asked. "Surely it's a mighty lonesome and risky place!"

"No sir, I am not expecting any one. I have only come here for a look at the passing of the floating stuff on the water. I'm never tired of looking at that."

"It's a big lot of water for a flood, surely," the man replied, looking over the sea like a man with regret and wondering as if the sight were a great pain to him. "A powerful lot of water for a big flood. Reminds me of riding in a ship on the ocean, and I have heard them say that you often come out here with seas or others."

"Yes I often do so," George answered.

"Don't you think now it's dangerous to be near the edge of the raft facing yonder shore my lad. Don't you think something might be watching us on shore and we could be under fire any moment, and something might even happen to you or you would be struck by some thing that may hurt you into the water and your body go drifting away and not a soul know what has become of you."

As he was heading for Keweenaw St. Clair, don't you know the shore may be hostile every foot of the way for Meni Mahlay's army is stretched an enormous distance."

"But I don't mean to take a false step or expose myself," George said. "Sure, there is any person takes a false step into some danger when he even does not think of it, and a shot from shore would be a thing you might be a target for."

"Yes, but there is hardly any one ashore," George said.

"Maybe, and maybe not," the sergeant replied. "But you could see for your self, you are the only one here, and if I was a free lad like you, and could spend my life as I liked that I was would be sitting or standing here on the edge of the raft facing shore where you might come to harm any minute. Gertrude sent me to warn you. See I just saw an object move near the edge of the shore by the water."

"I have no fear of coming to harm," George answered. "And I should be sorry for any one who tried. I always am allowed to carry a pistol. Not that I think there is any need of using it, but it is always as well to be prepared."

"It is, always as well, but a pistol would fetch shore a mile and a half and I don't think you should be coming out here, I wouldn't if I were you. I'm not afraid to die, but I'm in no hurry about it either."

"Why not my good fellow? I hear no one, and interfere with no one on shore. Surely it is open to me to see here and look at the flood without

even the darn Glendalins taking offense at it."

"That is as it may be my boy, but the Glendalins don't look at it that way. Anyhow I have told you what I think of it. Good night to you."

"I wonder what the sergeant meant," George said to himself, looking after him as he moved away. "He meant something I'm sure. I'm sure, though what it is I can't imagine. But I couldn't think or believe Glendalins would be on that portion of the shore, unless the enemy is ever following our raft. I thought it was well to let him know I always have a pistol handy, though he said pistols don't hit that far, but I know mine does as it is a strange kind. But I suppose after this I had better not come here so often especially at night though I have not the remotest idea in the world why Glendalins should be on that shore as anywhere else. However the shore does not look as it should be, I've seen figures there looking this way and disappearing and I should have precious little chance if two or three batteries should be trained at this or very spot."

"Four guards are sure queer people Miss Aronburg," George said as he interviewed her on the subject.

"What's the matter now George? Are they playing jokes on you again?"

"No. One can't even go and look at the flood waters from the shore side of the raft view without their taking it amiss," and George related the conversation he had with the sergeant, adding that he was convinced he had believed he had been watched by some one or others on shore.

"It is curious certainly," Gertrude said when he had finished. "No doubt we are entering what we might say is enemy territory for sure. The men on shore may be Glendalins, and wonder what our raft is, whether it is merely floating wreckage or what, and no doubt our men have been looking at them. They might think there is something amiss with our raft, and that we may be persons scouting down the flood, and after all after something they are afraid of our finding out. Either there is something going on ashore, or some of our things is wrong. I'm glad to mention it. And besides I don't think I'd neglect the warning George. If you exposed yourself and the enemy might give up on us from shore you might be killed. I should certainly advise you to give up mooning about on that edge of the raft when you might bring us under fire."

"But there is nothing to do on this wretched raft, and it's only six o'clock, and too early for any of us to retire," said George discontentedly.

"Not if you stop looking at the flood, I grant, but you might do as I and Angeline Richee do, when we are off duty, go about the mess hall or do something that can make you forget these and scenes. We all do or we would go crazy, for many of the girls and boys on board have parents they worry about because they are in the war-torn cities and towns. If we wait there is plenty of food to be had and I do not intend to sound taps to night until eleven because of the fact we all must wait till we get the call from Miss Luther Turner."

"That's all very well for you Miss Gertrude. You are the captain here and have no one to worry over, and with lots to say for yourself, but it's a different thing for me altogether. I'm a foreigner, a stranger, and I can't drop in and make myself at home as you and the others do."

"Why you are not shy of us I hope," said Gertrude in affected horror. "Surely such an unusual or disgrace has not fallen on our regiment that any one we have rescued from a watery grave is shy of us girls. Such a thing is not recorded with us."

"I am afraid you will have to make a record of it now," laughed George. "For I own that I am almost shy, if you call it shyness, feeling awkward and uncomfortable with a lot of strange boyscouts, especially so many good pretty and brave girls who deserve heaven than such a life you have to live through."

"Do not let it be known among our followers," Gertrude said. "Or your reputation will be such that all our girls will be teasing the life out of you good as they are. Angeline this is a bad business. What are we going to do with this boy? You and I will have to consult together how this boy is to be cured."

"No, no, Gertrude," George said earnestly, knowing how fond Gertrude was of practical jokes, and de-adding that she and Miss Richee would be putting never cure me. I'm afraid if you set about it, I shall I hope get over it in regular, there's something of Glendalins and Saintilians among all of you and it's the sort of thing that comes or becomes ten times worse if you attempt to cure it."

"We will think it over good my lad." Gertrude said seriously. "This is to us a serious defect in your character, and as you are here with us I consider it my entire duty for your welfare especially if you want to be a scout, and both for your sake and that of our force to take it into serious consideration, and see what is to be done. And my lad I'm telling you you may never have such a chance again of being cured of shyness as you have here, and we do not let any one enter the Regiment who is shy of us girls, because we try to live like St. Francis, or others. Angelina, you must turn this matter seriously over in your mind, and I will do the same, and now it is time for us to be starting for our general supper. I'm sorry you can't go with us, for, as you are on duty."

"I shall be very glad to take your duty, Joan." George said eagerly. "I told you this morning, and I thought you agreed."

"As commanding officer, and 'beautiful Saint' Gertrude Angelina." Gertrude said gravely, though fighting hard to keep back her laughter. "I cannot permit the men to be made, George because you are not one of us yet. You however have your duty to perform anyhow to the Regiment as well as Miss Jean Saunders, and your duty is clearly to go out and have a good time before taps is sounded. I am surprised after what I have just been saying that you should think of exchanging places with Joan. We don't do that sort of thing. Guards never exchange places."

"Well of course if you want me to go I will," George said reluctantly.

"But I don't know what you intend for me to do, and I don't know how all your beautiful girls friends."

"You will soon enough if you go into their society. All our girlscouts are nice girls, good and brave, friendly and kind. And if it would be nothing sort or short of cruel if we the representative of Princess Jeanne Viviane's army of girlscouts, did not do something to entertain strange friends, especially as we have saved your life when that derelict ship ran your little boat down, as it crashed our raft. So as supper bell is to be rung let's be off. Let's come," and she turned to a boy and said:

"Ring the supper bell."

"Ring the supper bell? Why Miss Gertrude I can't. It's past time, but the bells gone."

"This news astonished Gertrude but she said 'I'll investigate that soon. Use the bugle.'"

The boy did.

"With a sigh George rose to carry out his orders, and he would not have been so reluctant to go if he had known what he was going to do."

"He is quite unusual that boyscout friend," Angelina Richne said as the tent door closed behind George. "That adventure he went through for nearly two years in the Glandelinian encampment showed he had plenty of pluck and presence of mind, but he is as shy as a girl. Though I don't know why I should say that for its mighty few or none of our boys of our nationality have any shyness about them. I believe it is because he is a stranger in a country strange to him, though he is devoted to it nevertheless. He will grow out of this shyness. I never was shy in my life. Yet I remember an experience when I was on a spying trip in general Pugmoss's army."

Gertrude Angelina burst into a roar of laughter.

"I should have liked to have seen you then, Angelina."

"Angelina Richne joined in the laugh."

"It's true enough Gertrude. I entered the enemy's lines, disguised as a child slave, and though I was there despite it was a risky job it was funny just the same. The Glandelinian officers were always bothering me about my manners, so that for the time being I could hold my own. I pretended to be as awkward as a young bear. They used to have when off duty when we know as card parties, and plenty of boozing---and a fearful infliction they were---and I was expected to hand round the whiskeys and other moonshine, and make myself useful. I think I might have managed well enough if I had wanted to but the Glandelinian officers of the older kind would not let me alone, they were always expecting me to do something they did not like, and I was conscious too that whatever they were doing, they had an eye upon me, as they began to believe I was something else beside a child slave. It's trying you know, when you hear exclamations like this: 'Well for the love of Neptune, if she isn't the craziest child slave known!' or, 'See if she isn't standing on the flower of my hat. One day I purposely let a cup of coffee fall upon General Mordak's silken gray trousers as I secretly slipped something into my pocket at pocket. It was the first real good-looking uniform pants he had on ever in his life. I think and would have lasted him all his life maybe. And if you could have heard the explosion he broke into, and the exclamation of the other officers, and the general excitement over that we watched cup of coffee, you would never have forgotten it. He played me but I bore it for the sake of what I was there for."

It had no good result, I was never asked to hand things round to the generals again, and was indeed never expected to put in an appearance until the generals were away, and I was made to clean up their rooms. I only stayed there six months and that experience with the Glandelinian generals cured me of my shyness."

"I am not surprised," Gertrude laughed, "I can only be skin deep, I fancy Angelina."

"I will give George his first lesson to night before taps," Gertrude said."

Night duty had already begun when Gertrude Angelina and George Zimmerman came to the Mess Hall for supper. Gertrude introduced George to the host of the girlscout officers whom he had not hardly seen before or know, and then hurried away. In a short time she was deep in conversation with Mary Stanek, who was some years older than her, and still believed herself to be on the road of being a saint, and yet was a girlscout who was afraid of one thing, and that was sin. She was gorgeously arrayed with a plume of nodding feathers on her hat, feathers of five colors and which if she had been older and a man would have made her appear like some great chieftain.

"You are looking great to night, Miss Stanek," Gertrude said in a tone of deep admiration. "You do not give your followers a chance I'm afraid."

"Maybe not, but you see I have only this one hat, and when I've offered to loan it to you to wear for a time, they decline the offer."

"Nevertheless," said Gertrude you are certainly making quite a sensation. My young boy friend, the little German boy was tremendously struck with your appearance, and asked me who the splendid girlscout leader was. Which was true enough, except she did not say all George had said, for as they walked across the camp the morning before and this day too George's eyes had fallen upon her for the first time, and he had exclaimed in astonishment:

"Who on earth is that splendid, and saintly looking girlscout? She reminds me of my dear mother." "He is dying to be introduced to you. He is not so young, you know, but of good family, and may become one of our great boy scout some day. His parents are missing, may I introduce him?"

"Yes," said Mary. "By all means introduce him, but can he talk our tongue. I cannot speak German you know, though I do know a little French."

"Oh Gertrude made her way back to George. "Come along George, I will introduce you to the 'saint' you spoke of twice to me, charming creature, and lots of pluck and sense. Awfully struck with your appearance as much as you are with hers. Come on boy, don't be foolish," and hooking her arm in George's she led him across the raft to the good girlscout George had before noticed with such admiration....."

"Miss Stanek this is my boyfriend George Zimmerman, George, this is Miss Stanek, of third highest girlscout leader, equal to us, although you would take her for one of our little girl 'saints' of the past as she is just like one and will be I hope some day. Be good to her George and you'll not regret it. She'll give you instructions so you won't be shy, and so you may learn our ways so you can become a scout."

George murmured something in confirmation, and Mary Stanek at once rose to her feet and placed her hand in his arm. George gave an inquiring glance at Gertrude as she moved away. But he did not have anything to say for Mary burst out:

"It's too bad that I had not know you before Master George. Gertrude had spoken of you very often, and we girl leaders have been quite curious to see you. There's the bugle striking up. I think we had better take our places at the Mess. I suppose as I am the third in head of this expedition we had better take the superior officers table."

George never forgot that general supper. Mary Stanek ate with the manner of high class people, and she sat erect, and the boy himself had a feeling that some strange person unseen by others was watching him and her and a mad desire to rush out and see who it was possessed him. He feared trouble.

"Miss Stanek is the same as ever," Gertrude remarked to Jane Malfort. "She sets quite an example to us younger girlscouts."

The girl laughed. "She is peculiar for goodness and bravery Gertrude. But none of us do wish we all had such wonderful hat dreams. Every body is admiring her. George is doing nobly too, and you said he was shy. I was standing close by when you introduced him and I could see by your face you were up to something. Maybe you were playing a joke upon him."

"No not that exactly but a kindly notion, I want him to start getting acquainted with us girls, to lose his shyness, because that must be cured or he wouldn't be permitted to join us. The lad is somewhat bashful, and I found however that he chiefly admired Mary Stanek. She's one of the prettiest of us girls you know."

"Well you shall introduce him to me next," Mildred Maxwell who was having her wound redressed said. "I like his looks, and he has done a lot for us."

"Shall I tell him that Mildred?"

"If you do I shall appreciate it."

As soon as supper was about over Gertrude strolled up with Mildred to the spot where Mary was washing her dishes, and George drying them.

"You sure look charming with those plums on Miss Stanek. You sure look your part for an officer. Let me recommend a slight refreshment, Miss Maxwell, allow me to introduce our soon to be boy scout officer George Zimmerman."

George who had not caught the name bowed to the girl thus left suddenly bedside him and offered her his arm.

"Why you look warm already," George said. "That coffee you drank was too hot."

"There is no word for it," George said bluntly. "Did you see the wonderful girls out I ate supper with?"

"She is our superior officer George, but she is rather wonderful just the same."

"G O George had thought before, that he was more warmer than it was possible for many one to be but he found now that he was mistaken."

"I beg your pardon," he stammered. "I didn't catch the name of her rank but of course I ought not to have said anything."

"I wonder you didn't see her shoulder decorations," the girl said demurely. "She is one of our best."

"I sure I could not see her commission the least bit in the world"

George said emphatically "not the smallest. But I hope you forgive me for that unusual remark but the fact is I felt a little bewildered at the time. I'm not so much at reading girls' commissions by the appearance of their uniforms."

"I think you will learn though. I'll tell you the rank of our three highest leaders. Gertrude is Chief Commissioner, girls' scout Captain, which in girls' scout rank makes her our Captain General, Angeline Richon usually having different commands under her, is higher in rank still, and so is Marie the highest of us all. But here we do not show the superiority as only our own commands we have in person makes us the rank. Now Gertrude just now has been commissioned to be our leader by our casted votes. There she said" laughing at George's confusion "you need not be afraid of my not forgiving you for the mistaken remark, very one of us all got on very well together as if we were all of the same rank, and I think it is too bad you are not one of us, but you would have been if the Vivian Girl Princess came back."

"Thank you Miss Maxwell," George said earnestly. "The fact is I haven't been with you long. I am not so shy but I haven't got accustomed to talking to you kind of girls yet, you are altogether different from those of other countries, and Gertrude, who is always up to some fun or other, did it just to cure me what she calls my shyness. However I can quite understand her now."

"I do not believe you are shy, but only think you are George Mildred" said with a smile. "That last sentence was very pretty and if I was not holding your arm I should make you a courtesy."

"No please don't do that, I should be the one to do it," George said. "Girls should be respected by men and boys."

"Now don't spoil it. You meant, I suppose what was quite proper. And Gertrude tells me that you have been through all sorts of adventures -- been carried off by the Glandolinians, held a prisoner among them for over two years, placed to command over child slaves, and done all sorts of things."

"The all sorts of things did not amount to much, Miss Maxwell, but the Glandolinians would not let me do a thing not even work. However that is how I picked up your language. There was nothing heroic about it that I had to play, and it was one of the Vivian Girls who acquired my escape."

"Still it was an adventure."

"It was more than that, and upon the whole I think I liked it, except when they pulled me too close to a battle. I saw the action at Hendrick Junction between Cedronine Creek and N. B. N. Kingburg. I was injured there and had a narrow escape from being killed."

"That would have been dreadful. What would you have done?"

"Well I certainly would have never fought, but what I should have done I suppose have depended upon circumstances. I suppose I would have ran over to the Angelinians if I had the chance."

"And is it true what Gertrude said, that you said you had to do like the child slaves in the enemy's camp?"

"No I was under what they call Probation."

"She hinted that the rule was that any time you might have been caught talking secretly to a child slave you would have faced a death penalty."

"That was a fact. What nonsense that was," George exclaimed indignantly. "The idea of my being shot because I talk to a child slave. I did it in spite, took the chance and I'm here to day. It was through a child slave I befriended that one of the Vivian girls brought about my escape."

"I think you will do, George," the girl said. "Six to a sixteen or twenty four months in a Glandolinian prison camp made you have good training, even if it came from the enemy. And you have paid two very nicely paid compliments in ten minutes. But there our supper is finished and we are all ready to depart."

"You are getting on George," Gertrude said as they were leaving the big Mess Hall tent. "I have had my eye upon you. You were quite a while with Miss Maxwell. But she is a very nice little girl scout, though very severe at times. I had thought of making up in that quarter myself but I see it is no use now."

"None at all," said George seriously. "We are not exactly like brother and sister you know, but we now understand each other."

"What Gertrude exclaimed in a changed voice. "You are not such a young ass as to govt that far already before you have even become one of us."

"George burst into a laugh. "That's good," he said. "It is not often yet even that I get a rise out of you Gertrude."

"Well you did her a good thing nevertheless," Gertrude admitted, joining in the laugh. "I thought for a moment you were serious."

"No," George said. "I seldom make a fool out of myself, I very few Germans do unless they drink too much but I don't think I'll likely do that sort of a thing when I grow to be a man."

"I see, prior attachment --- ah!" Gertrude asked quizzically.

"Ah that is a great secret Gertrude," George laughed. "I'm do not like to lay my heart bare to such a mocker as you are."

"When they got outside on the raft they found a lot of boys and girls racing shore ward."

"Is that Miss Aronburg?" Jack Saunders asked. Just after you had gone into supper, one of the men officers came and asked me if we couldn't get the raft a little further out on the water as there is something suspicious on shore and especially among the hills, and there had been strange colored lights flickering back and forth. I am glad you came out, as I did not like to alter the course of the raft without sending you word. It's a nuisance as it is beginning to get smoky again. However it can't be helped."

"I will go and man the sails if you like," George said. "I should like a little excitement this evening after that hot mess hall."

"Are you quite sure you would like it?" Jack asked winking his eye at Gertrude, while Hattie Kauffmann who stood close by smiled.

"Quite sure," Gertrude said. "Besides it's my turn for doing some service this evening, so that is it is really my place to go to that work with the others if Captain Gertrude has no objection."

"Not the least in the world George. I don't suppose Jack has any fancy for working at the sails anyhow, as he once pulled a loose one down on top of himself, and it took nearly the whole force to get him from under it, and if you have experience with such things, there is no reason why you should not try to do the work since you have had such experience."

A couple minutes took George to change his good clothes for those for for work, then George hurried out just as the head officer of those working on the sail came up.

"We are going to have a thrilling trip of it Captain Saunders," George said. "The shore per people whatever they are are starting to train a powerful searchlight toward us."

"All the better my boy. There will be a thick mist of smoke overshadowing us anyhow, that will hide us better than this darkness of night, for even the searchlight could not reveal us. There is a glare of fire far away at present and an unusual glare, and no likely whatever they are on shore they will have lots of men on guard. If they are friends we can signal and let them know. If they are foes we have to make a clean movement. Are you ready my boy?"

"Quite ready. Attention, workers at the yardarm. Four o'clock. Get to work. Hoist sails and they started to work, causing the raft to turn to go more westward.

"How far are we going?" George asked Jack himself.

"It would be safe to go about seven miles I think. It's about half past six now, we ought to be able to get that far at about seven. It does not take long, and as long as we are not seen for sure because of the smoke here I do not think there is any hurry."

"I hope you know the way," said George. "With the fog it is so dark here now that we cannot scarcely see ourselves, and yet to risk a light on the raft would be fatal. And if the smoke thickens the darkness will be as black as ink."

"Oh I know the way," The officer said confidently. "We will keep going westward for about two miles, then turn northwestward, follow in that direction for three miles, then branch to the northeast, and then flow straight northward till we are sure we are out of the sight of those on shore. We can find our way there through the water, and if we collide with objects we can push them aside. This raft is too solid to be injured but we do not want to be jammed."

"That sounds easy enough," George said. "But I know how difficult it is to see what is coming in a fog of smoke unless of course it is more clear further out. However we must hope we shall get to Swan Island at least all right without more bad adventures. We have I know plenty of provisions."

"Sergeant," said one of the men. "Have we got plenty of munitions on board in case we are persecuted?"

"Yes," said Gertrude herself. "If boats pursue us we could blow them out of the water. I've planned for the long ago."

"That is a very good plan Gertrude. I shall bear it in mind myself for the future. We might need to use the guns before long I'm afraid."

The fine smoke fog or mist continued steadily as the raft continued on, but the night seemed to grow darker and darker. The raft turned due north-west, and it began to go a little faster, and the clouds seemed to settled round them. The flare came from the search light but it missed the raft. Gertrude in command walked ahead, and gave directions, keeping the raft on the northwest course. Something was moving on the shore; it could be seen by the motions of distant lights, and George followed as closely as he could the action of the lights, but although they were bright and glaring he could not make out any figures or sent anything else in the darkness and the fog.

"Till the men who know how to work the guns to remain at their posts," Gertrude was heard to say. "You sentries keep in touch with each other. As long as we are on the beaten waters we know we are right, but there may be jars or wreckage floes or anything close by on one side or the other and we do not want any collision now. The noise would attract those on shore."

Every one obeyed, and the raft proceeded on its way.

"How on earth are we going to find our way back to shore if we turn so far off, Miss Aronburg?" asked Jean.

"We shall find it easy enough, Jean. We have good maps, compasses and we do not need to go too far on such a dark night. We can miss even the shore on such a dark night. We see the fire reflections so clearly and I do not believe the fog would be that thick."

"Some boy struck a light with his flint and steel, and was looking at his watch at the point where they turned off from the road, and had done the same thing three or four times when Gertrude bore down on him."

"Out with that light, what do you think you are doing?" She demanded angrily. "What are you out of the water. Don't do it again or I'll put you off in a boat to shift for yourself."

"It's twenty minutes since we turned off, Miss Aronburg," said one of the girls, coming up at this moment. "Even allowing for our stoppages in case we do run anything we could soon be near the distance now."

"Yes I fancy we have made good time now Francis."

"And I can feel that the pressure of the water is stronger now, and there must have been a slight rise in the water in the last couple of hours. As the current is strong we had better go a little more slowly now Gertrude."

Another five minutes the raft stopped with a sharp grinding noise and a spray of water shot aboard, followed by the crash of falling wood.

"What is that?" asked Gertrude.

"The raft hit a wooden house that still remained embedded in the ground though it was almost submerged," one of the officers said. "A board hit me in the head and hurt me considerably."

"Don't you think we had better halt the raft till daybreak?"

"I think we had better go on Miss Aronburg. The further we get away from that hostile shore the better, and if we should miss the sight of the shore we can halt and wait till daybreak."

"Well we can do that," Gertrude said.

"The raft can go ahead about twenty or thirty paces, and the men can paddle," said Angelina Riches coming up having noticed the jar of the crash. "This will be slow work, but we can keep a clear of dangerous objects if we go on at paddle pace. Have the sails lowered."

Gertrude agreed, the sails were lowered, and they proceeded in this manner for some time.

"I don't think we are in the right spot yet," George himself said.

"Oh yes we are," The officer nearest replied confidently.

"George took a long pole and drew it along in the water. It stopped at an object with such suddenness as to make George do a flip into the water who was standing near by, and they both went down."

"What caught your stick?" she asked rising to her feet.

"Something," he said. "The water is full of floating stuff and the stick was wrung out of my hand and its gone. But we are moving into a jam I'll be bound."

"Bolores got a longer pole and followed his example but help it firmly as she didn't want an experience that George had, who was trying to stop his bleeding nose, and at the same time telling for some one to bandage his scratched hands."

"We seem to be in a straggled waste of floating debris of small size," she said. "Maybe George your pole caught a floating tree. I am convinced we are heading into trouble."

"Well," George said, "just go a little way to the right, and left with the pole and see if the debris gets thicker. It seems to me all the same."

Bolores did so and was obliged to own that she did not see any difference. George advised some of the men to use long pieces of boards and directed them to feel the water and see if they could discover any danger of the jam getting thicker. They failed to do so, but found bigger objects and one said his paddle must have struck against the side of a floating house."

Gertrude was called to investigate and finally she said:

"We will wait here Bolores till day light. It's no use groping about in the dark. For anything we know we may be going exactly in the wrong direction and may go ashore instead of away from it. The men of course can retire for the night if they choose. We may be longer than a day before we get out of this jam, perhaps longer than we can expect."

The order was given, the men piled their arms, and made preparations to retire for the night. Presently George heard a sudden exclamation of surprise and alarm as one of the men had discovered a sudden flare from a searchlight on the shore edge which for a moment had struck full on the whole raft revealing every one to each other as bright as day. Before scarce a word had been spoken, the men had been working in a sort of sulky silence, disgusted at being taken from their chance of getting to bed that night for work they disliked, and at the raft's long trip through the smoky air, but their surprise at this unexpected sight loosened their tongues.

Strange lights were appearing on shore in all colors the artists know and the excitement caused the discomfort of the situation to be almost forgotten. Diamond had handed to George a night glass. Gertrude aroused had also made her preparations.

"Maybe the light failed to reveal us anyway to them because of the smoke. Anyway we should be more certain as to our whereabouts, and what those are on shore if we only had a powerful search light of our own," said Angelina Riches.

"I have but I don't dare use it, it may draw fire on us."

"I don't deny that Gertrude, you were right as it has turned out only I wouldn't have believed that we could have run into hostile territory after escaping once and we did want to go out before we could be observed. I know they could not actually surprise us till morning, and then we could have been away out of their range but there is no going further until we could see."

The plan though quite risky seemed a good one, but it was difficult to follow, and might be the shouting attract fire from the unknown direction of the shore whether hostile or not, as even friends would not know here who is on the raft, and may mistake them for the glandelinians. The motion of the flood here was so slow that George or Gertrude often differed as to whether their boats were going north or south, west or east, or standing still, and it was only by separating and taking short runs right and left, forwards or backwards, and working the boats carefully, that they arrived at any conclusion, and even then often doubt as to whether they were right, and four times George either collided into Gertrude, and almost upset her, or she did the same to him, once ramming him with a resounding crash. This all the fault of the smoke for growing thicker so you couldn't even see twenty yards. The shouting as the long line proceeded was prodigious and must have astonished any one on shore, but so far nothing unusual happened, though the sounding of signals came from somewhere, howling was the smoke fog, that the men sometimes went to row back to the man behind them, instead of forward to the man, and girl in front, and once two men even rowed into the raft, and were captured and held to right their boats, and he helped in and resumed their work dripping wet and long pauses were necessary before they even got right again.

Once Gertrude and George being side by side got rowed by six boats almost at the same time and though no disaster happened the crash made louder noise than usual. George finding the cause of the delay, and the collision, passed the word down to the first man to keep on shouting "number one", the second "number two", and so on and this finally made matters somewhat better. The line of shouting men had at last the advantage that it enabled George to keep now a fairly straight course as the sound of voices told him if he was deviating much to the right or left. Once he struck a floating tree, and with his hook, knife, and a hatchet had to chop the tree to pieces to disentangle his boat.

"We may not be going straight," he said to Gertrude, "at least we have the satisfaction of knowing that we are not moving in a circle troublesome as this adventure is."

After some minute movements, George upon his delight came upon a floating tree (moving from the east) all green yet with leaves.

"Thank goodness," he said, "I have got a sort of guide at last. If we follow the way this came from we must get somewhere. We need not go on in this tedious way, but will halt here till all the boats come up."

It was half an hour, six thirty in the morning before the Colonel came up in his boat.

"We have got a guide now Colonel, and can push on. I suppose you have no idea where this tree came from Colonel Mr. Gibson?"

"Not at present," the officer admitted. "There are thousands of them floating about. They make their way down the flood from the northeast, and there is nothing to distinguish one from the other."

The rowers continued on more briskly keeping within hailing distance of each other. Sometimes those in the boat upon stuff floating in the water that was soft and mushy, and it was difficult to follow through it, but they went straight on, always keeping the ropes taut so that the raft would follow, and after three hours of it came upon a mass of debris of all kinds, not heavy but thick and in masses. There was nevertheless a cheer from the tired men as they found they had pulled the raft to this as this had been Gertrude's intention. For if they were to be attacked, the wreckage would betray the attackers by noise.

"Now the question is shall we turn the raft to the right or the left, for we have not the faintest idea as to the points of the compass. What do you say Gertrude?"

"I should say that it is an even chance, but at any rate George, which ever way we go we are sure to come in time upon some good clear space of water, and when the smoke lifts we may know where we are. But at present row back to the raft, and we'll halt there or here till the smoke clears up."

"Very well then, we will take the right," George said. "For some of the four of the boatmen Colonel?" So shouted Gertrude. We shall get on better now by keeping in sight. Now Colonel if any of the men can sing let him strike up a tune with a chorus, but no war song remember. That will help us along."

There was a little hesitation, and then one of the men struck up song and with renewed life, and vigor they all pulled along, and yet no sound from shore. It was nearly twenty minutes before they heard the vague welcome sound of voices close by. Gertrude hailed the men, and with her boat proceeded

toward this sound, and then then discovered they were close to the raft, the voices being of those on board, some who were brought to the edge by the sound of the singing, and who were somewhat puzzled at the, to them at that moment the mysterious sounds.

"What part shall we get aboard again," asked George.

"Where we have the pole."

"Listen me," one of the men exclaimed. "We have probably towed the raft about twenty miles away from land. We are now clear of smoke here, and no land in sight."

"Then it is evident we can't get there to day," Gertrude said as she sat on. "Sound the depth of the flood here, and see if we can anchor. We must have come more than that distance since we halted in the night. Now Angelina, my good friend, our party of twenty men have succeeded in my purpose, but it seems nevertheless we have lost our way in the smoke fog, and must stop here for the night. How deep is the water?" to the man who was testing with a long pole.

"There are ten or twelve feet of it here Miss Aronkling."

"That is all right then. We can anchor here, and every one may have their breakfast at nine. It's near that now. I will try to the twenty men for the trouble they went through in rowing, and we will wait our breakfast badly enough for we have come at least five or six or twenty miles off shore and probably ten more than that, and we have had nothing but a bit of bread since we started."

The men were on the board, but they were ordered to go to their quarters and prepare for breakfast. The colonel proceeded to his own and knowing that the cooks had been preparing it, and had waited for Gertrude's return Gertrude ordered the bugle to sound the breakfast call as all had fasted and would not eat till she returned.

"We have every reason to consider ourselves lucky indeed," George said as he sat down with one of the boys a minute later to a meal of boiled potatoes and pork chops over a peat fire. "It's three minutes after nine now, and it will be lighter in another half an hour if the sun can come through the brown haze. If we had not struck upon that wide jam we should have gone further out than we intended. Gertrude's first measure after seeing that all were at their breakfast was to send a boy to telegraph off to Emperor Vivians army. Gertrude wrote an account of what had happened, and said that the raft was unable to proceed because of the smoke pull. Then directing it to any one who might be at the Emperor's headquarters to receive it, she gave it to the lad who did the telegraph telegraphing, who at once started the telegraph going.

"It will reach there instantly," Angelina Riches said. "The wireless is good, and no one can miss its call in the camp. It's lucky we turned the way we did for although it was taking us further from shore the smoke it was better than risking fire from unknown foes, while if we had gone the right way it would have been six or seven hours before we could have proceeded at all."

"I think we are lucky all around," Jane said. "An hour ago if any one had told us we were going to sit down at nine in the morning to a hot breakfast of this kind we should have been dressed as a scuffer. It would have seemed too good to be true."

Gertrude ordered the Colonel to serve out to the men a quart of whiskey with his breakfast, and another half an hour later, and by that time every body was prepared for the next move.

"This situation however is enough to give any one of us a nice scare," said Gertrude as the boy came marching in. "It seems as if we have almost lost ourselves in the flood now and a nice time we might have of it out here. It is no use sending out messengers to look for the shore. If we could only hear the firing of guns somewhere we might be able to sound an alarm. But whenever we are I believe we will have to stay, but just now there's nothing to do but remain here until the wind changes direction and clears the air. One in George with me I have some hot lunch waiting for you. Come in from it. It's lucky you didn't get caught in the debris when your boat was captured this morning when we collided."

"Well George, you didn't bargain for all this when you offered to go out on the boat," Penrod said as they were seated at table.

"No, but it must be all over now, and I am glad I did it in spite of the difficulty we have had. It has been an adventure, and besides it was a good thing to learn how it is the best way to pull the raft out of the smoke fog so we won't be doing it smoke fever."

"How did you manage," George. "Gertrude herself asked" "was once in such a fog I smoke so that we have left there really does not seem anything to be done, and I had jumped you so often."

"I don't know," he answered. "I know once you rummed me hard and we both were almost captured."

"Well! I really think you have done remarkably well again my boy. I should not be surprised if we have some more adventure before us, for we must get back to some distance for the further out we are the more dangerous the floating may be that may strike us. I also have received some notice in a telegraph how bad the war is growing, for general Federal known as Pugnose had been coming all sorts of atrocities near Evangeline St Claire, and as it seems portion of the concentrating christian armies are threatening to make the region too hot for him at last, he is reported to have made his maneuvers down to the southern section not far from St Marys Heights, or somewhere in this direction, and all christian generals are ordered to keep a sharp lookout for him as Federal is moving northward and may strike at any time. He for a Glandelinian general is also an unmitigated ruffian, and a desperate one and the most dreaded of all glandelinian generals. He has shot several spies already who entered his lines, and all his officers are as nearly as bad as himself, and so strong is his army that I expect Major Hanson will have some trouble in waiting him. There has been a reward of more than an immense fortune for his destruction or capture but no one can capture him. One man who told of Federal's intentions was captured by the enemy, and they massacred his wife and children before his eyes. We might be soon there and if a battle happens we could I hope be within hearing distance of it."

About an hour after to their surprise a sergeant came in and said that a little girl with a woman had come to the raft all the way from the shore through the fog and wished to speak to Miss Aronburg.

"Come all this way! How did she find us?"

"I do not know Miss Aronburg."

"What do they want Sergeant?"

"The woman won't say what she wants Miss Aronburg only that she wishes to speak to you privately."

"Show them both in, as sergeant. Are you sure they are not armed. We cannot be too careful."

"They are not armed Miss Aronburg, and the little girl has been saying her Rosary."

The sergeant brought in the woman and the child, and retired. As soon as the tent door closed behind him, the woman threw back her shawl which had almost covered her face. He was dressed more like a refugee, and must have been about twenty-eight years old and very pretty, and the little child was about eight, and still prettier.

"What can we do for you?" Gertrude asked. "The sergeant wishes or says you wish to speak to me on some very particular business."

"Yes my dear girl and it is very particular business."

"You don't wish to speak to me quite alone?" Gertrude asked, seeing that she hesitated.

"No my dear child, seeing that your girl officers are here, and you have all good scouts and soldiers on board your raft there is no reason in life why they should not hear what I have to say. But sure, my child, my life would not be worth a penny if it were known anywhere beyond this raft that I had been here, and therefore I took advantage of the fog. I had followed you all night at any risk. My name is Jean Melder, my child and I belong to a large refugee camp from which I came. Well my child, the shore beyond which you are anchored is teeming with dangerous glandelinian armies under a desperate furious leader, it is a part of Cannonias army and here a creek separates by name flows into the flood. He is massing troops at all points. We of course did not at first know he who he was or what army it was--how should we--but thought it was some christian army, but now since what he did we know it is a glandelinian army. My husband was troubled in his mind over it. Of course he did not dare to inform any one but he had heard so much of Inner Wyletzes Glandelinian army and his proposed Angelina Campaign toward Angelina Agathia that he was uneasy at the thought of being so close by. Cannonias came to his house on the farm one day and my husband was not at all friendly to the enemy general, and the chieftain a girlish looking man noticed it, took offense, call his men and told my husband he was informing the christians of his movements. My husband said it was a lie, and they were high shouting him, but at last they said he should have the choice of joining the Glandelinian army or of being shot, and my husband driven to it and seeing no other way to save his children from being murdered was forced to agree. Then the Glandelinian villains made him kneel down and take

a great oath to be faithful to the wicked cause and be secret. I was some distance off from the house, for I had caught up my two children and ran out by the back door when the Glandelinian generals came in, but I managed to creep round to an open window so that I could hear what was said. When they took him away with them, I followed at a short distance for I wasn't sure whether after all they didn't mean to kill him. But they went up to their positions at the edge of the forest. Some of the Glandelinians who spotted me with my children however seemed more friendly like and did not arrest me for coming so close to their camp and so I went back. The next morning I took my baby son over to the refugee camp and told them my situation, and asked them to keep it safely till I came back to reclaim it. Then I went to my home again and found it in flames. A day or two after that I found out from a foreign refugee who could speak out tongue, and knew the Glandelinian general well that Cannonias had made up his mind to make a junction with Beppo Evans as the enemy were going to attack general Riches on the morrow if possible so I took a boat, saw your raft go off before the smoke came down on us, and had followed in your wake ever since and got here. Now you know my child that I do not come here for the sake of a reward. Not a penny of it would I touch if I were dying of hunger, and sooner than be suspected as a spy informer even on the enemy as I'm not in the army I would rather take the chances of running away. But they have got my husband, and either they will make him as bad as themselves--which I hope and pray not--or they will shoot him or burn him at the stake, and if they don't kill him he will be mistaken for a deserter and shot one of these days by the soldiers of the army. What I want you to promise my child is that if I point out where you can raid suddenly that portion of the camp you will warn your soldiers not to shoot my husband. But I come to ask you to recover him for me. I know you have heard and read so much of you, and your great association with the Princesses, and know you can't fail in any undertaking you set on. You will know him easy enough my child for he is a foreign looking man, and when the time comes you will find he will do what he can to help you. I found out a way to steal into a portion of the camp without being observed and I found him and had a chance to speak to Jim my husband for a minute. He is broken hearted my child but he dares not leave them. He says they had sworn if he ever tries to get away he would be charged with desertion now, and they would hunt him down, and Cannonias said he would send information to the Angelina Authorities that it was Jim who helped him destroy a refugee camp where those poor creatures were massacred and would say he had been in the thick of it all along, and how could he prove the difference. So he dares not for the life of him move my child, and warned me for my safety to keep away and go home, for I could do him no good, and if the soldiers caught me speaking to him they would kill the two of us."

"I promise you willingly," Gertrude said. "I will not say who pointed out the part of the camp they have your husband, and if your husband does not join in the resistance he certainly shall receive no hurt. However if he was caught with them by the soldiers of my assistant her father (pointing to Angelina Riches) I am afraid that he would not fare very well, and for his purpose of giving in to them just to save himself I shall myself be exceeding my duty by letting him go, as I will have to make him a prisoner; but surely he would have no difficulty in proving he had only accompanied them in consequence of their threats. Besides we don't fare that way, as he is a deserter for going to their side to save himself."

"That is what he couldn't prove Gertrude. He didn't do it to save himself, but his children, he knew there was no chances for them and the generals swore together that if anything was known they would claim he joined them without request, and how could the man prove he wasn't?"

"Well Mrs Melder I will try and strain a point if it is possible." Angelina Riches said. "I being one of the main Captains will try to do some thing. You see people sometimes escape after they are taken and I think we shall be able to manage somehow that Jim shall not appear before the court Marshall with the others, and if it should turn out that it cannot be managed and he will be our prisoner I will engage to make some representations to the authorities under the Vivian Girl Princesses that you and your husband shall go free."

"Very well Gertrude, then I will tell you where the weakest Glandelinian position is to be found. I can't take you there my child, for if I do I'll bring you shoreward before you have the proper preparations to go but I can reveal to you where it is so you can make the assault without loss. When you reach that part of the shore, straight ahead east from where you have your raft imposition now, there is a long footpath that turns off from the creek at the end of a cove and goes straight on up and among a wall of

big rocks that come out of the flood waters. Well Gertrude a few hundred yards to the left of that rocky wall there is a sort of break among the forest, and there is a track goes up there. You won't see it unless you look close for it, and it gets lost a little way up because the rocks are all broken about and heaped on each other. It's up that way the enemy position is. There's always many sentries on watch not far from the top and there's generally many messengers who would run forward and tell the nearest sentry on watch if he saw any troops moving toward the Glandelinian position. So you will have to be mighty careful but they are up there sure enough, somewhere. But avoid the main line of the enemy or you will all be lost. Jim told me there was no chance of the enemy's position being taken by general Vivian's army for if the alarm is given they would bring train machine guns on every space where an advance would be expected and the infantry would be in ten rows firing at one time. I can't tell you any more than that, but I think that may be enough to help you find them."

"I should think so too, Mrs. Melder. And what do you propose doing yourself?"

"I shall go off Gertrude at once. Folks in the refugee camp have been wondering about me and will be asking what I was doing out on the floodcoast so long, and I want to get back home before anything happens. If it came to the ears of any of the Glandelinian generals there was a woman talking with girls out on a raft he they might guess it was me, and if they did, they would not only shoot my husband, but comb the whole world to get me. I can't see as I can do any good by stopping on the raft, and I may do harm, so I will go over to a new post after getting my baby and stop there till I hear what you and your bands have done. If I find Jimmie has got injured I shall come back, if not I shall return to my home as I'm confident Miss Riches's father will wait Myletze. Maybe you will tell him I shall be expecting him there."

Gertrude accompanied her outside to see that no one spoke to her, and when she saw her disappear over the water in the fog in the boat with her child she went back to the tent.

"I think you had a lucky escape George," she said as she entered. "The full matter is explained now about your suspicions on the edge of the raft and of that sergeant's warning, and it is very lucky the Glandelinians on shore did not open fire on the raft when you were standing at the edge for if they had we would be having a Mass for the Dead said for you for the enemy would shoot you as much as a cat would kill a sparrow. Well, this is a splendid most important bit of news. I have heard about this and the authorities have for a long time been trying to lay their hands on this man for his apparent desertion, but he was forced to accompany the foe, and so if we can rescue him and get him pardoned it will be a feather extra in our caps. The Glandelinians fear us girls out despite our gaudy way of dressing for the last two years. Now we must arrange the line of battle on our side how it is to come off and when, but we must strike only when we see General Vivian is going to be victorious. We got to wait for the battle to begin. In the first place we must arrange with one of the christian generals by telegraph to have a strong force in readiness to support us and a well manned battery to cut the Glandelinians down if they moved against us after we had secured their prisoner. The attack must be made when the enemy is losing battle with Vivian's, that is evident, and to attack at night is impossible for half our men would get lost in the hostile territory or break their legs or their necks if they tried to do it in the dark. I think it will be best to place half the company along the top of the cliffs posting two or three hundred men all armed with our little machine guns at every point where it looks possible that they may ascend, then with the other half we will go up on this track she speaks of and storm the whole territory fiercely. If we can get help and overwhelm them we will gain great reputation."

"Who is this general Cannon?" asked George.

"A great foe leader highest next to Myletze. Though Myletze is more humane Cannon is also always mixed up in the brutal actions of the war. He had moved forward once at the beginning of his career from Dublinia State southern Galverinia. He went through Standard Junction with his divisions, where he was first heard of, was whipped twice twice in battle, then he ambushed a christian army when it came up upon him massacring children, and though worsted in the fight got away, and it was months before he was heard of again. It was thought he had gone over to join Manley in his campaign but I suppose he got up an army of his own of great size and moved to aid Myletze in his campaign. The next thing heard of him was that he was back again at his dreadful work. The christian generals of course were ignorant as to what had become of him the time he disappeared, but the accounts around made no secret of what he had been doing, and boasted of having destroyed two christian armies, refusing to give quarter. Of course every effort then was made to drive him off but in vain. He began to win good victories.

Many christian spies have informed against him for he was hated more than any other for his violence and overbearing way, and he established terror wherever he went. He was joined by three or four other foe commanders with new armies and then he made this junction with Myletze with whom however he has been forced to behave a little better. He has killed four or five great Counts at various times, and I should say massacred twice as many as ten thousand children who have ventured to expose him. He and his bands also levied a sort of black mail wherever he went, and was betide any town in the path of his advance. Their inhabitants were killed and their houses set on fire and so in a short time he had the whole region in his possession. When ever an army went in pursuit of him he was sure to obtain early information. He is a J. His spies were very active although any other person too failing to send in instant word of the approach of a christian army would suffer for it. Just as we left I heard that a company of foot and a troop of cavalry were to be sent from Galwayton Junction to search every section and mountain recess in the district and that is what I suppose drove him to make a Junction with Myletze. His long bobbed red hair, and it is this partly, and his sly face, and partly no doubt the generale murderous character that has gained him the name of the "Red Shadow." He is a prize worth defeating or taking, and if we can some day aid our armies to crush him we shall have done better work than if we had gone treasure hunting. At any rate when the conflict comes we will lose no time. It's a good thing that women informed us that we were near by of the region and therefore we kept up with Vivian's all the time without knowing it. I will write a la letter at once by wireless telegraph to any officer of the christian army we can get to answer it. I shall mention no names, but say that we hope to make an important capture of a "deserter" the day of the battle and ask him to send by a sacred secret route a well armed force. If any movements for it will be a dangerous undertaking. As it might be a real severe fight none of my girl or boy followers must participate, but remain on the raft to cover our retreat in case we are worsted and have to retreat at an untimely moment."

"Gertrude at once wrote the telegraphic letter.

"Sergeant Turpo" she said, when the non-commissioned officer came in "I want you to telegraph this letter to general Beppo Evans of the christian side of Vivian's army, I will give you the location and number of station which Miss Riches gave me. It is of the highest importance. I want you to do the telegraphing yourself and get the answer from him."

Then she said to the Colonel:

"When we land I will send you on another message. Take a large number of men with you, and carry your side arms. Don't go along the wall of rocks, but keep to the road till you come to the lane that leads direct to the cove. Just tell Mildred Maxwell to come here with you."

"Mildred" she said, "when that girl scout appeared, 'I want you to have your sergeant lend disguises to the colonel and a score of men and hats or cam caps of any kind. I am going to send a score of my men on a scouting tour before we land our full force of men and I don't want them to be noticed. It does not matter how old the clothes are so that they are long and men the man appear like peasants."

"I sure will get them Gertrude. I have found one that will do for the colonel, and will have one of my girls find the rest."

"You see Co/ Colonel, I don't want your strange presence in the woods to be noticed. You know how scouts and Glandelinian sentries are so watchful and hang together in squads. The sight of a score of soldiers in uniform there would be sure to attract attention. Choose the men you can rely on to play their part cleverly. I tell you to only take your side arms because I happen to know there are men about, who if they suspect your mission, would not have the least hesitation of opening fire on you. This is no question of finding a forest fire and detect its movement Colonel, but of making the capture of one who had gone off with the foe rather than risk his life to refuse, and to frustrate frustrate frustrate one of the most desperate Glandelinian forces in the country, and it is well worth the taking of the utmost pains and precautions to ensure everything going well."

"I understand Miss Aronburg. I will take a score of my trusty men with me, they have plenty of good character, and if any one should speak to us as we go along, one of our men can do the talking, and no one will suspect that we are not a bunch of country men."

"That will do very well Colonel. It is just nine thirty now. If Captain Andrew Leander is not busy when you are prepared you ought to be able to get started as soon as we draw near shore. It's about four miles away for us after all as the woman said. I would secure a number of heavy sticks if I were you. I don't think it all likely however there should be any occasion

to use them but it is just as well to be prepared. If when you get near the forpostion or on your way back you come across any Glandelinians who question you inquisitively, and seem to you to be also a suspicious character, I give you authority to make him prisoner if you can and bring him back to us with you. Knock him down if he attempts to fight. You may as well take a number of pairs of handcuffs with you and ropes too. The object of the rope is, that if you capture anyone on your way up you had better have handcuffed him him gag him, tie him to some tree or some other object at a distance from the road, and pick him up as you come back. And I do not need to say that you are not to go too near the foe position, and not to speak to any one without necessity.

"I understand Miss Aronburg, and you can rely upon me to carry out your orders."

"You had better fetch the best man in here Sergeant. Tell him what he and his followers have to do before you bring him in, then we can see the disguises on all of you, and it's better for you to start from the cove, where there will be no one in sight to see us make a landing."

Mildred returned with the disguises almost immediately after the Sergeant had gone out, and in a few minutes the latter came in with the twenty men. The long great coats were put on, the caps put in place of the military hats, and with the colors of the coats turned up as if it was a cold day and the addition of twenty heavy sticks, the disguise was complete, and the twenty soldiers would pass any where as peasants or beggars.

"You had better take your gaiters off, sergeant, and you too Colonel. You look too neat about the feet, although that would not be noticed unless you went into the clear air or the light. Do good scouting. There now I think you will do."

After the 1st raft had been near shore and partly beached they were off, and it was about an hour after, unusually short when two of the soldiers returned.

"Here's a letter Miss Aronburg which I secured from a Glandelinian officer whom I surprised," said one of them. You will quite understand what is going on by its contents. The other men reached the Christian army and were ordered to remain for a time but you will be supported as you asked. I also have a letter from General Vivian too. He does not know how you kept up with him all this distance. But he thinks your plan will succeed and he hopes you capture Geronimo in the bargain."

"I don't think I will try that," said Gertrude with a smile. "It will cost me too heavy a loss even if successful. You met no other suspicious characters Mr."

"No Miss Aronburg. We saw no one, at least there didn't seem to be a soul in the whole territory except the enemy's lines beyond and we finally got hold of a refugee kid who had been snooping around the foe lines while in hiding and he told me where it was easier to reach the Christian lines. All of us succeeded without trouble."

"All the better my men. The greatest object is secrecy. Now leave these things here and put on your uniform again. Go to Jack Sanders he has orders to give you a glass of grog each. Don't say a word as to where you have been, but get back to your quarters. When you have had your grog, look in again before you go."

When the men had gone out, Gertrude Angeline opened the first letter, which merely confirmed what the soldier had said. The enemy was making a profound blunder. Myletze was absent and Geronimo was preparing to attack Vivian without his aid. When Angeline Riches came in Gertrude told her that all the men were to be ready as soon as a signal flared in the sky that the enemy were losing.

"Don't give the order till you see three rockets in the sky. We don't know yet when the battle will begin you know."

Then Gertrude went outside.

"Everything for us is going perfect boys," she said, "and we have I believe good chances of surprising the enemy when he is worsted if the battle begins to-morrow the 10th. However we must insure that word is not sent from any where when our troops begin to move ashore right now. A stir at this time is sure to excite a remark, and it is certain some one may be out scouting and therefore we must make arrangements to make sure no strangers reach the enemy's lines. I propose that two of you strongest men shall go ashore first before the troops land, and that you shall before anyone else is moving ashore go along the path leading to the rocky wall stop a couple of hundred yards beyond the small village there, and arrest any one who may come along who is headed for the foe lines no matter whether it be man, woman or boy or girl."

"Yes I think that will be a very good plan," a lieutenant said whose name was Buster Johns. "No one shall pass us I'll warrant."

"Don't forget to take your forty five revolvers it is likely enough you may have to use them before the day is over. The Glandelinians if they are whipped in battle know they fight like men fearing the ropes around their necks and if surprised in the rear are sure to resist most desperately. Now all of us boys and men and girl too if they like will have one glass more, and then all you men be off to shore. The boys and girls must remain behind to defend the raft if it is attacked during our absence and if you are hard pressed push off to prevent its capture. The night will soon come in a few more hours, and I will impress upon my officers of the stern duty needed to be performed."

"I suppose we girls and boys are to stay here in the raft till you come back with your company whether you take prisoners or not, or shall we be expected to meet you elsewhere?" asked Jane Melfort.

"The best way is to remain here Jane. If you see a signal then of course go elsewhere along the shore. If you two men have caught any one running toward the foe lines to give information I will send them back with a guard to the raft. No it would not do for any one else to move until you girls see a signal of some kind, a rocket by night, or hear a signal bomb overhead by day for there is no saying, where we may come back to the shore when we capture that woman deserter and her husband. The Glandelinians may not take the alarm before we are starting for we do not intend to let them see us make a landing. It's foggy enough with smoke yet to hide our movements. By the way you may take a couple pair of handcuffs the sergeant has left on the table with you otherwise if you do get a prisoner or he is a powerful man you would have to keep your hand on his collar or he might knock you down and make a hole at any moment. There is nothing like being on the safe side, and besides you had better take your post at some place where your figures will not be seen by anyone coming along any road or path way till he or she is close to you, as you know the foe have child scouts too or in stead of coming straight along the on coming person might make a halt round, and any of these scouts of messengers can run like hares, even though they might be child scouts of the enemy nine years old. We must not under any conditions let the smallest chance escape us. If we all succeed in the affair of cutting through the enemy's lines which we have only done once before and that's saying much. Now here's success to our work when we hear of the battle, and end offer up a prayer to night that our success will come." Gertrude drained her glass and placed it on the table, and then rising and taking up her satchel made her way to her own tent, her officers at once following her orders.

It was about ten o'clock in the morning when Gertrude who knew owing or thinking it was not necessary to do the work too soon was raised by Jean Saunders, who had heard a funny rumbling, and clattering noise something like a noise we hear when a tornado passes through a forest, and Gertrude lost no time in getting up, looked to the prize of her own forty five revolvers and placed them in her satchel. Every one was ordered to remove their dress uniform and put on their fighting equipment. Then she went to the eastward of the raft and listened for the sound which Jane had heard but could not tell what it was though she fancied explosions were heard and she thought the forest fires were doing it. The two men already had gone ashore to intercept the messengers as proposed in case there were any. Gertrude decided to go ashore with Angeline Riches and Jack Saunders to investigate the sound.

"To Mildred she said I want a bottle of brandy a small one, a loaf of bread and a big lump of cheese. As she was waiting for these Angeline Riches joined her."

"That's right Angeline," said Miss Riches, "there's nothing like laying in a stock of creature comforts when you have a chance. Look here Mildred, get an empty bottle and put half the whiskey in, and then fill the bottle up with some of that gingerale we have on board. Put that loaf of bread in half in that way we can get in the boats with the bread in our pockets without crushing it. That's right now do the same with the big piece of cheese. You and I may not be together Gertrude so it is just as well to divide it to and here's a pair for you Gertrude. That's right now, we will be off at once."

Mildred went to the raft's gate with them, and looked after them, some what surprised at seeing no soldiers on shore.

"What can she be up to by the selves at this hour of the morning?" she said to herself. "Well she is a good scout and a guide anyhow and through her Gertrude won't be lost but I hope they are not going into any danger. Now

I will just make up the other preparations, and then sit down for an hour or sleep in a on my cot. Gracelandia said she was to be called on duty at eleven its ten thirty now. I suppose they're going out to hunt for signs of Emperor Vivians army or Evangeline St. Claire city. Will I wish them luck."

Not a soul was or stir in the forest as the two young girlscout officers passed along. They turned off at the cove leading to the flood and after proceeding to a quarter of a mile came to a point where the roadway came to a sudden end at a quicksand bog, the path beyond this being merely a track. Testing it they found the quagmire was solid on the surface because of the dry spell and would hold a cannon even. They passed over the bog carefully however and beyond this came to where an abandoned country house stood. Here there was a gate across the lane, and a long stone wall with a running right and left.

"We can't find a finer spot than this, Angelina," Gertrude said. "If we sit down on each side against the wall, a thousand men might pass along in wide columns without noticing us in this smoke fog which is not so thick now."

"Which side shall we take our seats Gertrude?"

"We will sit at this side," Gertrude replied. "If we were on the other side any one passing might possibly wrench himself or herself away from our grasp and a man you know can outrun us girls by a mile, but on this side of the gate they could not do so for even if they did break away, they would have to run back toward the way they came, the gate which we have securely fastened will stop his going the other way."

Accordingly the young officers took their post against the wall, one on either side of the big iron gate, and with their sabres drawn awaited the coming of any one heading for the enemys lines whether it be a single person or many, for if there are many their pistols which they can fire like a machine gun will be a help to them.

"Of course there does not seem to be a chance of any one being here for some time," Angelina Riches said. "The men will not be ashore before one o'clock therefore no one is likely to come along until within a few minutes of the hour. It's precious hot here though the wall does shelter us from the hot winds a little; still its not a lively job having to wait here half an hour or so, sweating, sweating and smothering at the same time with the thermometer somewhere above the one hundred ten point."

The time passed slowly. They exchanged a few words once in a while in low tones, but as the time approached when they new knew the soldiers would start to come ashore they spoke less.

"It must be nearly one o'clock now," Angelina said at last. "The men would be called at about fifteen minutes to one so if anyone is coming he or who over it is will most likely be here in a few minutes. Hush I think I can hear the galloping of a horse."

A few minutes later they dimly saw the figure of a horse running toward them at full speed. As it and the rider dashed up to the gate they sprang out and seized the reins. There was a sharp frightened cry as the rider was pulled from the horse.

"Don't make a sound or we'll plug you," Angelina Riches said sharply. "If you even show fight it'll be to the worse for you. Where are you going kid in gray?"

"It was a Glandelinian girlscout of about twelve or some years older whom they had captured and she wore a Glandelinian girlscout uniform. She was silent for a moment.

"Sure Miss girlscout in purple clothes," she said in a whisper. "I was doing no harm. I was only running to tell the christian dog that the enemy under Hanley is coming here, and I wanted to warn Emperor Vivian who's over there."

"Where do you expect to go to reach Emperor Vivians army in heaven, you little liar," Gertrude asked. "We know indeed what you are up to. You were riding off to tell the foe that my soldiers are landing here. Now if you will remain quiet and keep still no harm will come to you, but if you just try to make a sound or dare to scream or fight us to get away, we shall place you where there is darkness and gnashing of teeth and there is no saying whether it may not be a hanging matter anyhow for aiding the enemy."

"I suppose we do not need to fasten her," Angelina Riches said. "Not fasten her. Why this Glandelinian girlscout is as al slippery as an eel and if you just let go of her for a single instant she would be off like a flash. No, no, we must make her safe. Besides," she whispered in Angelinas ear, "she would surely scream if she say any others coming or a foe scouting party, then they might either strike off and get round us or come in large enough numbers to attack us. No indeed, we cannot run any risks, there is

too much depending upon it. Now just sit down there little girl by the wall. As long as you do not resist we are not going to hurt you but if you do not keep quiet we'll run you through. You'd do the same to us. Now put your feet together." Angeline took out her pocket handkerchief and folded it and tied the girls ankles firmly together.

"Now then Gertrude do the same with her wrists."

It was accomplished.

"That's right now. Wrap that thin shawl of hers three or four times tightly around her mouth. That's it let her breathe through her nose. Now you keep a sharp watch over her, and see that she doesn't make a sound. When any one else comes up you can let go and help me if necessary it won't matter her being able to give a scream then." Now she went on this time speaking loud. "If that girl makes the least noise run her through with your sabre at once. Don't hesitate a moment."

"Very well" Gertrude said in the same tones. "I will silence her never fear."

Gertrude said down close to the girl and watched her sharply. They had fixed the shawl as well as they could, but she felt sure that by some easy and sudden effort she could free her mouth sufficiently to scream. She sat perfectly still, but in about three minutes she saw her suddenly throw her head back, and in an instant she clapped her hand tightly over her mouth. She struggled violently in spite of her bonds and tried to bite, but with the other arm she held her head firmly, and succeeded in preventing the slightest sound escaping her. Then she glanced up the path. As she had expected the girls quick ear had heard approaching footsteps that were distinguished to her. Two figures on horseback too were riding rapidly towards them. This time they were men. As they reached the gate the girl Angeline Richeo sprang aprang into sight with two pistols at the level. One refused to stop, and she killed him right there, the horse running on without its rider. She then sprang upon the back of the other horse. There was a sharp conflict for a moment and she knocked him off the horse almost head first.

"All right Gertrude. I've got him."

"It was a young Glandelinian officer of some twenty years old this time. The other men who was killed was about forty. He struggled most furiously though both Gertrude and Angeline was on him, till finally Gertrude plucked a pistol against his head and told him she would blow his brains out if he was not quiet, and taking out the handcuffs fastened them on his ankles."

"There is no fear of his having the chance to run away now. Just come and sit down by the wall my beautiful grayback, and remember if you make the slightest sound I will run my sword through your body or fill you full of lead, which ever is the quickest."

The Glandelinian officer shuffled to the wall and sat down.

"That girl is a regular wild cat like us Angeline" said Gertrude. "She very nearly got my hand in her mouth, and if she had she would have bitten my face out. Well I shouldn't think there will be any more of them."

"No I should think not. They would scarcely send off more than two messengers. However we must still continue a sharp lookout."

But no one else came along, and in the quarter of an hour more they heard the deep tramp of a large body of men approaching, and the colonel soon came up at the head of Gertrude's large escort of men.

"Well any good news Miss Gertrude?" he asked as the two superior girls cut leaders stepped into sight.

"Yes Colonel Watson. We have two prisoners a Glandelinian child scout and an officer. They came along about ten minutes apart, this girl, and two men one of which was shot all riding at full speed and evidently going to the enemy's lines with messages. We put the handcuffs on the officers ankles and tied the girls with our handkerchiefs."

Gertrude then said: "Sergeant tell off three men and let them take these prisoners back to the raft, and have all the boys guard them carefully till we return. They may as well keep the handcuffs on the boys' ankles, and untie the girls but let one of them keep a tight hold of her arm, and be sure that she doesn't slip away."

Three men were told off for the duty, two for the Glandelinian officer, and the march of the column of soldiers was resumed. The sun was faintly breaking through the smoke when they reached the edge of a cliff near which all was forested. Lieutenant Rap Ralph with three hundred and ten men was posted across a spot where a slight track was visible going up into a sort of glen. Gertrude Angeline with the heart of a soldier instead of a girl took the lead and proceeded with half the Company to the left, the Colonel taking the remainder toward the right each posting men at intervals along the edge of the cliff and along the stretch of thinner trees, and placing parties of

fifties at every point where there appeared the smallest probability of an ascent being practicable. All were ordered to load at once. They too were to make prisoners of anyone coming up or down the hill and in case of noise to fire without hesitation. The two officers then returned to the spot where they had left the girls. It was now nearly one fifteen. Leaving the soldiers they went a short distance to a point where the rocks fell away and precipitately and from here had a clear view of the enemy's position far up the slope the portion indicated by the women.

"We had better wait here for a time," Gertrude said. "The chances are that before long one of the sentries will look out from their hiding place and perhaps make his way up to the top to look around. If he does that will give us an index as to the direction we can move to make our surprise attack. I'm not going to wait for the battle as that may make us lose our chance. Now I will take the ground in front, do you Angeline watch to the left, Colonel you to the left. We had better lie down, or on this jutting point we may catch the eye of the Glandelinian sentries before we can see them. Keep a sharp look out skirmishers it will save us a world of trouble if we can see the sentries first."

For half an hour they lay quiet, then Angeline suddenly exclaimed: "There are six men among those tall pine trees half way up the side. There they are gone. Perhaps we shall see them in a moment."

For five minutes they lay with their eyes fixed on the rocks and the trees indicated but there was no sign of life.

"I believe you were mistaken Angeline," said Gertrude.

"No I wasn't. The six men appeared suddenly by those tall gray trees, paced back and forth for a moment and disappeared. I expect being above they must have secured a view of one of the soldiers somewhere along the top."

"We will try and wait another ten minutes," Gertrude said, "and then we will move forward. There is the reinforcing party coming so there is no fear of our expedition being a failure."

Another quarter of an hour passed.

"It's no use waiting any longer. Go along the line one each direction, and order the men forward. We will leave some below to cover our retreat after we have secured our men. There can be left over a hundred of them and the rest of us are ample for the business."

The arrangements were soon made. Before starting on the ascent Gertrude said to the men or their officers and told them to instruct their men thus: "We do not wish to take any personal Glandelinian position as that just now would be impossible. The army is under Cannon's known as the 'Red Shadow' and he is a dangerous commander and he has committed a score of murderous massacres. There is one man among the Glandelinians we wish to capture or take away among them who is there on compulsion, and is less guilty than the rest though we can hold him for desertion, even though this is a rescue party for his sake. But we don't excuse him going over to the enemy even by compulsion as we would not do so ourselves. He is a fair haired man, and it is easy to notice the difference between him and the real foe. Whatever resistance the Glandelinians here will make I do not believe he will join it. At any rate do not fire at him until unless it is absolutely necessary to save life. Now see to your priming before you start and fix bayonets. Mind how you climb over these rocks because if any of you fall your muskets may go off, and shoot some one in front of you. Wherever it is possible scatter out about of each other so as to prevent the possibility of an accident. Now then march."

Leading the way Gertrude Angeline ascended the little track. It extended but a short distance. Beyond that a chace of thickly grown trees stretched away so thickly that even a baby couldn't squeeze through."

"There is no use trying to get through here Angeline," said Gertrude after they had climbed along for some little distance. "We had better make straight to the left, follow that for a bit, and then mount again to the point where the proposed position of the enemy is. Lucky it is far from Cannon's main line."

It was difficult work but at last the party reached the right spot. Lieutenant Gendorn who was himself in command of the other section had watched the party making their way down the rocks and forest and now advanced to within a few yards.

"Good afternoon Lieutenant," Gertrude said. "I think we have them fairly hoodwinked, but doubtless they would have suddenly attacked us if they had seen our movements. It's an advanced position of the notorious Glandelinian leader Sissy Reed Cannon, who is I hear in this locality with his whole army."

"Indeed I know it," the officer said, "and if you get that deserter it will be a capture worth making. Shall I come up with you with about two thousand of my men. I expect they are more accustomed to climbing than yours are, and I

should like to lend a hand if possible."

"Do by all means," Gertrude replied. "I see you have got ten thousand, and six thousand will be quite enough to leave me to cover our retreat even if the enemy do mean to counter attack us which I don't think they will. Your men are all properly armed I suppose?"

"Yes, pistols, muskets, and grenades. Now Captain I leave you in charge. Stay to about a quarter of a mile from this point, and if the enemy counter charge drive on. Now forward the rest of you."

"When the lieutenant Colonel and his four thousand men had come forward, the parties under Gertrude also made their way along over the rocks and through the woods until they were opposite the spot where Angeline Riches had seen the sentries appear. Then the ascent to the assault was commenced. The men officers went first, the men following in double line.

"Bear a little to the right," Gertrude said. "The glandelinian position is likely to lie somewhere in that position or direction. The men we saw would have been making toward the path and not from it. Keep a sharp lookout between these great trees there is no saying where their position may be."

"Almost as she spoke there was the crackling roar of hundreds of distant rifles, and one of the bullets struck the rock on which Gertrude was or had been standing.

"On everybody!" she screamed. "The sooner we are there, the less time they have got time to fire on us." And with a cheer the men hurried forward, scrambling recklessly among the rocks, and dodging from tree to tree as they advanced.

Again and again hundreds of puffs of smoke darted out from distant points in front, and sixteen soldiers fell some shot through the head or heart.

"Don't stop to fire," Gertrude shouted as a yell of rage broke from the men. "You will do no good, and it will only give the enemy more time."

A dozen more volleys were fired, and it was added by shell and canister.

One of the men officers was shot through the shoulder but this was the only loss now for the quick movements of the men disconcerted the aim of the enemy above. Breathless and panting the officers and men gained the spots from which the firing had come from, the men close up behind them but the enemy was retreating. In a few minutes to their surprise not a soul was to be seen.

"Wait a moment till most of you get your breath," their leaders said. "They can't have retreated far from here. We will find their hidden camp presently never fear."

As they stood panting there was a shout from above somewhere above. The soldiers who had reached the top were standing along the edge of the cliff looking down upon the fight. One of the sergeants waved his arm.

"They have made their retreat to your right Miss Aronburg," he shouted at the top of his voice. "We have just caught sight of them among the glens. We have to be careful, there are many thousands of them. If they flee toward the main line our adventure will be of no use."

In two or three minutes, Gertrude Angeline though still under fire from unseen points led the way in that direction.

"Keep your eyes sharply about you," she called. "Most of the hidden foe are using smokeless rifles. No doubt the position is cunningly hidden. Move carefully among every clump of bushes and from behind one tree to another and don't expose yourself too much. From the cracks of rifles they are firing at us as they retreat."

"Presently the sergeant shouted again from above. "I think you are far enough now Miss Aronburg. We did not catch sight of them much beyond that direction."

For an hour the attack continued without avail, and many times Gertrude was narrowly missed by the enemy's fire.

"They must be ambushed somewhere," Gertrude said. "We willoust them from this nest if we have to continue the attack for a week or more, and have provisions brought down from the raft. It's pretty evident there is no opening between the great forests or we must have found it but we can hear the crack of the enemy's rifles. We must go forward carefully, and examine every spot with our glasses officers, where we see the puffs of smoke. The glandelinians may have placed themselves in some unseen position. That plateau is a likely looking position for instance. Three or four of you men heave up this rock and sent it rolling down."

The men gathered round it to lift it. The Colonel watched the rock roll down as they gave it a shove.

"Hurrah!" he shouted. "There is a position beyond here. Several of the others got hold of another stone. It was upended and thrown backwards, and they hurried it down the side.

"I can smell the forest fire," one of the men exclaimed.

"That is the position no doubt," Gertrude said. "See the grass is trodden by many feet. This shows many of the enemy must have fled at the same time, but it is on upward place to follow so many desperate glandelinians into."

"It is indeed," one of the lieutenants agreed. "They could shoot us all down in no time if we surged across. They would have us exposed while we should be able to make out nothing."

"Yes it would be throwing one's life away by crossing that open," Gertrude said. "At any rate we have got them secure and they must come out in time. But it would be madness to go across the road and through the open to be picked off by scores by those scoundrelly Glandelinians at their ease. Now lead three score of you stand behind all the trees. Keep out of the line of fire that is going on briskly and be ready with your bayonets to repel if a force should come forth to attack. Let the rest scatter around to where the region is not so open and scour round this place. They may have another position somewhere. If so we must find it. In the first place it may be easier to attack in the second, they might either escape in the dark, or make a surprise attack on us in the dark."

Again the movement began and hotter became the enemy's fire.

"Do you think it likely that the position is higher up or lower down?" Gertrude, Angeline Riches asked.

"There is no saying, Angeline," she said. "The open is so large. I should fancy above rather than below."

For a long time they pressed on without success, but with some loss of men then Gertrude who had gone higher up than the rest at any risk came upon a clump of low rocks. From here she hoped to see where the enemy might be situated. There was nothing suspicious about the distant positions, and she was just turning away, when there was a terrific crash a few hundred feet from her and a shower of earth fell over her.

Silently she made her way down to Angeline.

"I have found we can't press on here, and that the battle is raging for some distance and that General Wivienia has been attacked after all. We are just hearing the echo of the battle of Sanitary creek. At any rate I think so for I certainly missed being hit by a terrific shell. If we go quietly and under cover we may take them unawares. But we must look out for the big shells."

Angeline Riches passed the word along for the men to gather silently and Gertrude led the way up to the clump of bushes. Just then a little to the right there came a real eruption rising high with a terrific roar as of many naval guns roar thundering at one time and so much debris fell about them that it was like a hailstorm.

"Yes I can see the danger plainly enough. Now Colonel," said Angeline Riches do you move your troops cautiously through those high bushes. Carefully lead don't let the foe see you, you don't know where the next high explosive explosive shell will hit."

Cautiously Gertrude pushed the bushes aside. She saw at once that these had been carefully trained to cover a large hole a pitfall trap. This was about three or four feet wide across, and descended at a sharp angle, forming a sloping passage of sufficient height for any one to stand upright. Gertrude knelt down and looked in.

"This looks like some of us escaped a dangerous trap," she said. "It's very steep and if any one fell in no one knows where he is likely to go. I should not say it was made by them but must have been some natural open to some horrible depths below. At any rate we will try to continue going forward besides we shall make less noise. Keep a sharp lookout everybody for pitfalls. Test the ground where ever you see bushes."

"Don't you think Gertrude, that it will be a good thing to enter that Glen from there also the moment the other troop comes up. The attention of the foe will be taken up with your sudden attack, and we may get round to the enemy's rear without being noticed," said the Colonel.

"That's a good idea Colonel, and you shall carry it out. Take two hundred men with you and make your way through as soon as you hear us engaged. But remember that it is quite possible we may not be able to progress forward. Even the Glen is dangerously exposed and though I mean to go through it if possible, even if it is very risky we may make some success. So don't you try to attack the rear till you are quite sure the enemy is engaged with us otherwise you will risk annihilation."

"I understand Miss Aronburg," said the Colonel as he turned to go off. "If you get to the enemy's position you can reckon on our assistance immediately--if not we shall make no move...."

The Colonel now took up his station at the Glen with his six hundred men and listened attentively for the result. He could still hear the crackle of

distant enemy rifles that was as frequent as pattering of rain drops on a tin roof.

"Get ready lads to follow me to the instant you see me rise," he said. "I am sure by the sound there are more than fourteen hundred rebels beyond, and sooner or later Gertrude may need help badly."

"Suddenly he heard a shout, followed by a volley of firearms and a roar of blasphemies, and then the discharge of firearms became fierce. In an instant he threw himself forward his men rising and following. He had not gone more than three or four yards, when he found that the glen rose upward that it heightened, and he had to do some stiff climbing. He and his men continued on and in a few paces came upon a concealed Glandelinian position. In a moment a swarm of gray clad fif figures appeared, and a number rushed toward him with loud shouts, but before they reached him two of the nearest soldiers stood by his side.

"Fire!" he shouted, as he discharged his pistol, and at the same moment the soldiers beside him discharged their muskets. Then up came the rest of his men and a fierce hand to hand encounter took place, and even the colonel was fiercely engaged. Several fire arms flashed off almost in his face. One of the soldiers nearest him fell with a sharp cry, but those who were following rushed forward. The colonel narrowly escaped having his brains dashed out by a clubbed rifle but springing back just in time he ran his enemy through before he could recover his guard. Just at this moment a big man in gray with a shock of red hair and a huge beard leveled a rifle at him. It flashed across him that his last moment had come, when a soldier behind him leaped suddenly upon the rebel soldiers back and they fell to the ground together the rifle going off in the fall, and riddling a soldier standing next to the colonel with slugs. For two or three minutes a desperate struggle went on between the colonel and all his men and those who attempted to break through them. It was bayonet against bayonet, and stupidly as the soldiers fought they had been driven backwards by the assailants. There was still just the sound of firing at the other section, and the colonel felt that Gertrude for a had not succeeded in going forward and that he would have to bear the brunt of the struggle.

"Shoulder, to shoulder lads!" he shouted. "We shall have help in a minute or two."

He had emptied both his revolvers. His sword had broken short in his hand while guarding his head from a heavy blow. He himself had been almost struck to the ground, when there was a rush of men from behind, and the rest of his soldiers came up.

"Give them a volley lads!" he shouted, "and then charge them with the bayonet."

The muskets rang out, the majority of the enemy retreated. A minute later the foremost attackers were out of sight but there was still a desperate struggle going on on the ground.

"Here lads!" the colonel said to two of his soldiers. "Go and secure this big red headed fellow he is one of the officers."

"It was seen that the man who had sprung upon the officers back had held his arms to his sides and held them there in spite of the soldier to free himself. Two of the soldiers took off their belts and fastened them together, passed them between the back of the man and his prisoner and strapped the Glandelinian officers arms to his side. The man that held them then released his grip.

"Stand over him with fixed bayonets, and if he moves run him through. Now we have won the fight here, and we got the stranger too deserted by the enemy. Now here is Gertrude Angelina and the others. I still hear firing?"

"I don't know sir. She and Angelina Riches went forward." Said one of the officers who had come with the reinforcements. "We were following, when one of the other officers shouted to us to run round to help you."

"I am here Colonel!" a faint voice said from the other end of the glen. "But my leg is broken I think, and the Glandelinian who knocked me down has knocked all the wind out of my body. Angelina too is hurt."

The colonel hastened to the spot from whence the voice came, and found Gertrude Angelina lying on the ground by a tree, and Angelina Riches insensible beside her.

"What has happened?" the colonel exclaimed. "Have they shot you?"

"No. The Glandelinians came upon us unawares and knocked us down from behind. As I fell I shot into the middle of a camp fire and a moment later Angelina fell down on top of me. We scattered the fire all over, as you can imagine but I burned my hands and face, and I believe a part of my dress and the stocking of my right leg is on fire, something is hurting me badly."

"Yes it is all smoldering." The colonel, exclaimed putting it out with his hands.

"Did you rout them all and get the man Jim?" Gertrude asked.

"We killed about forty Glandelinians and routed the rest, and we have a Glandelinian officer a prisoner besides the man. It would have fared badly with us though if Lieutenant Turpo had not brought his men to our assistance. Where is your leg broken Gertrude?"

"I'm afraid above the knee," Gertrude said.

"Here is some whiskey and water." The colonel said, handing her the bottle. "Now I will see what has happened to poor Miss Riches," and he stooped over the insensible girl.

"She has a nasty gash on her forehead, and I think her right arm is broken," he said. "I will pour a little spirits between her lips, and then she had better be carried out to a more airy place."

This was done and then the colonel shouted to one of the sergeants to bring up another twenty men.

"If you please sir," one of the sergeants said saluting, "I don't see any signs of our own officer the captain. Have you seen him?"

"No, th," the colonel said. "Perhaps he is still fighting the enemy elsewhere for I still hear firing. You had better run that direction and see."

Ten minutes later the man returned:

"He's down in some ravine with some of his men sir but he says he can't get up."

"You had better run down to the ravine at once and get help," the colonel said. "I see she is close insensible. Bring a couple more of your men with you and a rope. If you tie that round your body you can go down and bring him and his men up."

The colonel then returned to the battlefield, where the men were still guarding the two prisoners.

"You can march them forward now," he said. "Then have them sit down, and stand over them with fixed bayonets till sergeant Turner arrives. Now let us look to our wounded."

An examination showed that forty of the soldiers were dead, and nearly a hundred others badly wounded. Seventy of the Glandelinians lay on the ground. Only one was alive, the rest had fallen either from bullet or bayonet and serious wounds. Seeing that nothing could be done here, the colonel looked round the open glen. He soon saw that just where Gertrude had fallen there was an entrance to another glen. He reloaded his pistols before he entered this but two or three hundred rounds of munitions, and some thirty shrapnell shells. In addition to the number of fallen only two had been taken prisoners.

"That is satisfactory," Gertrude said when the colonel reported to him the discovery he had made. That place where I came down is of course a long high slope. Well it has been a good long time since I was captured. It was a cleverly contrived position. I wish those fellows would come though for my leg is hurting me badly and these burn on my hands and face is smarting horribly. Shout out to them on the slope Colonel, and tell them to send at once for Mary Glorinda our girl scout doctor. The wounded ought to be seen to as soon as possible and it is likely enough that many of them cannot be taken up over the rocks to our raft. I dread the business myself."

In a quarter of an hour Sergeant Glan arrived with his own party. By this time Angelina Riches had recovered her senses, and although in great pain and almost crying from it from her broken arm was consoled upon hearing of the complete success of the expedition. The soldiers were furious on hearing that two of their best girls out lead were wounded, and so many of their comrades had been killed and would have fallen upon the Glandelinian officer had they not been restrained.

"Sergeant," the colonel said "Bring four of your men into the glen with me. Now," he continued when they entered some one has been sent to the raft with a pile of blankets and when they come fasten it across two of the rafts baskets so as to make a litter. Then we must lift Gertrude Angelina carefully and put her on it and get her outside the glen. It will be a difficult business getting her through the region under this shell fire going on but we must manage it as well as we can. But first let us completely examine the scenes there may be danger of a counter attack, and we may need men to cover our retreat."

Scouting carefully they found a huge swarm of Glandelinians far away coming forward, and they were this time in countless thousands. They were some eight hundred yards distant.

"This is evidently what I expected," said the colonel. "That would account why the former foe retreated. I thought they would warn the main line. No doubt they think it is a general attack upon them and are coming to recover their lost ground."

"Well its evident we must take Gertrude Angeline and the other wounded down to the raft under fire. It will be a tremendous business to hold ground against such overwhelming numbers but the men must do so to cover our retreat and all those who have must use machine guns. If necessary we'll have to even call upon the boys and girls to help us too who have these guns."

Gertrude Angeline, her assistant Riches, and many of the wounded were with great difficulty taken through the narrow region, and great eruptions occasionally tore the earth skyward dangerously near them with ear-splitting roars. One officer who remained alive had received shell wounds in his legs he was terribly injured below the knees and the colonel had little doubt that amputation would be necessary. The other wounded many who were mortally injured lived but a short time after being brought in to the air mounting the death rate terribly. The colonel now turned to the peasant who had been secured with the Glandelinian officer and who by his orders had been left unbound. He was sitting a short distance from the prisoner.

"Your name is James Molder I presume?" he said.

"It is sir," the man replied in surprise. "How did you know?"

"I heard it from Gertrude Angeline, who told me your wife came to her," "From Minnie?" the man exclaimed. "Why I thought she was in a refugee camp a hundred miles away."

"She came down to us in a rowboat on the flood like a brave woman to try and save you from the foe," Angeline Riches said from where she lay and gave us information that brought us to this hornets nest but her name is not to appear, remember even from you, and no one will know how we heard of it. We proscribed her that no harm should come to you too if we could help it, and you have escaped for being down on the ground you were out of the line of fire of our bullets. Of course at present as you joined the foe side even though being compelled we shall have to treat you as a prisoner, as you were captured with the others, but as you did not join the enemy in our fight I think we shall manage to bring a good account of you in our Court Marshall and you will be proclaimed not guilty. But you will be tried and by us. It has to be done. Your wife is to remain at headquarters where she said she was going till she hears the news of this affair, and that you are safe, and she has told us that you would when released find her in the mobilization camp near where you lived, and no one will ever dream that either she or you had any hand in this affair. Now point me out which are the officers of the enemy that brought you to camp. Was it this one?"

"One of the officers who was killed was one of them," James replied. "None of the others are here, and Gannonia was not here but at the main line. You had better go too before it is too late. You attacked the rest of the main line of Gannonia's center and if the enemy was not fully engaged with Vivianis in a battle on the creek, you would have been annihilated for this."

"So much the better for warning us," the colonel replied. "As to this officer we will keep him prisoner on the raft. As to Gannonia there will be no difficulty in getting evidence about him. The Divisions he belonged to you say are engaged on the creek, that is the noise of battle we hear."

"Aye that is right. The other Glandelinian columns all belong about here. One of the divisions is under Gannonia's brother Denis. But I think you took a big risk in doing this for the lot you are facing now is too bad for anything and you had better retreat quick before they hear you in."

"In a short time Mary Glorina arrived, she though young was an expert and had brought a case of instruments with her."

"There is nothing to do but amputate this mans legs," she said when she examined the wounded officer. "His legs are just splintered. The sooner I do it the better."

The colonel and three of the men held the poor fellow while the operation was performed. As soon as it was over the girl doctor applied splints and bandages to Gertrude's leg and lieutenant Telseos wrist, and also to Angeline Riches arm, saying that after all they were no dislocations, but just before she had time to do anything as they must get away before the counter attack came on.

SQUABBY ACTIVITIES AT SANITARY CREEK. HEAVY LOSSES.

In the meanwhile other things had occurred. General Izner Hylates who had concentrated on Sanitary creek, had moved up with other forces, and then receiving a telegram to come to the village of Turner and bring up a reinforcing column to that awaited him there had to go and left the command in full charge of his second chief Gannonia. Gannonia despite his evil reputation was a brave fighter, even to recklessness sometimes, and overconfident. He had instructions not to engage the Nationals, unless he was attacked and he planned to gain the honor himself and drive general Vivianis Riches from Sanitary Creek toward Zintam woods and then the army in.

This blunder was disastrous as will soon be known.

While Vivianis was sitting in his headquarters general Conway came in.

"Did you hear the most news your Excellency of what is taking place early this morning?"

"Yes," said the general I was standing by my son Evans Riches when general Hudge came up and said:

"There is sharp fighting near Frontier Creek and the enemy is driving the Christians back. General Tannis is giving the attackers a good deal of trouble and has only fallen back for about seven miles. The other Corps is going into action and it is becoming fiercer."

"It's a thousand pities that general Hindernine did not send off a mounted messenger to us the moment he became directly engaged. If he had done it we might have been there with a good strong force this morning and should be in line of battle with him by eight. I suppose he thought that Hardade would send, and Hindernine thought he had sent, and so between them nothing has been done and we only got the news at seven o'clock this morning. Two precious hours thrown away. It is just a blunder of this sort that makes all the sure great difference between failure and success in long drawn out wars of this kind. Had any one sent us a message, we and all the other divisions might have all surprised the enemy already. As it is Hindernine with only three of his army divisions has the whole of the terrible Glandelinian army under 'Red Shadow' facing him, and is falling back fighting against such vast superior numbers--that is if 'Red Shadow' threw his whole force upon him--as I suppose he did. It is enough to provoke Saint Joseph."

"What will Hindernine plan to do before it is too late general?" Beppo Evans Riches asked.

"He sends word that he shall fight just where he is, and in that case if Gannonia throws his whole force of Snoodians upon him and all of Hylates too he is nearly certain to be destroyed, and there I sent him strict orders to fall back, as we will have to do what we can as we'll have Gannonia on us some time to day no doubt."

"And now general Conway?" "I think it is better to move into position as I hear the battle is getting louder and nearer."

With the sound of so many bugles mingled with that of the Abhisemian National Bands in a few minutes the company streets swarmed with soldiers for there was scarce a tent that had not less than twenty soldiers in it. The upper windows of Vivianis headquarters were thrown open and those officers up there inquired the cause of the uproar and soon the whole population of soldiers were in the company streets. There was no delay. The soldiers all of them had packed their knapsacks and wore since the sound of the bugles, and the bands, and rolling of drums the whole army was forming into columns. The wildest rumors were circulated among them, mounted officers dashed to and fro by bugles kept on sounding the assembly and the heavy rumble of guns was heard as the artillery came up and took their appointed position. In half an hour from the sound of the first warning bugles the head of the immense columns began to move. Comparative few of the officers in this army were married men, but there were enough soldiers who had lost their loved ones in the disasters and they were eager to take it out on the enemy. It was too a relief when the Regimental bands struck up and with a light step the troops marched away, and as they did their spirits arose, and the Abhisemian and Angelinian soldiers are always gay when there is a prospect of fighting--the hum of voices rose along the column, talks on the disasters and their causes were exchanged, and there was vengeful feelings and black rage. The pace was not rapid, and there were frequent halts for a long column cannot march at the same pace as a single regiment, and it was eight of or a eight o'clock when they halted to go into position at the creek.

849
Here the men began to fall into position, suddenly there came a loud cheer from the rear of the columns, nearer and nearer it grew, and the troops leaped to their feet, and joined in the shout, as general vivianonia with a brilliant staff rode forward on his way to the front. At ready the booming of hundreds of guns in the distance told that the troops were engaged, and there was another cheer when the order ran along the line to fall into their positions.

Canonias had indeed carried out his foolish overconfident plan, at the break of day, General Bonrard who commanded the divisions of fierce Turmerennions had commenced hostilities, as soon as it was daylight by attack ing the christians in front of him, and general Grander who had ridden up directly the action was over, brought on the Mangaboo troops from his right and joining general Bernhardt drove back the christians to within a mile of the creek, and drove them across the peat bogs with heavy losses.

General vivianonia reached Turners creek soon after the news of the battle began and finding there was no immediate danger there, he slipped away to communicate with general Evans. He found that under instructions the latter had gathered three of his corps and occupied a chain of high forested hills extended for two miles. The creek wound in front of it. General vivianonia was of the opinion that the position was a good one. Had the christian general been able to concentrate his christian forces on time he would have intended to aid Hindernine by taking the offensive but the unfortunate delay that had taken place in sending the news of the advance of the enemy under the "Red Shadow" rendered it now high next to impossible that he should do so, and therefore he would have to be on the defense, and he rode back to arrange all the positions at Sanitary Creek for its defense against the fierce Glandelinian force that was evidently moving forward to attack. It seemed well for the enemy that this Napoleon of the christians was not in a proper position for defense at day break.

His troops though very strong in numbers instead of being concentrated the night before at the other position, were through the causes of the forest fires, the floods and other perils scattered over a considerable extent of country either fighting fires, or the flood, and many of them were still beyond even the flooded ricee farms. Marshall Hinters who had been by Vivianonia appointed to the camp command of the 11th Corps under Hensononia Johnston had intended to push through forrman town and march straight toward Sanitary Creek but he had been unsuccessfully opposed fiercely the day before, and had been with great difficulty been able to arrive the evening before, and was ignorant of the positions of the various divisions under his command. Therefore it had not been until two o'clock the day before in the afternoon that even Hensononia had advanced at Lighten town while at about the same hour the columns under Francis Turner of the enemy advanced from Francisco A Creek against Hensononia's left. To Canonias it seemed that vivianonia's delay was going to be fatal to him and that he would surprise Myletze by sweeping the "christian dogs" from the region. But he too blundered. Had the battle begun generally the moment he started it Canonias would have brushed aside the defenders of the turner forces camp up. The whole christian army then would have been severely beaten by noon, and before nightfall their retreat as he planned it would have been converted into a total rout, and then on the following day the whole of Canonias army would have been in position to fall upon the only christian armies him, and would probably have been in possession of the whole territory by night and won a splendid victory. Thus while the delay in sending news to general vivianonia prevented the christian armies from combining at once against the foe, the overconfidence of Canonias brought the disaster to the Glandelinian side. There was for the christian side too the loss of excuse for delay in fighting, and for Canonias he should not have advanced at all until Myletze and Huebun Mic-Whirther had their whole forces well up and ready for action, and the whole new armies would have been gathered into position by night fall as Canonias soon found out. Now even this morning, after Vivianonia sent aid to Hensononia Canonias fighting as he did against such vastly superior forces concentrating in a dreadful bloody horror against him, Canonias's only one hope of success or even safety now lay in crushing the dangerous Whinkie Abyssinkilians before the arrival of the Bombobians—who as he well knew were scattered over a large extent of country—could come up—and his failure

640
to do this cost him a dreadful and most disgraceful defeat. The artillery fire of great guns shaking the ground for many miles like an earthquake increased in front of him before the column continued its advance for Mount St Ann. General Scanlon Jensen who had paused in his advance when he saw how strong was the Abyssinkilian force in his front on Little Mic-Holloster Hill recoiled before a terrific christian artillery fire from the right, and general Turner was not yet ready to attack, which made Canonias impatient. The christian line then rushed to the assault itself, and therefore from night to day there was a dreadful line of operations, fields for miles as far as you could see was white with smoky shell eruptions, great explosions hissed the air, fierce onslaughts surged across the fields and through the woods in a raging inferno of blood curdling horror and the ardour of the troops flamed the bravery of the enemy and they finally recoiled to the rear in some confusion leaving immense droves of their dead and wounded behind them in that one hour. Canonias realised he was having a most anxious time while the Glandelinian columns were pressing forward to his assistance. As the hours went by he saw the christian forces in front of him accumulating like an immense long wave while he thought that their supports might be miles away. Nevertheless he prepared to defend himself to the last. He had with him over sixty million troops all told one thousand sixteen cannon, while general vivianonia had gathered nearly eighty seven million men and three thousand guns to counter attack him on a long wide front, and Canonias too should have had with him general Prices Corps of Twentymillion, but these had gone off with Myletze. Thus twenty million men were gone while Canonias now realized that the presence of Beppe Evans, Myletze, and Huebun Mic-Whirther at this crisis would have been invaluable. Even Hensononia had reached the field with a large force. And soon after nine o'clock General Cantons corps which headed the Abbieannian column heard many cannon broadsides fired in a dreadful unceasing roar, and in another hour a world war seemed to have broken out in that one spot. The battle evidently had begun to grow worse, and the weary Glandelinian soldiers who had already marched over thirty miles, straightened themselves up, the paces quickened, and the divisions pressed eagerly forward to repel the now attacking christians.

A few minutes later Canonias was startled by a more heavier and continuous roar of many cannons. Francis Hensononia was attacking the M - Hollastinians with all his force. The talking and laughing among even christian soldiers now ceased because they were awed by that roar of gunfire, the walls of eruptions over the scene, and the younger ones glanced a look at each others faces to see whether the others felt the same vague feeling of discomfort they themselves experienced, and yet terrible indeed as the conflict in front was growing, each man longed to take his part in it.

The officers of all rank ordered their men to step out briskly, and these orders were given in cheerful and confident voices and the men themselves, with their fingers tightened on their long rifles and their eyes now looking intently forward as if they could pierce the distance and realised the scene now taking place pressed on doggedly and determinedly. The courier after another rode up to general vivianonia who was marching at the head of the column telling him of the result and that the Glandelinians were being driven back step by step. Second the Glandelinians were already doing their best. The Mangaboo and Goodlier troops of the enemy were fighting with unusual bravery and desperation, and held the woods near Sanitary Creek for some time before they fell back to the wooded plateaus. Here they made a desperate and stout stand once more fighting as fiercely as was their wont, but they were at length being driven out by overwhelming numbers which moved on irresistibly and they were beginning to lose heart and in a few minutes more, their slow retreat would have turned into a rout if they had not seen the long straight line of coming waterlilies in one at this long extent a extensive point. However the glad news that aid was coming ran quickly through the wood by enemy wireless, and the Mangaboes met the christians with fresh courage. General Quies divisions consisting of the 16th and the 19th Corps of the Zimiermannian divisions, the former under general Cantler, and the other under Glans moved to their support. With them were the Fourteenth Corps of Mangaboes with two batteries of machine gun batteries. The excitement of the troops increased as they went into the fray on the right and a loud cheer ran along the long gray line as they neared the hard pressed Mangaboes, and they took their place by their side. The aspect of the fight for a time seemed to be gradually changing now, but the christian fire was worse. However the Abbieannians who had been advancing with shouts of victory were at once hurled back, and the defenders of general Quincy Glons Corps. In point of numbers the combatants were now nearly equal as the christian had now 1,100,000,000 engaged, and many hundred thousands of the fields. Of these however but eight million were Abbieannian.

General Cronin coming to the scene at once sent forward the first Battalion of the first, and these cleared a little wood in the front of Sanitary Creek but it couldn't hold the gained position and was compelled to flee. Hunsania at other points was advancing in unassailable great force. His front was covered with a double hedge-row and other bushes which gave great shelter to his long lines of machine gunners, and advancing a skirmish line while his long chains of batteries were so placed on long stretches of rising ground in the rear of his position as to sweep the whole country over which his columns were to advance so he could cover the assault. Commonia at once saw that his Christian enemy were also moving in heavy column behind the other wood to the North Bend of the creek, and he directed his artillery officer to withdraw the guns that were too far advanced and to push forward the Omerian troops to their assistance. Their arrival however too late, for the Abbeismians swept the Glandelinians off before them and advanced steadily, while their artillery from the high ground up opened a terrific cannonade upon the Glandelinian divisions, tearing surge after surge into pieces. One of the Omerian divisions now joined the Mungabos but in spite of this reinforcement the latter were driven from the woods which they had occupied when the Christians first came up. The Glandelinian troops suffered heavily from the dangerous artillery fire to which their own guns could make no effectual reply.

"Pretty hot this situation," thought Commonia to himself. "It was indeed trying for all his youngest Glandelinian soldiers under such fire. The Christians too to make it worse had got the range very good and every moment raps were made in the line as the round grape shot and shells and canister and machine guns plowed through them. The officers walked backwards and forwards in front of their men with orders and pleads to stand steady but it could not be, the Abbeismians advanced too furiously. "It will be our turn presently to advance lads," said general Repo Evans of the Christian side. "We will turn the tables on the enemy by and by never fear. There was not very long to wait. Clouds of Concentinian skirmishers were seen advancing through the long line of hedge and briar grow and stealing behind the thickets and the woods that skirted the roads, and a moment later the orders came for the light companies and heavy Brigades of all the Regiments of the Concentinian divisions to advance.

"Forward lads," was the order at once by wireless. The line of advance was ten miles. "It's our turn now. Keep cool and don't waste your ammunition. With a cheer the troops followed their leaders. Every hedge bank, and tree that could afford shelter was seized upon, and a sharp crackling fire at once replied to that of the enemy skirmishers and if there had been no wind the musketry smoke would have become a dense fog. The troops of the Christians were then armed with far better weapons than those in use by the enemy and the enemy losses were awful. To make it worse, heavy columns of troops were seen advancing from a small rise held by the Abbeismians and this as it approached the part of the line held by the Domobians, broke up into several columns formed suddenly in a long line, and with frightful yelling rushed for the enemy like a storm wave. The Glandelinians would not dare resist this wave, they were falling back panic stricken, and Commonia sent the Dukes divisions to meet the Christian attackers half way. The Omerian Gurde division were called in, while the Turnamian was held in reserve, general An Commonia placed himself in front of the line, and it rallied, to meet the heavy Christian columns. But it proved of no use. Once again as in any a stricken field, the Christians proved the best. Overlapping the Glandelinian columns exposed to it pouring scathing mile long volleys upon each flank, and then charging on the ava shaken masses with the bayonet, the Christian troops hurled themselves upon the foe at every point driving them back beyond their line of opposition, followed them up the face of the opposite hill, and captured that and sent the defenders flying.

On the right however the Christians were suffering heavily from the cannonade of the foe and were only prevented from breaking by the coolness of general Herdrude. General Herdrude rode backwards and forwards in front of them saying the Rosary, and chatting cheerfully with his many officers seemingly unconscious of the storm of Glandelinian fire, and even the most nervous of his young troops felt indeed great shame to show signs of wavering when their commanders set such an example to them. Forty guns which had been sent him came up and opened fire with high explosive shells, and this at last completely overmatched the enemy artillery that in five minutes the batteries were blown up and the territory devastated.

THE OVERWHELMING OF GENERAL COMMONIA'S CHRISTIAN ARMY BY THE WATERING OF THE ALLERBY DAM. ONE OF THE MOST DISASTROUS AS WELL AS MOST PECULIAR OF THE EVENTS DURING THE WAR CAUSED BY THE FLOODING A GAP IN THE DAM. THE DEATH OF THOUSANDS OF CHRISTIAN ARMY ALONG ABOUT OR OVER 1,000,000. THE DESTRUCTION OF ENTIRE CITIES UNDER WATER IN ACTUAL WAR. ABOUT ONLY THIRTY SEVEN THOUSAND COULD BE SAVED.

IN A IN AUGUST 1912/

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DURING the bloody battle of Sanitary on the 10th of August, 1912, the date of battle the enemy being hard pressed by general Hunsania's Christian forces which consisted the right wing of general Hunsania's army blew the stones or walls of the center of the big Allenby Dam which confined the waters of "Irby" Lake clear up into the air by three hundred pounds of heavy explosives and on account of this the dam broke instantly all of its walls collapsing and within a few hours or so the most tremendous flood of the year rushed fiercely down along the valley and fields devastated the Christian army, with the loss of a million lives and drowned, and harrowing the rest, and also flooded many towns and cities and within a few hours or more since the flood started in these towns and villages themselves nearly twenty three thousand four hundred men women and children also perished, although many others said the loss of life was greater than that, many of these were lying dead in the wreckage of their houses or in the fury of the waters, scores of millions of dollars worth of property were instantly destroyed and more than twenty five million people beggared and destitute and all because to check the successful advance of a Christian army the Glandelinian engineers belonging to a portion of general Repo's hostilities command destroyed the walls of the big reservoir with high powered explosives. Therefore the Glandelinian army was alone to be blamed for the dreadful disaster.

Countless numbers of business houses of the towns and villages, scores of thousands of residences and other buildings were destroyed, a whole Christian camp extending sixteen miles filled with wounded soldiers were swept away with the wounded never found, and less than a score of structures composing the town of Delight's Junction itself and also of the outer limits of Alvin Wickey were also destroyed, complete paralysis followed within this section of the Christian line, thousands of people were crazed by their sufferings, and were said to never have regained their reason, Glandelinian ghouls and vandals swarmed to the places by the thousands heavily armed and looted the bodies of the dead and evenwell and injured and the Christian troops sent to the places to stop all this could not do a thing with these desperate ghouls who were fiercer than the most ferocious gorilla or tiger, and for two weeks no one could approach the vicinity of the flood so that nothing could be done to care for the millions of impoverished survivors until they could get upon their feet again, and though relief was being sent from everywhere in the shape of hundreds of tons of provisions and thousands of carloads of supplies of all sorts the Glandelinian scouting parties foraging all around seized upon all provisions burned the trains, blew up all railroad tracks running toward the flood, and sent large parties to look out for relief parties and to prevent all relief from reaching the stricken districts until the Christians would withdraw their armies from this section of the region of De Delight's Junction.

Despite all this horror scores of regiments of the boldest of the Christian armies and soldiers and generals and even private citizens of the other towns and villages plucked up courage and went to work with a will when the apathy success succeeding the horror worked off and all the efforts were being made under continuous fire of Glandelinian artillery day after day which even dominated the flooded districts for miles and all the country far outside of the flooded area.

The lake which held in the reservoir which was formed of the dam was said to be ten miles in wide width and seventeen miles in length and in places more than five hundred feet deep located in some high foot hills three hundred feet above the level of the recent battle field of Delight's Junction its waters having been held within bounds by a huge rock dam nearly three thousand five hundred feet long, fifty feet thick and one thousand two hundred feet in height the top having a breadth of over sixty five feet. Nothing sort of a terrific convulsion of nature or a terrific explosion could break this dam. It had once been a gigantic feeder and a reservoir for the people of Alvin Wickey. Before

The outbreak of the war it had been widened and deepened and was said to have been recently the main property of the General. It was said that during the very battle of Arcocino it had appeared to be a terrible omen to the Christian army. It had been said that the line of the Christian army was held by a portion of the enemy line but for a time officers of General Vivian's army did not think the enemy soldiers would be "mean" enough to burst such a dam on purpose when they knew what a horrible flood and disaster it would make for the army alone but for the millions of innocent people also. The flood brought the lake and dam from General Vivian's eldest son Prince. It is said that it was said that nothing but some explosion or an earthquake could affect the protecting dam during the battle of Arcocino. General Lorna Christian army had been in a position and a situation that should the enemy blow a gap in the dam the situation would be one that would render the whole army peculiarly liable to terrible loss of life in the event of such a disaster as that already occurred. His army was a portion of General Hanson's main army and the awful flood caused by the sudden outpouring of the contents of the reservoir together with the torrents of grape and shell fire that had tore the Christian army to pieces and increased the disaster to triple its terrible results was supposed to be the cause of the enemy blowing it up with high explosive shells secretly placed under an aperture beside the wall, and which flood caused the sudden submersion of the country all around for a hundred miles and the drowning of so many Christian soldiers, well or wounded and also of so many cities citizens of scores of towns and villages and a portion of Delight's junction city. The water piled up everything in the "lost overhanging" masses carrying before it every obstruction in its in its onward rush upon the whole country side.

General Lorna's Christian army the main sufferer of the disaster (Hanson's main army having not been touched) was opposing the enemy attackers and driving them back a mile across the main line of the "McMullister and Pandora railroad three hundred and seventy six miles from Delverine City. The centre of this devastated Christian army was under General Caldwell and his troops of corps and battalions and artillery as well as cavalry filled the fields from the region of Sunbeam Creek to the town of Arcocino. Through this region flows the beautiful Sunbeam Creek which during the dry periods can be crossed readily in many places by foot but which floods the landscape landscape for several miles in the spring and rainy seasons.

General Beauchamp's troops was on the right flank of the officers of this army had been constantly warned of the impending flood as early as two o'clock in the afternoon by spies and scouting parties who had seen the efforts of the enemy to destroy the dam but not a person of the army knew that the dam had given way until the flood engulfed half of the army, swept the whole Christian camp of a million tents and barracks away and tore the timbers apart of the big wooden fortifications. Escape from the torrent was impossible as it came so suddenly. General Vivian sent cavalry in all directions, and also supply trains that were empty and did all he could to rescue as many people as possible but the enemy did all they could to prevent it. Few lives could be saved and few bodies were ever recovered. Four miles or more below this portion of the battlefield lay the small village of Eldred Greenburg where the big Sunbeam River flows past and this town contained about twenty thousand inhabitants. It was saved from total destruction by the fact that the immense Sunbeam sun partially dry at that time received half of the amount of the flood waters until it itself became a raging torrent and there fore the flood only made enough water in the streets of the city to enable the people to go boating or wade through it from one side to the other. Ten miles further to the east, on the same river which happened to run parallel with the McMullister and Pandora Railroad was the town or city of Wottruba. It has about hundred thousand inhabitants and most of the houses were on a flat and close to the big river. The river saved this town from utter ruin but many of the houses were totally destroyed, the streets were flooded to the depth of thirty feet in some places and eight thousand people perished.

Six miles southeastward was the town of St. Marie and here because of the river being in a deeper bed there was a possibility of the spreading of the immense flood and the breaking of its flood but the town was partially devastated and two thousand people swept away to no one knows where as their bodies were never recovered.

Consequently with a population of two million people it being a large city near the river of Lorna on the Sunbeam River lay a mile west of Wottruba also in a flat and two miles further down was the city of Lorna and its sister cities, Rocklin and Altonville with a total population of about four million. These cities were also flooded but no except flood damage was done except to basements and other points. The great damage to General Lorna's army was due to the sudden spreading of the flood as it rushed across the country side like the tidal wave of a sea storm. He was spread against the stream of Sunbeam and passed over toward Delight's junction flooded all its streets to a depth of four feet, and to a depth of twenty feet in some places causing incalculable destruction and frightful loss of life among its inhabitants and reached a portion of the big basing Christian army there devastating miles of army barracks and laying trackworks and other trenches low and sweeping to destruction millions of tents. It was related that a big lumber boat had been forced at one portion of the Lorna Sunbeam river to be used as a sort of block and blockade against the enemy craft and this had been broken also by the flood and the rush of the tidal wave coming down stream to a height of twenty feet and coming in contact with the other spreading wave increased to the extent of the distant disaster in this section and the company streets were soon as washed with loss all hurried against the army buildings of the basing Christian army. In general the kindermine cantonments and works and other positions near Delight's junction as well as in Evans nearest the river the opinion was expressed hotly that so many lives would not have been lost had the officers not believed from their experiences with other vile tricks of the enemy that there was positively no danger beyond the filling of cellars or the over flows of the shores of the river should the enemy burst a dam or a levee by explosion or other engineering work. After rushing across the country side at the speed of twenty miles an hour at its worst from the south fork of the region the pressure of the water was so great that it forced its way over the very river like the sweep of a wall not only injuring Evans camps and laying low many barracks destroying all army goods and killing thousands of horses, but swept up all the way to General Robert Vivian's cantonments and earthworks laying every thing low and causing business loss of life.

The terrible flood communication by rail and wire and other means was completely cut off. The exact number of victims of this dreadful disaster was never known as the flood swept many into the river and only a few bodies were found beyond Lorna's Bridge which in all probability were carried to that place from Arcocino and its suburbs which town was completely wiped out. The terrible holocaust of the flood being at its worst when it struck General Lorna's Christian army caused the most terrible loss of life. The loss of property throughout the region of flood was said to be near nearly \$50,000,000.

Two days after the disaster there came to General Vivian a soldier who was a scout belonging to General Margara Geminian's name he was not said to live and he was a scouting guard. By almost super human efforts he succeeded in working his way through battle scared forests and across roaring floods in order to ascertain for himself the terrible results of the deluge which he saw start from the dam after the enemy made the explosions. He had repeatedly declared called the attention of the various Christian generals to the various attempts of enemy engineers who were crushing the dam with explosives but in no effort could prevent the enemy plans and dreadful loss of life occurred among the soldiers in their desperate but almost super human efforts to prevent the enemy soldiers from blowing up the dam.

For three minutes previous to the final outbreak the soldier scout said the enemy succeeded after repulsing a furious charge in blowing the first gap in the wall of the dam and then he had seen the water of the lake force itself through the hole of the masonry th so that the front of the dam resembled some large watering pot. The force of the water was so great after the second blast of explosives that one of these jets squirted fully eight hundred feet horizontally from the stone wall. At this time too the Christians had again fought crazily, most miserably to prevent what was to be a terrible disaster but in vain.

It was a little later said another man that he had been forced his troops for a charge against a portion of the enemy force near the dam when he heard another explosion and noticed that the surface of the big lake suddenly appeared to be lowering. He doubted his eyes and when the charge was made and he and his troops had reached the enemy work works he found his suspicions were well founded. For there he saw

the waters of the lake walling out from beneath the big caps made in the country by the explosion. Absolutely helpless they were compelled to fall back before the enemy counter charge and see the sudden development of what was to be prophetic of the most disastrous floods ever seen in that country. According to the general's reckoning it was two thirty when the first explosion tore a gap thirty feet in the wall through which the water poured as though forced by machine. Ichihory of the lost standpoint over, at the last big explosion the toppling masonry fell in completely the remainder of the wall hurtling into the air as if there had been a detonation and the great storage lake had in less than two hours been forced and thundered over a hundred miles of country side devastating towns and cities. The officer and his men were so horrified and awe struck at the terrible catastrophe caused by the wicked rebels that they fought desperately to be avenged and slew all they could find giving no quarter. The officer said that had the portion of the Christian army been strongly supported in its assault upon the enemy by the guns and the assault been victorious the disaster would not have occurred. Had a heavy mass of artillery only been massed upon the enemy positions near the dam the probabilities were that no lives would have been lost by flood. To have saved the dam from being blown asunder by the enemy engineers would not have taken fifty pieces of artillery.

General Barker said of the dam and the disaster during the raging flood, "Probably no attempt whatever of known and good standing could possibly have been made successfully in saving the dam once the first explosion had occurred, and no effort of the troops could have ousted the enemy out of his position in that location after the first charge had been repulsed. Ignorance or carelessness in allowing in the outcome of the disaster and to have prevented the entry of the enemy lines should have been shelled by the main line cannon. Had the enemy only succeeded in sinking the breaks at the two ends of the dam the outpouring of the waters probably would have been gradual and little or no harm could have resulted and probably the enemy would have been hurried back just the same, and had the dam been blown asunder at once at the ends when the water began running over or through the centering the suddenness of the breakthrough surely have been checked the walls crumbling away at last at more slowly and gradually and possibly prolonged so that little harm could have been done".

At the highest fury of the flood all was over in two hours time. The flood roaring like a tidal wave rushed over and spread over the whole country side when released so suddenly from its prison, swept whole forests of trees, sons of houses, and human beings before it, depositing vast seas of debris all over the territory, wrecking scores of big bridges, forming impassable barriers near Noma Bridge, and running on to wreck fresh vengeance elsewhere.

One of the most terrible sights was the effects of the flooded river not far or near Noma's Bridge. The Noma river was choked with debris of all sorts. There were seen floating the timbers of houses, and the mangled corpses of soldiers either drowned outright from the devastated army of drowned while lying wounded on the battlefield. The story of this flood and all its horrors cannot be told but for the story will become his a historic. No one could look at it without a shock to his nerves. So tangled and unyielding became the masses of wreckage wedged also against the Noma's Bridge that not even high explosives had little effect upon it. Many injured persons mostly soldiers and also non-combatants were wedged in this wreckage and to rescue those wedged in the mass that the ruthless flood made it or left whole was suicide as the enemy to prevent it put in a hot fire at every point even opening fire upon the very people who were caught in the wreckage.

From the Christian side of the great Noma's Bridge the view was but a prelude to the views which were to follow. Looking across the river the first object the eye would catch was the enemy soldier a twisting the shore firing with rifle and cannon to prevent any work of rescue possible. Still further on down the river and near the center of the Bend were the rebel positions and earthwork. Not a vestige of these could be approached by rescuers.

When the enemy had been defending his works near the dam this dam on a count of the enemy being in possession had been scores of men and early in the morning some of the Christian generals had been warned that the enemy might purposefully wreck the dam and that they better withdraw their armies to high ground or not engage the foe here at all. However these generals had heard the same warnings once too often in many other battles near the levees of dangerous rivers however to be fully in a depressed and many feared at their information. All of those that

perished were before night fall scattered all over the country side could

in death, or lost their fate in the miasma of wreckage of all description wedged together near the Noma Bridge when the enemy fired upon the wreckage with shell, grape, musketry and snailshot and also fire bombs. All the upper portions of the wreckage was not afire by then smoke and many of the unfortunate soldiers and even non-combatants disengaged themselves in an effort to escape the blazing wreckage of the enemy snail shot fire. Only a few of the officers had headed the burning and had formed their troops on higher positions on higher ground where they had been safe but witnessed with horror the disastrous flood. Far from the flood the disaster was affected. Every little creek and stream was swollen by the waters rivers became seas and seas of floods were turned into oceans. The Noma Creek with a bed too narrow to hold its greatly increased body of water from the flood over flowed its banks and flooded miles of country far from the scene of the main flood. As elsewhere there had been worst to come and the awful results were so appalling that there lived not a human being or a fight ing soldier who had been likely to realize them.

At seven o'clock in the evening the relentless flood tore away the huge timber boom made to check the movements of enemy craft up and down that portion of the Noma river. This was the real beginning of the worst of the disaster. The enormous mass of logs countless millions of them were hurled down upon the doomed Christian contingents. The lines of two water courses of Noma Creek near the town of Delight's position were by this time obliterated by the raging flood and in this region was a raging sea of thundering logs leveled everything before them crushing all the frame barracks like egg shells, and came on unchecked until the long Bridge across the Noma river was reached which also crossed the Noma Creek. Had the waters allowed the logs to remain or stick at this bridge the Christian camps might have been spared all of its own horror. Within the camps there were already dead and dying, and cities of tents had been swept away but the dead could only be counted by scores and not yet by thousands. If the logs could have been wedged against the bridge it would have formed an impenetrable barrier which would have forced the flood to go to some other course or checked it in that direction at least. The soldiers of Grant's army moved to the sand and upper floors of their barracks and hoped that the awful flood might subside. There seemed no longer any chance to get away and had all the soldiers known what was in store for the while under fire too all this time from the enemy cannon the contemplation of the fate of scores of thousands would have been enough to make the stark mad. Only half an hour had elapsed from the time of the breaking of the huge timber boom when the full force of the flood waters rushed upon the camps. The towering wall of water swooped down upon Grant's army camps with a force that carried logs and everything else before it. The logs as I said before been stayed in windows by the bridge a good portion of these camps might have been saved. The ramparts of logs however were unable to check the flood wave and half of the barracks of both Grant's and General Livins contingents were lifted from their foundations and hurled down with the flood or crushed to fragments with the drowning of thousands of men soldiers. Again and again did the logheaves loomed at some places but again the flood hurried them forward and each wave carried all before it and destroyed more barracks and swept whole camps of tents and tents away. The bridge though in the full pressure of the flood stood firm but the railway embankment gave way and some fifty hundred of the bodies were carried down in the break. In the full pressure of the flood and General Livins headquarters in a moment was laid low. There had gathered a number of officers and soldiers who if it felt they were were out of reach of the flood and almost before they realized their peril they were swept away into the seething for not it was noon night the fury of the flood began to subside and darkness and the ever increasing fire added to the terror of the awful situation. Every man over upon the floating wreckage where persons were wedged fire bombs and liquid flames to make the calamity all the more appalling. Countless of wreckage was piled up in windows near and on all parts of the shore near Noma Bridge. Not how many people were and soldiers were captured in all that wreckage they were known but the number in full total was estimated at between one hundred and two hundred thousand. At some points the wedge wedged the shore and piled to the height of sixty feet and the enemy surrounded it with fire bombs and shells and the noise that was then witnessed was beyond description. Shrieks, prayers, pleads, from

the unhappy beings imprisoned in the wreckage and under fire from the ruthless enemy pierced the air but little or nothing could be done by the Christian soldiers themselves as the enemy played in such a fire in all portions of the flood area near their lines as to make rescue work almost impossible. Christian cannon thundered in salvoes and whole lines of Christian infantry opened fire and kept this up for days but nothing could be done to frustrate the fury of the ruthless foe, not only thousands of soldiers but men, women and even little children by the countless thousands were held down by the wreckage of their houses, and watched with indescribable agony the fire bombs set the wreckage ablaze, or saw their comrades shot down by hundreds by the enemy fire and many were slowly roasted to death, and the Christian soldiers on the shore side could not do anything as yet to aid the untold general division could bring up his worst artillery and batter the enemy back from that portion of the shore.

Thousands who had been held fast in the wreck by an arm or a leg with the purpose to rescue or be mercifully saved from the enemy fire begged piteously that their imprisoned limbs be cut off; many escaped from the wreckage with mangled limbs and some ran out off his leg that he might get away but was shot in the head by an enemy sniper. Those who longed to go to the aid where like demons to drive the enemy from the shore with the purpose to save the unfair unfortunate from the flames and the enemy rifle and artillery fire but thousands were killed or burned to death.

Meanwhile the city of Progreso had been literally wiped from the face of the earth, Alamo City was swept away and its inhabitants never found and Orizaba, Oaxaca was a thing of the past. The little village of Progreso with a population of one hundred had nothing left of it but floating timbers, Alamo town was gone and Progreso was a thing of the past. Thousands of people were drowned in their houses, countless hundreds were swept away in their dwellings and never recovered and many others met death in the debris that the waves madly whirled about in the surface of the flood, thousands upon thousands were killed or burned by the enemy, and hundreds who sought safety on floating drift wood, or tried to gain some point of safety were killed by enemy sharpshooters and by shell explosions or overwhelmed by the flood or washed to death against obstructions or slain as they tried to climb upon some roof or floating mass. Thousands of husbands of fatal barrels and self sacrifices never excelled during this time perhaps not even equalled on the bloodiest battlefield yet, men rather than save the selves alone died nobly with their families, and mothers willingly gave up their lives rather than abandon their children.

But the flood one of those who did take the chance of going out to work even while under heavy fire saw an old woman floating down the San Juan creek on an old piece of wood with agonized face and streaming hair, despite the danger of being hit by snipers and cannon, or by the enemy bullets this brave devil Christian soldier plunged into the wild torrent and brought the poor old lady ashore. Scarcely had he done so when to his surprise the upper story of some large wooden house floated by, one which was a woman a man and three children two girls and one boy. The soldier plunged in again and while breaking through the tin roof of the house was the target of the enemy fire which was fully directed at him and though a bullet cut an artery in his wrist and a shell fragment tore his leg upon he succeeded in saving both the father and mother and the three children. Another soldier at hazardous risks saved sixteen lives not far from the north end of the stream near the head of the San Juan at the junction of two streams near Delight's Junction where, three women and fourteen children were seen floating down on a raft, all lying low as possible to escape the effects of the fire from the enemy on the opposite shore. The mass of debris was then hit by a shell which exploded turning the mass of drift apart and after desperate efforts the men and women succeeded in getting the children on to a floating tree of Eucalyptus also. Just then the tree washed near the Christian side of the shore and a rope was thrown out by a soldier, it fell upon the man's shoulders but the rope was cut in two by a bullet and a moment later the raft and the tree was swept by a hail of cannon and all the poor unfortunates were carried to their deaths.

Colonel Henry Humphreys of Aberdeen Street, Perth City distinguished himself by his own personal bravery while rescuing persons under fire. He was an early officer of General Conant's 1st Arizona Cavalry. As his party of rescuers passed a given point while under shell fire he saw the water full of struggling persons, children, and men, women and children all floating in great numbers to the Christian side

of the river shore. Out of the soldiers at his orders though exposed to the enemy fire jumped into the water and in two trips brought in all the people. The Colonel rescued four persons and was wounded twice by enemy bullets. The greatest excitement prevailed at this time and despite all the efforts of the enemy to prevent their large portion of Angelina and soldiers were all the time endeavoring to save the poor unfortunates that were either being hurled to eternity on the rushing torn torrent or killed by enemy shell fire and the cannon and bullets. The tidal wave of floods struck Delight's Junction just after dark fell and in fifteen minutes the little beautiful San Juan Creek, rose from sixty to one hundred foot and the roaring waters spread out all over the country like an immense sea. Men, women and children were floating down by hundreds and clinging to the debris were many men, women and children under fire from rebel cannon and snipers, and all were shrieking for aid and lying low to prevent themselves from being hit. A large number of Christian soldiers at once gathered on the shore and near the Christian side of the bridges and while they attempted the work of rescue others came up to return the fire of the enemy as hotly as possible while they were reinforced by a number of machine gun batteries which raked the enemy snipers on the opposite side of the river. The rescuers brought a number of ropes and these were thrown into the rearing boiling waters among persons drifting by in the desperate efforts to save as many poor beings as possible. In this attempt twenty Christian soldiers were killed by enemy fire and many wounded. For half an hour or more all efforts were fruitless until at last when the rescuers were about giving up all hope, a little boy astride a small roof managed to catch hold of one of the ropes. He caught it under his right arm and was thrown violently against a floating tree but managed to keep hold and though enemy rifles popped at him and his rescuers he was successfully pulled on to the North Bridge and the cheers of all the soldiers and onlookers. The boy's name was Andrew San Juan and his rescuer was a non-combatant from Delight's Junction named Hendro Pedro. The lad was taken to General Humphreys' upper quarters not touched by the flood and cared for in one of the barracks. The little boy was about eight years old and was wounded in the left leg and his arm by a bullet and on his left side had a slight shell wound. His story of the frightful flood calamity was as follows:

"With my father I was spending the day at my Uncle's house near Progreso city. In the house at the time were many refugees who had fled from the city during the outbreak of the battle there. Shortly after three o'clock there was a loud noise unlike the sound of battle. It was of running water and mingled with the screams of people. We looked out the door and were horrified to see many persons running. My father and an uncle told us not to mind as the waters were the bursting of a small levee of the San Juan River and would not rise further. But soon we saw houses by the hundreds being swept away and then we ran to the floor above. The house was four stories and we were at last forced to the top one. Added to the noise of the flood we could still hear the other section of the battle and wondered what the battle and flood would do to us at the same time. In my fright I jumped on a bed it being an old fashioned one with heavy wooden posts. Gradually it was lifted up, the air in the room was growing close and I could feel some sort of motion that told me the house was being carried down stream. Still the bed kept rising and pressed the ceiling. At last the post pushed the plaster and it veiled a section of the roof finally giving way. Then suddenly I found myself on the roof and was being carried down stream. Beyond on the opposite shore I saw long lines of men in light blue or gray uniforms popping at every one who were floating in the water and I realized the damned rebel soldiers meant to kill us even while we were so helpless in the flood they made themselves. After a little the roof was torn apart by some solid shot and the shock almost threw me off and into the water. I was terribly afraid for I was in two dangers, one of being drowned, and the other of being hit by the landmines or rifles but soon another house with a single roof floated by and I managed to crawl up on it on the side facing the Christian shore of the river and floated down until I nearly died with fright as shells frequently exploded close to the roof when I was saved though many of my rescuers were hit in the attempt and I was hurt three times by the enemy fire. After I was set free from the house I did not see my father. I heard my grandfather and uncle had sought refuge on a tree but he must have either been drowned or killed by the enemy shots as the waters were rising fast and the enemy beyond danger of the flood was pouring upon the struggling masses in the waters a withering fire of rifles and cannons. A little girl friend of mine was also on a tree. Her mother and father I saw hit by a bullet and fall dead into the raging waters. My mother was also drowned. Once"

the refugees was safe in a big tree but many of the others were drowned or slain. The scenes were terrible beyond describing. The usands of lives bodies, and as many corpses were floating down with me and away from me and the water was full of ~~refugees~~ made by solid shots and exploding bombs under the flood or disturbed by a lashed caused by the rain of bullets. I would hear many persons shriek shriek and then they would disappear. All along the christian side of the shore were National soldiers who though exposed to the enemy's fire were desperately trying to save us but they could do nothing, not only a few were caught."

The poor little boys story was but one incident and showed what happened to one family. No one knew what happened to the thousands of families who were in the path of the rushing waters. It was impossible to get any thing in the way of news, except meagre details.

Amcey witness at Delight's annation told a story of unparalleled horror which occurred at the lower section of the Norma's Bridge which crosses the Sunhegn Creek at this point. There were masses of soldiers floating on wreckage or rafts all these having belonged to general "Hurricane" Jones command which had all been wiped out by the flood. A young officer and two privates were seen coming down the flood on a piece of a raft. At the upper bridge a rope was immediately thrown to them. The enemy fire cut the rope to pieces and another the unfortunate failed to ditch. Between the two Norma Bridges the private was noticed to point toward the officer who it is supposed was a private. Further down the river the

officer how to catch the next rope which was being lowered from the other
and main bridge...own came the raft with a rush. One of the soldiers was
hit by an enemy bullet and plunged into the torrent. The other brave
private stood with his arms around the officer. As they swam under the
bridge he reached up and saved the rope or seized the rope. He was jerked
violently away from the officer who failed to catch the life line as a
shot wounded his hand. Seeing that they would not and could not be

the private dropped the rope and fell back on the raft which floated down now the only support of any shots from the opposite shore. To make things worst the current was strong and the frail craft toward the enemy side of a large tree thickly covered with foliage. The officer then asked the officer to get up into the tree. He held on with his hands and rested his feet on a pile of driftwood. A exploding shell struck the raft, tearing it to pieces and the fragments floated away. The man hung with his body wreathed in flames and his hair flying. Another pile of drift soon collected and he was enabled to get another secure footing.

A bullet hit his foot seriously wounding it--then there was an explosion near the bridge there came a sudden crash and a section of the bridge was blown asunder by the blast and swept away by the flood and this floated down the stream striking the tree and sweeping it away--all the two were thrown into the water and were drowned before the eyes of the horrified spectators just opposite the city of Jalisco's junction

earlier in the evening a lot of women and men and soldiers and even children and countless countless animals of every description were

seen to pass under the bridge near Delight's junction all the people themselves clinging to roofs, wreckage and rafts, and refugees of every description and one after another were being hit by the enemy's cruel fire from the opposite shore. A house-top floated in near the christian side of the shore and on it were many people.

of the shore and also was a woman and two pretty little girls. A rope was lowered to the woman from the German's bridge but she shook her head and refused to desert her children. It was said that all were saved although three were saved not far from Great Hearts flooded cantonments a few miles below Jellicott's junction. A later report declared that many soldiers there not facing fire of enemy succeeded in reaching; many men, women and children from the flood and also many soldiers, a number of

soldiers belonging to Lora's army succeeded in getting out of the flood unaided, they were kindly taken care of by General Greatharts soldiers. A sad incident occurred later on near Huma Run. A little girl so pretty that at first out of the soldiers mistook her for one of the Princesses of Abbieganna passed under the great Norman Bridge just before dark.

He was kneeling on the top of a house roof and had her arms stretched out as if begging someone to save her. At this time at this point at least the enemy did not fire and every effort was made to save the child but for a long time they all proved of no avail.

an officer who was standing by remarked that the piteous appearance of the little child brought tears to his eyes. However when she was floated down near to Greentheart's came some soldiers there wanted to throw a rope and fifteen minutes later she was being taken care of in one of the barracks far out of reach of the flood.....all night

Due to the crowd of christian soldiers and even non catholic tents stood on the shores of the flood and all on the bridge. The water rushed past with a great roar carrying with it parts of houses, furniture and thick foliage and trees. The flood had it evidently spent its force at where it started for no more living persons were being carried. Just now Scores of thousands of watchers with lanterns roamed along the shores of the mighty flood untill day break when the first view of the awful devastation of the flood and other horrors was witnessed.

When the great flood waves swept through the city of Maroonidio and upon the christian army under general "Lucia Lura's christian army the people and even soldiers and animals who had even the slightest chance to escape ran hither and thither in every direction in the greatest terror and confusion. However they did not have the slightest idea where they happened to be going only that an immense wave of water was coming.

crests or sea of foaming waters higher than the housetops was roaring down upon them from the broken dam and that they must get away from that. Many in their terror dived into the cellar of their very houses though this of course was certain death. Others got upon the roofs of all the house tops and clambered over the adjoining roofs to safety, but the majority including the armies made for the hills and high rise of ground but hardly any of these ever reached the hills for many of them were all caught in the mad fury of the floods. Thousands clung to trees and roots and pieces of debris and the like which had temporarily lodged near the banks and only

few of these even managed to save themselves. These people therefore stayed out on the hills all night and all the next day or they managed to find the main christian lines further away which sheltered them, however for all the survivors there was a great fear of going back to the town. The flood in the region of the enemy who had been firing upon the flood-rail station might have been enough to prevent the rescue of all the unfortunate, even the people whose houses were situated in the flood did not touch had abandoned their homes for fear of the landmines and began to think of all as "Maccinio as a city buried beneath the water."

When the Christian troops went toward Arcadio to view the effects of the flood they saw many survivors who had dared to return put up in barns and sheds and in houses which had only been slightly ruined. Most of these had to sleep without any covering in their wet clothes and it took the liveliest kind of work and fighting to get anything to eat. The majority of those who could have been rescued were sheltered within the very flooded portions of the Christian lines as much as possible especially in what could be spared of the few barracks left standing and some idea of the

extent of the wreck wreck of the towns and villiages may be gathered from the fact that of the fewest of the thousands of buildings of the smallest town only two were left uninjured.

For the first two or three days the survivors as well as those of the devastated army were dazed at what had happened and even now they are still dazed. They all went about helplessly making inquiries of vague inquiries for their friends and relatives and hardly feeling the desire to eat anything, namely the needs of comfort overpowered them and they woke up to the fact that they were faint and sick. This was to some extent changed by the arrival of tents and by the systematic military care for the many suffering.

The "Fatal Norma Bridge" as it is now called, and which so far before had been the scene of some bloody conflicts was now described by a war correspondent in this way:

"This bridge since the disastrous flood was now the matter of so much talk and writings and whose parolal resistance to the mighty torrent is a noble five track structure and as having foot walks on both sides fifty eight yards wide on top, sixty feet high above water level, the line of both the Sunbeam Creek and the North river and the timing of one hundred and fifty span spans of fifty nine feet each. Despite the fierce battles that had raged in its vicinity or on it it still remains wholly uninjured except that it was and is badly spalled on the upper sides by blows from the shell fire and also from the wreckage but that it remains so is due solely because it is of a heavy strong steel frame and other bridge work and was i or is one of the longest and most powerful bridges known. The torrent struck it with force enough to sweepother bridges away as if it had been built of card board leaving even no track behind but fortunately or unfortunately the span bridge which was one of the most powerful powerful made and though it was in the path of the full force of the flood which hence struck the bridge full and compressed the whole of its spoils gathered in a one hundred mile course into one terrible inextinguishable mass with the force of tens of thousands of tons at nearly seventy miles an hour the bridge stood it all and the wreckage within the late evening was windrowed high against the bridge.

The spoil of the flood consisted of more trees than one can count all trees and all foliage of every description that the flood had touched and uprooted in its whole course with trifling exceptions, including countless numbers of large trees of every description all of which were completely stripped of their bark and small live limbs all at once and all the houses in the twenty five thickly settled towns and villages, half the number of human beings and soldiers, and all the horses, cows, cats, dogs and rats, chic chickens and all fowls of every description that were in the farms and in the houses, many hundreds of miles of telegraph and telephone wires that were on strong poles in use and many times more than this that were in the stocks of mills, perhaps two three hundred and fifty miles of railroad tracks and all track materials and all, hundreds of big locomotives, tons of pig iron windrows or mounds of brick stone gravel sand earth, boilers steam engines out of factories, heavy machinery, batteries of cannons army wagons by hundreds, and other spoils of towns and villages including all furniture and household goods that any one can think of.

All this was accumulated in one great inextricable mass which wedged against the north portion or side of the great bridge like a mountain of wreckage and this being the target of the enemy fire bombs immediately caught fire and the wreckage not wetted or touched by the water was soon aflame. Thousands if not hundreds of thousands of human beings, men, women and children and even soldiers dead and alive were caught in it including many animals many by the lower and upper parts of the body eye witnesses described the groans and cries which came from that vast holocaust for nearly the whole night and the next day as something almost unbearable to listen to yet which could not be escaped. Thousands undoubtedly suffered a most slow torturing death by fire, or were killed by solid shot and rifle fire from the enemy on shore, yet no one can doubt that the vast majority of the sold soldiers, men, women and children in that fearful jam which covered the length of the whole bridge were already dead when the awful fire began, and when the enemy did all possible to prevent the work of rescue on the part of the Nationals and others.

The city of Delight's Junction is on a big flat near the north bend of the Norma Run River and this flat is formed by the junction of the big Sunbeam Creek, and the almost equally large Jennie W. Rivian Creek flowing into the Norma Run from the south just above the big bridge. The bridge being of great height and extent it and the adjacent embankment formed something like a second dam about sixty feet high, Delight's Junction serving as a bed of a reservoir which any one could judge to be nearly large enough to hold the one third of the flood except that it was already filled three feet deep or more by the first sign of the coming flood. One big off shoot of the main torrent was deflected a northward by the Gaulten Bend and went tearing through the heart of the more northerly section of the city, and still another similar big wave was split off from the main torrent further up but in the main the direct force of the torrent did not strike this city or other points further north. The main force struck first against Marcocinio, Wildred Greenburg, Zamagustopolis and then sweeping further northward lost some of its fierce energy flowing thence northward in a heavy wild widely spreading lake all over the country side for a hundred and fifty miles which tossed houses of towns and villages about in a very fantastic way so that every town looked much like a child's toy villages poured out of a box hap-hazard, the houses were not torn to pieces generally.

About half the loss of life was in the region of Marcocinio for all this section of the country including the city itself and the three others speedily became a sea from thirty to forty feet deep and stayed so for twelve hours or more, and therefore it was here and not in the main direct path of the wider sections of the flood that all the rescuing of people from roofs and floating timbers was impossible because of the fury of the flood and the wicked hindrance of the enemy. Near Delight's Junction rescue work was almost impossible also. Likewise after the break in the embankment of the Norma Run Bridge and the flood began to recede from Delight's Junction where it flooded the streets to a depth of twelve feet in some places it was from this district chiefly chiefly that so many people and soldiers were carried off down stream on floating wreckage and killed by enemy snipers and machine gun fire or drowned in the rushing waters.

And all that came within the direct path of the awful jam of the flood was fast within the jam windrows at the bridge. The existence of this

immense temporary reservoir not only broke the full force of the flood near Delight's Junction and transformed it into something not greatly different from an ordinary but heavy sea over land. Within the city Zoe C. Lien Run, John Zoe Rae Run, Joe Whither and other places just above the bridge and above the city of Delight's Junction were badly wrecked with the loss of unaccountable numbers of lives, but in the main from Delight's Junction down the flood ceased to be so very destructive and so swift. It took out almost every bridge it came to for more than a hundred miles and washed away hundreds of miles of tracks rails and all and did other severe damage, but the probable Delight's Junction Reservoir saved to a hundreds of thousands of lives below it by equalizing the great one hundred mile wide flow.

Captain Andrew Jermann the Main officer in charge of one of the Angelinian baggage trains of General Lora's army which was also caught in the flood at Marcocinio told a thrilling story of his own experience. His long train of wagons with three others, and a strong force of one hundred thousand mounted men and officers had advanced to a siding of works on high ground at Marcocinio station opposite to where the bloody battle was raging. He saw the distant explosions at the dam, saw the monstrous floods coming and describes it as having the appearance of the ocean suddenly flooding the land as it sinks far below sea level through some convulsion.

He immediately ordered his men to lash their horses for all their worth and to get the wagon train out of reach of the flood. General Johnston gave in charge of the cavalry was in the rear of the wagon trains and this officer had with him his invalid wife and three children aged, five, six, and seven. This general was engaged in getting his wife to much higher ground while another officer and two men grabbed up the children, and with one under their arms started for the hills with the roaring water right at their heels. They ran a distance of about three hundred and sixty yards and barely managed to deposit their precious burden on safe ground before the sea of roaring waters swept past them. The chief officer of the cavalry said it would never be known how many drivers and horses lost their lives from the ill fated wagon trains or from General Lora's army, all the wagons that were carried away had immense amounts of provisions and provisions in them how much no one would tell. Indeed some idea of the frightful and terrible force of the flood can be gained from the general's statement that many engines from the round houses of the various towns, hundreds of them in number swept past him standing half way out of the water, their forty or fifty tons of weight being not at all sufficient to take them beneath the surface. Two hundred and ten shattered wagons were found later on the opposite shore and many freight cars and baggage and passenger cars were seen later in all portions of the country where the flood had begun to recede. One officer had a most wonderful escape. He was caught in the whirl and almost all of his clothing was torn from his body but she was providentially thrown by the fiercely angry waters clear of the rushing flood.

This officer said it that while he lay more dead than alive on the edge of the flood, he saw Glandelinian ghouls rifle the bodies of dead soldiers and people and cut off their shoes and feet for the purpose of obtaining something important they were after. This officer was provided with a suit of woman clothes and entered the Christian lines thus arrayed. Another Angelinian officer who had belonged to the ill fated wagon train had started to run his wagon up the rise of ground near by and then fearing to venture into range of the enemy sniping fire remained where he was rather taking the chances of perishing in the flood than of being killed at the hands of the enemy in such a ruthless way. When the waters of the floods subsided some soldiers rushed to the wagon expecting to find this officer dead but at this point the water had not gone high enough to drown him and he was all right though greatly excited and a little frightened. When the waters were still high the general who had been in charge of his cavalry made an attempt to get back to his command. He was riding his horse over two hundred feet through the flood he was forced to return to safe ground as the current of the flood got too strong for his horse to swim against it. The last train of wagons to which the Sunbeam Creek permitted the cross crossing of between Delight's Junction and Marcocinio rolled into the Christian lines at 7 P.M. on that evening. It was a long ammunition and provision train. The last wagon was full of cartridge boxes for rifle bullets and which had never stopped at so many parts of the Christian lines before in its aristocratic life and which had been cut off the stalled wagon train at Jennie Rivian Town to be taken back to Delight's Junction. The rest of the train had started from General

Faldwine army and later had been known as the "Army of the Tuh." To have for a wagon train had fitted it better, this wagon train had plowed or rather swam through seventeen miles of water on its way from Delight's Junction water differing in depth from five inches to three or four feet. The seventeen miles of water covered this roadway between Delight's Junction and Horse bridge. When the first or last of the other war correspondents touched with the Angelina. Another news and to some extent with the men who make them dashed trip early into the Christian lines near Delight's Junction at eight o'clock in the morning morning they had encountered twenty miles and a half of water. However no reports of the increase in the Sunbeam Creek overflow had reached Delight's Junction during the day and the wagon train had started out in a site of the peril with two cavalry forces accompanying it and a fair chance of reaching general. The water was half way up to the hubs of the wagon wheels and the force of the back waters of other creeks was passed without incident. The water was half way up to the hubs of the wagon wheels and the force of the current was hurling on each side of a wagon fine billows of yellow water and sending swells like that of some tramp steamer in among the floating out houses and submerged along heaps and the like of the city of Delight's Junction and bringing cheers upon cheers from many thousands who watched the slow but sure advance of the wagon train from their second and other up por story windows and from roofs and forgot the co dition of the first floor furniture and other property in their excitement of watching the amphibious prowess of the long wagon train.

"We have seen the worst of this awful flood" said one of the officers of the cavalry to a driver as the fourth mile of billows was passed. We have seen the worst of it but the wagons must not stop now or we'll never cross the sea."

So puffing and panting the horses swam and plodded while the baffled flood rolled its burden of drift wood and other wreckage gullyward northward to the right of the train and even against it. The train went onward the horses obeying their masters and pulling and half swimming as hard as they could. The dry ground was just about long enough to get the long wagon train an impetuous for another header in the overflow of Sunbeam Creek. It was into this river itself that the wagons seemed to plough this time. It was no longer either the question of an overflow of a creek. The billows from the revolving and splashing horses swept not in among over turned out houses and submerged slag heaps and the like but out on the broad coffee colored bosom of the river and a flood to be broken into a thousand chop waves among the churning drift wood. The people on and in the upper sections of their houses forgot to cheer. The trip was curious and ticklish. The horses were plowing slowly and pulling very slowly. The water was growing deeper and deeper. At times the wagon wheels were all set out of sight and the water was swirling along the upper portion of the horses bodies and all set up to their necks and lapsing at the very inside of the wagons. The only sight of land locomotion about the wagon trains was an audible one a watery swishing and pounding and rumbling of the wheels on the hidden roadway. The wagon train resembled some narrow and long river serpent wriggling on its long belly down and through the flood. Gradually there was a simultaneously though not concerted movements among the car cavalry who were now wading or swimming the flood. But what had appeared to be a recession of the flood water stream when looked at from above was merely a swelling swelling of the stream from the overflow of another creek which parallels the roadway for several miles or so at that point. All at once the wagon train which had now been moving more slowly for each of a good twenty minutes stopped short. It seemed as if the horses had scented danger of some sort and panting refused to go further. Then the cavalry was seen by the drivers to urge their horses swimmingly through the waters and begin hauling at some unseen obstacle.

"Driftwood and wreckage and human bodies" said one officer. "So it was. Drift wood and wreckage and even dead bodies had halted the progress of the wagon train. All this was floating all about and threatened to impede the progress of the wagon train of seven hundred wagons. Hence rails from far up country came, planks from disenclosed signal stations, platforms along the line, railroad ties innumerable, branches and even small trees floated between and among the horses and against the wagon wheels with disjected stacks of green wheat and other crops upon the ever rising flood of the river. There had already been high dry land in sight just beyond beyond station but as sure as floods were floods the land was fast disappearing. By the river of Sunbeam Creek and the Horse Run river was steady. The inhabitants of the drowned lands who seemed to appear

to take the drowning very easy though no such a drowning had been known to any one since floods began had been in large numbers keeping company with the wagon train for the last three miles, in skiffs, row boats and punts. They rowed close to the wagons and towed away the larger drift.

However they were not entirely on life saving service as none of it was necessary here. There was a bit of wreckage in their composition. They towed the tree trunks, and railroad ties, floating furniture and the like into their front and back yards and anchored them securely to their window blinds. Finally the straining laboring backs of the horses gave one mighty tug at the wagons. A huge platform plank plank and other wreckage floated loose from the wagons and again the wheels began to chug the brown water with yellowish white and at last the wagon train ran up on dry ground like the eagle in the sun to whom the Irish poet compared the Irish troops at Fontenoy. As they did so the clatter of the supporting cavalry troopers was heard from the east and the sound of cheering. Then another column of horsemen came around a bend and galloped with a light heart up to the wagon train.

"We thought you would never get through the flood" said the leader with surprise and joy. But as the flood was increasing there was no chance of any other wagon trains passing through.

A soldier who was above the danger zone of the battle and flood on the right bluff above the town of "Arri" "Arrocinio" and who saw the first rush of the death wave of waters says that it was caused by four tremendous explosions which he thinks were the explosions of four mines set by the enemy with the purpose to either destroy or rout general "Arrocinio" "Arrocinio" a horse army of christians. He declared that about half an hour or more before the wall of water had reached the city and the christian army and spread over over the whole country there was a series of terrific explosions some where in the upper and lower portions of the walls of the dam. He said he saw the eruptions of smoke and brick and mortar and saw earth and even water rise high into the air and the next moment saw two lines of erupting flame rise through other portions of the wall in different directions and the whole wall was apparently being torn to pieces. The next minute the waters came and he remembered nothing further. There was really four great explosions that wrecked the dam wall just at the time of the flood. If there was also extra explosions the cause of the dread full flood can be easily explained. One woman from the city of Delight's Junction was rescued alive from the attic of her home, the house had floated from what was formerly Anderrone street to the edge of the christian camps. The poor woman said her experiences had been terrible. She saw countless numbers of soldiers, men women and children, and countless hundreds of all different kinds of animals floating down the fierce torrent to meet their death some of the people praying, while many others had become raving maniacs.

The real horrors of the disastrous flood will never be known. And no one could ever know or realize the horrors of this terrible calamity unless he saw the thousands of burning people and the debris near the big woman bridge with enemy sharpshooters and artillery raking it from one end to another and trying to prevent the work of rescue. No one could really realize the horrible nature of the affair and any one who could have witnessed the scene would not have been able to stand it. As soon as possible after the first crash of the flood had passed many of the Angelinian soldiers had hastened toward their side of the bridge and saw many thousands, many scores of thousands of persons, many of them soldiers struggling in the ruins, under enemy fire, and exploring for God's sake to release them. Frantic husbands and fathers stood at the edge of the furnace that was slowly incinerating human victims. Every one was terribly anxious to save his own relatives, and raved and cursed, and when one was saved the Glandelinians on the opposite shore cursed and blasphemed until their horrible cries shook the air. No system no organized effort of any kind was made by the persons related to the victims to release them. Shrieking and cursing they would command:

"Go to that place please for God's sake go get her or him out" referring to some loved one they wished to have saved before the fire reached them or an enemy shot struck them. Under the circumstances it was necessary to secure organization of some kind, and thinking the Angelinian soldiers were trying to thwart their plans when the christian officers ordered other points to be attacked by the rescuers, they advanced upon them, threatened to shoot the Angelinian officers, or dash them into the raging torrent and only the timely interference of the soldiers drove them back to their work. One of the men was trying to steer a float upon which his wife and three children sat on a mattress and he lost his hold and in a moment

the draft swept into a sea of flame and he disappeared. The agony of that poor man was surely heart rending. Despite all the attempted hindrances of the enemy on the opposite shore every attempt was made to save every person possible and though Angelinian soldiers had been shot down by the score the officers had the satisfaction of knowing that fully two hundred and fifty were saved from annihilation. One young woman and her two children were found under the dead body of her own father and mother.

A force of men attempted under fire to extricate her and succeeded in releasing every limb but her right leg. Six men were shot down by enemy snipers in this work. For three hours the desperate dare devil rescuers labored while other Angelinians covered their work by returning the fire of the enemy and every moment the flames crept nearer and nearer, and the flood rose and rose. One officer who saw his men being picked off by the enemy was on the point of ordering the men to either chop her leg off or kill her on the spot to save her from a far worse fate. It would have been much better to kill her off or save her life even at the loss of a leg than have her burn or drown to death. Fortunately it was not necessary but the young lady's escape from mutilation or death she will never realize or forget. The flood climbed among its countless victims not only the living, but the dead. Thousands or hundreds of hundreds of coffins were found half burned in charred wreckage or floating on the flood either containing some dead woman, man or a child. The supposition was that the flood may have wiped out a cemetery for there were thousands of these coffins.

Houses of every various wrecked town were toppled over one another in rows or piles and left where they lay. Ten of these were found turned completely over and stood with their roofs on top of the foundation of another house and their beams in the air. The owner of one of these came back and getting in his house through the windows walked about on his ceiling. Out of this house a woman, man and a number of children escaped safely and were only a little hurt although they were said to have been stood on their heads in the whirl.

Every house of this great flood was said to have had its own awful or peculiar story. Of many people escaped by chopping holes in the roof. From one house a soldier who had been thrown into the structure through a window by the force of the flood leaped to the shore as the house went whirling past and fell thirty five feet upon a pile of wood and escaped with only a broken leg, and arm and one fractured rib beside a broken collar bone, and a loss of a foot and finger besides many scratches, cuts and bruises.

One person is said to have come all the way in a house from the very very start of the fearful flood and to have mysteriously circled around with a backward flow of the water and finally landed on a flat near the city of Delight's Junction where it could still be pointed out. Let how so many houses happened to be so queerly twisted for instance as if the water had a fierce twirling instead of a straight motion was indeed an unusual mystery. The course of the dreadful flood which devastated general forces army killing and drowning nearly a million of his able bodied soldiers and sweeping away to only God knows where the countless wounded of both sides, from the exact point where from where it issued from the Dam, to where it spread out over the whole country was clearly defined from the heights near Delight's Junction. The whole body of water issued straight from the immense dam in a solid long roaring wave and after sweeping Harrodsburg and the Christian army out of existence tore across the city of Zamaritopolis and so on down to the city of Delight's Junction and here a solid cluster of brick blocks aided by the non conformation of the land evidently divided a portion of the flood. This freak prevented Delight's Junction from being terribly wrecked. The greater part of the flood turned northward straight swept up the Sunbeam Creek and then mixed with the ruins of the villages above down to the great Norma Bridge. The other section of the flood rushed into and even over the Norma River which for a while acted as a long dam and relieved most of the water until one of its dikes broke from the force of the torrent and then the fury of the Norma River was also let loose and thus the flood was reinforced by the Norma River from the Bridge section this portion of the flood going southward where it reached ten miles and spent its force on a little town called Wildred Greenburg. The frequent changing of the courses of this immense flood forced against the bridge and towns, and then the floods gave it a regular whirling motion from right and left and therefore made a tremendous eddy or whirlpool whose terrible centrifugal force twisted everything it happened to touch. This accounts for the comparatively narrow path of the flood through the eastern portion of Delight's Junction where its

course through the thickly clustered brick and frame buildings was as plain as a path. The force of the main flood gradually diminished as it went northward for at the place where the currents separated every building of every denominated town and city is found to shattered to pieces and carried away, while at the southeastern edge of Delight's Junction the houses were only turned a little on their foundations or turned over on their sides, or upside down. Further down they are not single but great heaps of ground lumber that looked like nothing so much as enormous billows. To the northward the work of the water was of a different sort. It picked up everything except the big buildings that divided the current in every street and piled the fragments down upon every bridge of the stream or swept them over or under and so on down the path of the flood for miles. This left the fragrant yellow sandy and barren plain where once stood the best buildings of Delight's Junction, six opera houses, big hotels, 1 or 2 large residences, many whole sale warehouses, shops, schools, and the finest churches. In this plain now were only the tracks of the Van-Holleston and Pandora railroad, a shattered school house and one brick residence all badly wrecked. Yet these tracks and structures did not relieve the shocking picture of ruin spread out in the path of the awful flood but by contrast made it more striking. Some of the queerest sights of the wreck was seen northeast of Delight's Junction which city despite its size, and the last one to be touched by the flood, was the hardest hit. Many of the houses that are left there are scattered helter skelter, thrown on their sides and standing on their roofs, yet these buildings were not belonging to Delight's Junction and never had been in that neighborhood before. They came down on the breast of the flood wave from as far up as Harrodsburg and were carried safely by the flooded Christian encampments and the bridges by the big buildings at the dividing line up and down on the great flood and finally settled in their new resting places little injured.

A long row of them packed closely together and every one of them tipped over at the same angle was only one of the queer freaks the water of the flood played. One of the soldiers not into one of these houses and saw that the lower story was filled with water and everything in it had been all torn out. The carpet had been split into strips on the floor by the sheer force of the onrushing tide. High heaps of mud stood in the corners. There was no sign of furniture. The walls were still dripping with moisture. The ceiling was gone, the windows all were out and the rain of a thunderstorm blew in and the only thing that was left intact was a small candle stick hanging on the wall.

The remarkable stories that could have been told about people so floated long miles up the river and then back two or three times were easily credited after seeing the evidence of the strange course the terrible flood took near Delight's Junction city. People who stood near the big Norma Bridge saw five women and a man and some children on a big roof float up on the Sunbeam Creek flood turn a short distance above Jennie's city and come back and go past again and once more return while the wicked enemies on shore were trying their level best to shoot the off the roof. Then they were seen to go far down on the current to the lower part of Delight's Junction and were rescued as they passed the second story of a warehouse. A man who was imprisoned in the top floor of his floating house put his wife and three girl children on a large roof that was eddying past and stayed behind with the purpose to die alone. They floated up the stream, went through six flooded streets of Delight's Junction, then through one of the flooded Christian cantonments, and then came back and set upon the roof of the very house they had left, and afterwards the whole family were saved.

Also at Delight's Junction there was 1 or 2 big wooden houses which came all the way from Harrodsburg. On it was a soldier who had seen the destruction of general forces army and who had been in the battle when the flood came. He was carried past Delight's Junction last his own company street and coolly told his comrades at the bridge to write to his wife and children telling the good bye. The house passed the city, and the camp fourteen times the man carrying on a conversation with the Christian soldiers on the shore and giving directions for his burial if he body should be found. The last time the house went up it grounded at Delight's Junction and in an hour or two the man was safe with his comrades once more. Three little girls who went by on a roof crawled into the branches of a big tree and had to stay there all night and part of the next day before they could make any one understand where they were. At one time scores of or hundreds of floating houses were wedged in together near Norma

bridge and despite the danger of being picked off by the fire of the wicked Glandelinians many brave Angelinian soldiers went out from the shore and stepping from one house roof to another, though dreadfully exposed, brought in many women and children. Many women crawled from roofs and raft into the attic of these houses. To their astonishment with the flood, most of their clothes had been torn from them and rather than appear without any men in the apartments they stayed where they were until hunger forced them to shout out of the windows for help. At this stage of the flood more persons were being lost by being crushed to death than by drowning or being hit by the enemy fire. As they floated on roofs, or doors and rafters the toppling houses fell over on top of them and killed them.

However though Delight's Junction was hardest hit there was not much loss of life here as the houses were crushed on one side of the city and not touched on the other. A most remarkable thing considering the force of the flood. Twenty one bodies were taken out of one damaged building, after the worst of the flood had receded and taken to the morgue. They were not much injured considering the weight of the lumber above them. In many instances the bodies were wedged in crevasses. Yet they were all in a good state of preservation and when they were also embalmed they looked like life. Cottages and houses which were still standing were banked up with lumber and driftwood and it was like mining for the Christian workers and prisoners to make any kind of a clear space. Thirteen hundred bodies were taken from the burning debris near Norham Bridge at one time in the afternoon when the flood had gone so low that work was possible. None of these bodies could be recognized, and they were put in coffins and buried immediately. They were so badly burned that it was impossible to keep them until they could be identified. During a series of blastings at the wreckage many bodies were almost burned to pieces.

The actual number of lives lost at this flood can never be known especially among the soldiers of general Forgas army though it was claimed one million perished beside the millions of wounded, but over 45,678 bodies of the frightful catastrophe of all the men, women and children of the towns were identified and either buried or cremated in the same along the river shores, in the yards, and grounds and of the woods, and those bodies which must have been carried far down the river when the waters receded from Delight's Junction two days later, the bodies cremated, the hundreds found on the Sunbeam shores, on the shores of the creeks, and those taken from the water, and finally all those discovered in all sorts of places, the bodies found outside of Jennie's town being buried or cremated when picked up, all these served to swell the list among men, women and children to possibly 77,899 which was the figure named by general Robert Vivian the fifth day after the dreadful flood. He had every opportunity for obtaining information on this point.

The bodies of general Forgas army including the general and all his officers were never recovered.

CHAPTER TWENTY NINE.....

THE BATTLE RAGES ON. THE ENEMY GETS WORSTED.

THE LULL.

IT IS RESUMED.

AS soon as this was done ten Abyssinkilian columns of infantry, proceeded by a Dondobian battalion in a wave line, advanced along the edge of the wood while a heavy mass of Concentinian cavalry advanced along a long but narrow plank road, and threatened the Omerians with destruction. The Glandelinian forces therefore especially those of the skirmishers fell back before the fierce round hatted Abyssinkilians. The Glandelinian general being in charge placed himself before a force of Glandelinian Cavalry and charged upon the advancing Abyssinkilian infantry, but these continued to press on, and relieved the "wheelers" with so fierce a fire of musketry and piled the bayonet so wickedly that the Glandelinians retreated in confusion for the village or Santry Junction. The Glandelinian general was compelled to order the Omerian divisions to fall back in good order, but by this time they were too shaken to do so. The Christian artillery of all kinds smoke them with such terrible effect that men were falling by the sixty thousand every ten minutes, the infantry columns swept upon them like a tornado, the Concentinian cavalry came roaring and screaming down upon their left flank in a headlong reckless and irresistible charge. The Omerians lost their self possession, thousands surrendered in a moment, and the rest broke and fled in the utmost panic and confusion, some through the village others through the Abyssinkilian regiments on the left of the village being so panic stricken that they either did not know, or did not seem to care where they went. At this moment the gallant Omerian general James Martinique while striving to rally one of his Corps received a mortal wound. He died a few hours later. The fierce and strong bodies of Growleywogx were now ordered to advance and cover the retreat of the Glandelinian Omerian infantry but as they moved toward the advancing Christian forces they received an attack so fierce that they finally lost heart, turned and fled from the field, the Concentinian cavalry charging hotly among them. Indeed so closely were the two forces mixed together that those who were closer to the line of battle could not distinguish friend from foe.

Before the former Mangabli Mangaboo divisions could or had time to form line the Abyssinkilians were rushing upon them like a roaring storm and for two or three minutes the fighting ran to hand was severe and most desperate bayonet to bayonet. The forty Fourth Mangaboo Corps did not attempt to form in a line. Its general faced the rear ranks about, and the troops poured a tremendous fire upon the advancing Nationals but nevertheless it pressed on irresistibly that these Glandelinians too recoiled back in confusion. Two Brigades of the 29th Zimmermannian Division which had been cut off from the rest were almost annihilated, and the Tripolygonians added to by the Condencinians closed in round a portion of the Glandelinian "wheelers" cavalry who had in a counter charge pierced them, and destroyed a every Glandelinian to a man giving no quarter. The Twenty Eight Abyssinkilian Corps captured a lot of prisoners, and three generals among them.....

Still at every point the Christian troops advanced, and this was all the result of cannonade blunder.

"What do you think of it now, Vivian?" Captain general Hanson asked as he watched the retreat of the badly shattered Glandelinian columns.

"I feel all right now," Vivian said. "Though I thought at the beginning of the battle it would be all up with my career. Even a big Glandelinian officer was just dealing a sweet sweeping cut at me with his sabre when a shell fragment struck him. I confess I felt horribly uncomfortable while the attack of the enemy was threatening Herdrude."

"I should say so Your Excellency."

General Cannonia had upon the fall of general Martinique in vain endeavored to rally the flying Omerians and Mangaboos and Zimmermannians. As he was so engaged a cavalry column of Winkie Abyssinkilians swept down upon him. He put spurs to his horse instantly and though fired at managed to gallop to the spot where the Twenty First Divisional Corps were lying behind a long ditch bordered the creek. The cavalry of the Christians were dashing dangerously close to his heels ordering him to halt. He shouted to the men of the Twenty First in front of him to quickly throw themselves down, they obeyed, and setting spurs to his horse leaped down the ditch, and the men behind it, and instantly the Glandelinians poured in so terribly a volley into the Abyssinkilian cavalry

that ten thousand saddles were emptied. This caused the christian cavalry to recoil for a moment but not in confusion, and it finally retired in good order. Thinking the christians had been repulsed some of the leading squadrons of wheeler cavalry however had galloped into one of the smaller towns, and out down some of the inhabitants there including women and children but the winks closed round them, and being pent up in the abandoned houses from which there were but one outlet for each house, scarce a man who had entered, escaped.

The Abiesinnians had now received heavy reinforcements-- Q antionies heavy columns of Angelinians had having come upon the field--and as neither the Ouarian nor the Mangeboos troops would be now able to face the christians they were free to not only sent forward their infantry but free to employ their whole cavalry force against the Glandelinian infantry. The Nationals pressed on. General Jensen's Glandelinians did not wait to repel the attack but led by him a d and Keptsonian person resolutely advanced to repel the christian infantry. This feat never before attempted in Glandelinian military history was rendered absolutely necessary in order to cover the flank of the Glandelinian army now by the flight of the others, and especially by the Ouarian Ouarians open to the attacks of the Abyssinkilian infantry. The fields here were covered with the growth of tall reeds, and sun flowers that concealed the approach through the fields as they rushed through the corn and sunflowers and reeds that the Glandelinian columns knew when their fierce foes would be upon them.

General Jensen was in the centre and he encouraged them by his presence and by his example, and for a time the Glandelinians now stood firm but they nevertheless could not repulse the advancing christians who came on as if the opposing enemy was not there at all. The Thirty Ninth Division of Mic-Hollet ins were also exposed to a similar attack, and tried to repulse it, but everywhere the Angelinians continued on ward firmly shoulder to shoulder shoulder, and nowhere did the opposing Glandelinian succeed in breaking their advancing lines. The enemy artillery couldn't check them and the Glandelinian columns were destroyed by the return fire of the christian artillery, and several christian batteries were advanced to very short range, and opened with destructive effect. Stoutly as the 18,000,000 of the enemy fought--deserted though they were by the others--against Herdrudes over overpowering numbers, they could not much longer stand their ground even when at the critical moment general Allens division of the pm pleni road to their aid. General Hanovers Glandelinian division of Turnerannians advanced between the Glens and the woods, while general Standbys Mangeboos took up ground to the left on a six mile front and gave their support to the dreadfully hard pressed Glandelinians.

But Herdrude now was pushing forward every man at his own disposal. His masses of winks cavalry charged down, and falling upon one of the Glandelinian brigades just arrived cut it up terribly, and carried off three of its colors. The Thirty Second Abyssinkilian Brigade moved to the attack and cleared the plain with terrible slaughter. The Angelinian Infantry, supported by an immense column of the "Hooded Terror" advanced against Jensen and the troops that reinforced him, and driving them back approached the spot where Allens Division of Turnerannians were lying and threw themselves fiercely upon these blue coated Glandelinians. In vain its leading Corps attempted to make a desperate stand. The Abyssinkilians and Angelinians drove them back, back in the utmost confusion, and they broke and fled to the shelter of the glens where they tried fiercely and more savagely to resist the christian advance with grape and canister, mowing the attacking troops down in lines, but the survivors of the christian troops burst through without a pause. Their Angelinian general Hans fell dead, but his men more furious than before flung themselves more vigorously upon the Glandelinians and drove them back in panic through the woods capturing the forest. General Herdrude still thought of pressing the desperate attack, for general Hansons division had arrived, while at this moment two strong Corps of Bomabians with two batteries of machine guns came up, and almost immediately afterwards general Evans divisions, added by two Corps of the Abyssinkilian light footed Glandelinians. These new troops had undergone a most tremendous march but they forgot their fatigue in their excitement of battle, and they all swept the Glandelinians before them and continued to press forward.

As they did so, all others joined in, and the whole christian line advanced, general Herdrudes divisions on the one flank, and the remainder on the other. In vain the Glandelinian infantry strove to stem the tide. One after another the positions they had won in the battle past were taken from them. Herdrudes divisions retook the villages, the works were carried by Evans while the Abyssinkilians drove the enemy out of the woods entirely. A fog of smoke was now covering the scene, and the Glandelinians fell back under cover of this to their original position at the other creek, while the christians made preparations to renew the conflict as soon as possible so as to give the enemy no time to recover. As there was danger of Cannonballs main bodies coming upon parties of troops chopped down bridges, and broke up fences and files were being blowing to increase the smoke. Owing to the late noon hour at which the first section of the fight terminated, and the strange confusion among the baggage wagons that were now beginning to come up from the rear, no regular distribution of rations could be made for dinner. Nearly all of the soldiers however had filled their knapsacks before advancing, and a small party sent down the road obtained a sufficient supply for the rest from a commissariat wagon. While the smoldering fires were being lighted the light companies were ordered to aid as far as the dull would permit in the work of collecting the wounded. Many other regiments had also sent out parties, and the work went on. Owing to the frequent movements of the troops and the desultory actions, and the thick mass of the smoke it was difficult to discover the wounded, and because of the frightful havoc made by the explosions of so many shells, there were no proper materials at hand from which torches could be made.

During this time no distinction was made between friend and foe. The any bodies found to be cold and stiff, were left where they lay, the wounded were however lifted and carried to one or the other of the spots where the surgeons and doctors were hard at work giving a fresh dressing to the injuries, or where absolutely necessary giving amputations. After an hours work the light footed companies were relieved by the others, and these in turn by the other companies, so that all might have a chance to obtain as much rest as possible before the battle would be renewed.

Most of the troops who had come to the aid of the hard pressed Glandelinians were terribly fatigued for they had had a forty six miles march at hard pressed time, and nearly four hours continuous and hard fighting against fearful odds, and to make it worse the christians were fresh, at high spirits over their success, had plenty of water provisions, and held the creek, two kms, and even the woods they had captured. The Glandelinians who had fought the battle were seriously handicapped and were suffering severely from the want of water. They had started sometime in the early morning with full canteens, but by the fire (the water of the flood sometimes steaming) had produced such thirst that most of these were emptied long before they reached the field of battle and no water was to be found near the spot to which the foe had been driven, and indeed with the exception of a very small regiment in one of the villages still in possession of the Glandelinians, who obtained water from a small creek running through, the whole part of the army that had been engaged were handicapped for want of water. Water had however through some desperate effort had been fetched for the enemy wounded, whose first cry as their comrades reached them had always been for it, and even when the search had been ceased because of the danger of further conflict there were great numbers still lying in agony scattered over such an enormous enormous battlefield!

Most of the christian troops had filled two canteens with brandy and water at the suggestion of their leaders.

"The less you drink my lads, the better" their commanders had said, "and the chances are you may find by the end of the battle every drop will be like the contents of the canteens may be the means of saving your life. If you don't want it yourselves, you may be sure there will be many who will." So many of them had found it. Most of the christian soldiers had drank sparingly on the way to battle, scarcely permitting themselves to do more than wet their lips, but when they set about the work of collecting as many of the wounded as time would allow they felt more than amply rewarded for their little sacrifices by the grateful thanks of the many poor fellows to whom they were able to give a mouthful of their hoarded stores.

It was not until his own return to the rear that general Herdrude learned the extent of the loss of his own troops. He knew by the smallest of the number that had been mustered how much his own Division had suffered, and in the brief intervals in the struggle he had heard something of what was doing else where. Lieutenant general Sheilds had fallen early in the fight shot through the head and heart as the Brigades of Abyssinians went forward to attack the Glandelinians. Captain general Canon had received a bayonet wound through his arm but had managed to make a sling of his large handkerchief, and had kept his place at the head of his division.

The officers were all gathered round one of the fires, when general Viviancia returned.

"I see you too are wounded general Hansonia as your left arm is in a sling," he said. "Nothing serious I hope?"

"I do not think so but it sure is paining me bad. It was a Glandelinian caverly lancer who done it. Fortunately one of the men shot him at the very instant the confounded cat struck me and it was only the point of the lance that went through my shoulder. Still I'm afraid it made a wound big enough to be too much for pain, the more so because it gave a frightful wrench as the man in being shot dropped the lance. However it is nothing to grumble about, and I can consider myself very lucky indeed that I only received a flesh wound when so many scores of thousands of good fellows have fallen never to rise again."

"Yes, considering the awful number engaged the losses have been terribly heavy," general Viviancia said. "It looked very bad for a time when Herdrude was first engaged. They say he was losing men by the eight thousand for every time the enemy fired a volley, and something had to be done to stop that. Eight thousand men a minute for an hour was the loss they say he suffered before we came to this aid."

"That is what," general Hansonia agreed. "That is what comes of fighting against Cannonia and being prepared for action. It's always been the case when we get mixed up in dreadful hand to hand fights. Look at Caderine some time again when three battles were fought there, July the 10, and again on the 13th, and the last tremendous action on that creek between Walkingham and Hendwick Junction. The enemy lost only because the odds were against them." The Glandelinians however did seem to fight very fairly at the beginning general.

"Yes I will admit that. But what's the good of fighting at the beginning if they are going to bolt in the middle of the morning's action. The enemy will give us the chance to worst Cannonia's first section because they went off in panic, and left general Can Granders divisions alone to face our whole force and I do not believe Cannonia can worst us now unless there is something for Myletze to come up, and we don't propose to wait that long."

"Yes, we must be quick on the neck of time. By the way has any one heard what has taken place on our left where Hindernine and Marcus were engaged with the enemy?"

"We have heard nothing, but I think without the slightest doubt the foe there too must have been thrashed. One could hear the tremendous roar of battle there almost incessantly, and I am sure it got farther off at the end of this morning, besides if the foe had beaten Hindernine we would too be forced to fall back and you can see by their long lines of long range firing they have not done so. I dare say we shall probably hear all about it to-morrow. Anyhow we better muster up our other divisions under Viviancia, and Francis Hansonia and go at Cannonia himself before Myletze hears the fighting and comes to aid him. Cannonia started this; and we'll finish it."

The Glandelinians who had attacked general Hm describes army had indeed been beaten and seriously. Their three corps numbering no nearly eighty million men on a forty mile front with twenty two thousand and two hundred and thirty four guns had been attacked by Hindernine with less than 100,000,000 ten million men with only two hundred and forty machine guns, and without the support of the heavy artillery. The battle was contested indeed with most extraordinary obstinacy on both sides and with immeasurably fury and with also day long without any abatement. Two towns known as Daisyburg, and the other Sunflower village were retaken and retaken over and over again in a scene of battle fiercer than any dreadful action seen on any front of this length in the World War and for many hours the desperate strife in around the towns continued without intermissions and hundreds of thousands were to rise

no more. Both sides continued to send down reinforcements to these points but for a time neither could succeed in obtaining entire possession of them, and great fires broke out, followed by terrific explosions that went off with actual the force of real volcanic eruptions and showered troops ten miles away with debris. The fault which Viviancia had perceived in the Glandelinian position at this section told against general Emory Dage who was defending here. The two towns seemed or were entirely to far in advance of the heights on which this portion of the Glandelinian army was posted, and his reinforcing troops therefore were compelled to take a very long time in reaching the spot where they should be required to act. They too were as they made a descent of the hills under the observation of general Hindernine who had been able to observe their arrival and to intercept it by moving up strong supports on his own side, and who noted the time when Dage's last reserves behind Gran Hill had come so slowly but fiercely into action.

And to make it worst at this critical moment general Quinsides arrived from Richee Turns Creek with 12,000,000 fresh men and three hundred heavy guns and at seven o'clock in the evening Hindernine launched this force with his division of gray coated Calverinians, 20,000,000 strong which had before this been kept in reserve against the Glandelinians.

The two towns were captured and the victory won. The Glandelinians throughout the day had fought with the greatest bravery, but the Calverinians had a long score to wipe out against the Glandelinians, and were inspired as much by National hatred as by military ardour, and yet the Glandelinians claimed that they were defeated rather because of the disadvantages of the position they held, than to the superior numbers and fierce fighting of the Christians.

Their "Wheeler Calverly, and the mounted Gargoylian Kurds had a number of times made desperate charges, sometimes against the Abyssinians horse, at others upon columns of infantry. In one of these general Dage was with them, and as they were driven back by a counter charge of the fierce Concentinian cavalry his horse was killed, bringing him to the ground. His aide-de-camp leaped off and threw a cloak over him as the Concentinians came thundering past intent upon taking the Glandelinian cavalry. In their excitement they did not seem to pay any attention to this one single dismounted man, and a few minutes later again passed the spot, this time in a temporary retreat, a fresh body of Glandelinian cavalry having suddenly met them. Again they passed by the fallen Glandelinian general little dreaming indeed that one of their most formidable and determined Glandelinian foes lay there at their mercy. As soon as the Glandelinian cavalry came up, the dead horse was moved, and Dage who was insensible carried to the rear, where he soon recovered and resumed the command.

However though beaten the Glandelinian forces were not yet routed. They had through Cannonia's blunder lost the main key of the position selected for him by Myletze, but now night came on before the terrific battle terminated and under cover of darkness they fell back quietly and in good order to the shelter of Cannonia's main line. General Kauffmann's Tenth corps on the extreme Glandelinian left had taken but a little part in the fierce fighting, and as the centre and right of the Glandelinian army of Dage retreated, he advanced fell upon the Christian troops in the darkness and for some time by the force of the violent attack held them back, thus giving time to the rest of the army to reform its ranks and recover its discipline. After this having rendered great service by thus occupying the Christians Kauffmann took up a position upon the heights, and remained facing the Christians while the defeated corps took post in his rear. The Abyssinians were too wary to follow up the advantage they had gained so readily because of Cannonia's blunder, and therefore the night passed without any attacks being made, and at day break a portion of the Glandelinian force started on their retreat to Standard Farm the cavalry remaining behind to cover the movement, check pursuit and conceal if possible from the Christian line by which the army was falling back. The pursuit however was readily taken up at daybreak by the Concentinians, and they drove in the Glandelinian cavalry and ascertained the route taken by the Glandelinian infantry under Dage, the Christians then got into motion, and the contest was threats threatening to be renewed again, and at desultory points there was some very unusually severe firing.

There too was a general feeling of disappointment among the gallant Christian forces when on the following morning orders were issued for them to abandon the ground they had so brilliantly captured and move round to the flank for they had hoped the enemy to day would do the attacking. They had been active at daylight, firearms were cleaned fresh ammunition served out from the reserve wagons, and the men though under shell fire fell into the ranks

expecting that in a short time they would again be attacking the enemy but the enemy apparently was retreating. The arrival of the enemy upon many of them too had come in the darkness of night, and with the break of day the rations were served out and the troops prepared breakfast, even though under fire. As soon as this was over strong parties were ordered to move forward over the battlefield, while all the wounded which had been found had been placed in ambulance trains and country carts, and other wagons and dispatched toward where they could receive proper care. Presently a general movement of the greatest baggage trains ever imagined was observed by the troops to be taking place and the long column moved along the road, and through the thin parts of the woods and over the fields to the south, under however quite a sharp shell fire which however did not yet do much damage. General Vivianis, knowing the battle would soon come worse than before had sent off a staff officer to ascertain the state of things at Catherine Constantine town, and he soon returned with the report that the Glandelinians had retreated but were resisting the Christian advance with unusual desperation and the battle was growing extra extraordinarily severe and violent. He then sent out a large force of Abyssinians, and Hunkin caverly under general Anaxidia Wallen. This officer pushed forward until he encountered general Zana who was engaged with the enemy who was pushing on at North Bend but a mile distant from the battle field of the day before. There was an unusual steady roar of cannons in that direction, and the general informed him of the whole events of the morning and gave him the important news that a part of the Glandelinian army after real sitting from four till six in the morning had retreated to Mount Platou and was joining with general Kessy Blucan on the right where the main Glandelinian general was fixing up for preparations to still carry out his purpose and drive general Vivianis back.

The news relieved general Vivianis of all anxiety. It had been before arranged that general Francis Hanson if victorious should if possible advance to and through the North Bend Region, but he had not believed the general could have done this, and would be compelled by the unusual events of the conflict to retire upon his bases at Riches's Bend and would not be able to effect a junction for some days with Hardeide, and the latter would have to again be obliged single handed, to bear the brunt of the whole of the "Red Shadows" attack.

The latter plans had indeed been entirely based on the supposition that general Francis Hanson would retreat upon North Bend and in order to force him to do so Cannonia had abstained from all counter attack upon Hardeide's divisions and Hanson's Johnstons left and was employing as it seemed his whole strength against the right and center, so as towing him round and force him to retire by way of the plank road, but Hardeide and Francis Hanson were in stronger numbers than he supposed, and Cannonia was succeeding just as perfect in his plan as a foolhardy man does who tries to fight a strong boxer with his two hands hand cuffed behind his back.

As soon as general Vivianis learned that Francis Hanson had carried out the arrangement agreed upon his mind was at ease. Cannonia could not force him back, nor stay his advance, and in his effort to send even troops to the firing line Cannonia was wounded slightly and had lost three horses in the battle again and was now dismounted from a fourth. General Vivianis sent orders at once to the troops advancing from various directions that they should move upon Centralia Junction, and strike general Cannonia's left wing on the rear. Because of the violence of the battle all the baggage was sent back to the hills, and the ammunition wagons were concentrated within easy reach of the soldiers. Horsemen were also sent along the road to keep the very baggage wagons moving and they had orders that if the troops of reinforcements came close upon them they were to at once clear the roads of all vehicles.

Having therefore issued all these orders and seen that everything was in train, general Vivianis allowed the troops under Beppo Evans to rest themselves, and ordered their dinners or breakfasts rather to be cooked. As the other victorious Christian forces were moving on, there was no concerted movement seen on the part of the Glandelinians, and he felt therefore there was no occasion to hurry matters. Those therefore of the soldiers who were out on the march stretched themselves on the ground to rest. Breakfast over the infantry marched off in sixteen long columns, the cavalry remaining until eight or nine o'clock in the morning, when upon the advance of Ney Juffmann in front and Angellina's Napoleon on the left they deployed to the right to support these and joined these two columns. A ruin of shell fire was opened upon Ney by a portion of a Glandelinian battery and as most of it was shrapnell the fragments became thick threat threatening the lives of all who were in the shell zone.

"This shelling of the enemy certainly is rather miserable," General Ralph Anderson said to his friend after the columns started on.

"I am surprised to any or hear you declare it is this miserable Ralph. Yet of course I was certainly thinking so myself but you seem to always wonder me of being a grumbler, so I thought I would hold my tongue. But yesterday it was the stiffest battle we have ever fought yet."

"General Anderson laughed. "I don't think any one could deny that this is surely miserable, general Turner, but most or all of us keep up our spirits under miserable conditions like this, because there is no way out. And this is one of the occasions on which it is really very hard to be cheerful. But we are not alone in misery. We are shelling the foe too. The shell fragments no doubt on both sides are coming down heavily from the sky like rain and it we seems as if the enemy mean to keep it up. The ground we see over yonder is torn skyward by terrific "eruptions" and we have got to advance through that hell, but I do not fear even those high explosives much as the splattering shrapnell, its that that gets you. I think the best plan for us will be to take the chances, for we have better hopes of getting to Heaven if we are killed than the Glandelinians have. They are fighting for a wicked cause."

"It is mostly," General Turner said emphatically. "Look at the men who are advancing in lines miles long, what a sight as the shells tear through their columns. Were the main army under Myletze to come and aid crazy Cannonia now you wouldn't see our bravest men fight as they did yesterday."

"But you must remember general Turner, the Glandelinians are getting it just as bad as we are, as our batteries are pouring acid a storm upon them. This is not a little private shellfire of their own either you know, got up for our special annoyance, but it extends right over the whole country. This battlefield is an inferno."

"What nonsense you talk, general Anderson, as if I didn't know it."

"Well you spoke as if you didn't Turner, but you will see the boys will fight all the harder when they are called upon if Myletze does hear this battle and come to general Cannonia's aid. Just at present they are not only disconcerted by the enemy shell fire but they are disgusted. And I am it is disgusting after fighting as hard as they did yesterday to find that Cannonia is so utterly stubborn, and instead of marching against the enemy main rear Cannonia makes it so hard that we are forced to engage him in front. Of course it can't be helped, and if we did wait another half hour we should have all the Glandelinian army upon general Hardeide, and for him yesterday's work would be mere child's play. Cannonia is dangerous and we have to watch out. Still I quite enter into the soldiers' feelings. Of course they I suppose do not understand the situation, and regard this as simply a drill advance in stead of only forcing the enemy to shift his positions."

"Still the enemy are in a ticklish position ain't they. You see for us there's room enough along on the top of that slope for our whole troop which now is advancing that way though the enemy's position is well in smoke, and our guns are sweeping the long salient between us and the opposite rise, and if we attack in general the foe will have to experience the same situation or sensations as they did yesterday - being pounded and pounded without the satisfaction of being able to return the fire. Of course our advancing troops must drop across that ditch to get at the foe - which they will as they will be the strongest party - and our artillery will be able to cover their attack splendidly from that position. (pointing) Then two there are four great farm houses near our side than theirs, and I suppose they will be held by us in force. So it seems we have the upper hand. Further over in the west is a position which the enemy may hold secure. It looks like a long wall and a sort of schelus enclosure and we might have hard work to turn the foot of it. Yes this for us may be a fine place to contest the enemy on our own chosen ground, and we shall have the full advantage here of seeing all over the field and of knowing what is going on in other places too, while yesterday we couldn't see three yards before us. During the whole time we were fighting I felt that it might be of no use at all for our armies might be getting smashed up in some other parts of the field."

"I never thought anything about it," General Turner said. "My only idea was that I must look as if I wasn't afraid of what may happen, and must set a good example to my men, and that it was all very unpleasant, and that probably my turn might come next and that I would have given a good deal to be somewhere where shots could not hit me."

"Well Chris, what is it?" general Anderson asked his aide-de-camp who approached with a long face.

"Have you any special cleverly scouting parties out, your honor? I have been trying to see what the enemy intends to do now for the last half hour. All my men won't go forth so heavy is the shelling from the enemy lines, and I have lost my horse which was killed under me."

"That's bad Grain, but I don't think you should go scouting now again anyhow. It is too dangerous and we will advance on soon anyhow."

"I think sir we could get the column to go forward if once we can get the enemy batteries silenced. I observed the enemy moving up to something and when the Gergoyian Kurds saw me and my troops they began at me as if I had robbed them of their only kids. I was lucky we were able to outride their speedy horses or we would not have survived the ordeal. The battle in the end had entirely, for honor, and the horse was well rich broken hearted that the for won't retreat, but resists so hard this morning."

"Ah well they will retreat to narrow Grain, and as for the battle, I guess you have got used to such outcomes by now."

"I have indeed sir, and many a time and I didn't care much about it. But then there was a different fashion in the battles being fought, and that makes all the difference in the world. What are we doing to do in and their hour is what I would like to know."

"Our column will be moving against the enemy across that open ground."

"It'll be dangerous won't it sir? And how shall we get across the open space?"

"You won't be worse off than any one else Grainer; you see we shall all be in the same boat. Well there goes the bugle! I should recommend you to get another horse."

"That's the difficulty, sir there is not another horse by a spare."

"Look here Grain, I'll loan you one of mine."

"That's a grand idea sir. I hope you will do it sure enough."

"But how about your men Grain?"

"I have plenty of them sir. Now I must be off sir, for my knowledge are ready for my orders."

Great masses of the enemy could now be seen arising on the crest of the opposite rise, and their lines became clouded in smoke. Presently a severe christian artillery storm broke these lines up into fragments, and caused the others to fall back. In a few minutes smoke rose in the rear of the christian line and it was seen half a dozen great fires were blazing having been set by the enemy shell fire. Men came from the rear by fragments to be on their guard in case the enemy would make a counter assault which was the way of the enemy most terribly at times. However the news soon spread along the christian lines of the means by which Herdrudes troops were advancing, and as Grain had foretold, the number of artillery coming into action was enormous, and the din terrific. And strong parties from each regiment were told to go off to the rear by woodpiles and try to snip off Glandelinian snipers from there with smokeless rifles, and in spite of the continued downfall of Glandelinian and shrapnell fragments, the men spirits rose, and sometimes even merry laughs were heard among the groups firing from behind the wood piles at the enemy artillery men as they succeeded in getting their prey. The officers operated one machine gun most themselves. If food however there was little beyond what could be obtained from one another who had more than his comrades for the provision wagons had gone on a little ahead to take room for those carrying the ammunition, and were no so far to the left that it was a loss of time during battle to get at their contents, and give them out among the troops. For an hour or two long lines of a, skirmishers from all hidden points, with rifles or machine guns kept up their fire toward the enemy, and discussed the probabilities of the struggle that would soon begin at any time. The worst of the artillery fire was between two batteries of Vivian's division, and the same number of the Glandelinians. The latter increased the artillery storm by opening upon the position of snipers by the wood piles, but were too far away to do much harm though the explosions of terrific shells about them hurled clouds of earth and debris in all directions so that the air was dark with it like a storm. Vivian's guns got the range of two columns of Glandelinian art infantry, and two batteries of a artillery and played a "St Pierre" horror among them. Great clouds of smoke from fires in ten sided the scene, and then a great wave of Glandelinian troops mostly Amermannians charged forward changing into three long columns or six thick lines and for a moment the shock of the attack was so violent that it drove back large portion of Hindermine's army in some confusion, and carried the first lines of works, but general N. Lightinger Turis troops which were posted behind barricades, opened such a fire of musketry and artillery upon these enemies that though they charged on, in spite of being moved down line by line, they finally couldn't stand the ordeal and wavered, and then the Thirty first christian Light Dragoon who were of the Galverinian boyal Glandelinian legion posted in front of the small brook of Pure garins countercharged and struck the wavering Zim amannian line cutting through like a comb through hair and drove them back with more frightful loss, and panic stricken capturing many prisoners.

Gradually because of the mastery of the christian snipers the Glandelinian artillery fire seemed to slacken, and the troops under Vivian's command made their preparations, and in spite of the heat of the morning, and the cheerless aspect of the sky because of forest fire smoke soon started to move forward. All this time a deep sound had filled the air telling of the heavy trains of artillery and ammunition wagons driving from the rear to both armies of the christian forces. At eight o'clock general Turner was called up, as his Corps had to relieve those which were suffering great losses from the enemy's artillery fire. The orders were not to advance until further notice was given. A third of the men were thrown out as skirmishers, the others pushed on about fifty yards in the rear, moving forward as slowly and as cautiously as possible. General Cain left general Vivian's line with the reserve, and himself passed up and down the long lines of troops. The line of advance of this column extended to some ten miles in length, moving now as on a brow of a gradually rising slope the two extremities which projected somewhat beyond the center and was so exposed to the enemy's rifle and artillery fire, that the advancing troops halted until the christian artillery covered them at this point. The ground was open without woods or hedge rows, and about half way down the slope lay five farms, in possession of Glandelinian machine gun nests. On the right but in the valley was the Sanitary Creek and in front of this lay a sort of extensive wood with a close hedge, and some houses and farm buildings which were surrounded by a strong wall. All this was covered by wreaths of smoke from the enemy's steady fire. In front of the centre of the line of battle now moving forward lay some other farms abutting on the Evangelin's St Claire Railroad which as it passes the farm ran between two deep banks. In front of the left of the line were other farms. Beyond lay the main dense dense Mic Hollester Forest. At the top of the ridge the ground slightly sloped downward and the defensive Glandelinian Infantry were posted a little in the rear of the crest which hid them from the sight of the advancing christians, and protected them from artillery fire. The whole of this slope and the valley beyond it was covered with waving strathes of high weeds flowers and grasses and bushes. Upon the opposite side of the valley there was a rise of the same kind but higher and on this was the christian position. Early to the left of this stood other farms close to which Gannonia took up his stand during the had result of the battle before Mylet's arrived to his aid. Behind the Glandelinian position the ground fell away and rose gently to a crest on which were the dense forests of a portion of the "Red Hiding Hood" woods all Turpentine Trees. The great Mic-Hollester Forest also extended to this point so that if obliged to fall back Gannonia hoped to have position in his rear as strong as that which he now occupied.

The moving column of attack was advancing in this arrangement. On the left moved general Vivian's Jomastom brigades and divisions supported by the dangerously Concentinian cavalry. Then came general Turner's divisions the first line being composed of Manchikins, Winkies and Anglinians, also Abh-mannians and Dumbolians, which general Palmdere division of Trampolians and other brigades extending in its advance to the Evangelin's St Claire railroad. Gannonia's division was on the right of Herdrudes. His second Corps also to the road consisted of the Second and Third division of Anglinians and also the Tenth and Fourteenth Abyssinkilian battalions. Next to these came a Galverinian division on the right of whom were the Abh-mannian divisions under general Constantine. On the extreme right was general Vivian's divisions having with them a Concentinian Brigade, and two companies of christian Glandelinian brigades. Behind the advancing infantry line was the cavalry. In reserve were the divisions of the other generals as well known. The artillery also advancing (light pieces) were placed at intervals between the infantry, and the heavy shell guns on various commanding points along the ridge.

General Gannonia had expected a general attack very early as it was of the utmost importance to Vivian to crush Gannonia's army before Mylet's who certainly would and did hear the battle could come up, and indeed the peculiar part of it was, that Vivian started the attack even before the time planned.

Gannonia was alarmed. He saw his blunder, of engaging the dangerous christian general without support and sent a swift messenger to Mylet's telling the situation and asking for help, declaring that his cavalry upon whom he greatly depended would not be able to act on time, and that he had lost many precious hours because of the violent christian attacks of the day before. And to make it worse from the christian positions came heavy masses of Galverinians moving down from the opposite heights and the artillery fire was growing from being severe to an awful intensity so that the explosions of shells near the formations made it seem as if the hills were erupting into the air.

While awaiting the christian attack the Glandelinian infantry were lying down, the covertly dismounted in their rear, and so completely were they hidden from the sight of the Abhissinnians that Cannonia believed that Viviania believed the foe had retreated or was recoiling to find means to rejoin Myletsa. He however was not annoyed for he knew from the continual firing the enemy was close by and the heavy fusillades always reached his ears. At eight o'clock Cannonia who was anxiously looking in the direction from which he expected a portion of Myletsa's army to appear saw a wave of mounted men in the distance on whose left and side was a seemingly endless column of infantry, and soon afterwards an orderly rode in and informed him that Viviania was moving large troops forward to take his left wing in the flank. Even then Cannonia realized that Evans had failed to intercept the christian divisions. It was about two hours earlier than Cannonia had supposed that Viviania launched the attack, and the leading brigades of the advance advancing christians broke upon up into skirmishing order. Also all the christian batteries opened fire, though the glandelinian machine guns also opened upon the advancing christian troops.

The christian skirmishers advanced bravely and fearlessly, and constantly and heavily reinforced drove back the Osmian and Mengahoo and also the fierce Zimmermanian riflemen in front of the forests. Then a portion of Leo Gustail in a battery of centimeters and howitzers opened with shell upon them, and so well and murderously were they served that the Angellinian skirmishers fell back hastily pressed by the Zimmermanian troops of the First Corps issuing from the Red Riding Hood Woods. The roar of cannon speedily extended along the whole battle line on both sides made a dreadful din, the christians aiming to cover the columns of advance, and the enemy who could see no foes except of the lines of skirmishers firing in vain upon the christian batteries. However the christian attacks suffered severely from the enemy's artillery. General Hains who commanded on Cannonia's left sent strong columns of support to the skirmishers trying to force back the enemy from the west bank of the creek, while general Henry's division moved to attack it in front. These brave troops moved on, the terrific artillery fire of the enemy not stopping them being supported by the concentrated fire of the powerful artillery against the Glandelinian position. The Osmians therefore after a most obstinate resistance were forced back through the woods. The Abhissinnians pushed on through the trees until they reached a rocky slope which seemed to them to be the only defenses of the enemy's inner position. But thirty yards in the rear was a long silent flank on the right by machine gun batteries stretched along a long brick terrace surrounding a sort of farm house. Even all the terrace walls had been carefully loopholed and from rifles and machine guns so terrible a storm of fire opened upon the christians, that after being mowed down in two full lines they were forced to recoil and seek shelter among the trees and ditches in the rear. Turner seeing that his troops had won the Red Riding Hood Woods and being ignorant of the formidable defenses that awaited their advance sent fresh masses of men down to their assistance. Although they suffered terribly from the Glandelinian musketry and artillery fire they finally gathered in the woods in such numbers, and were soon supported by bombing artillery of their own, and also aided by the granadiera who tossed a storm of explosives upon the enemy's position that they gradually drove back the Glandelinian defenders into the clearings of the forests, and completely surrounded the post position and salient, the others pushing on. The defenders had not even time to recoil their artillery and these were turned upon them. The Glandelinians counter charged but the christians met them with the bayonet and after sanguinary fighting drove them still further and with their musketry and artillery fire compelled them to fall back to their second line of works. Even the Angellinians advanced higher up the sloe a slope and opened fire upon one of the Glandelinian batteries with such effect that it had to withdraw, and fresh brigades of troops also advanced, cleared the Glandelinians away, and reformed the troops who had captured the position.

A desperate and bloody fight raged in the woods, and one of the christian shells started a new forest fire that raged away from the battle lines fortunately. But the defense by the glandelinians still continued, until general Henson Bolter repulsing a desperate counter attack of the foe, and reinforced by two divisions drove the enemy from the second line of trenches and captured the position. This desperate conflict along a six mile front had lasted four hours.

While it was going on Herdrude led with the help of the telephone and telegraph over twenty million men against the centre and the left, of the glandelinian position, advancing as usual in the most heavy column.

Just as this was seen advancing to make it more harder Cannonia discovered the Abhissinnians under the more dreaded enemy the christian Bepo Evans advancing. He sent off another dispatch to general Myletsa asking him to hurry on. The christian columns poured down the hills in immense waves their attack covered by a terrific shell fire upon the glandelinian position opposed to the. The slaughter along Andons Glandelinian division was immeasurable, but the artillery supported them and although the attack they still stood their ground as desperately. But the christian advance was irresistible. It reached the dip of the valley and ascended the slopes toward the Glandelinian division and threw out clouds upon clouds of skirmishers and infantry columns and between these and the light troops of the foe the firing at once began in a perfect steady uproar and increased in tremendous volume as the christians nearest reached the advanced position of Cannonia's center. This christian onslaught was a dozen times more fierce and horrible than the whole horror of the battle of the Murne. The divisions of Dunner drove out the glandelinian troops from the heights of Angles but reinforcements arrived from the Osmian line, and temporarily the christians were in turn expelled with great loss. The other three immense christian columns advanced steadily with three hundred light artillery in some intervals between them. Bernard Dunn's divisions attacked the foe at Gertrudes Farm and in spite of the gallant resistance resistance of the Mungshoo and Zimmermanians made its way into the glandelinian position and drove the foe back. Another division pushing along the other side of the railroad were met by the fire of two Corps of the Nic-Hollatinian divisions who occupied immense sand pits there but their heavy and accurate fire could not check the christian advance, while the other four divisions moved straight against the part of the crest held by Bepo Evans division. The men of the Abyssinkilian Concentinian Divisions as soon as fire was opened upon them, lost all order, and rushed forward as fast as men taking to their heels in cowardly retreat, amid yells and execrations upon the enemy attacking wildly and blindly the divisions of Camps and Coogens behind. It was impossible to stop these wild Abyssinkilians. The glandelinian artillery opened up fiercely trying to arrest the wave, the fire mowed men down by hundreds as fast as hundreds could come up, but nothing could stop them, the enemy were forced to cease fire because the guns grew too hot, and the Abyssinkilians yelling and screaming fiercely fairly ran over the guns, men and horses, plying the bayonet savagely and rushed down the valley and through the villages of St Gertrude driving the glandelinians in crazy panic before them. No wonder the Glandelinians feared the dangerous Winkie Abyssinkilians. Bepo Evans divided a division was now left alone to bear the brunt of the christian attack.

The battle of the day before had terribly thinned its ranks, and Bepo Evans full division now did not hardly count to one million men. He however had formed the whole in line and prepared to resist the charge of thirteen million christian infantry besides heavy masses of Munchkin and Winkie cavalry who were pressing forward having in spite of a stout and desperate resistance driven in the forces defending the sand pits and other positions above it. As the columns therefore rushing on reached Bepo Evans' line, the fire from the christian batteries in that locality suddenly ceased their own troops now serving as a screen to the Glandelinians. The heads of the column however rushed on like a blackish purple wave deploying into line as they did so. Bepo Evans aimed the moment and gave the signal for his men to open fire. The glandelinian troops opened with grape and canister though the advancing troops were but thirty yards away. A tremendous volley of musketry was poured into them, and the machine guns also opened and the Abyssinkilians went down in droves. The scene was frightful, the men fell by many hundreds as fast as they rushed forward to the works, and twice twice a whole line went down that extended more than a mile, but the surviving glandelinians could not not rejoin with some of their bigger guns that should hurl a storm of grape and canister, even throwing grenades did no good, the christians could not be checked, and though the last time they were mowed down in a whole division, the rest fiercely rushed forward with dreadful Indian like yells, some scrambled through the double hedge and other rows of brush that separated them from the glandelinians and poured in an irresistible wave upon the trenches and fell upon the glandelinians with the bayonet. The charge though suffering immeasurable loss was irresistible, as a tornado. Even when reinforcements arrived for the glandelinians they were taken in the very act of deploying, the very numbers of the Zimmermanians told against them, and with the Munchkins hurling forward like a screaming cyclone the glandelinians though fighting desperately were borne headlong and pell-mell down the slope in confusion.

A Glandelinian general struck on the head by a bullet fell dead, and general Camp assumed command only to also be killed, and the Glandelinian division was without a commander while the irresistible Christians followed up the fierce attack and continued to drive the enemy under Beppo Evans down the hill. Bewildered despite it all the enemy might have had some chance to rally but at the height of the insane uproar and when Beppo Evans was unhorsed so suddenly that he was disabled by the fall and was brought to the rear thus the loss demoralizing the Glandelinians still more. In the meantime the Glandelinian Hobbonite cavalry was approaching in powerful waves of horsemen as swift as cossacks, these horsemen having passed the North Bend of Sanitary Creek and almost out to places a Christian Abyssinkilian Battalion which was advancing to reinforce the attackers. At this moment General Sanders Baldwin led the Munchkin and dreaded Concentinian and Winkie Cavalry divisions against the dangerous Hobbonites and the elite of the cavalry of the two foes met with an immeasurable shock, but the weight, numbers, and impetus of the more heavier and fiercer Christian horsemen aided by the fact too that they were descending the hill and supported by the strong bodies of the "frightful" Dombodian and Traponilgonian Cavalry and dragoons, while their Glandelinian foes had hardly had time to recover their formation after cutting up the Abyssinkilian Battalion proved irresistible, and the Hobbonites were quickly driven down the hill. General Baldwin was killed shot through the heart, but his troops pressed on, and a most desperate and insane hand to hand fight took place, and it was here too that general Francis Gump Andrews in the frightful melee lost two of his best cavalry leaders and was wounded himself so bad that he died from loss of blood.

While the Dombodian, and other Christian cavalry and infantry now again covered by their guns pursued the retreating Glandelinians down the slope and across the farms, the Abissannian Royals, the Concentinian cavalry and the Night Riders or "Hooded Terror" and other bodies of Munchkins rode to aid Hansonias army in its own advance, which had been temporarily checked by the resistance of four Corps of general Painers Mic-Hollistian and Hobbonite infantry. Hansonias rode along at the front of his line calling upon his men to advance steadily. The enemy recoiled across a railroad line continuing delivering their fire with telling effect, and Hansonias was wounded in the hand and lost his horse. The Glandelinians were reinforced under Blain Nightlinger Handon and the enemy waited until the Christians approached within half the distance and then pouring in a volley that shattered the advance of the Christian line counter charged with leveled bayonet but met total annihilation and Blain Nightlinger Handon was killed. The remainder of the Glandelinian column under general Warbucks Frenchie stood firm but then too their general was shot down, and his staff annihilated; the Christians pressing on like a moving wall of stone burst in among them and reduced such a big number of Glandelinians to a mere handful during the frightful bayonet fight. Two Christian generals were killed, and ten wounded, but the soldiers did not halt, and to make it more irresistible at this moment general Oliver Warbucks heavy Concentinian cavalry came up at the thundering gallop and pouring through the intervals of the Christian troops and divisions, fell upon the Glandelinian infantry while Warbucks Abyssinkilian infantry somehow unseen had gotten in from the rear. In vain the enemy endeavored to keep their formation, they massacred whole lines of advancing Christians and ragged at them like lions, their front was burst in, their center penetrated and their rear dispersed, and in five minutes the great column of Glandelinians was a mass of panic stricken fugitives. Great numbers of officers and men were killed, and two million prisoners taken.

While Warbucks division of troops secured the prisoners taken by the cavalry and sent them to the rear, the cavalry themselves continued the charge. In vain Warbucks Warbucks ordered the buglers to sound the halt. Carried away by the excitement of their success, and also of that caused by the scenes of flood and other disasters they had witnessed--an excitement in which even the horses shared--the insane cavalry waves galloped on like a noise like an earthquake and cyclonic storm at the same time. The Abissannian Royals under Mic-Giveney fell upon two Mangaboo Corps divisions counter advancing in long line formation, broke them, and cut them up terribly and captured six of their generals, and dispersed them as if to the four winds. The Munchkins also fell on two Glandelinian Concentinian line divisions shattered them with their charge, cut through entirely almost surrounding them and took great numbers of prisoners, whole brigades running up a hill and surrendering to the infantry in order to escape the terrible "Hooded Terror". The Christian cavalry were now terribly excited but retained their unbroken formation, the enemy was frightfully scattered, the Christian cavalry were far down the valley as were the Dragoons, and the enemy recoiled in as frightful a panic as school children would when the place is afire and they

and their escape is cut off. The Concentinian cavalry were still fiercely engaged with the Glandelinians opposed to them, for these although driven back with unusual loss were fighting doggedly. The Dombodian Dragoons who were supposed to be held in reserve had galloped ahead and joined Oliver Warbucks immense squadrons and the two divisions of heavy Winkie Abyssinkilian cavalry under Watson had driven the enemy cavalry far away from all support, while the powerful Christian infantry had rushed on to aid them. When they reached the bottom of the rise a tremendous fire was poured from a series of compact corps of Glandelinian infantry and many pieces of cannon on the left into the fierce Abissannian R. y. Royals, Munchkins, and Galverinians, and a fresh column of Glandelinian cavalry under Luckwick Baldwin advanced fiercely against them. The Christian batteries however had supported the charge, and seeing the enemy reinforcements reinforced and rallying opened up in all directions, and the Glandelinians almost destroyed in all their numbers by this annihilating fire fell back in great confusion, and their Omurian Guards which had resisted the Dombodian charge recoiled also with heavy loss, and the Glandelinian cavalry had their horses completely jaded with their long galloped across the heavy hard ground during their dreadful headlong retreat. General Hindermine and Glandelinian divisions had fared however better than the Winkies and others on the left for they having as yet encountered no infantry fire from the enemy had charged up the hill almost unopposed until level with the Glandelinian guns when turning sharp to the north by west they swept along the line like a surge annihilating the artillery men, and even when suddenly charged by a wall of Turmerannians and Hobbonites on horseback, and when a rebel infantry threatened their line of retreat broke through nevertheless and after it seemed that every man fought hand to hand a bloody duel the Angolinian and Galverinian Glandelinian troops came up on the rush to their assistance and the Hobbonites and Turmerannians were cut up and thrown into confusion. General Packers of the Loyal Glandelinians was killed but riding through the Turmerannian infantry columns these Christian cavalry fell upon the Glandelinian cavalry and infantry combined and rolled them over with the fury of their charge and then charged another score of Glandelinian brigades of Mangaboo infantry and checked and destroyed their counter advances. Christian and Glandelinian horses were now mixed up together in a horrible encounter, the shock was dreadful and a fresh body of Galverinian cavalry coming up drove the enemy down that portion of the hill with greater loss--they being saved indeed from total destruction by the Glandelinian Mic-Hollistian Cavalry Corps who coming up at last had kept their formation even though shaken and shattered by the Christian attack. General Blain Heads of the Mic-Hollistians was killed, and Andrew Gumpers wounded, and the latter's brother Blumer Gump the colonial general of the 12th Corps severely wounded and left on the battlefield.

While this wildly desperate fight had been raging on the centre and left, fresh columns had advanced from Beppo Evans (Christian) and Andrew Grains Abyssinkilian division against the Glandelinian right, a H. and had after obstinate fighting furious beyond description and the losses fearful captured all the farms, orchards and a Glade, and two miles of railroad tracks and a railroad yards of Victory Noll Town and surrounded the town finally pouring through, and a wild cyclonic counter charge of the Glandelinians was repulsed by a fresh Corps of troops who moved down the slope to the assistance of their hardly pressed but victorious comrades. Then for a little while the fierce fighting slackened but the artillery duel raged as fiercely as ever. The guns on both sides had now got the exact range and the carnage and the destruction was terrible. The Angolinian shells set the inflammable portions of the enemy's positions and the villages on fire, started up new blazes among the forests, tore up the ground in the farms in frightful eruptions and almost created darkness from the smoke. All the badly wounded Glandelinians who had been carried inside the town of Victory Noll perished in the flames. At the end of an hour fresh Christian columns of attack moved against the second line of positions at Victory Noll while at the same moment forty immense squadrons of cavalry moved across the valley toward the Mic-Hollistian position. The Glandelinian batteries played upon them with round shot, shrapnel, shrapnell, and high explosives and gang shells and as they came near with grape and canister creating dreadful losses but the horsemen and infantry came on and at a steady trot and run arriving within forty yards of the Glandelinian position when with a shout the whole force moved forward like a long cloud, and in a moment the whole of the position and the advanced batteries of the enemy were in their possession the enemy artillery men however having stood to their guns to the last moment and then had run for shelter behind the third and last line of positions. The Christian cavalry however paused for

A single moment in action seemed at the night that now met their eyes. They had believed that the Glandelinians were broken and disorganized but no sooner had they rushed over the slope than they saw the Glandelinian armies drawn up in long thick lines bristling with bayonets and standing calm and immovable. The artillery of both sides had for the time ceased their fire and a strange dead silence had succeeded, the terrible ear-splitting din that had raged so long before without a pause. Then with a deafening shout the Christian cavalry again charged but in no case could they dash against the long hedges of boys etc bayonets from which a storm of rifle fire was now pouring. Gathering and smaller machine guns added to the storm. Breaking into many squadrons they rode through the intervals between the positions and completely enveloped them and then charged them, supported by a brigade of grenadiers who hurled a storm of exploding horror and finally drove them back and down the hill. The Nationals then receiving reinforcements again advancing following the success and hurling a second line of the enemy back. While this was going on, the battle was still raging round the big salient in Red Riding Hood Woods against which a portion of Vivian's division had advanced so fiercely, but the Glandelinians in the second line of opposition had resisted as stubbornly as bulldogs before they retired and now for a time the region nearest Sanitary Creek was clear of the enemy.

Now for a time the battle languished, and then General Vivian brought up four or seven fresh brigades of cavalry, and those with the remains of many of those who had before charged with such unusual success rode against the other for positions the infantry following. They swept on and passed over the enemy positions and the enemy's fire could not succeed in checking them. The position was indeed a singular one and Vivian had ordered his infantry to advance in the rear of the cavalry all the time and therefore the issue of the day for the enemy under Cannonia could not change, and he wondered with great anxiety why Myletze did not come to his aid. In all appearance the Abbeismians were now becoming full masters of the position. Their masses of cavalry hit the Glandelinian positions from sight. The Glandelinian cavalry too now were far too weak to charge and most of the guns and batteries were in the possession of the Christians, and two lines of works, the reserve infantry that Cannonia could rely on were too far away and after sustaining the fire of the Christians for a long time the Glandelinian cavalry were forced to draw off. General Bruno Angle even ordered the Angolinian light horse cavalry who had not been engaged yet to charge, and they turned and rode off toward the right, and made movements that was playing Cannonia's last positions in dire peril. General Adams' brigades were now brought up from the reserve but could not drive back the Christian cavalry and infantry of the Angolinians. On the other side John Hanley sent a column against Cannonia's troops stationed not far from his headquarters. The Glandelinians made a gallant and stubborn stand but they were cut off from all help, outnumbered, and were altogether without ammunition, and although they defended themselves with their bayonets and grenades and machine gun nests to the end, they were slain almost to a man, and this position was also captured. Seeing that even beyond this the Abbeismians would advance, Cannonia took shelter elsewhere and sent column after column to move forward and repel the attack but they were all each beaten back.

It was now nearly two o'clock in the afternoon, and the Abbeismians were engaging Huebaum Mic-Whirther at St Anne's, Cannonia having sent him to a rest the progress of the Christians in that direction. Their effort had been a terrible one. Huebaum Mic-Whirther was always a terrible and excellent fighter, his men were hardy experienced veterans of many wars but they could do nothing. They in counter charging had to traverse countryside and over roads with their columns torn to pieces by shell and sprang shrapnell shrapnell, the men were up to their ankles in mud left by the floods guns and gun carriages stuck fast, and it was not until after most tremendous efforts with shot and shell tearing through their ranks like hail that the leading forces of their troops passed through the Red Riding Hood woods and came in view of the frightful battle which was raging.

It was then past two o'clock and another hour passed before any considerable number of infantry arrived. But the Christian forces pressed on. General Cannonia then sent other troops to help Huebaum. Here too it was a terrible battle, Huebaum's line was almost like a volcanic fissure eruption, and he was able for a time to resist their advance destroying whole lines of Christian troops but as fresh A troops of Abbeismians came up from the rear the Christians began to win their way forward through that hell, and General Cannonia was obliged to send two more divisions to check them but in vain.

Seeing that Myletze was not responding to his appeal he now observed that all was lost unless he could before the whole of Vivian's army arrived break down the onslaught of General Hardrudo. He had to do something for during a lull the Christian generals were preparing for a final effort. Hindernia was massing forth all his infantry, and advancing past St Anne had fallen upon the centre of Huebaum Mic-Whirther's army, and also overlapping his left flank was rolling the whole Glandelinian army over and over. The other main mass of Glandelinians from Bengall State who had been up to this time held in reserve was passing St Anne to the west and was flanking the rest of Huebaum's line and the cavalry were following in support. General Cannonia had called all his supports to the defense. To make it worse for him an artillery fire more heavy and terrible than before for the guns of the Christian reserves had been brought up at all points opened upon the Glandelinians, and the enemy lines were melting away fast. But so far no more reinforcements could be sent to them for the whole of Cannonia's Glandelinian army was now in full general action, and the Christians were either annihilated or had been driven pell-mell from the field. Every Christian gun was brought to the front the remains of the strong cavalry hurled forward, and some of Vivian's troops now advancing to the left the enemy forces were brought there to the center to aid in the defense of the threatened points. Just as these arrangements were completed the enemy advanced in tremendous force to the support of Cannonia but the Christian fire so completely mastered that of the remnants of the Glandelinian infantry that their light guns were finally brought up to within a hundred yards of the rebel line, and opened with grape upon the positions. Two Mangahoo divisions were almost annihilated, and the Christian troops had long ceased to exist. A Glandelinian Gargoylian cavalry Brigade that had hitherto fought so gallantly lost heart and would have instantly retreated had not the other troops behind them prevented them from doing so. In the meantime the Imperial Guard of Abbeismians in ten heavy columns led by Vivian himself were advancing the troops being followed by every available man of infantry and cavalry. One of these columns carried the remainder of Cannonia's positions. They pressed forward until they reached the farms and three hundred small cannon were brought up and unlimbered while the artillery on the opposite slopes rained shrapnell shrapnell upon the positions and artillery. The enemy guns tried in vain to answer them they were entirely overmatched. Guns by scores were dismounted, things away, and the dense columns of Christians reached the works and poured a most tremendous volley at close quarters, fell on the flank of the position broke it, and hurled it down the hill. The Christian infantry threw themselves upon Cannonia's flank, the advancing troops in front swept its head with their volleys of musketry and machine guns, and as the enemy lines broke and retired Vivian gave the orders for the men to break into proper lines, and they did cheering wildly and ascended the remainder of the position. The Glandelinian retreat became a rout, cavalry and infantry fell upon them the artillery Christian and captured piled them with a dreadful fire, the Angolinians poured down upon their flanks. By five o'clock the splendid well boasted army of the "Red Shadow" was a mass of disorganized fugitives.

On this awful day for many dreadful hours the battle raged, and the two other wings of Cannonia's army was still holding and the battle growing worse. To the men of the Glandelinians who had to withstand the dreaded Christian assault these hours indeed seemed a lifetime.

"When shall we get at the Christian dog's?" cried one.
"When shall we get at them?" was the constant cry of many officers.
No one could tell the shells swept their ranks, and their strongest position on top of the crest and behind their crest was in a situation so that at times they could not even see their Christian enemies. Nothing is harder than to suffer in facing both a heavy artillery fire, and infantry attacks without statement at the same time and the efforts of the officers were principally directed to appeasing the impatience and fear of their men.

"Our turn to counter charge will come presently later," was their cry.

"But who among us will be alive when it does come with these Christian dogs attacking like hell's legions?" a query was made which no officer could find word to answer. Hour by hour the ranks melted away before attack and Christian gun fire, and whole regiments were destroyed. Although they kept a cheerful face and spoke hopefully to the men it seemed to all the enemy officers themselves that the prospect was well nigh hopeless. Cannonia too had predicted that there would be no survival of Myletze that day. His army

had mustered a over only one half their strength when the second day of the battle began and Gannonia would have been happy to avoid it, but Givonia would not do that. Even proportions of Zimmermanian divisions should have fought in the second line of defense this awful day but the disaster to the Gannonians and Mengaboos in front of them, had placed them in the front, and therefore upon these sections of Gannonians sadly depleted forces the burden of the Christian assault had fallen and as the lines grew thinner and thinner it seemed even to the officers that the end must come before long and that the whole Glandolinian army must retreat.

"This cannot last at all!" one of the generals had said when the afternoon had arrived. "These Christian dogs will never beat us, but we will be annihilated here if aid does not come soon. I don't wonder the men are so impatient. We bargained for square fighting in the woods and plain but I never reckoned on standing for hours, or being driven from place to place for hours and be so badly exposed to be shot at without even a chance to reply and not to even see our foes."

It was just after this that the Conventinian Infantry and cavalry burst upon Gannonias left wing but this cheered rather than depressed the Glandolinian soldiers. For a time because of this they were now free from the Christian artillery fire and now had a chance for active work. Thus as the fire flashed from the Glandolinian works the men even laughed and joked and it was with great regret that they saw even their own cavalry fall back before the charge of the Angulidians for they knew that the moment this screen was removed the artillery of the Christian works would open again.

Gannonias chief sensation was that of wonder that he himself was left alive so overwhelming was the din so intense the uproar of battle, the yellings of the combatants, the noise of the crashing shrill explosions and all the other confused sound of battle that it seemed to him a marvel how any one could even remain alive within the range. Almost mechanically he would repeat the order "Close up!" as the troops dwindled and dwindled from divisions into brigades and from brigades into regiments, and regiments almost into nothing. As long as he could long as he could for the advance of his superior Myletze and would have gladly charged against impossible odds rather than remain so dreadfully exposed under fire, and his troops always recoiling before the sledge hammer on slaughtering of the Christians. Just as the storm of fire came that told of the advance of the Christians at all points broke out he had to give the order to the whole line to yield and give way. Then just as the enemy recoiled a bullet struck General Gannonias high up on the right arm. Then a high explosive crashed close and he was rendered unconscious by the shock and his horse was mangled. It was late at night when he recovered his senses. First not a camp fire but conflagrations made by battle were burning at various points along the ridge for now the victory of the Christians was complete and the Nationals were in possession of the four recent positions, and the Conventinian cavalry had taken up the pursuit as far as it was safe.

Parties were with the help of the light from the conflagrations were taken up and collecting the wounded. General Gannonias of the Christians wound that his head was being supported and that a hand was pouring spirits and water down his throat. However it seemed that the hand was a shaky one and that its owner was loudly weeping. As the general opened his eyes the man broke into a torrent of thankful words.

"Is that you Evans?"

"Yes it is your honors."

"Is the battle over?"

"I hope so but it is just now. The Glandolinian armies under the Red Shadow are miles away, and our cavalry at their heels. But general Givonia dreads the fact that Myletze will come to-morrow and make an effort to recover the lost ground."

"What has happened to me Evans?"

"Well you're shot a bit in the arm, but it is only a bullet wound and it will turn out all right. You were knocked down by the shock of a shell explosion."

It was well for general Gannonias that before the order of advance had been general that a bullet had hit him for as he fell one of the surviving surgeons of the nearest regiment quickly attended to him and had fixed a tourniquet about his arm, tied the arteries and roughly bandaged it. Had he been not instantly seen the general would have bled to death in a few minutes. Before Evans now called to some of the parties who were moving about with stretchers. General Gannonias was lifted onto it and carried to the village

of St. Patrick's, where he was placed in an ambulance wagon, and which started for the rear of the Christian lines. The fighting evidently now was over and Evans saw to it that the general orderly accompanied his masters. The route of Gannonias army had been so dreadfully disastrous and complete that that it was not thought probable any serious opposition could be offered to the continued advance of the Christians unless Myletze came up and intended to rage the battle again to recover his lost ground. The general suffered from exhaustion rather than pain during the journey to the rear but now did not lose his senses. In twenty minutes the ambulance stopped at a handsome tent at the advice of one of the doctors. A few minutes later two surgeons entered the tent and examined the general's arm. They agreed at once that the wound was not even half as serious as believed at first for they had a vague fear that the nerves were only numbed with the shock they have had, but everything would turn out better later on. The general was not in any danger and was told he could resume his command on the morrow.

Myletze however did arrive at night. Even at the middle of the night the very earth boomed as if all the world was going to fly into space. Heavy shells fell dreadfully upon the positions captured by the Christians and every make and caliber. Tranches heave, the night roar and flashes as if the world was coming to an end and the noise was a terrifying thing. Even the officers of the Christians look at each other in the rosy light of the dazzling lights and with pale faces and pressed lips shake their heads. Indeed the shelling was fierce and every soldier was aware of the heavy shells tearing down the parapets, vooching up the embankments, and demolishing the very trees themselves. When one of the shells landed in a forest they would note how the hollow fur one blast sounded as appeared like the blow from the paw of a raging glaucous Glandolinian creature. The explosions of dreadful mine mingles with gun fire and artillery on both sides. That was the most dreadful and dementing conviction of all. The whole region where they went became one whole grave. One man had been twice flung over the parapet by the blast of the explosions without getting any more harm than temporary shell shock. The bombardment of Myletze's guns never slackened, and it was allowing the shells to fall in the rear too while the uproar of the Christian fire and black smoke, and the officers could observe that the whole Christian territory was being raked as fiercely as a region by shellfire in the world war. The bombardment finally slackened for a time, and a dreadful wave of thousands of Picket's charges at Götting put into one. The Christian trench was almost gone during the attack but the assault was finally broken up and sent back. Mountains of earth were hurled up by great explosions, shells landed and reported that the enemy was repulsed. The soldiers were all calm and the officers declared that an attempt will be made to bring up a general attack upon Myletze in the morning. This sounded more encouraging. No officer yet before had thought this could be done. The horrors of the night seemed absolutely unbearable. No one could sleep but stared aimed of themselves and dazed. The early morning while it was still dark there was again an unspeakable horror. The enemy rush forward to make an overwhelming attack in three monstrous waves. Trenches and conflagrations lighted up the scene of confusion. Everyone on both sides yelled frightfully and committed dreadful slaughters with musketry fire and the bayonet and now the madness and despair of many hours unleashed itself in this air burst of the battle. Faces were distorted and for a time the enemy threatened to win. But the fury of the onslaught exhausted them, their losses were dreadful. To make the situation worse the sticky close atmosphere worked more than ever especially on the nerves of the foe for the bombardment is returned with greater effect upon them. Suddenly a broadside of shells howl and shriek like a tornado and flashes terribly into the air in great eruptions. The Glandolinian batteries here at were laid low. Then with the approach of day the explosions and roar of the very Christian cannon ceased. The shelling too of the Christians continued but had to be free of all shell fire. Then came the Christian attack in all its madness and blood. This howling inferno could survive. The storming troops of the Glandolinian artillery opened with a tremendous roar and machine guns rattled and droned and the rifles made a tremendous noise as often mentioned before.

The charge of the christian troops however pressed on. The Glandelinians now could recognize the christian again cannot be checked. The Glandelinians now could recognize the distorted faces, and knew they were the Angelinians by their high purple peaked headgear. They had already suffered heavily but they had reached the remnants of the new positions formed by the works of nature. A whole line ten miles long had gone down before the Glandelinian machine guns, but some of the artillery are blown up by the covering fire and the survivors of the few furious christians came nearer. One of the Angelinian officers with his face upturned fell into a mud puddle. His body collapsed and his hands clenched stretched forward and only his hands with the stumps of his arms shot off hung on a fence. The Angelinians pressed on, their charge again was irresistible.

And then the moment the Glandelinians were about to retreat, three waves of Abheannian troops rose up from the ground in front of them and for one awful hour the whole slaughter whirled like a cyclone round the Glandelinian officers trying to hold their men steady but nothing can be done, the one christian army were upon the works, and with their ranks torn to bits the Glandelinian survivors almost in panic made for the rear. The Glandelinian machine guns however were firing from the next position, and the Glandelinians had to fight while they retreated as the christians burst among them with the bayonet.

It seemed that the men of both sides had become hundreds and hundreds of thousands of wild beasts in a fierce desperate death struggle. The Glandelinians now were not fighting, they were defending themselves desperately against entire annihilation. It did not seem to them that they were using their bayonets against men in this moment when death with hands and fierce faces and purple coats were hunting them down, and the Glandelinians feel a mad fierce anger. They while retreating for the second time resisted madly, dazed, destroying and killing to save themselves, and they were vengeful. They crouched behind every object of protection, behind every brush every barrier, and the christian Glandelinian artillery hurled hails of explosives at the very feet of the advancing Angelinians blowing thousands of men to bits for every discharge. The blasts of the shells impinged powerfully on the arms and legs of the enemy, and they crouching like cats ran on overwhelmed by this wave of christian attack that bore them irresistibly along, that filled the Glandelinians with great ferocity turning them into murderers again into terrible devils, and this wave of horror in purple multiplied the strength with fear and terrible madness and greed of life too seeking and fighting for nothing but to avoid annihilation.

The Glandelinian trenches now had been abandoned. A section of the christian wave was blown to pieces, annihilated by the Glandelinian shells, they were in the advance still coming in only in broken bits of lines. The christian losses increased and this time general Mylata could not account for such desperate resistance on the part of the Glandelinians.

The fighting rages now as if the legions of hell were let loose on the earth and fought one another. At last the Glandelinians reach a trench that was guarded by a new line of troops and the Glandelinian was finally opened up in full blast and finally began to check and cut off the christian attack.

The christian line behind the retreating foe wavered and stops advancing. The Glandelinian officers watched for the signal and when it came they gave the order, and the Glandelinians now reinforced break forward in a wild run.

An officer of the rank of a colonel had his head torn off just as he started forward with his regiment. He continued to run a few steps more however while the blood spouted from his neck like a fountain. For a moment it did not now seem much to hand to hand fighting, for the Angelinians were driven back. The Glandelinians arrived again at their shattered works drove the Angelinians from it in a pell-mell attack and passed on beyond it. Again the enemy plunged into the unspeakable horror. The Glandelinians now continued to sweep forward madly savage and raging, they kill as if only on a human line.

In the fury of the counter attack all resembled an inferno. A young Angelinian soldier was seen to lag behind, behind he was overtaken he was seen to put up his hands, and in one he still held a revolver and a blow from a spade carried by a rebel officer cleaved through his face. A second Angelinian soldier tried to run further, but got a bayonet jabbed into his back. He leaped into the air, his arms thrown wide his mouth wide open, and yelling he staggered while the bayonet in his back still quivered. Another threw away his rifle covered down with his hands before his eyes. He was dispatched the enemy yelling no quarter suddenly in the wild pursuit the Glandelinians reached the christian lines being so close on the heels of the retreating Angelinians that the foe reached it almost at the same time as they did. The reinforcing line opened up a storm machine gun backed by the hundreds and the first wave of Glandelinians was destroyed. Everywhere the maddest musketry was spitting, the other Glandelinian wave pressed on and almost carry the works.

A Glandelinian officer strikes his sabre into the neck of a gigantic Angelinian soldier while the lines of troops coming up ducked behind a long line of captured breastworks for a few minutes, then pressed on clearing the other works in a hurry. The earth shuddered from the crash of the battle, the pursuing enemy stumbled over slippery lumps of flesh over yielding bodies one man even fell down into an open belly. The fighting then began to wane the Glandelinian had retreated back to the former works they had carried. The Glandelinian officers however realized they could not stay there long but must retire to their own positions under cover of their artillery before the christians would gather charge and come on in overwhelming numbers. The Glandelinians got back pretty well. An hour passed all was now silent and there seemed to be no further attack by the christians though there was considerable desultory firing. All the Glandelinians lay for two hours panting and resting before any one spoke they being so completely played out that in spite of their hunger having missed breakfast they did not think of the provisions. It seemed evidently that the frightful battle was over.

But Mylata was not to be undone. At eight o'clock the evening before he had during his advance arrested the confused retreat of general Gannon's christian advance and cover Gannon's, thus the reason Humber Nic-Whirther had been in action, though of no avail.

Mylata was determined to recover the entire lost ground if possible. If he couldn't succeed his campaign (thanks to Gannon's) would be delayed seriously, and a great disaster would be the consequence.

After the repulse of the christian assault of the morning of August the eighth Mylata waited a while, and then at about ten thirty brought up the whole of Leo Castellio's divisions of Zimmermanians, and sent forth Heddes or numerous column of Mic-Hollistians and Osarian Guards supported by heavy artillery and caviary under Sandorn and Luckwick Baldwin.

The whole soon moved forward to the attack. Mylata was determined to crush the christian too if possible, and the assault was launched with such great fury and power that the christian troops and their generals were astonished. The main christian batteries left behind on the hills during the successes of the days before, had during the night been brought up to the captured positions and placed into proper position so as to inflame all approaches to the newly formed christian lines.

For a good length of time Mylata's assault was a complete success. The Glandelinians strove so hard and so desperately that the works in the advance were in possession of the Glandelinians. But for their success their losses were awful. Men had fallen in whole brigades, and every division had lost its commander. The christian fire had swept all before it, tore up all the very beauties of nature, and started great fires. Again and again the enemy rushed forward in great waves in their desperate efforts to storm and take the other works but the waves of men were swept away. It was utterly impossible for the Glandelinians to face that annihilating fire and live. Even the fire of musketry, grape and canister, would not let insects crawl on the ground safely and yet the Glandelinians had tried to move against it. Mylata's batteries could not be brought up in the proper position to support the charge because of the nature of the hills, and though he tried to rely on his machine guns, they would not reach the rear of the christian positions. The bloody horror kept up until noon, and then gradually diminished as the remainder of the Glandelinian columns receded. The lull lasted only half an hour, and a flood of Angelinian troops hurled itself against the works captured by the Glandelinians supported by their terrific artillery fire. The Glandelinians stood manfull to their work, a hurling back two of the fiercest christian assaults pell-mell, but their own men were run up idly being reduced by the christian fire, and Mylata had to sent supports to repel the christian onslaught.

However general K Hindernine turned the left wing of the Glandelinian army under General Pierre and the works were finally recaptured and it seemed evident that Mylata's efforts were of no avail. He hurled division after division to the support of the hard pressed Glandelinians and finally concentrated such a strong force that it was finally able to hold its ground till evening, when the Angelinians of their own accord withdrew from the captured works, and recoiled to those behind. The Glandelinians then taking advantage of the daylight running hurried forward in another tremendous onslaught of their own, but by dawn was repulsed with immeasurable loss and many commanders and regimental officers killed.

Thus the frightful three days battle of Sanitary Creek ended almost a draw. Of course the losses of both sides was beyond comprehension, but general Vivian had gained considerable ground during his success, and was almost back near the farms of his own known as Riches farm, from which recently Myletze and Cannonia had succeeded in driving him. Myletze too wanted to renew the conflict on the following morning, but the Christian armies were so massive, and their artillery in such positions as to make further fighting extremely dangerous. His officers opposed the plan so strongly that Myletze had to desist, and during the night he fell back to Riches's farm, where good parts of the army had to even camp in one foot of flood waters.

Myletze was enraged over it all, he blamed Cannonia for it, for acting against the Christian armies without waiting for him to come back with his new reinforcements. Myletze did not say much so soon however as he had so much to do because of the disastrous consequences of the battle, but to save himself from being teased by Myletze over it, Cannonia saw that he would have to make good, as soon as Myletze's main new army came up.

STARTLING NEWS. NOT SO GOOD FOR THE CHILD SCOUTS.

"What do you think is the best thing that can be done now Miss Glorinia?" James Zimmerman himself asked.

"I don't know she replied. "With us being under fire I don't see how in the world we are going to get them over those rocks and on up to the top where they'll be dangerously exposed. And a slip or a fall would cost either of your wounded their lives and their limbs. Our loss I see how heavy. Therefore I don't see how it is to be managed. See that shell explosion? They are hurling high explosives toward us. And it is hard work for even a man to climb these rocks and how a litter is to be carried while we are under fire I don't know. And it'll be difficult work to get back to the raft. If it was not that we are so close to the foe I should say we would need to build shelters for the wounded, but even then it would be tremendous business getting the material down, and I don't think our retreat could be possibly managed until night."

"I am sure it couldn't," said Penrod himself as he shook his head. "I think though if we got two good strong branches of a pine tree and along a place of the raft. You see we have plenty of strong men to get them over the rough places and we know how to dodge the shells you know. What do we worry about high explosives. It's shrapnell we got to look out for."

"We could manage that easy enough Penrod" said one of the soldiers. "There are some seventeen feet oars on the raft, and some cast away sails. We could easily rig up the stretchers. I suppose you mean to take all the wounded back on the raft Penrod."

"Yes that's what I really meant," Penrod said. "Then to avoid what the enemy would attempt to do we could push the raft off into some hidden cove." "That would be an excellent plan," Glorinia said. "Let us set about it at once before the enemy has a return to attack us. Listen there must be an awful battle. Hear the noise?"

In a few minutes (the raft not being far) the soldiers brought up the improvised stretchers.

"I will go first," Gertrude Angeline said. "As I am the heaviest and the most severely injured. So if something happens to me then the others will have to remain here. You will therefore see how you may manage to get me down while under fire. And if it is done easily you can bring down the rest of the wounded if not they better stop in the cove near by and on the run until for to night, and we can send many up to get them to morning. By the way James you had better direct the men and boys to get the dead comrades comrades of ours carried out and taken down to the shore and landed on the raft. Have them laid down in their tents if possible. Some of them too are our best men and we must be able to take them somewhere and give them a decent burial. During this work a number of men must be left in watch watching to cover us in case the enemy have a chance to launch an attack upon us."

"We shall need all the boys to row the boat," Penrod said. "Gertrude Angeline was now lifted into the stretcher and six boys carried her down to the water's edge. They managed it excellently and softly easing her down with the greatest care possible over the rocks and succeeding in getting her down to the raft without a single jerk. And evidently the enemy did not intend to fire upon them either or had no chance to do so. Angeline Riches, and the rest of the wounded were then taken down in the same way while the men carried down the dead bodies of their forty eight comrades who had fallen leaving the Glandelinian dead and wounded to be taken care of by their own comrades."

"I will take charge of all our wounded now," Penrod said. "and see them carefully housed in tents on the raft, and cared for. I suppose Glorinia will want to be the main doctor no need of sending for a doctor from the outside."

"Certainly we will need need a good man doctor," Glorinia said stepping into the boat that was to take her to the raft. "I cannot do all the work, but I shall not give up charge of them until he comes if you can get one."

"I shall come over and see you Gertrude," Penrod said, "as soon as I get the rest of our companies back on the raft. Shall I write a report of this by telegraph to Jennie Warner or do you feel equal to do so yourself?"

"I will try to manage it Penrod. I can anyway dictate it if I don't feel like writing it or I can use the wireless phone or telegraph. There will be a good deal of excitement over this attack we made and no doubt many of the killed and wounded Glandelinians and the prisoner we put belonged to general Denis Cannonia so it wouldn't do to leave the raft without all the crews it has surviving before we get to some hiding place. Be sure you have a strict guard put over our prisoner and keep an eye upon him yourself. While you are gathering the rest of the troop you can send over to inquire about us but till you have got all on board the raft you had not better leave this territory. If you meet with an attack hurry back. I shall dispatch a dispatch my report to night and I will have Dolores Costello sent some more to help you as soon as she too gets back to the raft."

The boat now pushed off. A sergeant and five men were told off to occupy with a full regiment of men the rocky shore until time for the raft to push off to cover the parties retreating to the raft, and then with the Glandelinian prisoner, and the rescued men in their centre, the party climbed down the hill and headed for the raft. When they got to the raft they found all the boys and girls in the greatest state of excitement. The soldier who had gone to fetch little Miss Glorinia had brought the news that a desperate fight had taken place with a portion of the enemy on the shore, but he had not then been able to say whether any one of his scout party had been killed or wounded. As soon as the small detachment returned with the prisoner, and the rescued men in their midst, many girls and boys seeing the wounded also brought in flocked round with cries and lamentations. George was assigned at once to take possession of the prisoner, and saw to it that the prisoner was hand cuffed, the Glandelinian soldier's legs also being securely bound.

Then he placed two sentries inside and on the outside giving them strict orders that the prisoner must not be allowed to make any escape. The news that about forty eight of the men had been killed soon spread, and many of the girl and boys who did not see their friends among the wounded returning in and onto the raft, would have hurried off to the scene of action but Penrod issued strict orders, and would not permit any one to leave the raft as it might be too dangerous.

George Zimmerman informed Angelina Jennings, and Gracelindia that the dead men had all been or were being placed together on the shore and that their friends were at liberty to remove and bury them when it was safer to go on shore. He then asked Penrod to send a corporal over to bring back the rest of the wounded men and see how they were to be placed. But before his return Glorinia came back to the raft on shore, and Penrod came up to tell her.

"We have put our two girls scout officers in their own tent," he said. "And Jane Melfort will look after them so Glorinia you need not worry about them. The other wounded are in their own respectable tents. So you need not be under no more worry about them or any uneasiness. As far as I can see they are all likely to do well. But I had advised Gertrude and Angelina too that if she wishes to retain the rest of her men she better keep out of engagements unless there is no other way out, or we'll soon be returning to Emperor Vivian's lives without an escort and many even few of us even left....."

Penrod had given orders, that the rescued men was not to be treated as a prisoner, and he now told the boy sergeant to send the men to him.

"For a short time I have been thinking it over Mr. Melder," he said. "And it seems the best plan to me will be to allow you to go ashore at a safer spot so you can slip away. Your conduct in the fighting on the shore in itself showed that you were not voluntarily with the Glandelinians, even though you gave in to them what we may term as a sort of cowardice, and I do not think therefore that it is necessary to report you among the prisoners. I suppose general Cannonia have gone on plans to drive general Vivian away from Sentary Creek as I hear."

"Yes my boy. The Glandelinian army advanced straight down here traveling at night and camping and sleeping by day. I do not believe he'll win. Mylette is too far away having gone after reinforcements."

"Very well. It's good you have me that information. In that case too you cannot give much special evidence against the purpose of the 'Red shadow.' It is probable that the attack upon the Christian armies may be required from the direction of St. Gertrude's junction and as to the plans of that 'Red shadow' had tried to accomplish, and it is possible that he may redress his aid from some other place but I should think that the evidence of what may be resulting will be sufficient. So if you will give me the location

of the refugee camp I will take it upon myself to let you go when we get to that district. In that case you can join your wife and children and travel to a safer zone with them....."

"Thank you my boy," James Melder replied. "I have no objection at all to give evidence as to what I know concerning general Cannonia's plans so that it does not come out it was my wife who told you where the Glandelinian positions were forming."

"You need not be afraid of that," James Angelina Arontary our chief Captain gave her word, that her name should not be mentioned, for she knows if the Glandelinians knew she told they would have her captured if they would have to bound her from one end of the world to the other. At the same time I have no doubt she will claim for her the hundred pesos reward that was offered for any one giving the knowledge of Cannonia's plans, and if she obtains it she will send it to you and no one will be any the wiser."

"I should not think it wise or good to take such money," James said. "It might be dangerous."

"Not in ordinary cases," Penrod replied. "But you see she did not speak out mainly to spoil the enemy's plans, neither for the sake of money or honor, or of making herself as a heroine but to get you out of their possession. And considering how much damage these Glandelinian armies have done and how much more they would do it is a very different case from that of an ordinary informer. Even you know we punish ourselves any ordinary informer. Yet she did it to save you, and not spying on the enemy either. None of even your friends or neighbors will know that she has anything to do with the rescue of you; therefore no one will be any the wiser, and no doubt all that money will be very useful for you he and help you restore what the enemy had ruined on you. Besides sort of compensation for also being dragged forcibly away from home and for the risk you ran in that fight, for you could have taken the chance of being shot down by the enemy for your taking a hand in the fight against them, had they a chance to do so. I know that if I were in your place and had lost my home because the enemy burned it down I should accept it without the least hesitation. And now as I don't suppose the Glandelinians have left any money on you, and as your wife is not likely to be provided with money either I will give you five Guenias on account, and remember that we all shall always feel you debtor for the manner in which you saved Gertrude's life by springing upon the Glandelinian just at the critical moment."

"You will take it from the other money my boy," James said with some hesitation as he did not like to take it.

"Certainly I will if you say so. Yet you should even accept our gratitude for such a service you have rendered us. Now if you will just give me the location of your refugee camp where your wife went to, I will make a note of it though I don't think it is likely at all you will be wanted at any testimony against the known plans of the enemy. The Christian armies will most likely proceed again the 'Red shadow' and drive him away before Mylette comes to his rescue. Anyway it might be possible as the sound of battle is pretty lively by now."

The wounded were soon all aboard the raft, and then the remainder of the soldiers came aboard, the enemy fortunately having not committed any disturbance since. Two minutes later Mary Stanck and Joan Saunders came on board.

"I congratulate you George," the latter said heartily to the German boy. "We all feared the consequences of your being ordered to go with the others on that dangerous shore and now you will be getting no end of honor and credit and this will confirm your getting into the boyscouts all the better. Gertrude speaks in the strongest terms of you, and says that it was entirely to your prowess and courage that we succeeded in the dangerous undertaking and her life and that of Angelina Riches saved. Every one is so excited about it. The only bad part of the affair is that we will have to get out of this region, for if Cannonia should win the battle we'll get it good and hot ourselves for our backs."

"Oh I fancy we will see Vivian come off victorious. Joan, and that's good fun in a way though it involves a good deal of fighting and heavy losses."

"And how are Gertrude and Angelina Riches getting along?" Mary asked. "Glorinia gave already a good report about them and if you wish you can cover come over to their tent and see them."

"As the Glandelinian prisoner can speak German I am going to have you question him," said Mary. "and when we can reach the Christian lines we'll hand him over to the army authorities or I will allow you to humble him take him before we error Vivian himself."

"I suppose I shall come out straight up in if I do?" George asked.

"I should think so, for with all this war business, and its great consequences, we need every one here to remain in case anything unusual happens. But of course you must report yourself to Gertrude and Angelina Riches and get orders for even if you are not commissioned as a scout you may serve as one for the present as you'll need the training. Here are the orders that Miss Angelina Jennings gave me to give to you. You are to be in main charge of the operations of the raft. You are to start early, make the raft go for twenty miles, halt for the night, and go on again the first thing in the morning. And you must keep the raft at a quite a distance off shore. It is not likely that Glandolinians will pursue the raft in boats to try to recapture the prisoner or that there will be any attempt on their part to rescue him but such things you know have happened before now. If we are attacked and anything of the sort should take place, and we find we are likely to get worsted your orders are that you are not all to allow the Glandolinian prisoner be carried off alive. Put a fierce Abyssinkilian Winkie over him with instructions to shoot him rather than allow him to be taken away from him. Gertrude will hold you harmless and not responsible. All these Glandolinian scoundrels have committed too many massacres of children to be allowed to go free...."

"I understand," George said "and will carry out the orders, and now I will go and see Gertrude and her friend at once, for it will be dinner time in about another hour. George was glad to see or find that the two superior girls-out officers were getting on better than even he had expected. Angelina Riches was already up, with her arm in splints and a great patch of plaster across her forehead. Gertrude was still in bed, and was likely to remain so for quite a long time. The regimental surgeon who had been found by some soldier was with the two wounded girls.

"I am glad to see you George," Gertrude Angelina quite cheerfully. "I was expecting you." The surgeon said, the Christians are worsting the Glandolinians who are the ones attacked. None the worse for your own brush I hope!"

"Not a bit of it," George said. "The bump on my head caused by the stone the Glandolinian fool threw at me will hurt a little for a day or two. I am glad to see you and Angelina, Riches looking so well."

"Oh we will be all right very soon I assure you, though I am afraid I shall be kept on my back for quite a long while yet. Poor Angelina Riches," she added winking one eye at George is rather in despair because she is afraid her extreme beauty will be spoiled for Gertrude the girl scout doctor said that cut on her forehead is likely to leave a nasty scar. Of course poor Angelina she would not mind it at all, if it had been done by the sabre of some Glandolinian cavewalker man but to have got it from tumbling down into a ravine troubles her badly. It will be very painful to her indeed when she gets home and one of her other girl scout friends ask asks her in sympathy in what battle she was wounded to have to explain that she thought she would try diving into a ravine only to find it would not work and there was no water down below."

"Angelina Riches laughed.

"Well it is rather a nuisance, and you see George, the dirt down in the bottom of the ravine got so ground up that the doctor is afraid I will have a black scar. Gertrude always chaffs and kids me about it but I am sure she wouldn't like it herself."

"Why my dear Angelina," laughed Gertrude "it is a most honorable wound indeed. You will be able to relate upon the desperate capture of one of the wicked Glandolinian soldiers and how you and I the noble high hatted Gertrude Angelina dashed alone among the Glandolinians works and captured six fine single handed. Why properly worked up Angelina there is no end of greatness to be made out of it. I foresee that I shall be quite a hero when I get back to the lines. A battle is nothing to such an affair as this. Of course it will be necessary to say that a few Hlangploosman Creatures attacked you too, and not that you shot down into the middle of the Glandolinians like a sack of wheat because you could not help it. You must speak of your reckless spring of a hundred feet from the top of the ravine into the middle of them. Why properly told the dangers of Glandolinia which I went through before coming here would pale before it."

"I am glad to see that you are in such high gleeful spirits," George said when the laugh had subsided. "There is no fear of your being lame after your leg was broken, I hope!"

"No the surgeon says it was only a mere sprain and my leg will be all right in about three days, and as Geron in who was examining it says the same so I guess my injury is nothing. G Angelina arm was broken entirely. It is very good of the soldier finding from somewhere near a camp a doctor which he brought over to us a reliable one surgeon surgeon and he had made a capital job of the both of us."

"How could you get along if both of your legs had been taken off?" teased Angelina Riches.

"Oh then even I think she would do very well," Penrod said. "Of course I know she would not think it in joke Miss Riches for it is not a pleasant prospect for any person to have to go about on two wooden legs all their lives, for me I'd rather be killed first. Still it happens in battle, many soldiers lose a leg or an arm or both of each, and as our fight with the enemy this time was quite a sharp one and more severe than our two other conflicts, and such an important capture and rescue and information too was made, if it did happen she would get her full pension and we would see to it that she received her just reward. And her wooden legs however would not prevent her earning a living at a trade she knows, and that is telegraph and typewriting and as she is rather one of the most good looking girls known I dare say she won't have much difficulty in getting a good husband when she grew up. Naïve heroes and heroines are irresistible to both the male and female mind. But I would not like to have it happen, and I believe it is because she always carries the miracle of a Medal that preserved her from the danger she has risked."

"That's a comfort for you anyhow," Angelina said. "Gertrude laughed. "Penrod is right. And that black patch on your forehead if it remains which I doubt it will out ought to add a score thousand a year to your marketable value."

"I don't care about what I have to undergo as long as we win," retorted Angelina Riches. "I'm bound to see Glandolinia get here, and get it good."

Penrod congratulated George very warmly upon the success the boy had so far in his own efforts to show his own efforts.

"I will not keep you now," the boy colonial said of the scouts. "For the mess he sounded a little more than five minutes ago. I shall see you again in the afternoon. But remember boy, don't go into the privates mess. Your place is with the officers' mess, as you are due for a commission, and every one wants leaderless are making demands for you....."

As George ky of why like entered the mess room the girl and boy scout officers had just taken their seats, after saying their first Graces. He without expecting it was greeted with a holstered outburst of welcome. His friends therefore got up and each girl and boy shook his hand warmly and getting on "Sit down all of you," Jane Malfort said as she was president or head one of the mess. "Didn't you too, George has had a long march before he was able to return to the raft after this third day and as I have not the slightest doubt as to how busy as if he had been hunting and failed to get his game at the table he shall give us some story of his adventure in detail. By the way George I hope you have placed a good sturdy guard over the prisoner?"

"Yes Miss Malfort, I have placed over him the meanest Winkie Abyssinkilian soldier I could find for though I had him handcuffed, and his foot tied, I never felt comfortable until he was under guard. The Glandolinian soldier is as strong as a bull and as he knew what is before him was he was capable of anything desperate to effect his escape."

"I remember the prisoner well," one of the boy officers said. "For as you know I was spying in his regiment to learn details of a general plan. He was a notorious character. He had the strength of ten ordinary men, and once or twice when he was on a spree it took twenty strong men to bring him out into the barracks. I am heartily glad he is caught, for the poor children he chose of the most saintly and popular children in the country---with the soldiers of our country as well as with us---and if any of our men could have laid their hands on him or his followers I know they would have hung them up without pleasure. In giving evidence against the scoundrel, for I was present at the time he shot and almost fatally wounded one of the Vivian Girls Prisoners Malfort believe. I wasn't five yards away, but it was all over and the villain was off before I had time to shoot him myself."

After dinner was over George gave the full history of the conflict in which Gertrude had sent only on outline.

"It was a sharp fight indeed," Jane said, when the boy had finished "for a thin she and her force were greatly outnumbered. I think on the whole all of you got very well out of it and Gertrude and Miss Riches were lucky in having gotten off with a slightly broken limb each."

George was detained for some minutes in the Mess Hall as he had to be present when the prisoner was brought up before the girls-out magistrates who were to court-marshal him.....

After giving their affidavits as to the capture the four witnesses was no further required. The Gladiolus prisoner was taken ashore by George and he was carried with several members of the landing team, and was not returned in order that evidence might be obtained from certain localities where the witnesses had occurred. George then returned to his own quarters. An hour later all those who had remained on shore were recalled, Garibaldi having received the following news that the enemy near Hummel's Gladiolus had again shown some signs of activity and that there had been several small battles, and she was now so anxious to get there to face any more trouble that he left her companion on the way. Angelina gladiolus was able to be up despite her injury although also still unfit for duty, though she still retained her command, but how long Gartrude would be unfit to be removed was a question. Everyone on shore therefore was given orders for embarkation onto the raft. The buoytenders were and are always fond of change, and although there were many better reasons this than this there was a general feeling of anticipation and excitement at the thought that it would not be long now before they would be christened in as it was 1 miles away. All officers and men on shore watching for any movement of the enemy too were recalled. It seemed again however to threaten to be a perilous voyage. Officers again overhauled their kits and hatching plans getting what new things were required and making all preparations for the last of the trip, if last of the trip were to be.

"Ah George! Jack Sanders said it as the boys came into his quarters in high spirits, "There will be a sad change come over us all before very long! You almost wish you might see when you learned your friends the Video Gals were gone. What will your feelings be when you have to face the reports that they will never be found!"

"Don't talk about it please Jack. The very thought makes me feel queer. If they are not returned we'll see you losing the war. They are only little girls but they can do better than any of the generals can. However I expect we shall try to get on better now than we did the last time. I have always been praying that they will be found."

"Well I do think your few days with us have done you a world of good George. You certainly were a shiv sort of a personage when you were brought on board the raft. I thought it was an awful mistake for your parents to risk a trip in a little boat on this flood in the dark for any one who does is sure to suffer for it all afterwards."

"Well I have suffered for it to some extent," said George. "The lessons I set for even being in Calvernia at this awful time were all my ones, but they certainly did me good."

"There's no doubt about that," Jack agreed, "And I think there is a good deal of credit due to you, George, for always having taken things in the proper and the right, way. When we do reach Superior, Vivians likes things I wonder where we shall be stationed, and whether we shall see any good fighting. Upon the whole most of us have no very great reason to be proud of our feat of arms in this awful war so far, but I hope we shall do a better in the future. You are in the very part of our struggles against the foe we knew nothing of their peculiar tactics and were at a very great disadvantage, but after a war Vivians armies have been already fighting its way through the Pandemonium campaign. I don't think there is any fear now of his great army not giving a good account of itself at Evangeline, At Olear City if it is called upon to do so there...."

The next minute an orderly came into the room. He whispered to Penrod who at once had a response.

"Winter Period" the boy had said, "Gertrude wants to see you. So she has important news."

"What can be the matter now," one of the boy scout officers said. "It must be something of very great importance or Gertrude would never have called."
Panrod left in that way.

"Heard of something concerning the enemy across the way? I suppose that means we will have to make a race for it before glandalinations parve us in motor boats. I had to be put t this sort of work when we are hoping to reach the line." W

Various questions were made as to the nature of the business, and several answers were laid on the subject. In twenty minutes Pedro Perrod returned.

He was evidently excited and all listened with great interest as instead of assuming his seat he remained standing.

"Phya and pull!" The pull! I have great news for you indeed. A quick wireline telegram has just come from here in Glendals. A quick wireline message has been found the Mylar girls two hundred miles away in some slave camps far beyond Europe. The girls are being persecuted in some slave camps child slaves and being persecuted in Glendals. They are being persecuted with them and 10,000. He had crossed the Zee Rie Hun and will reach the Rapor Mylar army in a matter of days. Troops of Christian soldiers have joined him, and he is already close to Hamauna which he is expected to enter without opposition. The Glendals men must have had them in the possession of the sun sequence for the loss of them had fled."

For a moment, there, was silence, then John Helfort leaped to her feet. "Thirteen clears everybody," and all of those present joined in a hearty cheer. Then a sudden silence fell upon them. The first idea that had struck each officer was that the news meant their again seeing their great friends. Then the dismal thought occurred to them that they were far from Empire Avenue lines and would not probably reach there in time to see Evans come in with them. It soon found expression in words.

"Why Perjured me surely won't be forced to take so many more days to get there. For this news has arrived from Miss Gladys Turner. There is going to be great excitement soon, for our States or sister States of California will never permit us to do the work to be undone, and the Glendalians to overrun California as she thinks she can. Why now in a short time all the whole world will be doing, how is Glendalia to take the field like she wishes to do. All this is excitement and we'll miss it here. To make things more stirring and more hopeful and our veteran arms are scattered all over California, in Northern Angolia, Silver Hills, throughout western and Eastern California Northern Angolia, and northern Silver Hills. Outside of Mylata's grand army I don't believe there are half a dozen real recruits who don't yet know how to present arms, or shoulder a musket. Hence all the recruits still at home are said to be very anxious. Surely they may be sent these coming, and we ought to be there before August the Fifteenth and it is either the eighth or the ninth."

"That I can say nothing about," Penrod replied. "Fortunately Gertrude has given me no orders to proceed and therefore because of her condition I don't believe any other will be decided upon for some time. The officers of course will all examine before they make up their minds whether anything is to be done, and if so what, and long before they come to any decision on the subject we may already be with superior vivas now. I quite agree with you Jane that we should choose to put nothing worth calling an army in the field so quickly but I should choose and that it would be mad a madman for Henry to avoid importation of his own men in a tighter fix. Every one I am sure knows the lack of wisdom which we seem to have Univerbia governed, and the miserable slowman of his military authorities especially since these big floods, and forest fires and other awful devastations are going on. It is not likely to occur to anyone to countermand our own orders, but it will certainly be very damaging in the extreme if we cannot reach the lines as early as August the Fifteenth."

"Beside," Mildred Howard said.

"I should think nothing will be done to help the children," Maxwell said. "It will be maddening to be so long on this flood without sufficient news we need, except only that which through Harvey now be in arms and tremendous events going on and to know that perhaps all Abbie and I am playing hide and seek with the agency, forest fire, and we out of it altogether."

[illegible]

be uniformed, equipped more arms and artillary have to be manufactured, fresh cavalry to be counted, the artillery to be organized, and new field trains set together, and means to come on a march the floods if the waters refuse to retreat at all. No I should say that at least four months must elapse before tremendous fighting begins in earnest. Emperor vivians army at Raven Lake St. Claire is the only one able just now to cope with the foe in this near locality. With anything like a favorable wind we should be in a war vivians army in at least ten days more, we could make it no sooner. If anything happens we may be that there we hope for the opening drama. Judging from what has already occurred it is likely to be a long struggle bringing blood and tears to her proper sense again, and make her come back as one of our sister countries, and if we are not in for the first of it we may be in plenty of time for a fair share of the fighting, always supposing that the authorities are sufficiently awake to the merits of Emperor vivians army to trust it in good reliable companies."

"How is the wind this evening?" Jack gamblers asked.

"It was westerly when we fought the Grand Libians this morning," Lieutenant Jean Saunders said. "Why do you ask?"

"Why as long as it blows from the west there is not much chance of our making any progress northward with our sails, and we'll have to have the boys and men paddle the raft along, and that's work, and such slower."

"That is so," Penrod agreed. "The question for us to consider is whether we ought to pray for a fair southerly wind or a foul. A fair wind will of course take us too close to land and will hinder our getting there as soon as we desire. A foul wind may possibly hurl us straight northward. It is a nice question."

"There is no hope whatever Captain Penrod that our government can make up their minds before a month especially as the flood question is so difficult to solve."

"Oh if we had to wait for that it would be hopeless, but at the same time as it must be evident to any one of the meanness capacity that something or other for which even boy and girl scout troops will be required will have to be done surely a month ought to be sufficient for the idea to occur to some one in authority that it might be as well not to be sending so much boyscouts abroad as they have always done until matters are finally settled."

"I agree with you Mildred Maxwell said. "Therefore I think we had best make up our own decision that our hopes and wishes, shall be completely in favor of a continuance of westerly to south winds." During that early afternoon never were the weather cocks on the raft watched more anxiously than they were by the girlscout officers and all the rest then they were now. The Libians however offered very unfavorable to their wishes for the wind from the west turned to the northwest and blew strong and they began to understand that any chances to reach the desired Christian army at the time they wished was far from what they hoped. Gertrude Angelina rejoined the troop on the later afternoon. He helped herself by means of a crutch though this was a measure of precaution more than of necessity.

"I almost feel like a sort of impostor," she said it laughing, as she replied to the welcome of her girl and boy comrades. "I believe or wish I could throw away this crutch and dance a jig, but the doctor has laid his commands on me, and my side-deck, who has been 'ruling me with a rod of iron' will not permit the slightest disobedience of them. He seems to consider that he is responsible for me in all respects and if he had been my father, and this young daughter he could not have behaved with more grosser attention. He simply adores me."

"I sure am glad indeed to see you looking so well Miss Angelina Aronburg," George said shaking the girlscout warmly by the hand.

"I don't know whether I do right in shaking hands with you George," Gertrude said. "I have been thinking it over while I have been lying there this morning and I have come to the conclusion that it is you I have to thank for this affair altogether. You are the hero not me."

Every one broke out in a general laugh.

"How do you make that out?" George asked.

"It's clear enough, now my eyes are opened. It was you who discovered the enemy preparing the ambush for us, and when you did so you said at once to yourself 'I will get Miss Aronburg and Angelina Richman to go down to the rear before they fall down a ravine and break their necks, and then they shall get all the honor and glory for the affair. And so it came about. Through you, as a handful of soldiers routed the enemy who opposed you. Yet in the ravine

there I and Angelina lay on the top of each other with the breath knocked clean out of our bodies, while you and all the rest, were doing all the fighting and getting the credit of the affair. I appeal to all friends here if it is not a most suspicious affair!" (jokingly)

Understanding her joke there was a chorus of agreement. "We did not think it of you George. A most disgraceful trick. Ought to be sent to jail. Ought to be drummed out of the regiment and made to swim ashore" mingled with shouts of laughter.

"By the way the sounds tell us there's a bad battle raging near here somewhere," one of the boy scout officers said, when the laughter subsided. "But if we don't get no chance to move yet you will be able to hear of the outcome Miss Aronburg."

In "I have no objections whatever to see that 'Red shadow' get the worst of it in battle as he has been terrible to those who are in his path especially when Myletze isn't around. I suppose Gammonia thinks he can make himself a better man by working vivians before Myletze comes to join him. The view of it I take, he'll soon be appealing to Myletze for help."

As we all know in reading of the battle then this was the view taken by all on the raft. Gammonia the Red Captain had tried to accomplish what he thought he could do as well as Myletze and met failure in three days battle. Myletze had to come to his aid, and then did not resume the battle. When Gammonia was laid out and questioned by Myletze his council pleaded that he had been a willing victim of compulsion of the Christians attacking him at the start (A white lie) and that it was vivians and his generals who started the battle by taking advantage of Myletze's absence. Gammonia finally admitted that in his desperation to push across Soutary Creek before vivians got round his rear and at the last moment that he had to attack first, and he urged that this was but an effort of despair and not with any idea of making a general attack upon vivians dangerous army without awaiting the return of Myletze. He also pointed out that the Christian losses was greater than his own. Myletze having some evidence did not believe him nor his council, but as he needed Gammonia very much he did not press for resignation from him but gave Gammonia a good scolding, and proper advice of the term of over confidence and consistency, stating that those that think they are "IT" are usually finding they are "nothing." Two of the officers who had failed to support Myletze were sentenced to transportation to armies where they would receive lower commands. Two others were forced to hand in their resignation entirely.

Gertrude however knowing that fighting was going on near by did not desire to go ahead, and besides just now as she saw there was no chance to do so, and she rested and anchored the raft about five miles off shore. Those who had been on early day duty were relieved and dinner was over. Every one had such a good feed that they felt satisfied to do anything required. Each boy and girl scout also had their own cans filled enough for the coming supper who especially did not wish to waste the time to go into the mess tent, and what was more they had a double ration of soup and bread brand. Never before since any of them of the first who left general vivians army had they such good luck as this. Even the girlscout cooks begged every one to eat as much as possible, reckoning to even the officers that pleased, and gave him almost more than the scout could possibly eat. What was more interesting and important still was the double ration of ammunition for those who had become short in the past skirmish. The soldiers themselves received ten cigars which was decent as men in Abbiennia and her states do not smoke cigarettes or chew tobacco. One elderly boyscout of about fourteen years of age who was a smoker had forty cigars given him, and he gave them out of kindness to a colonel. The boy too claimed he had no right to all of them when others might not have any. Of course the Abbiennian was always very generous. Outside of some noise of battle in the far distance it was fairly quiet on the flood so the quartermaster scouts had given in the usual quantity of rations and provided for the full force of the once usual five thousand men and the two hundred girls and one hundred and fifty boys. But because of the last encounter their losses had been great, and there were only two thousand eight hundred men left whole and entire, and Gertrude firmly decided she would not risk no more close encounters. Gertrude had heard from some telegraphic runner that Gammonia was getting the worst of the fighting for the Angelinians had opened on his army an astonishing number of great guns with high explosive and shrapnell and covering their fire attacks with this driving ceaselessly on the enemy positions, and therefore she felt the confidence Gammonia would be running before

501

Corn Myle could come to his aid... Those who had been on night duty moved to their own quarters, and settled down to get a good sleep for one or two. Gertrude had said that it was not a bad war at all if anyone could at least get their proper hours of sleep, and some of them including the men have had next to none, once for fourteen days, and she did not know how they could stand it.

To see how on this day they all had their mess was quite exciting. Half an hour even before the dinner bell rang every man, and old child scout, had his mess centered, and had either gathered at the outside cook house, or gone into the mess hall which smelt of the good things that were cooking. At the head of the lines on the outside of course were many of those more hungry than all the rest, those who had gone hungry the longest, and one of these was Jack Sanders once a careless boy but now the clearest thinker among them all, and another boy who still carried his school text books with him, dreamed of his home work, and tried to write stories of his adventures in the war, Jane Melfort who for every mess call wears her full commission in uniform and looks like a purple coated sprite. And so on until they came to the biggest eater of all the child scouts and that was Jean Saunders. She sat down to eat as if it was the first time she did so in all her life and then so on. All the officers sat by themselves, and the privates too.

Despite the fact of so much dirty water of the flood, and for the heat and distant forest fires and all the consequences of the war, the day was good wonderfully good. However no other telegraph letters had come yet, and every boy scout and girl and the men often had hoped for and expected letters and p p papers. If all the men in the armies had just known that they many among them had lost families and dear ones in the disasters. But for the sake of humanity, as long as it was not proven that Glandelinia did it Emperor Vivian imposed the severest penalty on anyone letting the news leak into the army so that all christian armies so far were iron ignorant of the real facts.

On the right side of the raft a large common shed of some kind had been built and it was well planned and most durable construction. However there were also benches for tired ones to sit on which some of the girl scout officers were now sitting on comfortably. Jean Saunders remembered well how embraced she had been as a new recruit in barracks in general Graniers army when she had to use any given thing she could find to sit on. Sometimes when the army had been on the march she had sat even with the forces of the Princesses side by side in a railway carriage so that they could all be reviewed at one glance, for even boy and girl scouts too are always seen and must always be under supervision. Since then Jean had learned a lot more than to be shy about such trifling inconveniences. In time things far worse than that can come easy to us. Here in the open air though on a large raft, the business of taking rests was entirely a pleasure. Some however did not properly appreciate these rudely made benches when they first were constructed they were new to them and did not fill such an important role, but now every body always took their rest on them. And she knew that the soldier was always on friendlier terms than other men with little children, especially brave children who become scouts. Yet three quarters of his vocabulary was derived from what he had heard Glandelinians do to little children, and they gave an intimate flavor to expressions of his greatest horror as well as of his deepest indignation. It is almost impossible for any christian soldier to express himself in any other way so clearly and pithily. Fortunately they did not use shocking language for that was not allowed. And also enforced publicity had in their eyes restored the character of complete innocence to all these war horrors. More than that they seemed to be so much of a strange matter of course that their uncomfortable performance was fully as much enjoyed as if the soldier had seen his own dear one murdered before his eyes. Now for the early afternoon every one was allowed to have wonderfully care free hours. Over them was the smoke covered sky, with the sun trying to shine through. On the eastern horizon floated the strange bright yellow and white smoke clouds of exploding shells mingled with many little white clouds of other bombs that often rose in a sheaf. They could also hear the muffled rumble of the distant battle only as very distant thunder and something else sounding like the droning of a million humble bees. Around them stretched the enormous flood waters. Those not on duty read papers they had found, and some of the men were smoking. The wind played with Jeans hair, it seemed to play with her words and thoughts. One of the men set the lid of a butter margarine tub on his knees and made a good table for a game of chess. Another soldier had the materials with him. Jean as she was alone watching them felt she could sit like this forever.

From some one came the notes of an accordion which floated across the raft in some sad sweet music. Often one of the men laid aside the cards and looked about him. One said "Well boys" "Or it was a near thing that time" And for a moment all were silent. There was in every one on board the raft a feeling of constraint. Indeed they were all sensible to it, and there were no words needed to communicate it. It might often easily have happened for all of them that they would not be sitting or working or playing there on the raft, and often it had come near to that too. And so everyone seemed more new and brave.

Finally George who was sitting some distance across from Jean asked:

"Anyone seen James Watson lately?"

"He's in his tent under good care," Jean told him. "He has a flesh wound in his arm, a bad one."

"George pulled out a letter, a telegraphic letter from the east."

"Jack Evans who rescued the Vivian Girls sends you all his best wishes," said George.

Every one laughed, while a soldier threw his butt away and said:

"I wish he was here. He'd get us out of this scrap."

Evans had been their scout master, an active god hearted man and though handsome, had a face like a shrewd mouse. "He had said that it was very queer that the unhappiness of the war outcome was so often brought on by the Manleys in particular and he had urged that all children of the right age should join as scouts as they were safer in the army than outside of it. Jean had remembered the long lectures Evans used to give until the whole class went under his shepharding and got many more boys and girls in other towns to volunteer. She fancied she could see him now, as he used to look at her like her own father and saying in a moving voice:

"Won't you get more brave children to join the Vivian Girls work."

Jean remembered that when she went about at his bidding to get girl scout recruits, there was one who has hesitated and did not want to fall into line. That was Johanna Laboris Zoel, a plump good looking ten year old girl. But she finally gave in to escape being ostracized. Ad many of them had thought as she did but no one could dare to stand out at such times because the enemy was a child hater, and extremely dangerous to children and the children went in for the protection of the army. The wisest were just the poor and simple children. They knew the war to be a terrible misfortune, and knowing such an enemy knew what the consequences were to be if they remained outside the army having known of the frightful massacres of children already done. Gertrude had said that was a result of so many people daring to remain in the smallest defenseless towns. They were overconfident, and did not think the enemy that savage. And what Gertrude had said, Jean had always thought about.

Since she had entered, Jean had seen plenty of the dreadful war. She had seen many of the soldiers who were the first to fall. She saw one man get hit in the eye during an attack of the enemy, and saw that the soldiers were forced to leave him lying for dead. They couldn't bring him with them, because they had to come back helter skelter. In the afternoon out on that fearful field suddenly she had heard him call, and saw him outside the trenches creeping toward the lines. She dared to run out and try to fetch him in and found that he could not see, and was mad with pain, and he had failed to keep under cover and so was shot down before any one could go and fetch him in. There were many thousands per charge of men like this. For the lots of eighteen older boy scouts the leaders were naturally guides the guides to the world of easy safe military work, of duty. The girl scouts often adored them and trusted them. The idea of authority which they represented was associated in their little minds with a greater insight and a good wisdom. Jean saw now that sad sad times children in the army are not always safe. The first big battle showed her her mistake and under it the world seemed to have been broken to pieces.

While the war continued on she and many other girl and boy scouts had seen the wounded and dying in immense swarms fairly immense ever increasing crowds for one battle. While the girls and boys had been taught that duty to ones country is the greatest thing, they already knew that the enemys fury was stronger, and that death throes were stronger. But for all the terrors they had experienced they were no cowards, no deserters. They were all very free with all these god expressions. They surely loved their country as much as any one should love it, they had gone most courageously close to every action intense or slight, but also they distinguished the false from the true, they had suddenly learned to see. And now they saw that there was nothing of their world left. Too much fire, too much flood, devastating explosions and all dreadful scenes. They were all at once terribly alone, and alone they

must see the terrible "convulsion through."

Before going over to see James Watson those going to see him packed up some of his things, for they felt sure he would never recover sufficiently and would have to be sent home as he would need the things on his way back. In the small dressing station on the raft there was still great activity, it reeked unusually of carbolic, ether and sweat. Most of the soldiers are always accustomed to this in the army camps for the wounded, but here it made many of the weaker kind of girls feel sick and faint. Joan led the way in.

"Who do you want to see now Jean dear?" asked Glorin in.

"We would like to see poor James Watson who got shot today."

She did not answer but pointed to where he lay and as they went over to his bed where he lay in a large room he received his friends with feeble expressions of joy and helpless agitation. Jack Sanders is with them. Sometimes the boy was crude and tactless, and he spoke a lot when he should have held his tongue, for anyone no matter who they were could easily see that poor James Watson would never come out alive again.

"How goes it now poor James?" asked Jean.

"James's head sank into the pillow and he almost wept."

"Not so bad Jean,---but I have such a terrible pain in my arm."

They took a look at his bed covering. Jean saw that his arm lay under a sort of wire basket, and was held firm in a splint. The bed covering was in a arch over it. She kicked Jack on the chin of the leg for he was just about to foolishly tell James what Glorin had said before they entered. That the lad had lost part of his arm. That portion had been taken off. The poor boy indeed looked ghastly, yellow, and wan for in his face there was already the strained lines that any good well experienced doctor knew so well, and the boy and girls scouts have seen their many hundreds of times. Jean knew that the poor lad was going to die. She could see it in his eyes. She whispered to Jack;

"Here lies another of our good comrades, poor Watson who a little while ago had been drilling good with us. He is still, and yet it is not him any longer poor lad."

"I have noticed," said Jack. "His features have become faint very faint. Even his voice has the death sound. We have risked too much. After this we must never go ashore until we reach our destination or there'll be no one of us left..."

Now Jack thought of the time the regiment of boyscouts went away. This poor boys mother, a good plump saintly lady, brought him to the army thinking he'd be safer. She had wept most continually, and her eyes were red. The poor boy had felt embarrassed, for she was indeed the least composed of all, and she seemed to have simply dissolved into tears. Then she caught sight of Jack, and had taken hold of his arm again, and again, and implored to him to look after James in the army. Indeed he did have a fear like a girl, and such frail bones that after four weeks scouting he had been fainted. But how can anyone have the chances to look out for anyone in this terrible horror.

"You will soon be going home, and every one will call you a hero," said Jean. "However you would have to wait three or four months or so before you would be well enough to leave."

The wounded boy nodded. They could not bear to look at his hands, his little hands, for they looked as if they were transfixed into wax. Francis Kaufman a boy of his age leaned over.

"We have brought you your things James."

The wounded boy only signed "put them under the cot" with his hand.

Francis did so. The wounded lad says with a sigh that he knows he is going to die. Jean whispered to Jean;

"How can any one calm him without making him fearful? Has the priest seen him?"

"Yes she whispered. "He gave him the Last Sacraments."

"Jean is delighted at this news. The others had the same thought, and even if he should get better he would never regret it. However Jean reappears with a picture of the boys parents.

"Will you send it back to them?" the poor lad asks.

"Will you leave it with us?" Jean asked.

The wounded boy however did not wish to, for they were his most prized possession.

"I could send them home," suggested Jack. "Out here you could not retain them."

Still James was not to be moved. Jean treads on Jack's foot, reluctantly he puts the pictures back again under the lad's pillow. They take a little more and then prepared to take their leave.

"Good bye, and God Bless you James."

"We will come back to morrow in the morning," said Francis.

The wounded boy groaned. He was very feverish, and he looked it. Jean came across one of the boy scout orderlies who was coming in from the outside and asked him to give the wounded lad a dose of morphine. At first he refused even though she was of a commission.

"And why not?" she demanded.

"Why Miss Jean if we were to give it to every wounded one here we would not have enough to use during the operations, and we are short of it!"

"You only attend to officers properly," said Joan viciously. "I command you to do it."

"But I'm not allowed to give it."

"Jane Moffort hastily intervened. "Get that morphine," she said. "I'll be responsible. You obey orders or-----"

"Well all right," he said and as he went in, she went in with him for it seems she does didn't trust him and wanted to see that he did it. The others waited outside. Jack returned to the subject of Holy Communion for the lad in the morning.

"It would bring him nearer to God in his last hours," he said. "Do you think Jean he will last till to morrow after drill or after we start moving? If he passes out in the night, we know where the priest is, and can fetch him before--"

Jane Moffort returned.

"Do you think," she started "he is done for?" said Joan emphatically.

They went back to their tents in gloom. Jack thought of the letter which he promised to have telegraphed to the boy's mother, but he wondered how he could do it when nothing was left anymore, and he would not know whether the lad's mother survived the flood disaster or not. He felt hot and feverish himself. Jane Jane who was chewing on a stick and threw it away, stamped on it savagely and looking round her with a broken and distracted face dared to stare at the catty skunks.

The others were silent for a time. Finally Jane managed to get a man aged to calm herself, she had seemed to see red indeed for what the child scouts had seen of the devastations of the war every one got like that often.

"What is the trouble now Jane," asked Mildred.

"She giggled. "We are the hunted mice. The Glandelinians are the rotten skunks."

The five girls and the boy smiled, bit early. Jane rallied, she seemed to be glad that she could speak.

"Yes, that is what we know, the Glandelinians are making war on Heaven itself. We must get every child no matter what age into our force. It's dangerous it is true but no so as when you are in a defenseless town with a horde of these gray rattled savages falling on it. We shall show Glandelinia that we are the main menace."

"It is strange to think," said Jack "that when I was home I used to go to school, work hard over my lessons-- or something of that kind---but now that seems to be so unreal to me that I cannot hardly comprehend it one day."

For most of us boys and girls whether in the army or outside of it our youngest lives if cut off by the enemy from the moment the war broke out and that without our even having a chance to lift a hand to defend ourselves. When I come to look back on this real horror, the massacres of little girls especially and horrible ones and to find an explanation but never quite succeeded I firmly believe Glandelinia is making it a war on children more than on the soldiers, and that our armies are our defenders. For so many of us young kids from three to six everything I suppose is extraordinarily vague, but for you Jane, and me, and Jean for all of us here, we know what is going on, and therefore are young kids too but have been commissioned to fight the enemy like the soldiers do. All the soldiers of the army are liked up with their previous lives, but I'll doubt that one third the soldiers in Emperor Vivians army know that their wives may be dead and their children too, and that their strongest background is obliterated by this inhuman most savage war. Miss Turner wrote to Gertrude that Emperor Vivians army, and many others are for good reasons even totally ignorant of the horror going on. What a terrible culture there will be when Emperor Vivian allows the news to flash abroad. God help the for parents are mostly ignorant of what their fate is and some perhaps do not know anything either of what the real horror is except what we see here. Besides this there was little else --we don't even know what a school is now. Beyond this for most of us our lives did not extend. And of this nothing remains. At the beginning we stood at the mere threshold of life we had as yet taken no

510
root, the war has swept many of us away, by massacre, or by flood and slavery. For the others the armies of men, they go as fast as we do into dead and wounded because the battles are so frightful. We have also been terribly gripped by it and do not even now know when the end may be. We only know that in some very strange and melancholy way we have become a number of beings in a hellish wasted land, flood fire and bloody horrors. All the same why it is I do not know that we are not often sad."

Though all of them would be delighted to see the wounded lad receive Holy Communion in the early morning they were all really white as and as all others who could not bear to think of losing a friend as they had. Every one of the child scouts saw things clearly. Rather than see any of their comrades die the boy or girl scouts would rather go barefooted over barbed wire. They had never suspected to suffer losses like this, and yet poor Frank would die. They all seemed to lose sense of all other considerations because they were not necessary and only the real facts of the situation was more important to them. When the boys and girls first entered the thoughts were different. When they went to the district commanders to enlist they had been of good kind many of whom were proud to be in the army as scouts. Yet then they had had no antiprepense for the future for their thoughts had been only for a career and a occupation which were as yet too unpracticable a character to furnish any good scheme of life and venture. They indeed had been still crazed full of vague ideas which gave to life adventures and the adventures of the war also an ideal and romantic character. Before being commissioned as boy or girl scouts they had been trained in the army for four or twelve weeks and in this time too more profoundly influenced than a life term as at school. They knew that a bright character is lighter than anything colored. At first they had been astonished, then embittered, and finally indifferent, they recognized that what matters is not the mind, but safety for yourselves, not intelligence, but the system of avoiding pursuing for cowardly squadrons, not freedom but drill to save yourselves from so frightful a foe. Though boys and girls they entered the army at first with eagerness and enthusiasm, but the fury of the foe has done everything to knock that out of them. After their first three weeks it was no longer inconceivable to them that the Glandelinians would not even do worse than was heard of. With their young eyes awakened eyes they saw that the classical conception of their native country resolved itself in to a renunciation of the personalities of rooking floods, frightful floods, and suffering that a world of books could not tell and such misery as one would not expect of the lowest slave. They could do any salutes, spring to attention, make parade marches, presenting arms, right wheel, left wheel, click clicking the heels and a hundred other details out in some thought to be safe spot without being sniped by hidden Glandelinian foes. The boys and girls had fancied their task would be different than the soldiers only to find that instead of being of heroism the Glandelinians were menacing them anywhere even within the Christian lines. But they had soon accustomed themselves to it. They learned in fact that all these things were necessary but the rest merely slow.

James himself remembered when he had been in the hands of the enemy under Manley. He had been placed in under a sergeant known as Goofy glass eyes because he wore four spectacles over each eye. And he had a dreadful reputation and was proud of it. He was a tall fellow with a long pirate like moustache, who had seen many years of service and had been in civil life a hard hearted school teacher. He had a special dislike for child slaves, but he hated James more because he was first foreign. The sergeant had compelled the boy to make and remake his bed eighteen times in one morning for at each time he had found some fault and quilled it to pieces. And James had remembered when he had been compelled to knead a pair of historic Glandelinian made boots that were as hard as iron for twenty hours, with of course intermissions between until they became as soft as pie and not even four eyes could find anything more to do to them than have them shined and under his orders James had been forced to scrub out the officers mess hall three times a day on hands and knees, and he was also or had also in winter been given the job of cleaning out the barrack square of the officers quarters of snow and ice with a hand broom and a dust pan, and James remembered how he would have been compelled to go on until he had been frozen had not Manley himself accidentally appeared who sent him off, and raised him more. For six weeks he compelled James to do guard duty every night for three hours, during the day too was made to be hut orderly. With full pack then and rifle the boy had been made to practice on a soft wet newly ploughed field the "prepare to advance, advance" and the Lie down until he was nothing else but mud, and mud, and was eating mud and finally collapsed. Four hours later he had remembered to be made to report to the head sergeant with his clothes scrubbed clean, his hands chafed and bleeding.

Together with child slaves he remembered when he had been forced to stand at attention in a hard frost of winter without gloves for an hour at a stretch, while the sergeant watched for the slightest movement of their bare fingers on the steel barrel of the rifle. Even James remembered when he had been made to run twenty eight times from the top floor of the barracks down to the courtyard, in below zero weather only in his shirt at two o'clock in the morning because his under pants projected one inch beyond the edge of the stool on which he had to stack all his things, nearly more than the stool would even hold. Alongside him had run the sergeant "forever" and trod on his bare toes. As he wondered why he had been made to do these things too when he was neither a slave nor a scout. He even had made him do bayonet practice and then had to constantly fight with a bad ill tempered Glandelinian boy scout. When James one day refused to do so the sergeant reported him to the Company Commanders, but that man had only laughed at him and told him he ought to go easier with a "greenhorn", he understood the sergeant and apparently was not displeased at his mishap. James remembered too that on one Sunday as he and a child slave girl were lugging a big water bucket one pole across the barracks yard, "four eyes" came by all polished up and dressed in a uniform as if he was a king prepared for going out. He remembered when the scoundrel planted himself in front of him and the girl and asked how the girl liked the job. In spite of he and the girl however they had tripped and emptied the bucket over his beautifully shined shoes. He raved but the limit had been reached.

"That means a whipping good and sound," he yelled.
But James remembered that the girl had said "There will be an inquiry first and then we'll unload."

"Mind you dirty rascally child slave how you speak to a non-commissioned officer," b the four eyes had howled. "Have you lost your senses a slave? You wait till you are spoken to. What will you do anyway?"

"Show you up sergeant!" he had remembered the girl say. "You know you are not supposed to go out without leave, and I see you always do."
James remembered the sergeant saw what the hungry girls meant and went off without saying a word. But before he had disappeared he growled. "The both of you will lie in the mud. James remembered the thrust on through and he was forced again to do the muddy drill of Prepare to advance, advance and "lie down". He had to obey the order since an order is an order of course. But he did it so slowly slowly that the sergeant became desperate. Carefully he and the others had gone down on their knees, then on their hands, and so on in the meantime quite infuriated he had given another command. But before he had even begun to obey to await he was hoarse. After that he had left him in peace. He did all eyes refer Christian children as swine. There as James remembered any other staff corporals and other officers but none of them were decent on in the Glandelinian army. Practically every conceivable polishing job in the entire company camp fell to James and he often howled with rage. Many of the slaves became ill through it, and some actually died of poisoning of the lungs. But this had made James hard, suspicious, pitiless vicious and tough, and he remembered now that it was good for these attributes had been on truly lacking in him. Had he gone into scout service now as he was now striving for without this period of training on the part of the Glandelinian sergeant before he escaped he might have gone mad at the sight of the war horrors. Only in this way the lad remembered that he had been prepared for what awaited him. He did not therefore break down even when it was sure his mother and sister perished when the raft and ship reached his little boat. And now he was was anxious to get even with the enemy.

Though the others had gone out James still sat at the wounded lad's cot for he had noticed that he was sinking steadily. The doctor that is the men one who was employed in the camp passed by his bed without once looking at him.

"You'll be all right soon I hope my friend," said James.

"He raised himself on the pillow with his elbows.

"They had to cut off my arm, and right leg. I'm done for. Oh I'll bring evidence against the Glandelinians when I stand before God to be judged."

James nodded and answered;

"You should be thankful you come off with that."

The wounded boy was silent and James resumed "It might have been both legs and arms Francis. Two of my men friends have both lost their right arms. That's such worse a. Besides if you live you will be going home a hero."

He only looked at James.

"Do you think so?"

"Why of course."

"Do you really think so?" the poor lad repented.

"Sure indeed," said James. "Once you have recovered from the operation."

He beckoned James to bend down, and as he did so he whispered "I do not think I'll be alive this evening."

"Don't talk such discouraging words Francis, in a few days you'll see for yourself. What is it anyway an amputated leg or arm. In the army they have patched up far worse things than that, and the wounded ones pulled through."

The boy lifted one hand. "Look here though, these fingers."

"That's the result of your condition after the operation. But I believe if you would eat properly you would soon recover. I know they look after you properly as none of us want to lose a single member."

The boy pointed to a dish that was still half full. James felt excited. "Francis you must eat if you want to get well. Eating is the main thing when you are wounded. And that looks excellent too. Better than we get when we are well."

But the wounded boy only turned away, and after a pause he said slowly "I wanted to become a priest once upon a time."

"You may still if you try to get well," James assured him. "There are splendid artificial limbs now, and when you get used to them you won't hardly ever know that there is an arm or a leg missing. They are fixed on to the muscles, and they tell me you can move the nu fingers and work and even write with an artificial hand. And besides they will always be making new improvements."

But for a while he laid still and quiet. Then he said "You can take my parents pictures and try and find them for me."

James nodded and wondered what to say to encourage him. The boy's lips had fallen away his mouth had become larger his teeth were sticking out and looked as though they were made of chalk. The flesh looked as if it was melting the forehead blued more than usual unusually prominent, the cheeks bones were protruding, as if the skeleton of the boy was trying to work itself through. The eyes were already sunken in and James feared that in a couple of hours the lad would be gone. And he was not the first that James had seen thus but he was much used to these sights, and getting used to the war proves it. James began to think of his own early boyhood days. He still had retained some of his school work copies and at school he used to remember that he used to wear a gray coat with a belt and shiny sleeves with gold lacings and made all other boys envious. Yet he had never observed this. He had in the few days he had known him grown fond of Francis and he was the only one of the boyscouts who could do the best turns of any kind on the parallel bars. All the officers had been proud of him for it, and the wounded boys face had always been white and he had had something of the girl about him. There he lay now but why was it so? Was it not enough to see soldiers fall. The whole world of christianity ought to pass by this poor boy's head and say "There is the poor boy nine and half years old, he wasn't wishing to die, only serve his own country. Let him not die now or avenge it on the enemy. But that couldn't be. The enemy have done all this, and yet is vengeful himself still more on Angelinian countries. An glandelin in gets the vengeance, Abbieanna suffers it. James' thoughts become confused. He believes Abbieanna is done for too. Abbieanna will never win the war. His thoughts become confused for this atmosphere of carnal and gegerine and others clogs the lungs like a thick suffocating gruel. Smoke from distant forest fires came overhead making it grow dark. The wounded boy's face was now changing color and he lifted it from the pillow so pale that it was gleaming. He moved his mouth slowly as James drew near to him. He whispered "If you find my sisters, and parents at home tell them--"

James could not find voice to reply, for it was of no use any more. No one can console both, for even James was wretched with helplessness. This poor lad's forehead with its now hollow temples, and his mouth that was now merely a slit that is easily noticed on a dying person. And if still living the poor weeping mother of this lad at home to whom James must write, and then see when the opportunity presents itself. If only the latter were sent off already. James asked for the boy's address and got it. He paled as if he took suddenly sick.

The address was:

1035 Greenburg Street, La Polena City
Bengall State, Province of Galverinia."

One of the boy scout orderlies came up, cast a sad glance at the wounded boy and went away again with tears in his eyes and mumbled something to himself. James bended over the sick boy and talked to him as though it could have

saved him. "Perhaps you will soon when the raft lands shore again be sent to a refuge camp where you will convalesce. Then you can look out from the window across the fields to the beautiful trees on the horizon. It is supposed to be the loveliest time of the year now, when the corn ripens, at evening the fields if there comes to be any sunlight looks like mother of pearl. And the beautiful lanes of poplars where you could catch sticklebacks and you will be out of the war too."

James leans over his face which lies now in the shadow. He was still breathing heavily, his face was wet and it appeared he was crying. "What a fine ass indeed I must have made of it with my foolish speech!" James thought to himself. "But Francis!" James put his arm round his shoulders, and placed his face against his. "Will you try to sleep now."

The poor sick boy did not answer though the tears still ran down his cheeks. James desired to wipe them away but his handkerchief was too dirty. An hour passed. James sat tensely and watched the every movement of the boy in case he may say something else, but he only wept and turned his head aside. What if he had opened his mouth to cry out. He spoke of his poor mother, brother and sister. "James again paled. What if they were drowned for he knew what happened at La Polena, that city is no more. This was for James the most disturbing and hardest parting that he had ever felt, although it was worse probably with the feared loss of his parents. James had too remembered one big soldier who fell at Delight's Junction who called for his wife, and children and parents too, and who with wild eyes full of terror in his delirium held off the doctor and Nuns from his bed with a sabre until he collapsed. Suddenly the poor boy groaned and began to gurgle. James jumped up, stumbled outside quickly and demanded:

"Where is the doctor. For Heavens sake Glorinia where is the doctor."

As he caught sight of the White uniformed man he seized hold of his arm.

"Come quick doctor please, the boy is dying."

The doctor however freed himself and asked the orderly who came up "Where does the boy lie?"

The orderly answered "Ben. Bed ten. Amputated leg and arm."

"No use James," the doctor said. "I've done all I could. The rest is up to God Himself." Then turning to the orderly said "See to it."

James trembled with rage at the Glandelinians as he went along with the orderly. The orderly said to James as he looked at him;

"One operation after another on the wounded men to day since the foolish engagement this morning. You should know to day there have been forty deaths among them--the boy would be another. There will be probably a fifty deaths altogether. If this keeps on we'll soon be annihilated;-----"

James became faint, and all at once he felt he could do no more. He decided he won't revile at the enemy any more, it is useless, senseless, and he felt that he could drop down and never rise up again. Both he and the boy orderly stood beside the boy's head. He was dead though the face was still wet from the tears the eyes were half open and yellow. The orderly poked the boy James in the ribs.

"Will you take care of his things?"

James could only nod.

"Well"

"said the orderly "we must take him away at once and bury him in on shore. We can't keep him on the raft. Outside other wounded are lying on the raft, and one needs the cot."

James collected the things and took them away. Behind him they were already placing the poor lad on to a water proof sheet, until time came to have a Mass said for his departed soul. Outside the tent door James became aware of the darkness and the hot winds as a delirance. He breathed as deep as he could and felt the warm breeze in his face. Thoughts of flowery meadows, of white clouds in the sky, beautiful summer scenes, suddenly came into his head, and then of his sisters beautiful little girls. To him it seemed that the earth was streaming with forces which poured into him through the soles of his feet. The darkness cracked electrically, and the distant battle now thundered like a concert of drums. James came to Jean who was sitting on a wooden stool. He rooted among her supplies and offered James a cheese sandwich but he shook his head. He did not feel like eating.

As well as she was able Angelina Jennings tried to figure on the losses so far. The vacancies were known by those who did not respond to the roll call. Some of them were old veterans among the soldiers. Many of the boys and girls out surviving were mere infants. There were many about three or four years younger. Angelina Jennings joined her friends after her futile work.

The girlscoout officers strolled past the groups standing near the raft edge looking in melancholy across the flood. Angelina Jennings stood before the Glandelinian prisoner.

"I see we forgot to give you your Mess this morning so it's a long time since you had anything decent to eat eh?"

He grimaced.

"What did you have before you was taken prisoner, I?"

"Well for breakfast this morning we had turnip bread lunch, turnip stew and fish."

Angelina gave a strange whistle.

"Bread made of turnips? That's strange. Well I suppose you get unfair rations in the Glandelinian camps. Are you telling me a story or is it true. If it is truthful what do you say to a small portion of haricot beans? Want to have some?"

The Glandelinian prisoner turned red and said:

"You can't kid me a mere girlscoout."

"Give me your mess tin. You still got that I suppose."

He handed it to her and she went to a tub beside a flag pole. It was nearly half full of a stew of beef and beans. She placed herself in front of it like a chief general and said:

"Sharp eyes and light fingers accomplished this."

Jean who followed her was surprised.

"Great guns, Angelina! how did you come to get that so easily?" she asked him.

"Some of the soldiers secured it during the fight this morning. Hot beans taste fine for supper too. Grud."

Grudgingly she brought it over and gave the Glandelinian prisoner a portion and said: "Next time you need any have a cigar or a pan of tobacco in your other hand for the cook. Get me! We charge prisoners for the rations we have to serve."

Angelina Riches who was the main cook of the whole raft never allowed the rations to go short for she sure had good sense. Of course as we all know there are many people like that and they should be appreciated. Very Company in the boy and girlscoout Regiments has three or four. Angelina Jennings the second cook was the smartest known. And it was always a good safe thing to be friends with her. Toward late afternoon the raft was pushed closer to shore as the sound of distant battle died down. Jack and some of the boys landed at Gertrude's suggestion to investigate for forage. They came upon an unknown spot where there still stood a tall dark country home that had been shattered to its very walls. Hearing some strange noise the boys hid themselves. They found a few bunks in the place, a couple of wooden beams over which wire netting had been stretched for some purpose or other. We all know that wire netting is very hard indeed. Jack looked at the place and then said to James: "Come with me. You other boys remain here till I return."

They then went off to explore. A few minutes later they came back with arms loaded with long dry grass. Jack had pulled it up from the ground in the woods. It was for a purpose that he brought it. James asked one of the boy boys who had been sometimes in the army as a scout: "Is there any enemy canteens anywhere abouts. We could raid it and get some dainties."

"Is there a what you call it," he demanded with a laugh. "Why there's nothing to be had in sight. You won't secure as much as a crust of bread there."

"Is the enemy's lines far from here then?"

"Yes a couple of miles I'll say. But it's risky almost to suicide to raid their canteens. And that's a bad business. We will have to pull in our belts and wait till we return to the raft, and get our supper."

But Jack was seen putting on his cap.

"Where are you going now Jack?" James asked.

"Just to explore the region a bit. I'll be back soon." Jack strolled off. One of the other boys grinned scornfully.

"Let him explore the country, but don't be too hopeful about it. He won't find anything good for us."

The other boys feeling disappointed prepared to lay down and consider whether they should remain here or go back to the raft for food. But it was too risky without Jack's guidance, they knew not the way without him, and so they waited patiently. One of the boys gave an account of his national dish he once had in the army, broad beans and bacon claiming he had displaced it when it was not flavored with Limberger Cheese, and for heavens sake let it all be cooked together, not the potatoes the beans, and the bacon separately but all at once. Some one growled that he would desert him if he doesn't shut up. Then all became quiet in the big ruins only the candles flickering on the neck from the necks of a couple of bottles. They gave a sudden stir as Jack appeared.

For a moment James believed he was dreaming. He had two loaves of bread under his arm and a blood stained sandwich full of cow meat in his hand. The boys felt of the bread to make sure it was real. It was real and still hot too, and when Jack was asked where he got it he did not give any answer. He had the bread and so nothing else matters. He only said to James "out some wood."

Then he brought forth from under his coat a frying pan, and a handful of salt as well as a lump of fat from his pocket. Indeed Jack thought recently a careless kind of lad could think of everything. James makes a fire on the flood, and it lighted up the empty room. Jack knew how to roast steak so that it was tender declaring it shouldn't be put into any pan for that made it tough. It should be boiled. Boiled first in a little water, then all was fixed the five boys squatted round in a circle and had their supper out there. That was the way with Jack for if but for one or two hours in a year something good to eat were to be had in some place only within that hour, the lad as if he had been moved by a vision would put on his cap go away and walk directly there and easily find it. He could find anything if it was cold in winter he would find a small stove and wood, hay and straw and papers, anything but above all food. It seemed to the boys who knew him quite uncanny, for they almost thought he conjured it out of the very air. He often secured boxes of lobsters and sardines and also crabs and shrimps. After supper the boys settled themselves on the sunny side of the broken down house. There was a wall of burning pine tar in the air of summer and of other forest fire odors. Jack sat beside James. One of the boys said:

"Yesterday all of us had to practice saluting because one of us failed to salute Angelina Aronburg as we passed her."

Jack couldn't get this out of his head.

"He said 'You and we are losing the war because too many of us blunder.'"

One of the boys walked up with his branches rolled up and his feet bare. He wanted to rest his hot aching feet. James and Jack for a time began to argue on the war. Yet Jack won't budge from the opinion as to who was winning the war and then James showed he was a hard thinker. He finally said:

"When there is a declaration of war it should be a kind of strange festival with entrance tickets and bands, and lots of flags and shows. Then in the prize fight ring the ministers and generals of the two countries dressed in prize fight costumes and armed with whips should have it out among themselves. Whoever survives the lashings his country wins. That would be more simpler and more just than this bloody arrangement where too many people go to their deaths doing the fighting. Finally the subject was dropped and the conversation turned to drill. A picture came before James as he heard Jack speak. A beautiful but burning midday in a barracks yard, with the heat hanging over the square, and the barracks all deserted as all are out to drill. Everything else seems to sleep. Then all one could hear was the drummers while the windows of the barracks are empty and dark while from some of them trousers are hanging to dry, the rooms being cool, and one looking toward them longingly. Finally he said aloud: "Oh dark musty nistoon huts of Germany, with the iron bedsteads, the bedding, the lockers, and the stools. Even now you are an object of ardent desire out here you make us think of a resemblance of home, your rooms full of the smell of good food, sleep, smoke, and clothes. James painted it all in lively colors. What would he not give to be able to go back home to Germany. But he could not pursue that line of thought any further. He thought of the weary morning training instructions when becoming a German boyscoout, the hours of physical training. All the boys began to indulge in reminiscences. Jack suddenly laughs right out and says:

"Charge at Hades."

That seemed to be the favorite game of every one now. Jack said:

"I had an experience when I first became a scout. We were strictly drilled by one of the Princesses and once we had to learn passing through a subway. We had to go through an artificial tunnel made of hard paste board paper, and each a each one of us boys stood at attention on the left side. Then came the command 'forward' and like lightning every one rushed through to the opposite side. Once we practiced this for a whole hour."

"Surely the Vivian girls were very different girls as mere citizens." said one of the boys. "Then how does it come that they do all these dangerous things when it was better they should be home and let our armies fight it out with Glandelinia."

"Yes and why are we boys and girls too in the army?" said Jack. "It's christian army for better concord the enemy will make us think we swallowed arsenic. If I fall we have swallowed concrete."

"That's the uniform condition of the war," Jane suggested. "Mildred still says that our side is losing the war. She won't give up that opinion."

"Roughly speaking it is possible she is right just now," said Jack. "But the root of the matter lies elsewhere. For instance: the flood conditions believed to have been produced by the enemy seems to prove this. Everywhere thin ice are precisely the same. Our armies which are mobilized mobilizing fast are not getting down here because of the flood, means of any kind of transportation cannot be had to convey the troops and it therefore seems we are the loser as Glendelinia has fullways of opening for moving her greatest armies. Glendelinia has turned into a beast her armies are better than that, and her generals have full power to carry on the war as horrifying as they see fit. The mischief is merely that each one of the Glendelinian generals have too much power. The forest fire disasters are truly of Glendelinia's make, there is millions and millions of proofs of that but we have no evidence yet as to what the flood disaster came from and who was responsible or whether it was a work of nature blamed on the shocks of the war itself indirectly. Hundreds of thousands have gone mad, over their losses and our Emperor either wisely or foolishly allows no news or any news communications reach any of his armies about the disaster until it can really be proved by evidence, and because the few generals know they can make these forest fire disasters they all soon acquire the habit of forming conflagration after conflagration as fast as arms can be kindled more or less. Take a simple case suppose we are forest fire rangers, here we are marching back from just fighting one big fire dog tired, all in. We are glad enough to even be able to trail our tools and some of us sing but without spirit. Then comes the alarm of another fire. At once our company is turned about and has to do another terrible period of work until we fall from exhaustion and the fire tricks us and goes ahead. On the retreat back some of us are not quick enough and perish. We girl and boy scouts have the easiest of it all, though our work is perilous. Now what's the use of all this kind of war. It's simply that the Glendelinian generals are won't to destroy the very nature created by God Himself and the country has its head turned by having so much power, and really too the fault is our own careless governments of Galverinia Province, and her State Governors, and nobody seems to blame them and they still are overconfident, and our generals too are not strict enough. That of course is a trifling instance but it holds also in many very different affairs. Now I ask you Mildred, yourself. Let any of us be what we like in peace time what occupation there is in which he or she can behave like that without getting a crack on the nose. He can only do that in the army."

The generals of the enemy armies are tyrannically strict. It goes to the heads of them all you see, and the more insignificant a man of the enemy has been in civil life too the worse commissions turns his head. The Glendelinians are the worst people known. The world is astonished, appalled at the fury this war is taking on. Yet if it is not so, there are so far evidences that we are losing. Outside of Gubernia and some other places are armies as proved evidence shows are making no progress whatever, and Emperor Vivian is threatened at Fvangelina St. Claire and has fought several small battles already without good results."

"Many say of course there must be no chance for us to win!" said Mildred. "True," growled Jack. "They always did, papers now are full of these reports and it grips me with dread. And it may be so, still it oughtn't to come to a sure thing yet. But you try to explain that to others and it would be in vain. The Vivian Girlscout told me if the nation was to lose they would win with their parents fight to the last nevertheless. All that we understand is that we have been properly trained so that when we come in as scouts we think we know exactly what we should do in every circumstance, and what not find out we cannot get a chance to even think of doing it. It's simply amazing I tell you that any ordinary soldier survives so long in these dreadful frays, and goes through it all without flinching. Simply a a marvel. But what would be the rest of the results if proved evidences came that the foe did make these flood horrors, and the armies got the news of it. So far no one seems to understand a thing. The explosions at Abbleann are said to be of eruptions, James here says they were not. Everyone knows that few of our volcanoes are ever dangerous and far than such shoddies of their in juring towns and cities is out of the question as there are no towns and cities too close to those mountains. If we have to win this war we will have to employ every means under every circumstances. But I don't believe we could lose. Abbleann couldn't be beaten if for cause was as wicked as Glendelinia's. We just have to be patient and await developments that is all. Concentinian Aronburg is on his way from the north. He's coming now again to the front with an army. He has a grudge against Myletze and will some day engage him too. What others can do Concentinian Aronburg can. He does the almost impossible."

"He will get his. No one ever discovered what they had had to then for

"The flood has gone over all of the country and the army done it at all and at night while so many people were asleep. Gertrude Angelina maintains that it was sheer causes of carelessness on the part of the Galverinian government, and that the authorities ought to invent a method worthy of themselves for preventing such disasters in the future," said Jane Malfort. "We have many men called Scientists who are looking for clues as to what the disaster really was and Mr. Hendro Dargar has hunted up one of the cleverest of scientists and sent him to do the work. The man could find no clues and made or wrote statements to be published before the world that the explosions forty miles north of Abbleann certainly were nothing at all like volcanic eruptions, that no such thing occurred. The man too was disgusted that better evidence could not be found. Some others made efforts to trace the cause. The idea was ill conceived. Unfortunately it accomplished nothing because the first assumption of it being of an eruption was wrong. It was not a volcanic disturbance. Anyone who examined the debris was mostly of earth materials and sandstone mud and slush. The matter ended that it was a freakish mystery. Meanwhile Dargar has tried to find out, and once spent twenty days since it occurred---the day before we left to go here. We ourselves have been allotted some of the finest remnants of girlscouts known and are requested that is some of us to aid the Princesses when they try to investigate themselves. We were due to start that work next month. If this proves to be done by the enemy Emperor Vivian will let it call out to the armies and have the nation prepare itself to square accounts with Glendelinia. He has sworn for months past to do this since the Lake Selicie horror occurred. That we know well was the enemy's work as the doors had been captured forced to confess and sent to an island prison for life."

"Who captured them?" asked Mildred. "I assisted though," men did it," said Jack. "One of them however the head Glendelinian love engineer escaped but we planned an ambush and got him. We knew which way he would have to go to ensnare him. There were four of us and we hid near a dark uninhabited road. There we waited for him behind a number of trees, one of us hiding in a branch. A man by the name of Jose Marquis had a big potato sack with him. Of course we trembled with suspense hoping he would be alone. At last we heard his footsteps which one of us recognized easily. One of us whispered that he was alone. The strongest of the men slipped round a pile of stones with my brother another soldier. The Glendelinian engineer thinking no one near seemed a little elevated (Too much drink) he was singing some Glendelinian love song. His belt buckle gleamed. He came on unsuspecting any danger. The two men, the big man and my brother seized the huge potato sack, made quick leap threw it over his head from behind and pulled it round him so that he stood there in the white gray sack unable to raise his arms. The singing stopped. The next moment my brother was there and as the prisoner started to yell my brother raised his arm like a signal mast and his big handlike a coal shovel fetched such a blow on the top of the white sack as would have felled an ox. The Glendelinian engineer was thrown down and rolled ten yards, and again started to yell. But we were prepared for that and had brought a pillow. My brother squatted down laid the cushion on his knees felt where the prisoner's head was and pressed it down on the pillow and immediately his voice was muffled. My brother let him get a gasp of air every so often, when he would give a night yell that was immediately hushed. First before turning him over to the authorities the men decided to whip him. My brother unbuttoned the rascals breeches, and pulled down his trousers holding a long branch of a tree between his teeth. Then he stood up and set on the ground, my brother bending over him with a fiendish grin and his mouth open seemingly with blood lust the engineer's head on his knees then the convulsed striped drawers, the crossed legs executing at every blow most grim original movements in the lower breeches and towering over them like a woodcutter my brother. In the end one of the soldiers had to drag him almost forcibly away to get his turn. Finally after the three soldiers had done their best my brother stood the engineer on his feet again and gave one last fine good bang on the ear he looked as if he was going to kill him. The engineer staggered. My brother stood him up again made ready and fetched him another well aimed blow with the right hand. The engineer yelled and fell down on all fours cursing and blaspheming. We then hauled him to camp and put him under guard. As the engineer was placed under guard my brother looked back and said angrily:

"He will get his. No one ever discovered what they had had to then for

518

his capture. At any rate, one of our officers secured a potato sack out of it for we forgot to take off our prisoner when we brought him into the tent."

Jack the three boys and the two girls still remained out here on in the old country ruins. They could hear the distant cannon still rulling though it was getting dark. They started to prepare for returning to the raft. It was a hot evening and the twilight seemed like a canopy under whose shelter they felt drawn together. They were soon on the raft again. Penrod who had been mullen during most of the day over the losses was in a good mood for once, and he had put on his new shoes to display them. The rowers were at work heading closer for a cove, and as the raft proceeded the floating flood debris bumped and rattled against it. Here the food flood was full of debris and those on board the raft did not dare show a single light as they lurched along, and once they accidentally crashed into some floating obstacle with such force that almost every one standing up were sent sent rulling almost clear across the raft. However that did not seem to worry them now however, and one of the boys mentioned that it can happen it if it l ikes, and one jokingly remarked th t that a broken arm is better than a hole torn in the body and many of the boys and girls felt thankful enough for such a chance of finding his way home again. Besides the floating raft strewned the debris in long columns and they seemed to be making the pace some overtake the raft going forward showing that the speed of the waters current had not diminished. A wall of trees ashore became visible, and they believed it belonged to a forest which was a portion of the "Red Riding Hood" woods. Jack who was one evening guard duty suddenly picked up his ears. Was he deceived. Again he thought he heard a sound like the cackle of geese. He gave a glance at Jane who passed him--a glance from her to him; they understood one another.

Suddenly Jane said to Mildred;

"Mildred dear I hear some beautiful things for the fry ing pen on the water."

Mildred only nodded. Then Penrod overh aring the remark said;

"That was not geese. I have their number. That's a signal on shore. It was from Glandelinians. I've given the orders to retrace westward."

"Of course Penrod was a clever shrewd boy on signals of all kinds. He knew all about a signal made from any one, though it sounded like a bird, dog or cat or any. The raft began to move westward. Penrod looking with his glasses toward shore observed in the twilight still remaining gun emplacements which appeared to be hidden by bushes against any observation from the water side.

"Those branches would seem gay and cheerful were not cannon placed there!" he said. "And listen I hear heavy cannonading somewhere."

By this time the air had become acrid with the smoke of distant artillery and the fire fog. The fume of powder tasted bitter on their tongues and the roar of the distant guns made the raft though it was on the water sway and stagger, the reverberations rolling and raging away to the southeast ward, and everything seemed to quake. The faces of those on the raft changed imperceptibly. They were not indeed on any portion of the dangerous battle shore but only on a floating raft yet every face could be easily read;

"This must be a nearness to the battle raging at Sanitary Creek, now we will have some details of it. However no one had any fear. Boys and girls who had seen many mighty conflicts as they had have become accustomed to it. Only young and new recruits would be agitated indeed. Jane explained to James who was listening closely "You hear first the explosions of shells, and afterwards come comes the sound of the guns."

The hollower sound of the distant firing did not reach them distinctly it seemingly being swallowed up in the general murmur of other night battle sounds. The sound of the distant battle was restless, wild.

"I bet the Glandelinians are worried already," said George. "That sound is from christian guns. I know our own guns."

The shelling could be heard distinctly. Penrod and others listened and finally admitted that it was indeed the christian batteries to the right of where their shore part was. Some of them believed the enemy might have attacked viviania a hour too soon that morning before.

"There'll be a bigger fight on the same ground to morrow I tell you" said Penrod. "I can feel it in my bones. Look out everyone of you duck quick."

As they obeyed three shells landed near the raft. The burst of flame shot across the smoke fog, and fragments howled and d d oned. But though no one was hit, they shivered and were glad to think they soon will be off shore and out of range. Their faces were neither paler nor more flushed than usual, indeed it appeared they were more tense, and yet they seemed changed.

519

Every one felt that in their very own blood a contact of some kind a feeling of great danger had shot home. There was no means of speech just then, and it was a fact. They were close to a portion of the Sanitary Creek Battle front and that of course to their idea made this said to be contact. The want that came of the shells had suddenl whistle whistled over and the air was rent, with the explosions there was suddenly in their veins, in their hands, in their very eyes, and their senses, a strange tension waiting, a strict watching a profound growth and strange sharpening of their little senses. Even their bodies with one bound were in full readiness. It had often seemed to every one of them as though it were the vibrating shuddering air that with a soulless leap sprang upon them like a tornado or as though the very world it self emitted an electric current which awakens unknown nerve centres. Every time it had been the same to them all. They had often started out in the christian armies propatory to a battle plain child scouts, either cheerful or gloomy, then comes the first uproar of the conflict, their speech has a new ring, and officers order them to keep to the rear. When Angeline niches would stand and say "There'll be a big and terrible battle" That was always her own opinion, but when she would say it elsewhere while some was raging then the sentence too seems to them all to stick into them like a bayonet in the dark, it would cut clean through their minds. Thrusting nearer and nearer, and speaklike an unknown thing that awakens in them a dark and horrid meaning "There will be a big battle." Perhaps it was their inner and most secret life that shivers and falls on guard. No soldier fears a bullet, but a shell--oh.

To Jack and his friends the whole war seemed to be a horrible dark bloody and fiery whirlpool as mysterious and horrifying as some of the dreadful scenes depicted in the stories of Hell by great writers especially like Milton's hell. He would sometimes imagine of being in still water, far away from the centre of the maelstrom, though he would imagine of feeling the whirl of the vortex sucking him slowly, irresistibly inescapably into itself. From the earth, from the air, sustaining forces seemed to him to pour into the nations mostly from the earth. Jack knew from what he had seen that to no man does the earth mean so much to the soldier under shell fire. When the soldier pressed himself down upon her long and powerfully, when the soldier buried his face and his limbs deep in her from the fear of horribly wounds or death by shell fire then evidently to him she is his own only friend, his loving mother he stifles his terror and horror and he cries in her silence and her security too, to him she is his shelter and she gives him new lease of life recovers him again and often forever. Earth--Earth--Earth.

"Earth indeed with thy folds, and hollows and ravines" said Jack to himself "into which many a shell terrified soldier may fling himself and in the fits of fear and terror crouch down under the screaming hail of annihilation in the bellowing death of the seas of explosions eruptions high. Oh Earth you sure grant to al of us the great resisting surge of new won life indeed. Every one of us utterly carried away by the indescribable fury of the war storm streams back through our mangled hands, from these, and we thy redeemed ones burrow ourselves in thee, and through the long minutes in mute agony of hope bite into thee with our lips."

Jack remembered too at the sound of the first droning and screaming of the gang-gangshells he and many of his followers had rushed back terrified to any kind of shelter. By the instinct of danger that was awakened in him or his friends they seemed to be led and protected. It does not seem to be consciousness for it was always for quicker, much more loss, fallible than consciousness. No one could explain it. Jack remembered when he was walking along without thou h thought or heed--suddenly he had thrown himself down on the ground, there was an ear-splitting crash that shook the air like a million thunderclaps in one and a hurricane storm of shell fragments flew harmlessly over him--yet he could not afterwards remember either to have heard the gang-gangshell coming or to have thought of flinging himself down, but had he not abandoned himself to the impulse he would now be a mangled heap of flesh. It seemed to be this other, this second sight this instinct that had thrown him to the ground and saved him without his knowing how. If it were not so there would be not one soldier of either side alive now.

The raft came close in shore now for about one third of a mile mile all moody good tempered girls boys, and Abyssinilian soldiers. They now expected they had reached what is known as the "Zone" where the war horror of all kinds begin and become on the instant as alert as cats.

Within their view though still in the increasing darkness they observed an indignant looking forest. Jack could observe the mist and smoke of guns lying broad high over far distant regions. There was no moon shining that night. Along some roads he could observe troops filing along, and their bayonets gleamed softly in the light of a distant forest fire indeed the heads and their rifles stood out above the white mist, nodding heads rocking carriers of guns. What soldiers they were or of what side Jack could not determine in the darkness. At some spots where the mist had cleared away heads became figures coats trousers, and boots appeared out of the mist as from a milky pool. They finally became a column. The columns continued to march on, straight ahead, the figures resolved themselves into a sort of block, and then individuals were no longer to be recognized, the dark wedge was still pressing onward fantastically topped by the heads and was one floating off as if on a milky pool. It appeared like a strange column or army of ghosts, not men at all.

Big cannons and mination wagons were also seen by him moving along a cross road and the backs of the artillery and gun carriage horses were shining strange in the red glare, their movements seemed beautiful to him, to some were tossing their heads, and their eyes seemed to gleam. Indeed to Jack the guns and the wagons seemed to float before the dim back ground of the shore and the riders in their large sailor like hats resembling soldiers of some forgotten time, it was strangely beautiful and arresting.

The raft was still pushed on till it reached the cove. Jack saw some of the soldiers loaded with powder and twisted iron stakes. As he looks he saw that the ground seemed more broken and from some of the men Jack heard warning words:

"Look out, deep pits on the left," and Glandolinian gunners. "Jack wondered what was wrong. In the meantime it had become pitch dark and an uncertain red glow was spreading along the entire skyline in the east from one end to the other and it was in perpetual motion punctuated with many bursts as if of flame apparently from the muzzles of the christian batteries. Strange balls of light were rising high above it; silver and red spheres which exploded and rained down showers of red white and green stars. Many rockets went up which seemed to unfold a silk parachute light to the air and drifted slowly and gracefully down. These were lighting up everything as bright as day their ling lights shining even on the raft and the boys saw their own shadows sharply outlined on the raft flooring. The lights hovered for the space of over three minutes before they turned out but immediately fresh ones would shoot up in the sky, and again stars of all colors.

"Those are the enemy signal lights," said James to Jack. "I know them well." The thunder of the guns were swelling to a single heavy roar, and then broke away into separate long rolling explosions while from some close spot they could hear the dry bursts of machine guns rattling. Above them the air teemed with invisible swift movements, with howls, pining, shrieks, and hisses, making many flashes like lightning, lightning, and noise as if a thunder storm had lost its "senses". They were evidently the smaller shells, and among them indeed booming through the night like a volcano of flame and dim went the high explosives. Sometimes they had a hoarse distant bellow like a rutting stag and made their way high above the howl and whistle of the smaller shells. It reminded Jack of enormous flocks of wild geese when he heard them. Even the enemy searchlights began to sweep the dark sky and slid along it like gigantic tapering rulers. One of them paused and quivered a little, then immediately a second was beside it.

CHAPTER THIRTY ONE.

TOO MUCH SHELL FIRE.

OTHER STIRRING HORRORS.

GERTRUDE ANGLINE TRENDS HER HAND AT SOMETHING.

While it was being placed there some of the men set to work on a portion of the raft injured by some of the minor collisions. Two men held a roll and the others spooled off the raft wiring. It indeed was that awful stuff with close set long spikes, and some of those who were not used to unrolling it torn their hands. After a few hours it was finished. Most of the boys and girls not on night duty lay down to get some sleep. Jack too sleeps, and James tries to let it be too warm. Once however he did succeed in falling asleep. Then he was awakened suddenly with a start, and for a moment he did not know where he was. He saw the "shooting stars" the glare of rockets and for a moment had the impression that he had fallen asleep during a Fourth of July Performance in the United States. He forgot whether it was morning or evening, and he lay still in the pale cradle of the glare light, and listened for some words which he hoped would come, softer and nearer --- and he wondered too if he was crying. He put his hands to his eyes, it was so a fantastic. Smooth him, it only lasted a second then he recognized the silhouette of the distant woods. Near James sat Jane and when she observed that the German had as awake she said:

"I suppose that shell there gave you a fright. It didn't come here, it landed in the bushes over there."

James startled at this statement, and felt himself strangely alone. He felt that his girl friends were on board the raft. He gazed thoughtfully at the east as she said:

"Those would be mighty fine fire works if they were not quite so dangerous as boys."

One landed in the water behind the raft. Two boys jumped up terrified and an order was issued to send the raft off shore westward. While the order was being carried out another came over nearer this time. Then the horror began in earnest. The raft was merely crawling away from shore as it seemed as well as it could in its haste. The next shell landed fair on the raft. A soldier cried out and fell into the water, then green rockets began shooting up on the sky lines, while the boom of the guns were heard long after the roar of shell explosions.

Behind where Gertrude had been lying to try and get some sleep and to ease the pain of her leg lay a fair headed boy scout in utter terror. He had buried his face in his hands, and his cap had fallen off. James fished hold of it and tried to put it back on his head. He looked up pushed the cap off and like a child crept under his arm his head close to James's breast. The little shoulders heaved, shoulders just like those of a little girl. James let him be. So that the cap should be of some use James hung it up in a post. Finally there was another crash and someone shouted:

"It got somebody pretty badly alright. Other cries were heard between the crashing explosions. Then for several moments it began to grow quiet, and it seemed whether the fire had been directed at the raft or not, it had apparently stopped. The more braver risked to take a look. Red rockets still shot up into the sky, and James believed that the battle may rage close by. Gertrude crept the raft to be placed closer in shore behind a bluff to be out of range. James stood up shook the terrified boy scout by the shoulder.

"I believe it is all over boy. Everything is quiet and we are under shelter this time. You'll get used to it soon. None of us boys were hit."

The boy observed his cap hanging by a nail on a post and put it on. Gradually he was coming to, and then suddenly he turned fiery red and looked confused. James understood. The boy was brave but shell shells was a terror to him.

"This is no disgrace," James assured him. "Many's even the man before you who has had been scared stiff by such noise until he gets used to it. Go to your bunk and try and get some sleep. Go to sleep."

The boy went off. The sound of battle became still quieter but the cries on shore did not cease.

"What's up now Jack?" James asked looking in that direction.

"A couple of columns of soldiers probably have got it good," he answered. The cries continued more wildly. It was not the sound from men, in deed wild beast could not cry so terribly.

"It sounds like wounded artillery horses," said Jane. "I know the cries of horses."

The sound became most unendurable indeed, and also their was something of an uproar like the morning of the world, a very martyred creation and a seething hell at the same time, everything wild with anguish, filled with terror, and groaning mingled with the roar of some distant and fierce assault made by numberless troops in battle. All those who were awake and heard the cries and all the other noises were pale, and James stood up.

"For heavens sake someone shoot those horses," shouted Penrod loud enough to be heard on shore. "Shoot them or we'll shoot you."

Penrod was the son of a farmer and he was very fond of horses, and therefore the sound was getting on his nerves. Then as if deliberately the distant firing began to die down again but the screaming of the poor beasts became louder, and no one could hardly distinguish whence in this now quiet region the sound came, ghostly, invisible, seemingly ever everywhere, between heaven and earth it roared rolled on most immeasurably. Penrod roared, and yelled out as loudly as he could:

"Shoot them, shoot them you heartless, crazy fools, shoot them can't you. Have you no heart? Damn you foolish lumps shoot them."

"They must look after the fallen men first," said Mildred quietly.

Some of the boys and girls came, and even the soldiers on the raft got on high parts and try to see where the noise came from.

"If we could only see the poor animals we would be able to endure it better," said James.

Jack who had a pair of glasses looked, and saw a dark group, bearers with stretchers, and larger black clumps of something moving about which evidently were the fallen and wounded horses, not all of them, some galloped away in the distance, fell down, and then ran on further and disappeared. The belly of one coming to the water front was soon ripped open the intestines trailing out. He became entangled in them and fell, and then stood up again. One of the boys came raised his rifle and took aim but Jack hit it up in the air and said excitedly:

"Vincent are you crazy. The rifle shot will bring fire upon us."

Vincent trembled and threw his rifle to the floor. Everyone awake sat and held their ears, but these appalling noises, those terrible screams, and screams penetrated everywhere. Girl and boy scouts could hear most anything but this was too much. They felt like getting up and running away no matter where but where those cries could no longer be heard, and it was not from men, but only horses. From the dark group stretchers moved off again. Then single shots began to crack out. One black heap was for a moment convulsed and became thinner. At last, but still it was not the end. The soldiers cannot could not overtake the wounded beasts, which flew in their pain, with their wide open mouths full of anguish. One of the soldiers went down on his knee there was a shot, one horse dropped, then another. The last one was propping himself on his forelegs and dragging himself round in a circle like a merry-go-round, squatting, it dragged itself round in circles on its stiffened forelegs, apparently its back was broken. A soldier ran up and shot it. Slowly and humbly it sank to the ground. The boys and girls took their hands from their ears, the cries now being silenced only a long drawn strange sigh stilling hanging on the air, while only the rockets, the singing of the shells, and the fire stars which shown out wonderfully.

Penrod was steadily walking up and down muttering something to himself. "Like to know what harm the poor horses have done to them," he said to himself. His voice was agitated, and it sounded almost dignified as he finished with: "I'll tell you all it is the vilest baseness indeed to be forced to use horses in war."

Penrod decided that it was time to go in closer to shore since the noise had stopped as it would be equally as dangerous to be out on the water at night.

"It is time we got into some sort of a shelter," he said. "The sky is becoming somewhat brighter from the distant fire glows. It is already about nine o'clock. Good hang it I wish the breeze would be fresh and cool for a time at least as it is so confounded hot."

Those who were to relieve the others at the oars trudged single file down the length of the raft. Jane herself seemed to be restless, and that was usually a bad sign especially when even she looked nervous.

"What is up now do you think Miss Halford?" asked Jack.

"I wish I were back in the Christian lines."

"This won't last much longer Jane. It'll be over before midnight, Battles don't always regard all night you know."

Yet it was evident that she for some very good reason was very nervous. "I don't know," she said. "Battles is a dangerous thing, and I'm afraid we are too close."

They were now close enough to be within sight of the near battlelines which were somewhere near the creek in the open fields. A small section of a distant woods could be seen, Jack believed knew every foot of the ground here. Beyond was a large cemetery mostly for children who had died for they could see the British religious monuments and the Crucifixes. Just as the raft was almost close enough behind a bluff to be reached the horror again broke out beyond them, swelling and roaring fearfully, and thundering in such frightful crashes, as for one crash alone to be heard for forty miles. Every one on the raft suddenly ducked down as an enormous cloud of flame shot up a hundred yards ahead of them on land, followed by a crash that convulsed the raft like an earthquake. The next minute under a second explosion part of the distant woods rose slowly but high into the air, seven or eight trees sailing up and then crashing into pines. The shells screamed and hissed and roared like safety valves, it was indeed heavy fire and there came cries on the shore far off but within easy hailing distance:

"Take cover everybody. Take cover. The Christian dogs are shelling us."

The fields within sight were flat, the woods were too distant for the men to reach and indeed too dangerous at that -- the only cover for the enemy was the immense grave yards, some round, and a ravine close by. Jack saw a number of men run and stumbled across the dark and as though spirited away every man was suddenly lying as if glued behind any object of protection possible. And Jack from his place of concealment observed that it was not a moment too soon. The very night, the sky, and the darkness of the countryside seemed to go mad it a hellish din. The earth seemed to heave and to rave, parkasses blacker than the night rushed on the very concealment with giant strides, over them and away. The flames of the explosions lighted up the graveyards, the flood waters, and the whole landscape. Thousands of orally thundering eruptions tore the earth at one time with a more than audible din. Out there there was no escape anywhere. By the light of the hanging shells, Jack tried to get a view of the fields and the woods and all the country. He was frightened. Could hell be worse. Everything before his gaze beyond was nothing but a hurrying sea of horror, daggered flames from the explosions leaped up like countless fountains, and the noise was more than he could hardly stand. It was impossible for anyone to break through it. The nearest portion of the woods vanished, it was wounded, crushed, torn to pieces. On the shore close to the raft a "volcano broke out" and a storm of debris fell over every one followed by a noise that made them believe the world had torn in pieces. Penrod warned every one not to expose themselves and to keep within the shelter of the bluff.

The earth again burst before them. It rained clouds over the raft. Jack felt a smack as a deafening thundering crash filled his ears. His elbow was torn away by a shell splinter. He suddenly shut his fists. There was however no pain but for a moment that did not reassure him for he knew that wounds didn't hurt until the excitement died down. He then felt his arm all over and found it was grazed but sound. There was at that moment a crack overhead as if a thousand thunderclaps had come into one deafening boom. The flash was blinding and he received a crack on the skull and he began to lose consciousness. Then like lightning the thought came to him "Don't faint, sink down in the black brother dear boy and immediately came up to the top again. A splinter of something carried his cap away. An explosion occurred in the water and a flood of spray and wet mud poured over the raft, a veritable cloud burst. To move from behind the bluff was now suicide. Penrod was wiping the mud out of his eyes.

A hole was torn up in the ground to the left of the raft. Jack saw a man with one hand flying himself down. Most of those on the raft were lying as flat as a fish, there the high explosive whistled again, quickly some of the boys crunched closer together, and they saw many landmines on shore blow for cover, the earth leaped the blast thundered in every one's ears. Jack saw a man close to the edge of the shore crouch under some yielding thing cover himself with it drawing it over himself, but Jack believed it would do the man no good for it was only wood, cloth cover, cover miserably miserable cover indeed against the whizzing splinters. An explosion hurled an object onto the raft. Jack's fingers grasped a sleeve as it fell beside him on arms. He wondered if it was a wounded man. Jack yelled to him but no answer came and finally he realized it was a dead man. His little hands groped further

and he felt splinters of new kind of wood, and believe it was a corpse he had hurled from the grave yard. The air line beyond was stronger now than anything, the din seemed about to wipe out the month-lit. Then came a tremendous eruption in the flood and almost a tidal wave swept the raft. Then Jack got struck in the face a hand clamped on to his shoulder and he wondered if the noise had not brought the dead man to life. A moment later a hand shook him, and Jack turned his head and in the second duration of light found himself staring into the face of George Vincent. It was evident he had his mouth open wide for he was yelling something. Jack could hear nothing so loud was the noise but in a momentary lull his voice reached Jack.

"Get closer to the bluff. Get closer to the bluff."

"Jack obeyed grabbing for his rifle as he did so. Some distance from him lay some other boy and Jack thought of nothing else but this. The fellow there must know. Get out of sight you fool." Jack called, leaped toward him, he hurled a piece of wood at him but he didn't see, once again, and still again Jack threw something, but the lad thought it was hurled baby shells and merely ducked. Jack looked at Jane desperately but he could not crawl forward, and reached the man and finally got him to move closer to the bluff. Then came the sharp noise of sputtering shrapnell mingled with the continual crash of the gang-shell high explosives. Another person came plump down beside Jack, and another. It was Jane and another soldier and three others, even a little girl whom he couldn't recognize. All of them now lay there in heavy watchful suspense, and breathe as lightly as possible. These first minutes of the close but distant horror was to decide between light and death. The fumes of the shell smoke crept over the waters and like a big soft yellow jelly fish it floated over the raft and lolled there obscenely causing them to cough. Jack nudged Jane saying it is better to crawl close to the edge than to stay where the smoke collected. But they could not go any further and it was no longer that the shells were running and thundering it seemed as if it was the earth that was raging volcanoes.

With a unusual crash so something black and horrid bore down from the sky upon the raft, and it landed in the middle of the raft. It was a big rock no doubt hurled high into the air by the tremendous explosions. Jack saw George move and he too crawled across. The rock had hit one of the boys out on his outstretched arm. He was trying to get to his feet, but Jane seized him just in time twisted the good hand or arm sharply behind the lad's back and held it fast, while Jack and Jane and a dozen others proceeded to free the wounded boy. Fortunately the boy saw swooned and some of the men coming were soon landing a hand, and no longer did they need to be careful but worked away till the stone gave with a thud. Instant fire made it grow lighter. Jane took a large splinter of wood and placed it under the shattered arm, and Jane wrapped a lot of bandages around it. For a moment then no one could do anything more. A big cloud of smoke came over the waters, stifling and fumed and Jack's head seemed to boom and roar it was high bursting. His lungs felt as if they were tight, the veins on his temple were swollen, and he felt that he was suffocating. A twinkle red light filtered through the trees to the raft, and as the shelling had ceased Jack crawled over to the edge of the raft. In the dirty red glare he could see close to the shore some mounds of sand lag torn off clean, the boat was quite whole he could take that all in at a glance. Now he observed some one stand up a few yards distant and then disappears. Jack could see he wore a gray uniform and was tempted to shoot but did not do so. The shelling evidently has ceased and so all the others who had been lying flat on the raft stood up glad it was over, and sent some one to tell others. The soldiers lifted up the wounded boy one taking his splintered arm and stumbled off hastily to one of the shell proof huts on the raft. The distant landscape ad woods were a mass of wreckage and so was the children's cemetery. Coffins and corpses of little ones and even skeletons lay about. Hedges were destroyed the rails of a railroad were torn up and rose stiffly in the air in great arches. Some men close to the waters edge was seen lying on the ground. And he did not seem to be wearing a gray uniform but that of a soldier. Jack and some of the other boys, and Jane Melfort took the chances of rowing ashore. When they beached they found that the man was a glandelinian a recruit too but wore a blue-gray uniform. His hip was covered with blood and he appeared so exhausted that Jack felt for his water bottle where he had run and vigilance. Jane restrained Jack's hand and stooped over the soldier.

"Where's it got you Mr Glandelinian?"

He did not answer, but his eyes moved, he was too weak to speak.

Jack cut off his trousers carefully. The man groaned;

"Gently, please knead, gently, it is much better."

"Hold still," commanded Jack or I won't be able to do a thing. I'm not going to hurt you. "If he has been hit in the stomach he can't drink anything," said Jane.

"I don't think he has," said Jane. "You see he is not and has not been vomiting. That is a very good sign."

The two boys laid the hip bare, and received a shock. They in knew now the horrors of shell fire. The man's hip was one mass of splinters, and bone splinters. His joint had been hit.

"This man won't walk any more," said Jack his face white. "Foolish boob to fight against christian armies. Why didn't he stay home."

Jack washed his temple with a moistened handkerchief and gave him a swig.

George who was on the other side saw now that the man's arm too was bleeding as well. Jane spread out two large pads of dressing as wide as possible so that they will cover the wounded arm and hip. Jane looked for something to bind loosely trouser leg still farther in order to use a piece of his underpants as a bandage but find he is wearing none. Jane now looked at him closely. He was very young, a man probably not yet in the twenties, - a fair haired boy of a little while ago.

"I've had he is a foe," said Jack.

In the meantime Jane had taken a bandage from a dead soldier's pocket and she carefully bound the wound. Then she said to the glandelinian youngster who looked at her fixedly:

"We are going to the raft for help now. We'll have to bring you there."

"He then cried out as best as he could:

"You are a good christian dog after all. Please stay here. Don't leave me alone."

"We'll be back soon," said Jane. "We are only to get some help for you. We kids can't carry you as you are. You'll need a stretcher."

He didn't seem to understand. He whispered like a child and pious plucked at her leg:

"Please do! don't go away."

Jane looked around desperately and whispered:

"Wouldn't it be just to take a revolver and put an end to it?"

"No I'm afraid not," said Jack.

"Yes, but the youngster will die anyway and will hardly survive the carrying, and at the most he will only last a few days. What he has gone through so far is nothing to what he is in for till he dies. Now he is numb and feels nothing. In an hour after he is on the raft he will become one screaming bundle of pain intolerable pain. Every day that he can live will be a howling torture. And to whom does it matter whether he has a then or not, but I don't to have a screaming patient on the raft.")

Jack nodded. "Yes Jane we ought to put him out of his misery but I'm afraid it's wrong just the same. We must let our priest on the raft or the doctor decide that for us."

Jane stood still for a moment. It seemed she had to first make up her mind. Jack looked around and saw they were no longer alone. A little group of soldiers had come ashore in another boat with a stretcher and the one wounded prisoner was brought aboard.

Jack shook his head.

"Such fools these Glandelinians are. To suffer chances for such terrible wounds in this war. It is better they quit and go home."

Gertrude found that her losses on the raft from the bombardment was less than was expected, only two missing and the one wounded boy in the arm. It was the concluding part of the first days battle no doubt for now everything was still. The wounded boy and the prisoner were taken to the dressing tent on the raft, and the doctor called. The night was smoky from fires. Those hearing the wounded to the raft station made a fuss about numbers and tickets, while the wounded whined. The wind began to rise and the smoke being blown from the east became heavier. Gertrude gave the orders that the raft should go for open water where there would be less smoke, and as the raft went forth most of them on board rucked to and fro in a half sleep.

Two tall men in the front of the big raft who had long forked poles were watching for telephone wires which sometimes were hanging across the flood so densely that they might easily pull some one head off. The two soldiers took them always at the right moment on their poles and lifted them over behind them. Many who were on night duty always heard the call:

"Mind wires" and hand down. Monotonously the raft was swaying in the waves of the flood, monotonously came the call. Monotonously came the smoke fog. It spread overhead in rolls and over the heads of the dead on shore, on the body of the wounded Glandelinian prisoner with the wound that is too much big for his hip it fell on the dead of both sides on land it overhounded the hearts of every one. An explosion again sounded somewhere. Then on board who

heard it winced their eyes became more tense, they were ready to throw themselves flat but only when once the monotonous cry "and win!" and all are again half asleep.

If it was not one exciting thing that keeps any one else awake at night it was another, older, and others even in the christian armies and even child and other scouts usually have their peculiar little friends with them, and therefore it must be said that for any one kept busy & killing each separate little friend of this kind is a tedious business when a person may have hundreds. The little beasts were found to be hard and the ever lasting creaking with your finger nails very soon becomes dreadfully wearisome. Go t Gertrude and her followers had these little friends. So Gertrude in the center of the raft had rigged up the lid of a stout polish tin with a piece of wire over a lighted candle, and by her comrades therefore who were kept so busy the "cooties" were simply thrown into this little nest. Back and they were done for.

Every one therefore was compelled to sit up quite a time of the night the boys with their shirts on their knees their bodies naked to the waist night air and their hands at work, while the girls worked inside their tan tans. Jack declared that he had a fine particularly brand of louse, that they had dark crosses on their backs, to make a joke he said he meant to use the fat that slowly accum lated in the tin lid for polishing his boots, and raved with laughter for fifteen minutes at his own joke. But he didn't have much success that day the others were too preoccupied with another affair.

A rumour had materialized Mylones had left Cannonia to himself to go to a certain location to get reinforcing armies, and Mylones was taking advantage of it. Jack suggested that before he's through Cannonia will meet some surprises. James had been meditating for hours that day before what to say to him if he had Cannonia a prisoner. One of the soldiers had gazed at his hip hands and winked at Jack. A good thrashing would be a good high water mark of Cannonia's life. Jack said he often dreamed of it, and other were making themselves about it. Feeling hungry toward early morning about four, Penrod had secured for himself a mess tin full of beans. Jack squinted hungrily into it but checked himself and said:

"Penrod what would you do if it were suddenly peace time again?"

"I won't return to civil life," said Penrod bluntly.

"Well but if?" persisted Jack. "What would you do?"

"Clear out of this part of the country," growled George.

"Of course and then what?"

"Probably go home again," said James.

"Don't talk rot!" I mean seriously!"

"So do I," said James. "What else should I do?"

Gertrude who had been standing outside, and who had overheard the conversation had become interested. First she lifted tribute on Penrod's tin of beans, swallowed some, and then considering for a short space of time finally said:

"You might wait for your discharge papers first of course, and then you'd take the next train for home and mother, that is if you can get a train. Peace time by boy is Heaven---" she fumbled in her oil cloth pocket took for a photograph and suddenly showed it all around. "These were my parents before they died, and you see with them me and my sisters. There's Annie and Anna. Then she put it back and said: "This is a dreadful war."

"It's all very well for you to talk," Mildred told her. "You've an uncle and two sisters still living. One of them you know very well what she is doing but you do not want any one to know."

"Tro True," she nodded, "and I have to see to it that she keeps her disguise perfect till the time comes she will reveal herself....."

Every one laughed.

"She won't lack for that, Gertrude, she's do well for that."

Jack however was insatiable and gave himself no peace whatever. He awoke Mudden out of his sleep. "Madden what would you do if it was now time for the time of peace?"

"Out an old suit of overalls on you and send you to the farm for the way you talk," said Jane. "How will it come about exactly. Miraculously I suppose?"

"How does the cow jump over the moon?" retorted Penrod in contentedly laconic fashion, and turned to Mudden himself. It was too much for Mudden for he shook his fracked head.

"You mean when this damned war is over?"

"Exactly you have said it."

"Well I'd be home with my parents again."

"Sure."

"By Jove yes," said the boy, his face melting. Just think what hour would be home with my parents again."

For a short while every one was silent. To picture such a good thing was too good. They felt their very flesh creep. At last Jack pulled him-elf together and said:

"And then what?"

"There was a pause. Then Jack explained in that awkwardly;

"I might choose to know more about your country, and stay here and serve in the army all my life, since I'm alone now."

"James y Gertrude lady you surely got a screw loose some where. No one in this to serve in an army all their lives. They don't live that long," said Penrod.

"Have you ever dug gold in the Mazurian Lakes?" he retorted good naturedly.

"No, but I have in this country," answered Jack.

"You try it there just once."

"Why would I sink down?"

"No you'd sink up."

There was a scream of laughter at this joke in which nearly every one joined. Then James pulled a spoon out of the top of his boot and reached over into Penrod's mess tin.

"Anyway it can't be worse than digging trenches," Jack ventured.

James chewed and grinned. "It lasts longer though, and you get to wear heavy large shoes or you'd get such diseases. And there's no getting out of it either if you don't stay on the more solid parts as you did die into the soft."

"But James surely it's better here than in the army."

"Maybe it is," said James, and with wide open mouth sunk into a dream. Any one could almost fancy what he was thinking.

"But in the peace time," said Jack the army is a splendid thing. "In the army you have nothing to trouble about, you find your food good and cooked will every day, you have a bed, every week clean underwear like a perfect god t you do your non come duty, you have a good suit of army clothes, and a fine uniform and in the evenings and holidays, and Holydays you are free as if you were rich. Army life for me is the berries, but not the how though. It's hell."

Jack seemed to be extraordinarily set on this idea indeed he seemed in to a love with it.

"And when you serve till you are old, and you get your pension you can become a village owner, and you can walk about the whole life long day."

James was already swaying on it.

"And just you think," said Jack. "How you have been already treated by us in the child scout army. Friends and so forth no trouble no quarrels, no scoldings. Children fight each other in Germany don't they? Well not here unless they are children of the side we are fighting, that is their scolders. Every body wants to be a saint in our armies and we hope to succeed."

"You'll never be a better boy scout than you are now though," Jack interrupted Gertrude.

"Why?"

"You couldn't be better."

Jack looked at her almost sadly and was silent. She knew his thoughts still lingered over the good evenings in summer at better times, the Sundays when he attended Mass as an altar boy, the village church bells he used to hear, the afternoons and evenings with his servant friends and said:

"He couldn't part with all these dreams so abruptly and Jack merely frowned;

"What silly things you say Gertrude," and he pulled his shirt over his head, having gotten rid of the cooties, and buttoned up his tan tunic.

"So to it that many Muses of Thanksgiving are said."

"Then to James she said warmly: "If I were in your place I'd stay in the army as a scout for a long time and get some good training. Then you would be fit for anything. If you had been in the army long enough already you would be able to help us."

"And you Mildred?" asked Jack as if he was making very inquisitive. Indeed Jack seemed to be a born school master with all his questions. Mildred however seemed to be sparing her words but this time she answered. She looked at the sky and said only:

"I would go straight on believing I was in heaven, and that this being purgatory I had just left." Then she got up and walked off. Indeed for some reason Mildred seemed worried. She feared always that her speeches about the Glendellian side winning the war would come all too true. Every day she read the strange biographic reports, that came to see whether there was any sign of the dreadful floods abating. But no word was even filtered in yet. At this moment Caroline Jennings appeared.

At the sight of her Jean then slightly turned red, she stretched his length on the raft as he looked up in embarrassment. Then every one stood up as the custom. Jean looked at her with interest. He half yawned it was the first time she had come so close. She continued to stand in front of them and waited wondering on something. Apparently it seemed she didn't know what to do or say for a few seconds. Of course when Jack Jennings would like most of all to not everybody on shore for a while, but now she seemed to have discovered from recent experience that it was more dangerous on shore than on the water. She tried to suggest it though, and by addressing herself to one of the boys instead of all of them hoped to not draw attention to herself and so she favored him first.

"Will you are not going to sleep too?"

"No," he answered, "the night is too exciting. He retorted."

"She looked surprised. "You surely don't recognize further dangers from shore do you?"

"And now opened his eyes."

"I do though."

Angelina turned to him. "So you do too Fred?"

The boy lifted his head, and and rising stood up.

"And do you know what we are up to if we go ashore? The enemy are close to us. We are on their raft."

Angelina Jennings looked disconcerted. She didn't expect that there was any danger on shore. But nevertheless she was and in her mind now one had recently spoken about that if the enemy knew the raft with them was so close it would be just too bad for all on board.

"Angelina could be so pitiful," she asked. "I don't remember that the enemy has won any fighting to say according to the tale."

This question made Fred surprised and surprised that she had become almost witty.

"No but if you don't believe it's risky take a look with the glasses."

Angelina began to suspect, but Jean was not in the mood to do so.

"Wouldn't you like to know what's over on the shore? It's a shot in the direction of those dirty hounds and will all get a good and hearty reception."

Summing up the truth Angelina Jennings began to boil. The suspicious suspicions of so many unwarlike dangers seemed to whip a fire in her eyes as she heard Jack also say:

"The dirty hounds make war on children. We are now safe out there now than the soldiers are."

Then Angelina Jennings let fly too now:

"You boys are right. The mark takes child killers are always after us children whether we are scouts or not. But duty calls and we are small soldiers and sometimes have to take the chances. The glendalshins are a happy army of rangers in human form. Even the emperor himself couldn't be more insulted than to see the glendalshins have a son daughter. But where we have the raft it is equally as dangerous. I would suggest to Patrick to move far out on the water then."

"Anything else we could suggest?" asked James.

"That we all should be going home."

"But then we'll all be court marshaled," declared Jack.

They watched her disappear in the direction of Gartrud's own tent. Jack seemed troubled. "If we did go ashore the situation for us would be pretty serious."

"Do you think it would be as dangerous as that even in the night?"

"Sure to be," said Mildred. "Since the shelling I'm afraid to go to sleep again."

"The least we can expect is to go to heaven if we are killed," said James. "That didn't seem to worry or change the others. "Anyway if we did we would be looking down on the war from heaven."

"And if we want to purgatory first," turned the then thoroughgoing Jack.

"Will for the time being the war could be fought between us down there as far as I'm concerned."

Mildred indeed was a "chatterbox." There seemed to be no worries from her at all and often she could be seen going off with Jean or Jack, so that it was not easy to find her in the first flush of excitement. Jack however was not finished with his own questioning yet. He looked James this time.

"James suppose you were to go home again what would you do?"

James seemed to be more contented now than before and more comfortable. "No, any of us girls and boys are there on this raft exactly," he asked.

"That is not counting me as I'm not a scout yet!"

They counted up as far as they could figure, out of two hundred and fifty twenty are dead, forty wounded and departed in darkness, and the coward Jack Saunders. Three of them were captives, and Gartrud and Angelina Jennings the prisoner prisoners."

"We are not so badly set off at that," said Jack. "Do you think we could go to school again some day even in the army?"

"I cannot, we couldn't hire a teacher to come to the army for that matter to teach us."

"What do you mean by there being six?" said James indignantly, and roared with laughter.

"What was the purpose of Napoleon discovering America and Columbus trying to conquer the world?" asked James suddenly and earnestly.

"How many children did Charles the Bold eat?" Mildred interrupted and gently.

"We'll never make good schooling in our lives," laughed Jack. "Why I think that I discovered America in Columbus, and you James is Napoleon."

"Which Napoleon, the one who took Napoleon or who took the home apart?"

"No the one who took Friends to St. Louis," said Jack with a loud laugh.

"Which was the battle of Waterloo and which?" James wanted to know.

"Why the battle of Waterloo was fought in Waterloo on the 4th day and was fought on the 4th day in America," said Jack.

"Well we all lack the studious mind," said James.

"What office did the King of England consider the most important for his throne?" asked Jack, pretending to write down some figures, which looked more like drawing a pin-headed picture of Hanley by hold of candle light.

"Any office as long as he could sit down on his back," said Jack.

"Does it not, the glendalshins love to kill children and men in the world, or do children like to shoot glendalshins and--and--and,---)

"How many inhabitants has Calvernia?" asked James.

"How do you expect to succeed in life if you don't know that?" Jack asked.

"How could I know when Hanley gives us too much water? What is more by flood, fire, sword, and and Flood Calvernia?"

"Anything as long as Hanley knows how to swim in water of the water."

"Of course despite all these foolish sayings, they really do it on purpose. This was just for fun. They knew great deal of their lessons, their mad Pephine and so on or they couldn't be scouts. They even knew how to for a light a match in a storm of rain how a fire could be made with partly wet wood and how to doctor another if hurt or sick and too many other things to tell here."

"Well what's the use?" said Jack thoughtfully. "We'll have to go back and sit in the school benches again. Why I must even ask this question. There's some Vivian Girl Prisoners or a Hundred?"

"I consider that out of the questions," answered Mildred. "If I tell you how many I think you'll have me make a special examination for my dumbbell head."

"You had had preparations if you do get through what then there are some Vivian Girl Prisoners are everywhere."

"Well that's a bit better," declared Mildred. "But it seems unusual just the same. How can the Vivian Girls be everywhere?"

"Well how can the Glendalshins take their work against them seriously then once they have the Vivian Girls prisoners, later find they're out out and spying on some other spot. You catch and hold on all by the neck."

"Yes if you have glue on the hands. Still the Prisoners must have an occupation of some sort," insisted Jack, as though he were a teacher himself.

Then he proceeded to clean his finger nails with his own knife. He then put the knife away again and continued. "That's just it. Capture the Vivian Girls if any one can and hold them here. We can discipline ourselves and do it."

"We'll let them on this raft bound hand and foot and gagged properly. We'll leave them under guard. Then leave them thinking they're safe with us as prisoners. Later we find the guards knocked out, and the prisoners come and probably important papers too. How can any one explain that?" and Jack made a gesture toward the shore.

"Well to any glendalshins their capture or destruction would bring no good private income as a reward, and he would be able to live like a king. But I'd be ashamed of such an idea of capturing them. Why the enemy has a more successful in capturing any one of us and we are different than Violet and her sisters who are more experienced than we. If we could be captured and held how can the enemy expect to expect the same with them?"

"What will really happen when the Prince comes in their proposed investigations discover it was the enemy who was responsible for the floods?" wondered James and even he seemed troubled.

Parrod who was silent for the time gave a shrug. "I don't know. Let's wait till that time comes, and find out."

"But we are utterly at a loss. Scientists say the disaster caused all evidence. We are utterly baffled. What could we do, allow it to go into history as a strange volcanic upheaval or that the moon fell on the country?"

"What we will have is the latter," advised George.

"I don't want to write anything on it at all," said Joan warily. "We'll all be dead some day, so what does it matter who discovers the cause of the disaster or if not, what it really was? I don't think we'll ever know."

"What I think about it, Jean," Jack said after a while, rolling over on his back. "When I heard the word flood it goes to my head like fire, and as it really came I think the enemy done some most unimaginable thing: something you know, that now for it or us it seems worth lying in mud and water for. But I can't even imagine anything. All I do know is that this business about 'professional floods, and great explosion disasters and its results so far make me sick and tired of everything and so on, it makes me sick to see so much muddy water all the time it is disgusting, I don't see anything but muddy water, floating wreckage, forest fires, darkened skies, sunless days, foul great heat, no comfort at all, nothing but bones or stars—I don't see anything at all pleasant about this war, not at all. When I first heard of the disaster, and then I was far away in Galverine on a furlough everything seemed to me hopeless and confused. Everybody who read the awful news felt it after they realized it was a fact. I'm afraid for the future of the country even if we win or not. Anyhow for the many months to come it will go very hard with us all, children, and everybody of the whole nation. Every body at home or in towns that survived the disasters were so worried about it that they all left every lowland where floods might be about to be feared so that many towns and villages are deserted. And we all of us have experiences over two years of bombs, shells, and all other exciting horrors of battle, seen great massacres of children, and even a man won't peel that off his face as a sock. Believe me we are in for hard times and I don't mean maybe. Many agreed that this war by Glandelinia is fought against everyone, not only against us here, not only against our Christian armies, but against every body of our Abbeinnian States, it rages everywhere, every one who is of our age outside the armies are in greater peril than those in the front line trenches to say more and to us I suppose less, though great enough. It seems to be the common fate of our generation. Wickedness tries to uproot rightness and destroy it from the face of the earth. The war on the side of Glandelinia has literally ruined us all for everything. Emperor Vivian was right in his statement. We are not children any longer. We are not humans any longer. We are purgatorians, who resist as Hell wishes to take our place of penance by storm. We are fleeing. We fly even from ourselves it seems. Even from our lives. We are weary and ten and so on and had begun to love life and God and His saints, and the world was ours, and to defend our rights, we have to shoot it to pieces. Even the first bomb, the first explosion of war, bursts in our hearts. We are cut off from Heaven, and hell as to say, and are in Purgatory, cut off from aid even of our friends, from a triving, from progress. We believe in such good things no longer, we believe in the worst of wars. Glandelinia is the Cain, and we are the 'W' Adams."

Gertrude Angeline's tent at this same time showed signs of life. The excitement of the night and its horrors had seemed or did stir everything up. Angeline Jennings was having the captured Glandelinian prisoner (not the wounded one) brought before Gertrude Angeline to be questioned. He hoots gleamed in the distant fire glare. As he was brought in Gertrude, got up.

To see what he would answer she demanded of him: "Where's the city of Abbeinn?"

"Where's the city of Abbeinn?" she saw him turn white at this question but he insisted he knew nothing about it, thought Abbeinn was a girl and was her sister.

"I'll sister you," she said wrathfully. "You turned white when I asked you that question. You know very well. You won't say that's the fact of the matter. Out with it. What do you know about Abbeinn?" "O George, bring Miss Marie Stenok in here quick."

The prisoner looked round enquiringly for some means to duck and escape but outside six stout Abyssinian soldiers barred the entrance. He felt embarrassed to be a prisoner among "mere children" and he tried another way to evade the question but with no success.

The boy came back a moment later.

"Miss Marie Stenok will be here in ten minutes," Gertrude said.

Then having something to do before she rang it being now ten o'clock, he stepped off.

"I have a feeling that next time we go up investigating disasters I'll be letting a storm fall on some Glandelinian officers' head," hinted Francis who was in the same tent looking at the prisoner.

"We'll have quite a lot of jokes out of him," laughed another.

"That's our sole ambition, to knock the conceit out of these haughty Glandelinians who like to kill children because they are so 'scared' to die," said Angeline nichae.

The prisoner was going to sit down.

"Stand there till you're ordered to sit down," said Gertrude. "In the presence of ladies, men stand didn't you know that?"

The prisoner looked round and saw by a table three girl scout officers sitting and playing cards. Less than ten minutes afterward Marie Stenok appeared and Gertrude told her what she wanted her for. Mary turned to the prisoner.

"Here's Abbeinn!"

The prisoner shrugged his shoulders.

"Then you'd better find Abbeinn," said one of the girls who was playing cards. "He's a flood-bound victim and we feel sure one of your kind is responsible. Haven't you been out there to look for her?"

"Who is she?" asked the prisoner.

"Who is she? Nothing now, she's nothing but water. Have you ever been out here before or were you always in Mylet's army?"

"That's none of your business," retorted the prisoner to the girl.

But Mary said:

"We believe you know something about the mysteries of Abbeinn. I expect an answer."

"I cannot tell you anything."

"Very good. See over yonder where all that smoke is and that glare. Those are your men made forest fires. Some of us tried to go over there several weeks ago. Five dead and eighteen wounded. To you Glandelinians it seems lots of fun. Next time when we go scouting you go with us. We have been waiting a long time to capture some one like you. Now you may sit down. I'm going to question you some more."

He sat down but unknown to any one in the tent the chairs legs were weak and he "SAT DOWN," and two girls disappeared from the tent like a comet, and out side they hid away hearing his wailing with one laughter came up for trail before retiring time. The ones who captured him appeared as witnesses to his arrest and explained the reason of the capture. The story of Abbeinn's destruction made an impression on all, but the prisoner tried to evade the questions entirely, but in the end had to confess, that he knew nothing about Mylet's affairs, that he was a soldier in Mylet's army.

"Why didn't you report the matter then?" asked Gertrude.

The prisoner was silent. The prisoner seemed to know himself how much use it is reporting such things when he is a prisoner. It is of no avail to make any complaints when you're a prisoner as you would not be listened to. Mary understood it all right, and lectured the prisoner severely making it plain to him that every one though they cannot yet prove or prove it suspects Glandelinia of the crime. The prisoner was then led back to his quarters.

When this was finished:

Jack said to his friend James:

"Before we sound what do you say to some roast goose? We can try it where it is not all quiet."

"I sure would agree," James said.

They got permission and went ashore. Jack in reality wanted to test James some more. First to see their bearings they climbed up a tree. Jack marked the spot exactly close to the enemy's lines. It was a big shed belonging to a Glandelinian regimental headquarters. James agreed to get the goose himself and received the instructions from Jack. The outhouse he found was behind the wall and the door shut with just a peg. Jack of course hoisted him up, James resting his foot in his hands, and finally climbed over the wall. Jack with drawn pistols kept watch below. James waited a few moments to accustom his eyes to the darkness and to be sure no Glandelinians would see him. Finally he recognized the shed, and he softly stole across, lifted the peg pulled it out, and opened the door. After cautiously looking inside Jack observed something like couple of white patches. They were two geese. He knew that was bad for if he only grabbed one the other would set up a row and all the squads of the enemy would be around him.

"Well I'll grab both of them," he said. "If I'm quick enough it can be done."

James after cautiously looking round to see if there were any sentries made a jump. He caught hold of one, and the next instant the second, then like a boy who had gone mad he banged their heads against the wall to stun them, but he didn't do it hard enough or didn't have strength enough. The boats creaked in a concert and struck out with their feet and wings, James fighting desperately too, but Heavens what a kick a goose sure has. They struggled fiercely and he staggered about trying to find the entrance. In the dark these white patches to him seemed terrifying, they would arouse the Glandelinians who would come to investigate. And it seemed to him as if his own arms had grown wings and he was already afraid of going up into the sky, as though he held a dozen captive balloons in his fists.

Then the row surely began for fair, for one of the geese succeeded in getting his breath and went off like an alarm clock, and before James could do anything to silence it, something black came in from the outside, the boy felt a resounding blow, and fell outstretched on the floor, and then heard some a wful growl which he realized came directly from some kind of dog. He cautiously stole a glance to the side from which he had been knocked down, and whatever it was made a snap at the boy's throat. James therefore laid very still and tucked his chin into his collar. He realized it was a dog alright, a great dane. After what seemed to be a full eternity the animal withdrew his head, and sat down beside the lad. James found too that if he made even the slightest movement the dog growled and boxed him with his paw. James had to consider, and realized though he hated to do it as he loved dogs, that the only thing to do was to get hold of his small almost noiseless revolver and that too before any one of any of the Glandelinians arrived. Therefore inch by inch James moved his hand toward it yet he had the feeling that it lasted an eternity for with the slightest movement there followed the awful growl and the boxing. Therefore James laid still with the purpose to try again when at last he had the revolver in his hand the boys hand started to tremble. He pressed it against the ground, and then thought to himself "I must jerk up the revolver up first before he has a chance to grab, and then jump up. Therefore the boy slowly took a deep breath, and finally became much calmer. Then he held his breath, whipped up the revolver, and there was the explosion of the cartridge, the dog leaped howling to one side, and the boy made quickly for the door of the shed, and fell head over heels over one of the geese. At full speed he seized it again, and with a swing tossed it over the wall and clambered up but no sooner was the lad on top when the dog was up again as lively as ever, and sprang sprang at the boy who fired at it again this time mortally wounding the animal. Then quickly as there was a hubbub of voices the lad let himself drop. Ten paces away stood Jack with the goose under his arm. As soon as Jack met him both ran just as a number of Glandelinians shouting appeared coming over the wall.

In the darkness and with the help of the darkness they managed to reach the boat unseen and got across to the raft. At last they could breathe easier. The goose indeed indeed was dead, Jack so to that in a moment. Both he and James intended to roast it without telling anybody. James fetched a stove and some wood from one of the raft tents and placed it on the center. He formed a sort of hearth an iron plate set on some bricks, and both kindled the fire. Then Jack plucked and cleaned the goose. They put the feathers carefully to one side and Jack said in a whisper "I'd like to make two feather cushions out of them with the inscription: 'Sleep soft and sound under shell fire.' The sound of distant guns from some distant region penetrated across the waters. The glow of the fire lit up their little faces, and shadowy forms danced on the raft. Sometimes there was close by on shore a heavy crash, and everything on board the raft shivered. Once they heard a stifled cry and they believed some one must have been hit on shore. Shells droned the strange whir, whir of machine guns broke out somewhere, but no light that could be observed shown from the raft as their cooking fire was covered.

Jack and James were sitting opposite of each other boy scouts in sheep shabby uniforms cooking a coocee at nine o'clock at night. Both boys now did not talk much but they seemed to have a more complete communion with one another than lovers had. They were two boys, two minute sparks of life, one a Abyssinkilian, Abyssinkilian lad, and the other German, outside was the night, and was far beyond was the circle of death in many horrible ways. Every one on the raft were about absolutely on the edge of it in danger always, the geese dropped from their hands and in their hearts the two boys were close to one another, and the hour was not yet late, what did Jack know of James or James of Jack. Formerly they should not have had a single thought in common now they sat with a goose between them and feel felt united and were so intimate that they did not even see a speak.

It unfortunately took a long time for them to roast the goose even when it is young and fat. So they took turns. One basted it while the other laid down and got some sleep while a grand smell gradually filled the air from the roasting goose. The noise further away always would increase in volume, pass into Jack's dream and yet linger into his memory. Some times in a half sleep it would watch James dip and raise the ladle. He felt he could love this nice German lad, his shoulders, his angular stooping figure -- and at the same time he saw behind him the smoke and flame filled distant woods, star shells, and often heard a clear voice that uttered words that brought Jack peace, to him a boy scout in big boots, belt and knapsack taking anything that came his way under the high heaven, quickly forgetting and seldom sorrowful for ever pressing on under the wide night sky. A little boy soldier, and a clear voice and if any one were to caress him he would hardly then understand this boy scout with the big boots, and shut heart, who marches and works and has forgotten all else but the horrors of the extraordinary war. Far away in a distant land he knew there were countries with flowers and he was lying so still that he felt he would like to weep. There were sights too he knew at home that he has not forgotten could not forget, because he never possessed them now perplexing, yet now lost to him. Are not his ten summers there. Jack felt that his face was wet, and for a moment wondered where he was. James stood before him, his gigantic stooping shadow falling upon him like home. He spoke gently, smiled, and went back to the fire. Then he said;

"Let's eat. It is done."

"Yes James."

Jack stirred himself. In the middle of the tent shone the brown goose. Both took their collapsible forks and their knives and each began their feast. With it they had army bread dipped in gravy and they ate slowly and with gusto.

"How does it taste James?"

"Good indeed, and yours!"

"Good James. We both make excellent cooks."

They felt like brothers and pressed on one another the choicest pieces.

"How would it be if we took a bit to Gertrude and Angeline Riches?"

"Best of all," said James. "They'll be surprised. That if if they had not gone to bed yet."

They carved off portions and wrapped it up carefully in newspapers. The rest they thought of taking over to Jean and some others who might be found awake that is dispose of it all."

So off they went to the respective tents and found they were awake. For a moment learning how the boys got the goose Gertrude and Angeline Riches took the boys for magicians. Then indeed they did get busy with their teeth. Gertrude held a wing in her mouth with both hands like a mouth organ and ate away. It was a long time since she had ever tasted a goose. She drank the gravy from the pot and smacked her lips.

"I'll return you this favor some time...." said Gertrude.

The two boys then went back out of the hut for their own tents. Again there was the lofty stars star shells. But the boys went off to sleep.

Morning dawned dark and sultry, every one was up unusually early because of the fact that it was too hot to sleep any longer. Then the Telegraph in Gertrude's tent started its sound.

"There's rumors that to morrow and to day the enemy will continue to resist Viviania," she said. Now "New christian forces the telegraph says has gone up to the front two days earlier than us all. I believe the war is growing more violent."

Ahead of them even on the waters everything was shimmering. During that night, those who had been on night duty tried to get their bearings. It was now fairly quiet this morning, and even those on board the raft could hear the transports behind the very enemy lines rolling ceaselessly.

"They are not going back or retreating further but bring up troops," said Gertrude listening to the sound of troops, munitions and shells. "I hope general Viviania's artillery has been strengthened, but we are too far from the battle and cannot be able to detect that. The prisoner who is wounded said that general Viviania is well supplied, that he has at least four more batteries of many twenty times to the north of Riches's farm and behind the poplar forests the art artillery men have also put in many trench mortars and besides these they have brought up a large number of these little beasts with such instantaneous fuses, so we do not need to fear of general Viviania losing. But we ourselves must keep out of range. We had enough of it last night."

How very because of the sights of so much desolation every one on board the raft were in very low spirits. After the raft also started off a little the very christian shells began to fall into the water. The shore itself was like a large cage in which all on board the raft itself must wait fearfully whatever may happen.

No doubt Gertrude believed that the Glandelinians were in a very perilous position literally lying under a perfect network of falling and exploding shells and were living in a suspense of uncertainty. Even over the very raft too close to the shore yet, chance hovered. If a good and dangerous shot came those on the raft could duck, that is all, they knew neither could they determine where it would fall, and if a high explosive ever blew up on the raft, they would all be going "swimming".

It was this case of taking such chances that made every one of the girlscoouts so indifferent. Gertrude remembered an experience she herself had during one of the actions at the battle of Hadrick Junction or Gledernine. During the beginning of the battle she had been sitting in a shed playing a sort of card game with one of the Vivian girls, and after a while she hearing the noise of battle growing louder had finally got up and went to the rear to visit some of her girlscoout friends in a house. On her return nothing more was to be seen of the shed it had been blown to pieces by a direct hit, and the occupants had gone just before it was struck. She went back to the country house and arrived just in time to have soldiers come and lend a hand digging those who were in the wreckage free. In the interval the house had been buried by the wreckage thrown over it by an exploding gas gang shell. This always showed that this was just a matter of chance that she and her other friends were still alive as she or they may have easily been blown to bits. At Vivian wiskey she knew that any one may be in a bomb proof being dug out and may be smashed to atoms and yet in the open may survive forty eight hours bombardment without receiving even a scratch. Yet all the girl and boy scouts know that no where does a soldier outlive a thousand or more chances. But even so, a girl or boy scout or a spy and son believes in God's protection, and therefore trusts to luck.

Though the girlscoouts knew not why even on the raft they soon were realizing that they must look out for the safety of their bread. Rats had secured a foothold on the raft lately and in great numbers. The rats too were particularly repulsive, they were fat, the kind the girls called corpse rats, rats that make you think of living ghosts. They had shocking evil and naked eyes and it was even to the very boys very nauseating to see their long nude tails. Indeed the rodents seemed mighty hungry, for it was evident that almost every one had found his provisions gotten into or his or her bread knawed. Gertrude had wrapped hers in her woe water r waterproof sheet and put it under her pillow but she could not sleep because recently at night they literally ran over her face to get at it, and though she chased them with a spade in her hand they were quicker than she (girls in Abbisennia are not scared of rats and mice). Angelina e Riches meant to outwit them, she fastened a thin wire to the roof of her tent and suspended her bread, and cheese from it, during one night she switched on her pocket torch and saw the wire violently swinging to and fro, and on the bread was riding a fat rat. Her pistol spat, and she took the rat out by the tale asking Jack:

"What a rat for breakfast?"

"Maybe if necessity" was his only answer.

At last they had succeeded in putting a stop to most of the rodents. They could not afford to throw bread and provisions away to rats because already sometimes they had practically nothing to eat at times, so they carefully had cut off the bits of bread that the animals had knawed. The slices that they cut off were heaped together in the middle of the tent floor. Each girl or boy then took out a spade or any handy flat weapon that was heavy heavy, and laid down prepared to strike. Either it was Gertrude, Angelina e Riches or Jane who held their pocket lamps ready. After a few minutes they had heard the first shuffling and tugging. The noise grew, then came the sound of many little feet. Then the torches were switched on, and every little girl or boy struck at the heaps, which though they scatter with a rush, many fall to pieces and the result is so good that the girls and boys finally toss scores of dead rats across the raft into the water, and then again toss the little beasts seemed to get wise to it or perhaps they had scented the blood, and therefore they had returned but all seldom. This morning for breakfast they all received an issue of Cheese and crackers. Each one received a quarter of a cheese. They ate it of course with crackers and coffee but were not greatly comforted.

Even since they began to travel on the raft they had been always making war on the rats. And from their brushes with the enemy, especially the three big ones, their own ammunition and hand grenades had become more plentiful. They had even captured from the Glandelinians all kinds of bayonets and on overhauling them found many that had a saw on the blunt edge. If the Glandelinians ever captured a Glandelinian soldier with one of those they would kill him outright, not give him any quarter. One of the Glandelinians had been found whose nose was cut off, and their eyes poked out with their own bayonets, and their noses were stuffed with sand and saw dust cemented so that they smothered. However Gertrude knew that the enemy had realized that in many cases the bayonet had practically lost its importance as they could not cope successfully with the Christian bayonets so the Glandelinians in charging or defending their works had fought with grenades, and spades and pick axes only. The sharpened spade was too the Glandelinians indeed a more handy weapon many sided too and not only could it be used for jabbing an Angelinian soldier under the chin but it was much better for striking because of its great weight, and if any one hit between the neck and the shoulder it would easily cleave as far down as the chest. Often the bayonet would be jammed on the thrust and then the Glandelinian soldier had to kick hard on the other fellows belly to pull it out again, and in the interval he would get one from some one else himself. And what's more the blade often gets broken off, with an Angelinian bayonet it is better. The Angelinian kind of make never broke yet.

They paddled the raft off for about a mile off land. Dawn approached without anything happening on the shore, only the ever last everlasting nerve racking roll behind the enemies and the Christian lines, trains of wagons, thunders of cannon, roars of other clammers of distant battle but too what were they concentrating with her glasses Gertrude could see the enemy artillery firing on Christian surges of men continually, but still the attack does not cease. All on board the raft had tired faces, and some tried to avoid each others eyes.

"It will be like the Gledernine," said Gertrude gloomily. "There we were our selves shelled steadily for seven days and nights before the battle broke loose with the infantry and raged that dreadful horror all day."

Gertrude seemed to have lost all her fun since they had been on the raft so long, which seemed bad, because Gertrude was known as a Prophet of War or Prophets rather and seemed to be able to smell what was coming. Day after day had passed. At night Jack had often too squatted in the listening post on the raft. At night above him he had seen the rockets, and the parachute lights shoot up and float down again. Often he was cautious and tense and his heart would thump. He eyes had turned again and again to the luminous dial on his watch, and the hands seemed not to budge. Sleep hung heavily on his eyelids, and he worked his toes in his boots in order to keep awake. Nothing had happened however. He remembered one day when he was within general Vivians lines that the sky all day had been hung with observation balloons. Once he had heard a rumor that the enemy was going to let go some other new kind of disaster but that interested them less than what they heard of the disasters already going on.

Toward eight o'clock it seemed as if the earth boomed and the waters of the flood were leashed into rippling waves. Heavy fire was seen falling on the enemy's positions on shore far to the south. For fear shells would fall on the raft, the more frightened of the boyscoouts crouched into corners, and Gertrude by looking through her glasses could distinguish shells of every kind. Then the raft seemed to heave, the day roared, and the smoke cloud ashore flashed. Gertrude and Angelina looked at each other in the momentary flashes of light and with pale faces, and pressed lips shook their heads. Every one on board of the raft were aware of the many heavy shells that were tearing down the Glandelinian parapets far off on the south, knew that by the sound great explosions were being rooting up all kinds of embankments and demolishing the Glandelinian batteries within range. When a shell landed in the sea water they noted how the hollow furious blast was something like a blow from the paw of a raging beast of prey and a great eruption of water rose in the air, and sprayed over the raft like a deluge of rain. So terrible was the noise that already a few of the younger boyscoouts were green at vomiting, and indeed they were too inexperienced, and probably had never been close to such terrific shelling before. The raft was still being rattled further out of range from shore and slowly the gray lights of shells per minute became paler, morning was coming on. Far away they now heard the explosion of two mil mines mingled loudly with the gunfire. This usually was always the most dreadful and dementing convulsion of all and looked and sounded like a green ic volcano blowing to pieces/

"I'd hate to be where those mines went off," said Jack to Jean.

"I don't think I'd like to be there either," she said. "Because the whole region where they go becomes one grave no matter how many soldiers may have been there."

The raft reliefs now went out, day guards, and the night ones staggered in, covered with mud water and sand, and they were trembling. One of the young nine year old boy laid down in silence in his tent and ate what he could, twice he had been flung on his face by the concussion of explosions on shore without getting any more than slight shell shock. The younger boys in the same tent were eyeing him closely.

"We have to watch them," said Gertrude. "Those things are catching."

"Catching, what do you mean catching?" asked Angeline Richer.

"I can't explain it, but look some of them are looking mighty nervous. It is good that it is growing daylight, perhaps we'll get out of range. We are unconsciously to the Christians under fire of their own guns. The shells that might hit are us are at random you know."

The artillery fire did not diminish, it was now falling closer in the water too. Gertrude took a look on shore with her powerful field glasses and discovered that as far as one could see the landscapes seemed to spout huge eruptions and foundations of smoke iron, and mud.

"The Christian artillery men are raking a wide belt of the enemy's position," she said. "I do not see any signs of a Christian attack coming yet against the enemy but the bombardment continues. If we don't get away from shore yet we may be hit yet and sunk."

Slowly every one else including many of the men became absolutely mute. Hardly no one would speak, even in a whisper. They did not seem able to make each other understand the situation either. Gertrude continued to look through her glasses.

"The Glendelinian shells are almost gone. Look through these glasses Jean, the fire is working wonders. At many places the enemy's highest breastworks are only eighteen inches high, they are broken by many holes and mountains of earth. My heavens see that explosion. Like a big eruption. Look a big shell lands square in front of a Glendelinian general's headquarters. The building is blown to pieces."

At once overhead it grew momentarily darker. An eruption of water roared upward close to the raft, and every one outside ran to get out of the way of the falling spray but were drenched nevertheless. The raft seemed to heave from the shock, and a wave made by the explosion almost swamped it. The men who were paddling were working harder and they were calmer because they had something to do.

Gertrude came out again and once more applied her glasses shoreward. "Two shells of the enemy are gone, and lots of men are scurrying for shelter," she said.

She looked round and saw that some of the more timid boys calmed themselves at the sight of her. She declared that at evening when the shelling was over she would attempt to land and secure some more food. This sounded reassuring. No one had thought of it except Gertrude. Now the very outside world seemed to draw a little nearer, if more food could be brought in on the raft then it would not be really so bad. The night before attempts to get food was carried. Three parties had gone out, and it had turned back. Finally even Penrod had tried, and even he had disappeared without accomplishing anything.

"No one can get through that territory," he said. "Not even a fly is small enough to get through such a region, of a barrage of shells, forest fires, and other perils. We would have to be spirits to do that."

That morning all had pulled in their belts tighter, and chewed every mouthful three times as long. Still it was evident the flood did not mean to last out, many or all were already dreadfully hungry. Jack had made good made good by giving others a share of the goose he had captured in his raid and forunately he and they were not so hungry. James too was all right. Mildred took out a scrap of bread, ate the white and put the crust back into her knapsack with the purpose to nibble it from time to time.

A day like this was unbearable. Even the night it self had been unbearable from noise, heat, and smoke and the strange noises on shore. No one had been able to sleep, but to stare ahead of themselves and daze. Jack had regretted that he had not been able to retain the other goose. They were becoming short of water too but not seriously yet....

Toward morning while it was still still dark there came some great excitement, for through the entrance of the mess hall rushed in a swarm of fleeing rats that tried to turn the very walls of the big tent. At once torches lighted up the confusion, every one yelled, and cursed, and slaughtered and the madness and despair of many hours unloaded itself in this outbreak. Faces were distorted, arms struck

out in all directions, the beasts screamed and squealed, and scrambled furiously in all directions to escape in vain only to be killed by scores, and boys and girls stopped in time just to prevent attacking each other by mistake. The onslaught had however exhausted them. They laid down to wait again. The raft was usually so dangerously exposed that indeed it seemed to be a great marvel that it had no losses of life so far, or that it was not hit and sunk. One man came in by a boat, and he had a loaf of bread with him, but only that and nothing else. Three Abyssinian soldiers only had the luck unknown to the others to get through during the night and bring some provisions. One of them said the morning bombardment from the many Christian batteries extended without abatement as far as the artillery lines stretched.

"It's a mystery where general Vivian's got all the shells, and other munitions when he is down down here so far," said Gertrude.

Those on board the raft waited and waited. In a few minutes what was actually expected happened, and that was that one of the boys had a fit, especially the coward Jack Saunders who had been a prisoner on board the raft all this time. The sentry had been watching him for a long time, and had seen the boy grind his teeth and was making motions as if he was opening and shutting his fists. He had hunted and protruding eyes, and the sentry indeed knew them too well, during the last few hours of night, and also through the earliest part of the morning the boy had had merely the outward appearance of calm as if he had collapsed like a rotten tree. Now he stood up, crept stealthily across the floor of the tent, hesitated a moment, and then glided toward the exit of the tent. The sentry immediately intercepted him and said:

"And where do you think you are going?"

"I'll be back in a few minutes," he answered, and tried to push back his guard to get out.

"No you won't. Just remain in the tent, the shelling will stop soon or we'll soon get out of range."

He listened for a moment and then for another moment his eyes became clear. Then again he had the glowering eyes of a mad dog, he was silent, and he tried to shove the guard aside.

"One moment lad," said the sentry (who was a soldier) "You are not allowed to leave the tent."

Gertrude however no longer hesitated, and she jumped in, and held him. Then he began to rave, "Leave me alone, let me go out, I will go out."

He wouldn't listen to anything, and struck out landing on Gertrude's mouth with the palm of his hand, his mouth was wet, and he started to pour out words half choked meaningless words.

"It is a case of claustrophobia," said Gertrude. "He feels as though he is suffocating here and wants to get out at any price. If we let him go he would run about everywhere and without regard to cover. He is not the first I have seen. This happens to cowards too close to a bottle."

Though he raved, and his eyes rolled, it nevertheless could not be helped and Gertrude and two other boys were forced to give him a hiding to bring the cowardly boy to his senses. They did it quickly and mercilessly, and at last he sat down quietly. Some of the other younger boys had turned quite pale. The distant uproar was too much for them evidently and indeed it was enough to turn an old soldier's hair gray. And besides the sticky close smoky atmosphere worked more than ever on their nerves, and as the raft was gliding away still further they all sat as if in their graves waiting only to be closed in. Suddenly something howled and flashed most terrifically, and a shell hit one of the sheds on the raft, a direct hit too but it passed off into the water before exploding which was fortunate. The shed however withstood the shock but it rang metallically the walls recoiled everything inside flew everywhere, sulphur fumes poured over the raft. If the shell had exploded on the raft not one on the raft would have been alive. But the effect of the crash of the explosion in the water was bad enough. Jack Saunders started to rave again, and two others followed suit, one jumping up and rushing out, and the boys had trouble with the other two. Gertrude started after the one who had escaped and wondered whether to shoot him in the leg, then the shriek came again, Gertrude flung herself down and when she stood up a wall of rolling smoke obscured the shore within her front. She scrambled back.

Jack Saunders seemed actually to have gone insane. He buried his head against the wall of the tent like a goat. He therefore was bound hand and foot but in such a way that in case the raft happens to get sunk he can be released at once. Gertrude suggested a game of checkers for it is easier when a person

has something to do. But it however was of no use for they listened for every explosion that came closer, miscounting the moves, and failing to follow suit, and so they had to give it up. They sat as though in a hissing boiler that was being belaboured from without on all sides. They felt drenched by the strain, a deadly tension that scraped along one's spine like a gapped knife. Their legs refused to move, their hands trembled, their bodies seemed as if of thin skin stretched painfully over repressed madness, over an almost irresistible burning uproar. They dared not look at one another any longer for fear of some most incredible thing. So they shut their teeth and thought--it will end--it will end--it must end, perhaps we will come through, the raft won't be injured and--and--suddenly the nearer explosions ceased. The shelling of course continued but it had lifted and fell somewhere else, the raft was free. For fear of Glandelinians in retreating would come toward the raft, those on board therefore seized their hand grenades and came outside to watch. The closer bombardment had ceased and the heavy shrapnell fell elsewhere. Gertrude took her glasses to look, and she and other watchers for if an attack came upon the enemy she could see it easily enough.

"The attack is being made," she screamed with excitement. "Look Angeline through your glasses. I hope they carry the enemy's works."

"Yes, and yet no one would believe that in that howling waste out there there could still be men but there they are for I see countless thousands of men appearing on the outer side of the enemy's battered trenches even only in the space of a mile, and fifty yards off a machine gun is already in position and going off like a hose turned on by a motor."

"I don't see how the enemy can hold if they do resist," said Mildred. "The enemy's positions and abatis are all torn to pieces and offer no obstacle whatever. See there come the Christian troops, to the storming. Listen! hear the enemy's smaller artillery opening fire, machine guns rattling and the rifles going like millions of randsaps on a wooden roof. Look the charge is working its way across."

They could see two Glandelinian batteries firing as they could be loaded other batteries on a retreat passed them, and a shell exploding near destroyed six guns and all the crew. A gift! A gun was hurled sixty yards, and its occasion a-venty, and the munitions either exploded or were scattered far and wide showing the mightypower of the shell. The girls gasped as they watched the onslaught.

"Our troops as they are running cannot do much," said Jane. "They have to wait until they get within forty yards. I feel they may not succeed."

"I can recognise the distorted faces," said Jean. "They are Abyssinians. They have already suffered heavily, I don't like that, the foe lines is all a wall of smoke now and I'm afraid the Christian troops won't reach the position. A whole line has gone down before the enemy's dreadful fire, but look, some of the enemy's artillery are too hot to continue or to fire maybe too they are out of ammunition, they are pressing nearer. Hurrah! They'll win now."

Gertrude saw with the help of her glasses one of the Glandelinian soldiers rise, and aim to fire, when he gave a lurch his rifle went off into the air and he fell across the works, his body collapsing and his hands remaining suspended a little upwards as though he was praying (the better he was). Then a shell (shrapnell) exploded close to him and his body was hurled clean away by the blast and only his hands with the stump of his arms shot off by the shrapnell now hung a little over the works. She watched the ensuing fury of the Christian charge as long as she could stand the horrid sights and saw the Christian troops within about fifty yards of the works. As she was watching this she received a shock. She observed a dark pointed beard, and then two eyes that were literally fastened on her from the nearest point of shore. Then she saw it move, then observed a gray sleeve arm, then the head rose up, a hand, a movement came from both hands, and she saw a rifle pointed directly at her.

Before he could fire a shot she flung a grenade through the air, and he lay still forever afterwards. She then looked at the same battle scene and observed that the Glandelinians within sight were starting to retreat, those behind making for the rear in quite a hubbub of confusion, the Christians pushing on. She at first was somewhat discouraged for she observed a long line of Glandelinian machine guns firing from a new position a little higher up, and saw the Christian troops in the foremost line going down faster than she could count by scores, and she felt sick.

"The Glandelinians are fighting with the fury of wild beasts, like lions and tigers," she said. "Look how the rear positions are wrapped in smoke and flame. The Christian troops are foolishly rushing on, when they should seek other shelters to defend themselves against the danger of annihilation. Look how they are falling into dead and wounded now. My God a whole wave is down. What is the matter with the generals, crazy! It is not against men the Christian soldiers are attacking, it is death with hands and heartless fury mowing the Christians down and yet the officers keep pushing them on recklessly. Gertrude for a

short time felt within her a mad anger. But nevertheless she saw that the Glandelinians though resisting so wildly, and with such insane desperation were retreating, she saw a great number crouch behind a small and on tin us firing until not a soldier in gray was left alive, she saw large surges of men in gray retreat behind a stone wall and other objections of protection and continue a terrific fire, before they were so reduced that they finally had to abandon this position and run before the ever advancing Christians. The awful noise of the battle now seemed to laterally impinge powerfully on the legs and arms of everybody on board the raft, the air was vibrated from the din of firing, and yells, screams, and noises of frightful agony. She followed with her glasses as she saw a score of platoons of Glandelinians continue to run on crouching however like frightened animals as they did so, and she knew that the Glandelinians nevertheless were overwhelmed by this Christian tide that forced them to run. She knew that what made the Christians go on so valiantly was that the fury in them multiplied their strength with madness and ferocity, seeking and fighting for nothing but to drive away or annihilate the gray uniformed defenders of the foe.

"The forward barbed wire and other works of the Glandelinians have been abandoned," said Angeline pichen.

"But they do not look like works and trenches now," said Gertrude. "Look that once great silent position over there, now blown to pieces, annihilated--they are only broken bits of works near it that is all, so no wonder the enemy could not withstand the attack."

"But oh the Christian casualties are increasing immeasurably," said Mildred. "I do not believe the enemy would give such resistance. I'm afraid when they receive reinforcements and rally they'll drive in a counter charge and throw our side back again."

The heat of the morning had not ceased however, the sweat almost stung in Gertrude's eyes, and she took out her handkerchief to wipe it off. She saw the Glandelinians at last reach a breastwork that was further in the rear, and she saw reinforcements coming for the Glandelinians. It was named most fearfully, and it received the attacking Christians fiercely, while the Glandelinian guns opened up in full blast and so Gertrude horror and disappointment was finally cutting off and repulsing the Christian attack. She saw the frontal lines of the recently advancing Christians stop advancing, because they could advance no further without annihilation.

"I knew it! I knew it," said Mildred disdainfully. "The attack is crushed by the Glandelinian artillery."

Every one who had glasses watched. She that is Gertrude observed that the Glandelinian artillery fire increased, and that new columns of the enemy broke forward with their terrific devil yells. For a moment so quickly was the counter charge there came a hand to hand fighting which none of the child scouts could bear to look upon but those that could look saw that the Christian troops were being driven back again, and with dreadful slaughter. They saw the enemy rush on like a storm, the Glandelinians with leaps and springs, and while at the same time forcibly passing through and amidst the retreating Christians reach the shattered works again with their Christian foes, and both on retreat and advance pass on beyond it. This was a frightful sight, a retreat and an incomprehensible hand to hand fighting at the same time. She Gertrude saw a man get his head knocked off by a rifle butt, and observed him run for nearly a hundred feet or more while the blood was spouting from his neck like a fountain. Then he fell. The Glandelinians and retreating Christians reached the shelter of the main works at the same time and both sides try to halt at once and plunge again into the unspeakable horror and the slaughter became most frightful. But the Glandelinians were able to sweep forward again, powerfully, the Glandelinians too were maddened with fury, raging most savagely, they were mortal enemies of the Christians indeed, they showed it by their methods of fighting, they were as Gertrude saw determined to kill all in their way. Gertrude had never believed men could fight each other so savagely, the Glandelinians continued to push forward as if nothing resisted them. All seemed now a gloomy world of Hades, of Hades automations, and it seemed that the foe had even lost all feelings for even themselves.

They could not even control themselves when their haunted glance lighted on the forms of purple coated men in front of them, and they attacked like thugs and murder-murderers. Gertrude saw a young Angeline soldier forced to lag behind from sheer exhaustion, he was overtaken by a Glandelinian soldier who appeared to be a Scoddler, but the Angeline was seen to put up his hands, but he held in one a revolver, and the Scoddler not certain whether his foe meant to either give himself up or shoot, struck the Angeline and his sabre cleaved through his head, but simultaneously from another Angeline he got a bayonet in the back, then almost at once the Angeline fell wounded.

So fierce was the hand fighting now that men were cut down or bayoneted and shot faster than you could count by scores. An Angelinian officer saw a Glandelinian Hobbonite coming toward him, and tries to run farther, a bayonet jabbed him into the back, but again the Glandelinian is killed by a musket butt striking him in the head from behind. He leaped into the air, his arms thrown wide, his mouth wide open, yelling and cursing, he staggered, but still in his back the bayonet quivered. A third man threw away his rifle, cowered down with his hands before his eyes. This man Gertrude observed was left behind with only a few other prisoners to help carry off wounded. Suddenly in the pursuit she observed the enemy reach the Christian line, position itself. Still the enemy were so close on the heels of the retreating Christians that the foe reached it at the same time as they and poured over the works before the purple coats could even have an instant's time to make a halt or rally. In this way the Glandelinians began to suffer fearful losses in turn. But the foe continued to press on. She observed a Glandelinian captain smash with his sword handle to pulp a man's face of one of the gunners. Two soldiers bayoneted the others before they had time to even get out their hand grenades. The works were now impregnable of the foe and Gertrude could see that the whole action of the Christian works was empty. So fast Gertrude observed was the retreat of the soldiers that the foremost of the Glandelinians lost touch with the Christians entirely. But she began to observe there was some hope after all, and this too was only the beginning. The fight never ceased. Further off a continual roar showed the main Christian batteries were breaking loose again. The Glandelinians were again under a hell of shell fire, that was shattering everything without excepting killing and tearing man to pieces by the scores of thousands per broadside. The enemy could not stay here a moment longer but was forced to retire to Gertrude's satisfaction under cover of their own artillery and to their own position or be annihilated.

The Glandelinians observed by Gertrude got back in bad style however, and to make it more exciting new Christian forward forces were preparing to charge again. Gertrude did not want to see any more. As shell again thundered their hellish fury too close to the raft to suit her fancy she and the others went into their tents and the men at the paddle were ordered to row faster, while others were put to work hastily to take advantage of the east winds then prevailing to hoist the sails. On board the raft had been brought early in the morning by some of the men a goodly supply of corned beef which had been the chief reason of a flying raid on the part of these men, for the nourishment of these child scouts was threatening to be generally bad, for they have had a constant hunger from being in a region of such abject desolation.

One of the men in his raid that early morning had bagged five tins together. This showed that the Glandelinians were well looked after, and it seemed a luxury to have one of the tins of salt, and thick soldier's soup accords with their hunger pangs, their turnip jams, and meat so scarce that they literally would grab for it. Another man had scored a thin loaf of white bread, and stuck it in behind his belt like a spade. It was a good thing there fore every one had something decent to eat at least, for they all still had a use for all their strength, and therefore enough to eat, is just as good as a good strong defense, it can save their very lives, and that was the reason they just now felt so greedy for it. Even Jack when he had sent James to capture two geese had secured two water bottles full of milk, and that morning had passed them round to every one, there having been enough.

As the raft went on ahead the morning advanced, and from the warmer waters of the flood rose thick steamy mists because of the heat and it looked as though the very air was full of ghostly secrets. The white vapour crept painfully up upwards before it ventured to steal away toward the shore, and long streaks of smoky smoke adding to the scene stretched along the shore. It was very warm. Jack was on sentry duty, and as the raft bore away a little off shore he stared into the murk. His strength was almost exhausted from his almost sleepless night and it was hard for him to be alone so much with his thoughts. They were not proper nor pleasant thoughts, at least they were memories which in his weakness turned homewards and strangely moved him. Great clouds of smoke from bursting high explosives shot high upwards like great volcanic eruptions---and thinking hard to himself Jack imagined he saw a picture, a pleasant beautiful summer evening, he again was in the Cloister of his old Parish Cathedral, and he fancied he again saw the tall fir trees that grew in the middle of the large cloister garden, where saintly persons lay buried. Around the walls too were the stone carvings of the well known Stations of the Cross. A great crowd is there hearing morning Mass. Yet a great quietness rules there the sun lies warm on the great heavy stones. At

the right hand corner the beautiful greenish blue Cathedral spires ascended into the pale blue skies of the evening and between the glowing columns of the cloister was the cool darkness that only cherubs have and he stood there and wondered whether, when he was twenty he shall become a priest or a lay brother. The image is startlingly near it touched his forehead it dissolved away in the flare of the next explosion shell. Suddenly Jack for the moment came to himself, he saw something peering at him and he lay hold of his rifle to see that it was in trim. The barrel is dry, then he goes back to his dream. Between the meadows behind his town there stood a line of old poplars and fir, and oaks by a beautiful blue stream. They are all visible at a great distance and they grew on both banks. He had always had a great love for them, they had drawn him and all his child friends vaguely thither, and he had remained with his sisters the whole day by them listening to their rustlings and the moaning of the winds through them. He also remembered when he sat beneath them on the bank of the stream and let his bare feet hang over into the bright cooling and swiftly moving waters. The pure fragrance of the water and the melody of the wind in the trees always held his fancies. He had loved them dearly, and the image of those beautiful joyous days still made his heart pause in its beating. Indeed it is always strange that all such memories that come have these nature, and these qualities. They are always completely completely calm that is always predominant in them, and if they are not really calm they soon become so. They were to him soundless like ghostly thoughts that seem to speak to him with looks and gestures, silently, without any word and it is usually the alarm of their silence that forced him to lay hold of his sleeve and his rifle lest he should abandon himself to the liberation and the allurement in which his body would dilate and gently pass away into the still forces that usually lay behind these visions. These scenes scenes were always quiet in this way, because quietness is so good to them now.

In the war zone of Calvernia there was no quietness, and the curse of the war reaches to far that they never pass beyond it. Even in the remote depots and the rest areas the droning, and the muffled noise of the shelling and the noise of battles was always on their ears. They were never so far off that it was no more to be heard. But these last few days it was already unbearable.

The stillness of beauty and of the better tones could be the reason why these memories of former times did not awaken desire so much as sorrow---a strange inapprehensible melancholy. Once he had had such desires---but they did not return now. They seemed to be all past, they seemed to him to belong to another world that is gone far from him. But here out in the flood waters they were completely lost to him. They arose no more, he seemed to be dead now and in a strange horrid Purgatory, everything seems a horrid apparition a mysterious reflection drawing him to desire to get out but never succeeding in doing so. Everything seems strong, his desires are strong---but they are always unattainable, and he knew it. And even if these scenes of his younger boyhood days were given back to him he did not believe he would really know what to do or where to go. The tender secret influence that passed from them into him and other children could not rise again, no never. Little girls and boys like these scouts surely long to be in them and to move in them, they longed to remember and to love them, and to be stirred by the sight of them. But now it would be like gazing at a photograph of a dead and almost long forgotten comrade, those are now his features, it is his face, and the days they spent together taken on a mournful life in the memory, but the boy himself it surely is not no more. He felt sure he could never again take part in these same beings or to take part in the same scenes. It was not the failure to recognise their beauties, and their significance but the ruin, all around, water fire, and other devastations which cut him off from such joy and made the whole world inexplicable to him---for then he had been forced to surrender himself to the horrid events, and was forced to be lost in them, and the least little thing was enough to carry him and his friends down the stream of Hades. Perhaps it was only the privilege of being a boy scout, but as yet he recognized no limits and saw no where an end to the great terrors of such a war. He usually had that thrill of expectation in the blood which united him with others, with the course of the past days. He longed to be home but was his home still surviving, and if so could he live without parents, and experienced like old men, that he and they were crude and as sorrowful and superficial---he believed too he and everyone were like those lost, and lost forever. His hands grew too warm to suit his fancy, his flesh felt like creeping, no wonder distant forest fires made the morning too warm L again.

The mist was ill smelling the mysterious mist that seemed to trail the dead soldiers of battle before him, and sucked from their throats their last gasping life. By night they will be pale and green, and their blood congealed and black.

Still the high explosive shells shot up their enormous clouds of smoke and debris and the boy began to have a feeling of fear and some restlessness. He felt as if he was trembling. He felt he nor any one else could not endure much longer without sympathy and communion, and his thoughts now seemed disordered and seemed to have the naked picture of despair. Then he heard somewhere the rattle of mass tins and the call for breakfast and immediately felt a very strong desire for warm and good food which he felt would do him good and comfort him. Therefore with great impatience and painfully he forced himself to wait, until he was relieved. Then he went into the mess hall and took a canteen of beans which was cooked in fat, and tasted good. He sat and ate it slowly, remaining quiet nevertheless though the others seemed to be in a better mood, for the distant shelling had again died down and other sounds of battle could be heard.

The hours went by indeed the incredible hours followed one another after another as a matter of course. From the noises the girls and boys knew that attacks were alternating with counter attacks, and that slowly the dead were piling up in the bloody fields far off on shore. Gertrude wondered whether the opposing troops would be able to bring in most of the wounded that do not lie too far off, and she knew the horrors of war, for many wounded have long to wait, and how often in other battles she had been compelled to listen to them dying, she remembered one sad horror after the frightful carnage at Headwick Junction at Gadermine Creek, where one of the wounded hundreds of soldiers lay on his front because of his wound or wounds he had been unable to turn over. Otherwise she knew it was hard to understand why the soldiers could not find him for it is only when a man has his mouth close to the ground that it was impossible to gauge the direction of his cries. He knew the man had been badly hit—one of those real nasty wounds, neither so severe, that they exhaust the body at once and the man dream dreams on in a half swoon, nor so light that the men would endure the pain in the hope of becoming well again. Violet had thought the man had either a broken hip, or a shot through the spine, for she had said his chest could not have been injured otherwise he would not have such strength to cry out. And if it were any other kind of wound it would be possible to see him moving. Finally his cries had grown continually hoarser, and also that the voice sounded so terribly desperate that it prevailed over where everywhere. The first night over two hundred soldiers went out six times to look for him, and then when some of them thought they had located him, and crawled across even under shell fire the next time they heard the voice it seemed to come from somewhere else altogether. They therefore had searched in vain till dawn. Officers scrutinized the fields all day with glasses, but discovered nothing. On the second and third day the calls grew fainter and fainter, and that seemed because his lips and mouth have become dry. General Stoneman had promised to all soldiers who found him special leave with a week extra, and though that was a powerful inducement, they would have done all that was possible without that, for his cry was westerly and nerve racking. Even Violet, and her sisters also took the chances and went out in the afternoon, and one of the boy scouts who accompanied them got his ear shot off in consequence. It was to no purpose, they had to come back without even finding him. It was easy too to understand his cries. At first he called for help only, the second night he must have had some delirium for he spoke of his wife and children, and Gertrude had often detected the name. On the morning of the third day he merely wept but by evening the voice dwindled to a creaking though it still persisted through the whole night. She had heard it so distinctly because the wind blew toward the lines. Then in the morning when it was believed he had already gone to his rest there came across to her one last gurgling rattle. The day was hot then too and the countless dead had lain unburied. The soldiers could not fetch them all in if they did what could be done with them. Many had been found with their abdomens swollen up like balloons. They hissed, belched, and made movements, and the gases in them made noises. When the wind blew it brought toward the lines the smell of blood, a deathly exhalation, which seemed to be a mixture of chloroform and putrefaction and filled all with nausea and retching.

Then the sky was blue, and without clouds, it was sultry, and the heat literally rose from the clouds.

Other times Gertrude remembered other incidents after the battle at Gadermine. When the night following the terrific struggle became quiet the hunt for the copper driving bands, and what was left of the silken parachutes of the Glandelinian star shells had begun. The driving bands of these things were said to be made of the best copper and therefore were quite valuable. Some of the soldiers had collected so many that they had stooped under the weight of them in returning to the Christian lines. The parachutes themselves however had been turned to more practical use. According to the very sizes of the busts three some times four would make a blouse or a shirt. Gertrude had used parts of them as handkerchiefs, and the others she had sent home, and indeed if those at home could have seen at what great risks these bits of rag had been obtained they indeed would have been horrified.

As the raft slowly went onward two big butterflies started playing on the roof of the fence. They appeared to be large ones with tricolored wings. Gertrude wondered; what can they be looking for here? There is not a single plant now nor a flower for miles and miles, only water. She had observed too that the birds were just as carefree, as if they had long been accustomed themselves to the loud din of the war. Every morning even larks had been seen flying overhead and making their peculiar noise, and in the evening too. Even at this distance they could hear the rolling roar of the Christian and enemy artillery.

In an argument with Angelina Richee over the nature of the war Gertrude said:

"I'm telling you the truth I have seen more horrors at Gadermine than any other battle. Glandelinian batteries don't trouble us, but the enemy field guns and gathling guns, and 'Hose Guns' the Christian troops hate more than anything, they sweep men away like the plague. A couple of minutes after an enormous Christian column rushes to the charge, the shrapnell and high explosives dropped on the column and put it out into nothing. At Headwick Junction General Kindermine lost three quarters of his men that way in one charge, and thirty of them color bearers. Two men were so mangled that a comrade remarked that anyone could have scraped them off the ground with a spoon and bury them in a small mass tin. I saw one dead Glandelinian soldier whose lower part of the body and his legs had been torn off. He was dead, his chest leaned against the side of a tree, his face was lemon yellow, and in his beard a cigar was still burning. I saw much of that horrible tug of war, there was attack, counter attack, charge repulse, hurling onslaughts like a giant storm, terrific artillery firing, dreadful explosions, and what dreadful things they signified. Emperor Vivians army had lost a dreadful number of men but mostly recruits. Reinforcements had been continually sent to the sections broken up by the Glandelinian storm, and one of the new regiments were unfortunately composed of young fellows, who had hardly any training and who had been sent in without hardly any military knowledge."

"What was their ignorance?" asked Angelina.

"Why they did not know what a hand grenade was, they had very little idea of cover and what was entirely more important of all, had no eye for it. At Gadermine a fold in the ground had to be quite eighteen feet high before they could understand its need. Although General Hemo's great army needed reinforcement, the recruits gave him more trouble than they were worth. Though brave even to recklessness they were helpless in that grim fighting horror at Headwick Junction, and though they went in to recover ground after the Hobbonites captured Headwick Junction they fell in vast multitudes before the Glandelinian machine gun and artillery fire. I saw the St. Deliverine before the explosions of gang gang shells. From that show it proves that the present method of fighting from work to work demands knowledge and experience, with both ground and the enemy tactics, a man must have a feeling for the contours of the ground an ear for the sound and the character of the shells, and must be able to decide beforehand where they will drop, how they will burst, and how to shelter yourself from them. These new recruits in wholesale thousands so quickly simply because they could tell nothing of shrapnell from the high explosive gang gang shells, they were mowed down in whole waves because they were listening anxiously to the roar of the awful gangs, falling far in the rear, and alas the light, piping whistle or scream of the low spreading shrapnell. They in counter charging flocked together like sheep instead of scattering."

I have seen even the wounded shot down by Glandelinian snipers. When I've been moving among the fallen looking for chances to aid them I have seen their pale turnip faces, their pitiful clenched hands. It is unusual the miserable reckless courage of these poor soldiers making the desperate charges against the Glandelinian devils, and also attacking and withstanding attacks, and often I have seen Glandelinians terrified of these recruits that they dared not even cry out loudly, while at the same time the Christian wounded with battered chests and torn bellies, and arms and legs, only whimpered softly for their mothers, and as soon as one looks at them....

To me their sharp downy dead faces had the awful expressionlessness of many dead children. It brought a lump into my throat to see during an attack how they would rush to the enemy's works, and run and fall. I have seen ten or twenty new recruits fall to one every old hand. A fierce surprise attack has carried away a lot of them during that awful battle. Even now I have seen that many new recruits have not learned what to do. I found one trench full of them with blue heads and black lips. Some of them in a mine hole had been found choked to death. In one part of a trench I found nearly two hundred soldiers dead from horrible shell wounds. I made a firm resolution not to go too near a battle line again, and yet I never had kept the resolution.

"I had an experience once with a coward," said Angelina Richee. "It was at the horrid battle at Delight's Junction. General Stains' troops had counter-attacked and breastlessly mowed off the soldiers waiting for the word to charge were all lying heads one another. I dared to follow as far as it was safe to see how the charge would be, and although I was very excited I suddenly thought 'where's Francis Daniels?' quickly I yanked my head back into the trench and find him lying in a corner with a small scratch on his hand pretending of course to be wounded. His face looked sullen. I could see he was in a panic, scared as a cat, and he was a foreigner too. But that does not excuse foreigners, they had no right to enter our armies then, and it made no mad that so many other of the soldiers should be out facing the relentless enemy, and he remaining there.

"Get out and charge." I spit at him. He did not stir, but his lips quivered, and his whiskers twitched up and down.

"Out!" I repeated drawing my pistols. "But he only drew up his legs, crouched back against the wall, and showed his teeth to me like a cur. I seized him roughly by the arm and tried to pull him up, but he backed, and landed a kick against my stomach that sent me falling backwards. That was too much for me. I grabbed him by the neck, placed my pistol by his head and said: 'You slumpy coward, will you get out and fight--you cowardly hound, you skunk, sneak as if it would you, when all others are risking their lives. Get out or I'll shoot you here.' However his eyes seemed to become glassy, and I knocked his head against the wall. 'You cowardly yellow fox!' I kicked him in the ribs for the kick I received a second time. 'You cowardly dirty swine! One more chance and if you don't I'll shoot. I meant it.'"

I then managed to push him toward the door of a hut near the trench and he fell out head first. Another wave of our attack then just had come up.

A general who I knew well was with them. He soon the coward and yelled "Forward, join in forward." And the word of command seemed to accomplish what my own efforts could not do. The foreigner heard the order, looked round him as if awakened, and then followed on, going a little in the rear to watch and saw him finally go over and ran a Glandelinian soldier with a bayonet. He then had even outstripped the general and was far ahead. Our troops faced bombardment, a real barrage, curtain fire, fury of dreadful mines, enemy machine guns, hand grenades, rifles anything that held the horror of the world, and fell in dreadful numbers as fast as snowflakes on the ground, but that fool of a foreigner survived, and killed every Glandelinian that dared to face him. It took excitement to make a coward brave.

Our very faces were encrusted, nay our thoughts then seemed devastated if you cancell it such, we were even weary unto death, and when the attack did come many of our soldiers had to strike many of the men with their fists to waken them and make them come with us, our eyes were burned with powder smoke and hurt by the flare of terrific explosions, our hands were torn, our very knees were bleeding, and our eye brows were raw.

How long has it been now Gertrude since this terrible war has begun? Weeks, months, years?"

"This war began in Nineteen Twelve on New Year's day or sometime thereabout" said Gertrude. "Anyhow we see time pass in the colourless faces of the millions of dying we had heard of and of many whom we see, we even draw food into us, we are forced to run, we throw even grenades ourselves, we give signals at any risk, we too have to kill our Glandelinian enemies when they aim to

murder us, we lie about in mud, sand, on logs, anywhere, many of our soldiers 546 even are feeble and spent and therefore Angelina nothing supports us, but the knowledge that our country is devastated by flood fire and heeds horrors that

because of the disasters there are still fearful, still more silent, still more helplessness there, who with staring eyes, look upon us girl and boyscouts as specially protected by God and His Blessed Mother, because so many of us escape from death so many times. I had to many times teach many of the boy and girls many different lessons for safety. "I used to say" and that big round object. That is a gang gang shell coming. Keep down it will go clean over. But if it surely comes this way run for it. You can run from a gang gang shell. We have sharpened their eyes and ears to the malicious hardly audible buzz of the smaller shells that are as we all know now are not so easily distinguished. That is you know the dangerous shrapnell. They must be able to surely pick them out from the general din by their insect hum--we have explained often to them that these are far more dangerous than the big ones that can be heard long time before they strike. We have shown them how to take cover from a shower of grape and canister, how to simulate a dead girl or boy when one is overrun in being pursued, how to hide our little handgrenades so that they explode half a second before hitting the ground, we have taught them to fling themselves into ravines, holes, ditches and holes of other kind as quick as lightning before the shells with instantaneous fuses, we have shown them how to clean a ditch, we have explained the difference between the very fuselength of the Glandelinian fire shellbombs, and our own, we have put them wise to the sound of high explosive shells--showed them all the tricks that can save them from death. They have learned, but I can remember once when I, Violet, and her sisters got caught in an ambush during the battle of Evangelina Grania. A boyscout was dragged away with a great wound in his back through which the lungs pulsed at every breath. I could only press his hand as he said "It's all up Gertrude with me" and he croaned and bite his arm because of the pain. After a battle I have seen many men with their skulls blown open, I have often seen soldiers run with their two feet cut off, and stagger on their very splintered stumps into the enemy's captured works, I once saw a corporal crawl a mile and a half on his hands, dragging his mangled and discolored leg after him, I have seen another go to a dressing station, and over his clasped hands bulged his intestines, I have seen men without mouths, without jaws, without chests, with heart and lungs exposed to view, one man was observed by me who had the held the artery of his arm to or in his teeth for three hours in order to not to bleed to death. The sun then goes down on many of these bloody battlefields, night after night comes and goes, the shells whine, like for many is at an end. I tell you Angelina war is not cracked up to be what they say it is. I was in a division of troop when it was relieved after the big battle of Drossabella Turner. It was I suppose summer when the division was relieved, division indeed, not even a company of it left, the trees were still green it was then early summer, and the night was gray and wet. The troop halted, a confused number of men a remnant of many names. On either side in the town stood many people, women and children included calling out the numbers of the regiments, and the companies and so forth, looking to see if they can find their loved ones. Only once in a long while at such a call a little group had separated itself, a small handful of dirty pallid soldiers a dreadfully small handful, a dreadfully small remnant indeed. Soon some one was calling the number of our "Company" it was of course the Company commander, and he had got a wound too for his arm was in a sling and red. I went over to him, and recognized Stalain and some other officer, we stand together lean against each other, and looked at one another. And then we heard the name and number of our Company called again and still again. He called a long long time. "Once again" Second Company this way. And then more softly "No one else in this second company."

The soldiers had shaken their heads. He was silent, and then huskily he said "Is that all." "Yes" was the answer and he gave the order "Number." The evening was gray, when the division went it it was one hundred and fifty six thousand strong. Now we trembled with sorrow and dread, the voice fluttered out wearily "one two three, and four" and ceased at sixty one. And then there was a long silence before the voice asked: "Anyone else?" The voice then waited, and then said softly: "In squads" and then broke off and was only able to finish "Second Company of Abhisennia" with great difficulty. Second Company march away."

We did in a very short thin line trudging off into the evening. Out of that division only sixty one men. In the "In the mountains a number of them that is girls and boys were off duty and were allowed to loaf around. At this time the deserter Jack Saunders was brought anew to be examined by Gert Ude Angelina. He has had some sense knocked

into him since he had been held a prisoner so long, and wanted to receive pardon and get on good terms with all the rest. Some were willing enough to forgive, because they had seen in other times how he had once brought in a boy scout when the lad had been hit in the back. Besides he was always decent enough to treat many of those recently before the expedition at the canton when they were even out of funds, or had not the price to pay. But the head officers of the scouts knew what the country done concerning cowardly persons, especially those who desert those in peril, and therefore they were reserved and suspicious, and Jennie Turner who was back in the lines already had the slips of papers made out and which she had prepared to show to Violet and her sisters as evidence against him. Knowing what kind of a girl scout she was Jack, knew what he could do so save himself if he could win her friendship back. But she good as she was, was really hard boiled about cowardly persons. She had him brought for questioning to see why he was trying to make others change their opinion even though his habit was an explanation of why he did so so quickly. But she couldn't get over it that he had deserted Jean when suddenly under fire, he had noted the fool, and had quailed even when her troop had been content to go foraging through the countryside. She really could never forget these things. Of course he would not receive the severe penalty of a man deserter but so long as he had deserted a girl scout his offense was too serious for even her to reflect on them at once. If she did that she would have decided on that long ago. If they also had too many deserters on board the raft the whole expedition would also have been destroyed. Jack had soon found out this much---A coward can be endured so long as simply a man or boy only ducks from his duty---but when he deserts another in peril that was still worse.

From their own ways of fighting Gertrude believed the Glandelinians were more savage than tigers or lions, and that they especially war on little children. There was much argument on this, that such persecutions sometimes make cowards of children, then that such children could do nothing else, that it was a sheer necessity. It was said that children have a right to live at any price, even for self preservation, and that others have no right to burden themselves with feelings which though they might be ornamental enough in peace time, could be out of place here. Through the horrors of the war many friends Gertrude had known, were dead, one other of her boys was dying she kind of remarked that they would have a job with the body of one of her soldiers at Judgment day piecing it together after a direct hit, another soldier had no legs any more, a captain was already dead, three boys were dead, and several girls were dead, and hundreds of soldiers gone since the expedition from general Vivien's army began toward the perilous vivien's army, and even now there were two hundred and eighty six wounded men lying in the tents on the raft, an "any in dreadful agony, especially the wounded Glandelinian soldier it indeed seemed a "damnable business" but it couldn't be helped -- a war is full of suffering horrors and so on. If it were possible for Gertrude to save them, then she would do so, she cared indeed much about the losses, she would rather have a shot at the foe even if she went down herself for she and her followers were good as soldiers though children, they in their wild excitement had no terror of death. But many of her comrades were now dead she could not help them except pray for them and have Masses said for them and who knew what was in waiting for her and the survivors of her followers. Others had tried to make themselves more comfortable and get sleep but the noise from the wounded kept a many awake. The terror of the horrible war sink deep down when they turn their backs upon it, but no one ever makes grim course jests about it, though they all spoke of everything that kept them from going mad as long as they took it that way they could maintain their own resistance. But they never do forget. Gertrude once said to Penrod:

"The world is finding out that it is all rot that they put in the war news about the good humour of the troops, how they are arranging denser almost before they are out of the front. The soldiers don't act like that at all because they are in a good humour, they are smilingly in a good humour because otherwise, what they have seen during the war, they should go to pieces. Ad too if it were not so our country could not hold out much longer, even though our humour becomes more bitter every month. And this I know, all these things that now, while we are farther into the war than ever, sink down in all of us like a stone which after the war may hunker again, and then shall begin the disappointment of life and death. The days, the weeks, and good years shall surely come back again for all of us who survive, and our dead comrades shall then in their spirits stand up again and march with us, our heads shall be clearer, we shall have a purpose, and so we shall march our dead comrades beside us, the years of this unusual war behind us-- against whom? against whom?"

The raft had continued on slowly but steadily, with wide eyes Jack, Jean and others stood on the front railing of the raft, watching the diabolical flood waters. None of them could hardly credit that such things like this could have actually existed. Jean was in a light summer uniform, with a red patent leather belt about her hips, and her red uniform vest was quite gaudy. She was standing with one hand on the railing, and with the other she held her hat. She wore her uniform yellow stockings and ten shoes fun buckle military girl scout shoes. Of many of the girl scouts she was very lovely with a delicate nose, red lips, and slender legs wonderfully clean girl and who took good care of herself for she when the opportunity presented itself took baths twice a day and never had any dirt under her finger nails. All the child scouts of course were equally clean. Besides her stood Jack in his boy scout uniform. The great flood and the horrors on shore was a great wonder to them, for a time they might have forgotten there were such things as floods to be in their own fair country, and even now they could not hardly believe their eyes. They had seen nothing like it in their lives. Nothing like it for, devastation, horror, and sadness. They felt excited.

"Just look at all that water though, any one floating on a door could not go many miles," said one of the boys, and then began to feel silly as he saw Jean looking askew at him for it was absurd to stand on this raft and think of nothing but that.

"How many months would this flood have been existing now?" Jean heard another boy ask his companion.

"About three months at the most," one answered.

"Then how long is it going to continue?"

No one could answer this question, and the thought of it gave them all "goose flesh".

"The flood would be unusually marvelous if it had not been for its horror. It would also be very good for many farmers. What do you think?"

"Another boy nodded. "I have an opinion that the flood would be a good thing too."

"Good thing?" suddenly said Jean almost severely. "A flood like that---"

The boys looked askew at each other. There was not much it was seen to boast of here, and most of the boy or girl scouts were in almost ragged and stained and dirty and stayed staid. It was not hygienic to complain of it.

"What if we could get a Glandelinian government office at all?" said Jack. "I don't know what the Manlys say now" another boy then suggested. Jack was almost enthusiastic but it was of no use to be so because it generally did not do on any good to try and take revenge on the foe generals. But when they had considered the picture once more one of the other boys declared himself willing, and even went further.

"We might see if we couldn't get a Glandelinian government office at all well---"

"To get the Glandelinian king might be much better," said Jack not without reason.

"Yes capture the Glandelinian king too perhaps. But that would be a difficult job."

Then Penrod and another boy a scout leader strolled up and they looked at the flood waters around them and immediately the conversation became smutty. To think of being surrounded day by day by filthy water, therefore they would not be a somewhat smutty would be no soldier. The raft after gliding down a few more miles came in sight of an immense no man's land swamp for refugees on the land. The tents in which most of the refugees were billeted lay near the edge of the water but high up. A near how by the water had been abandoned though one occasionally did see some inner tents in the house tops. Seeing the approach of the raft, many of the refugees crowded shoreward and some men were in swim in swimming. There were lots of women along the bank, some walking slowly and all gazing on the moving raft. Penrod called out to the nearest, and they laughed and stopped to watch the raft. Those who could on the raft flung remarks at them about the flood, how many lost their homes, if any one were drowned, anything that came into their heads, hastily and all jumbled together anything to get a little information. Jean had always very quick mind movements and her dreams always swung loosely about her feet. Although the water was not clean the swimmers were jovial and did their best to interest those on the raft hoping they would stay for a while. They tried to make jokes and then laughed and had. beckoned Jack Sanders was crafty. He decided to get some of them on board and therefore he ran into one of the tents got a loaf of army bread, and held it up. That indeed produced a

grant effect. Jean, and others nodded and beckoned for some of those on shore and in the water to swim over. But they signalled they did not dare do that, that it was forbidden for them to come too far out on the water, and that there were sentries all along the shore. One cried out it would be impossible without a pass. Jean tried to indicate that if she gave him the command it would be all right to come but they shook their heads and pointed to the nearest sentry. Some of the women had turned away and was walking slowly down along the shore, keeping along the tow path all the way. The raft was still continuing on. Jack called out to those on shore that if they could not come he would ask permission from Miss Aronburg to beach the raft there, but one of the children on shore pointed to a large tent that stood a little distance away among the trees and the shrubbery.

Jack asked:

"Be the chiefs of the Refugee Camps if I live there."

The child laughed and said:

"That's the headquarters of the Relief Committee."

"I'll ask Miss Aronburg our superior if we may land," said Jack.

Some of those on shore raised their hands, put them together, rested their faces on them and shut their eyes. Eagerly they assured those on shore that the scouts would bring something with them, and other tasty bits too, the boys rolled their eyes and tried to explain with their hands. One man in the water nearly drowned himself trying to demonstrate a sausage. Jack said if he had enough on board the raft the leaders would promise the refugees a whole quarter masters store but did not have very much themselves. One of the younger refugee children on shore was moving off however but frequently turned and looked back. Those on board the raft were full of excitement at the sight of so many refugees on shore. And for some reason or other Jack noticed that the sky was turning bottle green. Jack and Jean got hold of a whole army loaf and wrapped it up in newspapers. Other things that could be spared were put in too as well as three or four good rations of liver-sausage that the girls had secured in a raid. What should indeed make some decent amount for the unfortunate refugees. They stowed the things away carefully in their canvas bags, and then those who were going to land put on their boots which they need to protect their feet against treading on wire, and broken glass and other flood tossed debris on the shore. As they must take boats, for the raft could not be landed too close they decided to take other provisions like bread and other drinks which is needed for sick refugees. The camp too was not far and smoke in the sky was getting quite dark.

Some got into the boats with their boots in their hands. Swiftly the boats glided through the water, and when the boats were beached they got out and climbed carefully on the bank, took out the packages and put the things under their arms. And so about ten of the boys broke into a trot, coming to the camp in a short while. They reached the Committee tent that lay among the thick cluster of trees. One of the boys tripped over a root and skinned his elbow.

"No matter, this is not as bad as a bullet wound," he said gaily.

There stood near too a small house which windows were shattered. Some of the boys slipped round the house and tried to peer through the cracks. A little girl refugee coming up said, that was where her parents and she were sheltered. Suddenly Jack said hesitatingly to one of his boys:

"What if the Gendarmes would suddenly descend upon this refugee camp?"

"Then the refugees and all of us would clear off," grinned the boy. "And we have plenty of ammunition aboard the raft. The door of the courtyard stood open. Also the house door had opened and a light shone through and a woman cried out in a scared voice."

"Boys come to the refugee camp with little provisions," said Jack and showed his packages. Women and children were now on the scene, the door of the house opened wide, and the light flooded over the boys. Jack and two of his comrades ventured in. A small lamp was burning in the room, which was warm. Jack and his two boys unwrapped his parcels and handed them over to the women. Her eyes shone, it was evident that they were really hungry.

For a moment at the sight of so many refugees on the outside the boys became rather embarrassed. Jack made to the women gestures of eating, and then the family in the refugee house came to life again and brought out plates and knives and fell to on the food and they even held up every slice of liver sausage and admired it before they ate it, as Jack sat proudly by. The children overwhelmed Jack with their prattle—he understood very little of it but he listened for the words sounded so friendly. The children four of them two boys and two girls were evidently friendly. One of the little girls stroked Jack's hair, and he held her arm tightly and in a friendly manner pressed his lips into the palm of her hand. He looked into her bewildering

eyes, the soft brown of the child's skin, and her red lips. She could not fully understand him and to him she looked decidedly foreign. There were many tents as the camp was large. The refugees were of the flood as he learned. At the sight of all the refugees his desires were strangely compounded of yearning and misery. He felt giddy too. How different was all this from the condition of all his comrades on the raft. He wished he had never seen these sad sights but yet desired to turn his mind to them and yet felt afraid. He hoped that perhaps a miracle may happen and change all these horrors into something more pleasant.

After a time Jack reassembled his boys outside again and took their leave from the mobilization camp warily. The air of the land was warm and the rustling pines loomed large in the half night darkness caused by smoke. Jack in the return to the boats did not allow any one to run but to march slowly and properly. After all were on board the raft Jack was called to Gertrude's tent. She gave him a leave pass and a travel pass to go about the refugee camp for a full day to get some stories from the refugees impossible as to how they received their plight. Jack looked to see how many hours time he had. It was about seventeen hours. The girl and boy scouts congratulated Jack. Jean gave him good advice and told him to be jokingly he ought to get information on who "blew up Ahlsenn". Yet over all hung a dense cloud of smoke. Was the distant forest fire changing course or following them? Every one on board the raft were drinking milk.

Jack did not believe it was enough, so he asked Gertrude whether he could not have five days for traveling through the mobilization camps of the refugees. Gertrude pointed to his pass. Then Jack observed he did not need to return to the raft immediately as it was compelled to stay there for some days to wait for the breaking up of an iron bridge wreckage. And then after his leave Jack was to also report back to the raft to give George the German boy a course of training so he would be fit when he got the commission to be a boy scout. Everyone congratulated Jack. Yet Jack for some reason or other felt he would rather not have gone for another eight days for he did not like the idea of roaming round a refugee camp when it was much better on the raft. Before leaving Jack also had to receive instructions as to what to do when he was in the camp. At night Jack got ready to get into the boat. He was

almost afraid to tell his friend Jean Saunders, that he was going away. But she told him that he needn't worry she was commissioned to go with him. So with the approach of dawn darkness both went into the boat. Many of the boys and girls came to the railing side of the raft to watch them off. James and Francis came with him. At the halt on shore Jack learned that it will be a couple of hours walk before they get to the refugee camp. The others had to go back to the raft on duty, and so they took leave of one another.

"Good luck luck Penrod. Good luck every one."

They went back on their return and waved once or twice, and their figures as the boat glided away began to dwindle. Yet Jack could recognize them at any distance as long as they were still within sight. Then they disappeared in the darkness, and Jack and Jean sat down to rest before going ahead. Then suddenly he became filled with a consuming impatience to be gone.

As he waited for Jean to get ready to start Jack laid down on a station platform, dreaming how often he had stood before an Angolan soup kitchen, how often he had squatted on many a branch, then as he recollected himself and looked out into the darkness the landscape looked to him very gloomy, mysterious, and yet somewhat familiar. He could see the distant hills and forests with villages, their thatched roofs like strange oaks, the great forest fields, the small cornfields gleaming strangely in the light of distant camp fires, distant orchards, and barns of a bright red color.

Jack also realized that distant places in the sky began to take on some meaning and his heart trembled. All the smooth meadows, fields, farmyards all places before which he had seen peasants stading and waiting for trains girls waving children playing on the embankments roads leading into the beautiful country all now was under water. The whole scene was a heart ache to him. In the distance the soft place before which the black silhouette of mountain ranges appeared, Jack recognized the characteristic outlines of great camps. Not far off he knew was Sanitary Grechek. He fancied sometimes the fire red light light. He remembered one beautiful road that wound round one curve and then another, far away, in a long line one behind the other lined in beautiful fir and poplars and unobtainable forest's swaying dark, fashioned out of shadow light and desire. And all these were gone.

Small hills looked like islands as the rising flood waters encircled it, and the intervals between the trees, and in the waters I also diminished, the trees at first had become a block, and then afterwards you saw one or more than everything disappear, disappeared and water and sky met in a long line the deepest of the flood hiding under it even tall and substantial houses. Jack knew his own city was gone. He remembered his home near a street crossing and how often he had stood by a window unable to drag himself away when it used to be snowing hard. In the streets he had watched the passing of cyclists, lorries, and people of all kinds. He saw Jean coming up as he heard the noise of cries from santries far away. He picked up his pack and fastened the straps, took his small rifle in his hand, and stumbled onwards. Reaching the outskirts of the refugee camp he stopped to look around but knew he was one among the people hurrying to and fro with wild sad looks on their faces. A Red Cross Sister offered Jack something to drink thinking he was one of the refugees. Jack however turned away. Outside west of the refugee camp he could still hear the roar of the flood waters as it rushed, foaming along a rough part of the shore. How often had Jack with his friends or sisters sat by the mill bridge of a stream and hereathed the cool cold smell of the stagnant waters how he had leaned over the still water on the way side of the bridge, where the green creepers and weeds hung from the piles of the bridge, and on the hot days, rejoin rejoined in the dashing foam from the rushing streams a over and against rocks. These good days seemed gone forever.

He remembered when he passed over the bridge, aid and how he had looked right and left, the water being as full of weeds as ever and still shooting over in gleaming arches. At last Jack and Jean stood before the brown door of a ramble cottage with its worn latch, and for a moment his hands grew heavy. He did not feel like intruding yet he must know the circumstances for the good of his country. Finally as Jean poked him he opened the door and a wonderful freshness seemed to come out to him, to meet him, and his eyes seemed dim. As he went up the stairs creaked under his boots. Then upstairs a door rattled, and someone a little ragged girl was looking over the railing. It must have been some kitchen door that had opened, for the house reeked with the smell of potato pancakes. What day now it was Jack could not remember. For a moment Jack felt shy and lowered his head then he took off his soldier cap and looked up, and saw it was a little girl.

"A Glandelinian boy scout!" she cried. "A boy scout!" Jack nodded, his pack bumping against the banister, his rifle feeling too heavy. She pulled open a door and called: "Mother, Mother, a Christian boy and girl scout is here."

Jack could go no further---for again the girl cried "Mother Mother, the Christian boy and girl scout is here." Jack leaned against the wall and gripped his cap and rifle holding them as tight as he could and yet felt he could not take another step, the staircases seemed to fade before his eyes as he supported himself with the butt of his rifle against his feet and clenched his teeth fiercely but could not speak a word for it seemed the little girl had made him powerless, that he could do nothing. He struggled to make himself laugh as Jean looked at him sheepishly, to speak, but no words came and so he stood on the steps, his miserable, helpless, paralysed, and against his will the tears were running down his cheeks.

The little girl came back again and said:

"Why boy scout you look as if you were crying. What is the matter?"

Jack managed to pull himself together and staggered on to the landing. He leaned his rifle in a corner, set his pack against the wall at Jean's suggestion, placed his cap on it and flung down his equipment and baggage. Then he said to Jean "Hand me a handkerchief."

She gave him one and he dried his eyes, and his face. Above him on the wall hung a great glass case with many colored butterflies that some one evidently had once collected. He wondered why the place was in the middle of the refugee camp and whether the family occupied it, or whether it was a part of the refugee camp. As he continued on up he heard the little girl's mother speaking and the sound seemed to come from the bed room.

"Is your mother in bed little girl?" asked Jean as Jack did not yet recover his speech.

"She is ill!" the little girl replied. "A Glandelinian hit her on the head with a sword..."

Jean and Jack went in to where she lay and her daughter said as she gave her her hand: "Here is a girl and boy scout of the Christian mother."

The woman was lying still in the dim light. Then she asked anxiously of the boy scout who stood near her:

"Are you wounded?" Jack imagined she could feel her searching glance.

"No I am all right," said Jack. I have got leave to say you and other refugees a short leave."

Jack could see that the little girl's mother was very pale. He asked the little girl to make a light but she hesitated to do so, somehow or other she seemed afraid to do so.

"Here I lay now," said the poor woman "and when two Christian child scouts come to see me I seem to cry instead of being glad."

"Are you very sick Miss?" Jack asked.

"No but I was hurt by a Glandelinian soldier. I am going to get up a little tomorrow," she answered "and turning to her little daughter who was continually running to the kitchen to watch that the scanty supper did not burn" and put out the jar of preserved peaches, you would like some of that would you not?" she asked both Jack and Jean.

"But," said Jack somewhat abashed "I didn't come to eat you out of house and home. I've brought you some wholesome provisions, food, and cakes, the fishes and lots of things to last for weeks."

"We might almost have known you were coming," the little girl now said "We have only for supper potato pancakes, and even peaches, coffee, and raisin bread to go with them..."

"And is this Monday?" Jean asked.

"No little friend it is Friday. Don't you see we don't have meat to night."

"Sit here beside me you two good children," said her mother. "It is the first time I have ever seen real girl and boy scouts and in uniform too."

As they obeyed, she looked at them. Her hands were white and sickly and frail compared with those of Jean and Jack. For a time they said very little and Jack was very thankful that she did not ask very much. For what ought he to say? Everything he had wished for had not happened excepting that so far he has come out of the horrors of the cruel war safely and sit here for the first time besides some little girl's mother. And in the kitchen stood the little girl making the evening bread and singing, as if the horrors of had not been on.

"You are a dear good boy and girl scout," said the girl's mother softly. "I do admire two real little heroes."

By her appearance Jack could see that she was of poor folk who toil and who are usually full of cares now because of the great disaster. And it was not their way to protest what they already know of the war horrors. When she said to Jack and Jean by "My dear child scouts" it meant much more than when any one else would use the same words. Jack knew that the jar of Peaches was the only one they have had for months, and that she has kept it for her husband when he may return from the front. Jack and Jean were sitting by her bed, and through the window the chestnut trees in a garden opposite glowed in brown and gold. Jack breathed deeply and said and over to himself:

"This is just like being at home. I wish I was at home. And yet the sense of strangeness would not leave him he could hardly find anything of himself in all these tiny things. How he wished this was his mother, and his little sister that Jean was also his sister, but no, it was not true. There was a distance a wall between him and his home. Jack went and fetched his pack to the bedside and turned out the things he had brought---a whole swiss cheese, that Gertrude had provided him with, two loaves of army bread three pounds of butter two long liver sausages, a pound of sugar, and many other things.

"I suppose you poor people can make some use of that," said Jack.

The mother and the little daughter nodded.

"Is it pretty bad for provisions up here on account of the flood and the enemy?" Jean inquired.

"Yes, there is not much. We were driven from home though by the fire, and not the flood. Do you get enough out in the armies?"

Jean smiled, and pointed to the things, which Jack had brought.

"Not always quite as much as that of course, but we fare reasonably well. We always get out a share in making raids on the enemy camps."

The little girl now went out to bring in the food she had cooked.

Suddenly her mother seized Jean's hand and asked in a most faltering voice:

"Is the war as bad as any one says out there little girl scout?"

Jean was almost frightened. What could she dare answer to that. The poor woman would not understand, could never realize its dreadful

553
"Is it bad Miss," Jean shook her head. "You my dear friend cannot ask me to tell you much on that. I could not tell you what it is like. You couldn't stand it. But then there are always lots of boy and girls out together, and a big lady lady we don't have to go where the soldiers go. With us it isn't so bad. We would not be allowed to take the risks."

"Yes little girl but my husband was here lately on leave and he said it was terribly out there, with the horrible battles, and all the rest of the frights of the war."

Indeed it was just like these poor unfortunate refugees to say that. She continued: "With all the wounds the soldiers suffer, the dreadful shells, explosions, great fires and floods. Jean wished that the poor women did not know what she was saying, for the little girl felt sure the lady was merely anxious for her and all the girl and boy scouts. Jean wondered should she tell her all the real dreadful details, how she herself once during some battle came across three enemy breastworks and saw how terrific the battle had been as all the defenders were lying all stiff in death or with mangled bodies all with blue faces and dead. A horrible sight too, more than she could spend all day long to count by one hundreds."

"I could not tell you much of it you poor lady you couldn't stand it," Jack himself made answer. "But we boy and girls out as you see are well and fit. We do not go too near any of the battles. We would not be allowed. The generals would not permit it..."

Before the woman's tremulous anxiety Jean and Jack recovered their composure. The sick mother desired to get up and so Jack went out for a while to the little girl who was still busy out in the kitchen. What is the matter with your mother? "He asked."

"She was attacked by a Glandelinian scouting party. She has been in bed two months now, but we did not want to write father as he may be too worried. He is a general in the Abyssinilian army. Several doctors have been to see her. One of them said, it is a bad wound she received."

"That's just it," said Jack. "The Glandelinians make more war on us children and our mothers than they do on anything else. It'll go to far some day."

Jack and Jean then left for the moment to report themselves to the commandant of the Refugee camp to get some information impossible. After that slowly Jack wandered through the company streets of the camp. Occasionally the refugees here and there speak to him, but he did not delay long for he had little inclination to talk. On his way back from the barracks a boy scout of some other Regiment no doubt passed by and forgot to salute Jack. Jack you know had the rank as boy scout Major. Jack called out to the boy. What's the matter sir? "he asked."

"Can't you salute when you pass me? Blustered Jack. "And to the girl here too! Where's your right arm?"

"Sorry Major," the boy answered in embarrassment. "I didn't notice you."

"Don't you know how to speak properly?" Jack roared.

The boy scout felt rebellious and would like to have hit Jack in the face, for he was of foreign birth and did not know Abyssinilian ways yet, and yet he controlled himself, for his remaining a scout depended upon it, and besides Jack might punish him severely for it. So he clicked his heels together and said: "I did not see you Major Jack."

"Then keep your eyes open," Jack snorted. "What is your name?"

"Kner Turus."

"What Regiment?"

The boy gave him full particulars. Even then Jack did not seem to have had enough. "Where are they?"

The other boy scout felt he had had more than enough and said: "At Evangeline St. Claire. I belong to the Regiment under Violet Vivian."

"Oh," Jack asked a bit stupidly.

The boy explained to him that he arrived on leave only three days ago since, thinking that Jack would then trot along. But not at all. He got more furious. "You think you can bring your main army line manners here, what. Belong to Violet Vivian's Regiment. Violet Vivian. Can't you ever learn to say Princess Forgive. Thank God and His Blessed Mother we have discipline here. Twenty paces backwards, double march." He commanded.

The poor foreign boy scout was mad with rage, but he could not dare say anything to Jack for Jack could put him under arrest if he so desired. So he doubled back, and then marched up to him. Six paces from Jack the boy sprang to a stiff salute and maintained it until he was six paces beyond him while a number of refugees watching the scene were looking on with smiles on their faces.

Jack called him back again and gave the boy to understand that for once he was pleased to put away before justice as Abyssinilians usually do. The boy however pretended to be duly grateful.

"Now dismiss," said Jack. The boy then turned smartly and marched off. Yet this seemed to ruin the evening for Jack for it was an insult to him especially when a girl scout is with him to have some foreign upstart go by without having any sense enough to remember to salute. Jack went back to the little girls home. In there he felt awkward. His own uniform was rather tight and short, and he felt that he had grown while he was in the army. Collar and tie always gave him some trouble. Once Jean had to tie the bow for him. The uniform nevertheless was very light and it felt to Jack as if he had nothing on but a shirt and under pants. Jack looked at himself at in the glass to see if he was clean enough. Yet it was a strange sight. Jack observed he was a sunburned overgrown boy for his age, and he gazed at himself in astonishment.

The little girls mother was pleased to see Jack and Jean wearing the purple uniforms; for it seemed to make the children less strange to her. She told Jack she had suggested to her little daughter of joining several clubs but she had refused for the reason that she was a little afraid, of the consequences of being one end of the hardships she might have to undergo. To Jack and Jean too it seemed pleasant to be a little now to sit quietly somewhere for a time, on one of the benches in the street of the Refugee camp for example under the big singing pine trees. The leaves make a humming sound in the breeze. A glass of milk stood before him on a small table; for Jack loved milk better than even most of us do Ice Cream or soft Drinks. The glass was half empty after his third helping but there were still a few good swigs before him and besides he could drink more if he wished as it was out of his own bottles. Here there were no bugles and no noise of battles, the children of the refugees were playing in the center of the camp or standing in groups talking, and a big gentle dog belonging to some one had come up and rested his head against Jack's knee. The sky was gray of smoke. The scene would be good Jack would have liked it, if only the sun would shine. He could not get on how the people here who were refugees did not show their grief over their losses of home and so on. The little girls mother however was the only one who did not ask him or Jean any questions. One of the refugees a man, wanted Jack to tell him about the christian armies, his experiences as a boy scout, what he saw in battles and was curious in a way that Jack found stupid and distressing, and Jack finally answered that it was against the law of the military to give any information which cannot be proven about the war. Yet it seemed there was nothing that this man liked more than hearing about the war. Jack realized that he did not know that a boy scout cannot talk of such things against the rules, in deed Jack would do it willingly, but it was too dangerous for him to put these into words when you cannot tell whether either the questioner or others near by may be a secret enemy in disguise looking for information. What would become of everything if Jack would reveal everything that was quite clear to him. So Jack confined himself by telling him that if he desires to obtain information, he must first prove his identification, and go before an Abyssinilian Information Committee as boy and girl scouts are not allowed to give information to non-christian officers or to members of their own kind. Then he wanted to know from Jack whether he had ever had a hand to hand fight with the enemy. Jack answered:

"You people are ignorant. You don't understand. None of us have no hand to hand fights, we scouts when in the army are not allowed within a mile from or near the battle line. You should understand that." And he then got up, and followed by Jean walked away. But that did not end matters. After he and Jean had been started a couple of times by some screaming noise which resembled the shriek of a shell coming straight toward him (thought it was the scream of balloons) someone tapped him on the shoulder. It was a man in the uniform of a Refugee Camp Commissioner and he said to Jack in the usual question which had bored Jack:

"Well how are things out there in the devastated districts? Terrible, terrible shiftees it is most dreadful, but we must carry the war on and on. And after all you do at least get decent food out there in the armies so I hear. You look well my dear boy, and fit and strong, and so does your sister. There with you. Naturally it's worse here. Naturally. I hear they had a great battle at Evangeline St. Claire and lost. The best four soldiers everytime is to fight good and hard, that goes without saying."

He dragged Jack and Jean along to a table with a lot of other officers of the camp. They welcomed the child scouts warmly, a head committee man shook hands with both and said:;

"So you are two of the good child scouts who come from Emperor Visions splendid army. What is the spirit out there like? Excellent, excellent!" Jack explained that the war was not what it was cracked up to be.

"I can well believe it my boy," he said. "But we'll soon give the wicked Glandelinian cuts a very good drubbing. Do you go near the battle line? Do you drink coffee? No! Here try one cup full. I'll see that one of the others bring it for you."

Jack accepted the coffee. The Committee were so good and kind hearted that it was impossible for Jack and Jean to object. All the same they felt annoyed to realize they did not understand the situation as he did. Yet in order to make some good show of appreciation Jack tossed off the beer in one good gulp. Immediately a second cupful was ordered, and indeed the committee seemed to know how much they are indebted to boysoldiers. Then they started to argue on what the war should bring. The Headquarters declared Glandelinian what's to have at least the whole world under her wicked power, to ruin all Christian Religions, and that Abbeinnia should rise in all her might in opposition. He produced reasons why Glandelinia wanted to do all this, why her war was for child slavery and was quite inflexible until it at least the others gave in to him. Then he began to expound just whereabouts the break in the Glandelinian front must be coming sooner or later and turned to Jack. "Now the Christian armies should shove ahead a bit over there with their everlasting warfare---dash through the Gatties, and then there will be peace and the world will be safe for all Christianity."

Jack replied:

"A break through as soon as you expect may be impossible. So far the enemy have too many reserves. Mylata is menacing Angelina Agathia with three hundred separate armies. Glandelinia still holds Vivian Wickoy, and besides the war with all this devastations may be rather different from what many other people think."

However the men dismissed the idea hastily and informed Jack that little boys and girls know nothing about it. "You might know the details," he said, "but not the whole. You say you are not allowed to approach too close to the battle lines during the fighting. Therefore of the situation you are not able to judge. Only the generals can do that. You see only your little brother didn't your travels and so cannot have a general survey. Yet even you boy and girls ought to do your duty; you risk your little lives, you do things that deserve higher honor than soldiers do---every child of you ought to have decorations and will, but believe me the time will come with the help of God and His Blessed Mother that all of the enemy lines will be broken through in Galverinia, and our sister states and then roll away like a receding wave."

"You are talking nonsense," said Jack.

"No I'm not. They must be completely rolled up, they sure must be from the very top to the bottom. And then to Glandelinia."

Jack wondered how he pictured it to himself and finally broke away with Jean. He sent the two children off with a friendly handshake and said:

"All of the best. I hope we will soon hear something worth while from you boy and girls scouts."

Jack imagined everything would be different from all this. Indeed it was different over a year ago. Everything has changed in the interval. There lay a dangerous gulf between that time and the present now. A year ago Jack still knew nothing about the fury of the dreadful war, for he had been in only quiet sectors. But now he began to see that Galverinia had been crushed without knowing it and needed Abbeinnia's assistance as Angelina State had her hands full.

Indeed everywhere Jack went he imagined he was either in Hell or Purgatory. Some of the refugees asked questions, and some asked no questions but told him and Jean of their misfortunes, and yet one can and could see they were quite confident that they knew all about the horrors of the disasters more than anyone, that the whole world was in apprehension so that there was no point in discussing it. The war made up a picture of hell, it was, but a hell where it seemed the righteous suffered, and the wicked got the goods out of it. Jack preferred sometimes to be alone so that no one would trouble him. For when he speaks to anyone they all come with the same thing; how badly the war goes, how fierce the enemy is, one thought the enemy is this way, another that, and yet they were always absorbed in the things that go to make up an existence of a perdition on earth. Jack however felt the same way himself. It seemed to Jack they were talking too much about it. Of course they all had their worries about the situation worries that Jack even could not readily comprehend. Jack was that night sitting with an old woman and

tried to explain to him that this conflict was really the only one thing; Glandelinia just trying to annihilate Christianity so she could have a place in the world herself. She understood of course, she agreed, she said she even felt it so too, but only with some consideration, they also felt it but the rest of their thoughts were taken up with other things, the fire, the floods, the disappearance of whole landscapes, the wiping out of big cities, the murderous massacres of children and everything else so that Jack himself could not even say exactly what he meant. When Jack observed the refugees here, in their improvised tents or huts, and about their usual occupations, he felt an irresistible attraction to it, he would like to be here too and forget the war, for the nature of the war repelled him it is so dreadful that he could not hardly stand it, but how can he do it and face greater peril outside the army, and while out at the front the splinters are whining over the breastworks and the star shells go up to the immense droves of wounded are carried back, and comrades by millions fight the enemy. They were different men in these refugee camps, old men, not one of them young, and women and children. Finally Jack returned to the cabin where the mother and her little daughter were sitting in the room behind the table he observed standing there a brown leather sofa. He and Jean sat down on it.

Jack observed that on the wall were posted countless religious pictures that were out of Catholic books. In between were drawings and religious posters that were of the Saints. In the corner was a large kitchen range. Jack wished he had lived in this room before the war had come. The books in the case looked to be second hand, and all kinds of fairy stories for example and there was one volume in black cloth. He wondered if the little girl had read most of them, for though he yet was a small boy, fairy stories really how appealed to him. He always preferred the other books books too which were not so extensive as fairy stories. In high class stories in American cities story books for children cost as we will know over two dollars, much too high a price for that, but in Abbeinnia a four dollar book you couldn't get for 10 dollars now. He saw that one of the shelves was filled with school books of all kinds. They were well cared for too, and he looked through one and found them all and others were not even touched, and not one page had been torn. Children in Abbeinnia are more careful of their books than even in this country grown people are. Then below he found periodicals, papers, and letters all jammed in together with drawings and rough sketches. Now Jack wished to think himself back into the good old times when the conflict had not come it was very still in the room; he felt the silence at once, it seemed that even the walls had preserved it. His hands were resting on the arms of the sofa, and here he seemed to make himself at home and he drew up his legs so that he sat comfortably in the corner in the arms of the sofa. The large window was open and through it westward he saw the familiar picture of the flood and floating houses with the rising spire of a church protruding out of the black muddy waters. There were a couple of flowers on the table, pen holders, a pen shell as a paper weight, an ink well---here nothing was shut out. The room was well kept and cleaned, but he wondered why there were no religious pictures hanging on the wall. Jack felt excited even though he did not want to be for it did not seem right, to pry into their private affairs, though he knew more that he wanted the quiet rapture again, he wanted to feel the same powerful urge that he used to feel when he turned to his own books at home. The breath of the desire that then arose as he had looked over his best books should then fill him again melt the heavy dead lump that seem to lay somewhere in him and awaken again the desires of the future the quick joy of having good times that all children desire; that it should bring back again the lost sweetness of his babyhood days. Jack looked soberly out the window waiting indeed for the little girl to come. He saw nothing beyond but the water picture of the dreadful flood, but instead far off appeared a range of hills all alive, the scene was like a dreamy day in late autumn. He wondered if the sun was ever gone to shine again.

But he felt he did not want to think of that, and he tried to sweep the thought away. Jack desired for the moment to feel that he belonged here, that the little girl was his youngest sister, and he also wanted to harken and know what when he was to go back to the raft on the morrow the horrible war will sink down with the recession of the flood be drowned utterly in the great how coming tide, know that it will be then passed forever, and that the whole population continually, not rack with the bloody horrors of such disasters that it would have nothing but an outward power over the whole human race. He glanced again at the books, whose backs stood in rows. He explored then with his eyes he desired to have on a but did not care to ask.

He waited, and waited, and still the little girl did not appear. Stripes began to float through his mind, but they did not grip him at all. They seemed to be mere shadows and memories. Nothing seemed good, nothing seemed bad. Nothing stirred, and a terrible feeling of desolation suddenly rose up in him. Nothing stirred, and still as he watched like some one condemned to the willows, Jack sat there looking out the window. And at the same time he feared to think of the horror too much, because he could not tell what might happen. He was a boy scout, a soldier he must cling to that idea. He stood up with a weary sigh and looked out once more, and then he took one of the hooks intending to read, and turned over the leaves. But he put it away and took out another. He saw that there were passages in it that were kept hidden by papers at the pages. He looked turned over the pages, and then took up fresh books, but all were Children's Fairy Stories. Already the books were piled up beside him. Suddenly more joined the heap, papers, I magazines, and even the gun graphics. Jack stood there as dumb as if he was no longer a soldier. He was indeed dejected. The words of the books did not reach him and slowly he slipped the books back in the shelves as he had found them. Quietly he went out of the room, still not giving up hope.

For a time he did not go to the room any more but tried to comfort himself with the thought that a few days are not enough to judge the war by. Afterwards later on there would be plenty of time for that. Jack went over to see some of his well known boy scout friends who were in the camp hiding in taking charge one of the boys he knew only as James and Jack and Jean who visited his barracks room noticed an atmosphere about it that they both did not like, but with which they were quite familiar. James had some news for Jack and Jean news that electrified both on the spot. He told them that a Glendalinian soldier had been caught snooping around the camp, and had been seized and placed under arrest.

"Just think of it!" said he. "I am sent here from horror. Violence may and bumped right into him! yelled for help and he got captured. Before I yelled he had to try and shield himself. I suppose stretched out like a pig to me he blurted out. 'Hello kid scout, how are you?' When he was taken I looked at him and said: 'Whatever your business is I do not know but you ought to know the penalty for anyone spying on a refugee camp. Stand to attention when you even speak to a boy scout as I'm your superior officer whether you are a foe or of our side. You should have seen his face, it was like a cross between a dog and a pickled cucumber. He got out of it tried once more to climb up but I snatched him a good bit harder. I said:

"Mr Glendalinian soldier, you with all your country was responsible for all that water out there. I'll bet a fortune. People have been killed of whom none of us know. I don't know whether I am an orphan or whether my parents are still living. I had not been for you Glendalinians carrying on the war in this suspected fashion all of our folks and little children would be alive now. Take him away boys. You Mr Glendalinian will hear from me later." It was easy to get some guards to watch him. First thing the men did was to fit the prisoner with refugee clothing. I'll take you to him and you'll see in a minute."

The three went to where the prisoner had been taken. There Jack and Jean saw the prisoner a d and were hardly able to stifle their laughter. The prisoner was wearing a faded blue serge suit. On the back and in the sleeves there were big dark patches. The overcoat must have been good to the point that Jack of the Bean stalk killed. The blue worn breeches were just too much and short they barely reached half way down his thighs. The shoes were old shoes looking like old hoppers with far turned toes and laces at the side were far too big for him. But as a compensation the hat was too small, a terribly dirty one, indeed the whole rig out was just pitiful. James stopped in front of the prisoner.

"Mr Glendalinian do you call the buttons of my uniform must polished? You remember if you can ever learn. Here take the coat and do it over again."

This made Jack bubble over with glee. James continued to upbraid him. "Look at these boots. I don't like them myself this morning. There's a model for you to learn from."

The Glendalinian prisoner shot a glance at both Jean and Jack as if he would like to eat them. Nothing yet looked more ludicrous than the prisoner's cap and his prison garb. And this was one of the objects before which every child could have stood in dread. And now here stands a rebel soldier the spout quite broken with bent knees, arms like pithooks and the ludicrous rigout, looking like an impossible soldier. Jack and Jean could not resist this with the menacing figure in gray uniform.

Jack wondered what he the oldest boy scout in Violent's regiment would do if this Glendalinian soldier would dare to say to him "You little chameleon dog." There were many of the refugee boys in this camp till to Jack's surprise who were joining the boy scouts under James and James showed how he makes them practice skirmishing and as a favor appointed a long tall boy as squad leader. Now in skirmishing the squad leader has always to keep twenty paces in front of his squad, and he has to be an expert or he would not get to be the squad leader as skirmishing is a hard drill. When the order comes "On the march about turn" the line of skirmishers simply turn about as fast as possible but the squad leader who would now find himself suddenly twenty paces in the rear of the line has to rush up at the double and take his position again twenty paces in front of the squad. It takes altogether forty paces a double march. But he doesn't see he arrived then the order "On the march, about turn" comes again and he once more has to race at top speed another forty paces to the other side. In this way the squad of boys has made nearly the turn about and a couple of paces while the squad leader dashes backward and forward like a frightened quail. If he is not able to catch up and do the proper things of this drill he cannot be a squad leader, for he has the full command of the squad and an honor too. In the mean time the tall boy scout was dashing up and down like a wild bear but he managed it always and came through with his usual cheerful and exultant grin. After a while James stopped the skirmish drill and began the very important exercises of creeping on hands and knees carrying his gun in regulation fashion the long bay showed his figure over the sand immediately in front of Jack and Jean. However he was sweating, and though grinning he spit out a dirty piece of wood that had lodged in his teeth. It missed Jack that the Glendalinian prisoner did not explode with a bang, especially when Jack copied him on a piece of paper with a pencil to perfection making a funny "Valentine picture" of him.

"Couldn't you polish the or so prisoner up a bit?" Jack asked of James. "No he is too stupid, I couldn't be bothered." answered James contentedly.

As he returned toward the little girls home Jack wondered to himself: "What is there a pause that only makes everything after it so much worse. No wonder soldiers do not accept roughing during the war. Already the sense of parting would begin to intrude itself. The little girls mother watched Jack silently. Jack knew she had counted the days of her husband's absence, every morning she was sad. She even did not want to see Jack and Jean go away and had put away their packs so that she would not be reminded of it. Yet the hours pass too quickly if a boy or man broods. Therefore Jack pulled himself together and at nine o'clock that night went with the little girl to the edge of the flood and showed her the raft in the distance and those that were working on it or on guard duty. The little girl said:

"These days grow more restrained and my mother's eyes are always more sorrowful. Oh how I wish the war was over and papa would come home. We are afraid we'll never see him, or he'll come back a cripple. I remember the day when my Aunt's husband was killed and I had to go and tell him. Who could bear this quaking sobbing woman, my poor aunt who shook me and cried out to me. Why are all the rest living then when he is dead?" She always almost drowned me in her tears as she almost madly cried out. "What are you here for at all child when you should be a scout in the army?" and she dropped into a chair and wept. "Did you go to see him your poor Uncle?" "Did you see him then?"

"When I answered yes" she demanded "how did he die?" and I told her he was shot through the heart and died a few hours later. However she looked at me, she did doubt me and cried without reason. "You lied to me James. I know better. I have always felt terribly how he was going to die, I have heard his voice at night, I have felt his anguish--tell the truth James please, I want to know it I must know it. "No" I said "I was beside him. He died in a few hours. So was he?" she pleaded with me gently. "Tell me James please. You must tell me your poor Aunt. I know you want to comfort me but you only torment me far more than if I knew the truth. Better the truth from you than from some one else. I cannot bear the uncertainty. Tell me how it was and even though it will be terrible else if you don't. But my boy friend I could not tell her anything more when it was not so even though she would make mine meat out of me for it was telling now. I tried to come console her but she struck me as rather stupid all the same. I told her again that he died a few hours after being shot. That he felt absolutely nothing at all. His face was quite calm. When she was silent

"I answered 'Yes,' and she then asked 'by everything that is sacred to you?' only answered 'Yes,' I tell you he died in a few hours. If you don't believe me you won't believe the doctor either." She then asked me "are you willing to join the girlscouts and never come back yourself as long as the war rages if it is not true?" So I answered "Yes for I know it was the truth would swear to anything. But even then she did not seem to believe me. She moaned and wept steadily and I had to tell how it happened, what battle he was killed and I told her. It was at one of the battles where the army of our side had to run most disgracefully. As I left she kissed me and gave me a picture of him. In his soldier uniform he looked splendid and yet how beautiful it would be if he had not gone to this frightful war. I want to be a girlscout but I'm afraid."

It was time now for all the camp to turn in. Everyone was silent. Jack was given quarters in the house, and he went to bed early. He seized the pillow pressed it against himself and buried his head in it. He was wondering whether he would ever have the chance to lie in a feather bed again. Late in the night the little girl's mother came into the room. No doubt she thought the boy was asleep, and he pretended to be so. To talk and to stay awake with one another it seemed to hard. She sat long into the night although she was in pain and often withered. At last Jack could hear it no longer and pretended he had just awakened.

"Go to sleep my poor good woman, you will catch cold here."

"I can sleep enough later," she said. Jack sat up. "I don't go straight to the front 'body. I am only in the command of scouts belonging to one of the Vivian Girl Princesses." But she was silent. Finally she asked gently:

"Being a little boy, are you not very much afraid, when the war is so frightful?"

"No my dear lady. None of us scouts are."

"I would like to tell you to be on your guard against the Glandelinian boy and girlscouts. They are more dangerous than the soldiers."

"Ah poor woman, poor woman," said Jack. "You still seem to think I am a timid child who could not put my own head into your lap and weep. Why have I been forced into this mess? I would like to weep and be comforted too, indeed I am a little more than a baby. But lady we don't meet with the enemy child scouts."

"Yes but you don't know," said she. "You should be very careful. The enemy is more dangerous to children to our own kind than they are to the soldiers who fight them." "Ah my poor dear lady, I assure will be careful. We have been instructed to be careful. What poor wretches we all are."

"I will pray for you every day my good little boy. And perhaps you can get a job that is not so dangerous."

"Now you must go to sleep, lady or you'll be more sick."

She did not reply. Jack got up and wrapped his covers about her shoulders. She then supported herself on the boys arm for she was in pain, and Jack took her to her room. He and her daughter stayed with her a little while.

"You must get well again for the sake of your little girl," said Jack.

"Yes, yes my child."

How destitute she lay there in her bed, she that loved children more than all the world. As Jack was about to leave she said hastily "I have two pair of socks for you. They are all wool. They will keep you warm during your winter campaigning. You must not forget to put them into your packs."

"Ah my poor dear lady I know what these socks have cost you in waiting, walking and waiting. You are like a mother to me how I hate to part from you." Thought Jack to himself. Here I sit and there you are lying, and we have so much to say that we could never say it.

"Good night dear lady and you my little girl friend."

"Good night my child."

Jack's room was now dark. He could hear the little girl's mother breathing and the ticking of the clock. Outside the window the hot winds were blowing and the forest trees roaring. On the step landing Jack on his way to be snubbed over his pack which lay there already made up because he had to leave for the raft early in the morning. Jack bit into his pillow. He grasped the iron rods of the bed with his fists. He felt he ought never to come here. His hatred of the Glandelinians was becoming bitter. Out on the raft he was indifferent and often hopeless he felt he would never be so again. He was a boy scout and now he was in a distress him if for ever ything seemed to him without comfort. He felt he ought never have come to the refugee camp. He saw too much sorrow here, a sorrow which made his heart steel itself in his hatred of the foe.

"What do you think of this letter Angelina?"

"It makes me think of what Miss Turner is. As she now has been in the christian army for over three days," Angelina niches riches replied. "I don't think I can say anything about it yet Gertrude. But she is a miracle. All

Girl and boy scouts have always behaved somewhat differently than she has done. However she seems quiet in her way of going about things and that is something. She even took care of Emperor Vivians room and keeps it carefully dusted."

"One of the generals who met her in his room one morning," Jane Melfort said. "And it seemed as she wrote here that the general believed her face reminded him of some one whom he had lost. Did that ever strike you?"

"Not at all Angelina niches replied decidedly. "I have not time to be given to fancies about such things at all. I saw no likeness to any one and if I had done so I would not have given it a thought at all. The one point with us leaders is whether the child scout, inferior or a leader is clean, quiet, steady and completely up to her work. Every reference a scout brings say he or she would be all these things and they all have proved to be so. Of course Jennie is much older than some of us. A younger girlscout is teachable but when a girl or boy scout has gotten into certain ways there is never any altering them. However she is not a girlscout you must remember though she is with us. She's never been one, she's one of the Vivian Girls professional spies and you must not forget that. She even after she returned to Emperor Vivians army has settled down to her duty especially to find the lost or mysteriously missing planes. She knows all her work and does it most carefully. The girlscouts who were new thought she was a new comder an comer and did not understand her ways even when they saw she was their superior. Jennie is pleasant and most friendly with them all and they to her but somehow she is not" as one of them said of the sort. "She's too high ranked to be a girlscout. However they are evidently obliging to her and quiet about their services to her. However as she wrote her Jennie had not been forty hours in the place before she discovered that there was an obstacle in the way of her search that she had not foreseen. She had as a favor dusted the drawing room and other rooms and then went to the door of the room she knew must be the library belonging to the Vivian Girls in Emperor Vivians headquarters. She found it locked and wondered why since they were missing. At dinner she had asked one of the girlscouts what the room opposite the sleeping quarters of the Princesses was, and where was the key..."

"That is their library." The girl had told her so she writes. "Violet and her sisters always keep it locked, and no one but themselves or their father is allowed to go in. It's just as they had left it before they were gone. The reason it is locked now is they were of them has the key, and they are gone. Other girls used to go in with Violet and her sisters only on invitation. Jennie also thinks the room was used for another reason..."

"What was that Dolores Mac-Hollister asked."

Jane Melfort shook her head, and glanced at the sentry as much as if to say as if she did not care to continue the conversation before him, and so the guard was asked to go outside and close the door, and then Jane proceeded:

"I don't want to say anything before any sentry not knowing whether it may be a disguised foe you know. The girlscouts who helped Jennie think there is some one who knows something about it, and that probably the plans had disappeared at the time Violet, and her sisters disappeared. But they forgot that Jennie was a stranger and didn't know anything about the missing plans."

Then one of the girls told Jennie all about the plan being missing since Violet, and her sisters could not be found, and how one of the officers who helped make the plans said that the Glandelinians who may have kidnapped them must have secured the plans also, or maybe they were in the library which was the only room not searched. She writes that the girlscout believes that there is some one who may know something about it for if they did not have it in their possession when captured by the foe they must have stowed it away in some secret hiding place, and therefore Jennie had got all the soldiers to look for it again and to pull down more of the winnowing and all sorts. And if of course if there was a secret hiding place then only Violet, and her sisters must alone know of it. The girlscout used to think the reason why Violet, and her sisters had the room shut up and would never allow any one to go in it unless they were there themselves was that the hiding place was somewhere in the library and that they were always afraid a secret Glandelinian boy or girlscout may be in their own ranks. The same conclusion Jennie writes has flashed across her own mind, as soon as she heard that the room was always kept locked. "If the plans are really hidden away," she told the girl. "It is likely enough as you may say, but I don't understand why those Princesses would hide it there."

"Oh you surely must not know them," The girlscout said. "They are seven war girl saints if there ever were any, but they are cautious as cats and sometimes would hunt one about all over the house if they thought she or

he was a glandelinian girl or boy scout, and was going to steal something. They are very fond of their father, and their uncle, and therefore they never liked the thought, that his or their plans might be taken away from them by secret enemy spies and the like for fear that some one else might become masters of the situation and cause the enemy to produce a grave disaster to the christian armies. Jennie and the girlscout were of one mind so it writes here and that the Princesses were likely to do anything to shield their plans.

Jennie would give a good deal if she could find the plans herself.

"But the last letter said she had men search there," said Mildred. "How was it they didn't find it in the library or if the room was not searched how was it Miss Turner did not allow them to search there."

"She couldn't help it," Gertrude replied. "She explains here in the letter that the door is too tough to be broken down, that was attempted even with explosives and the door would not yield. Unless a key is secured for the lock it'll never be opened. That is why the library was not searched. Only one of the Vivian Girl had or still has the key if her kidnapper did not have for thought enough to take her from her which we hope he didn't. Jennie proposed to take out all the books from the shelves and to pull down a lot of the woodwork and turn it all upside down but the door couldn't be opened. Still you see Jennie would not allow any of the library windows to be jammed."

That's what the girlscouts couldn't at first get over. I call it sickening that is what suspicious. Last Sunday she writes the priest made it hot for the Glandelinians and preached a sermon about secrets being known and undiscovered things coming to light."

"Though all are very good Jennie Vivian is much cleverer than her sisters," said Dolores. "And if any wrong has been done concerning the plans she'll discover it sure as she is back. Jennie writes she was quite anxious to see the room after what the girlscout said of it, even if she had to get in through a jammed window."

Though a jammed window. She believes she will be able to see it in about a week. And she will have Emperor Vivian come in and watch all the time like a cat watches a mouse. Many of the girls used to say so. But there as you Miss Turner are not from this part of the country and as Glandelinian spies and agents won't think that you know anything about the missing plans and the disappearance of Violet, and her sisters or seem to care nothing about it you will be able to work out your plans for their recovery in better circumstances.

And here is something more important she writes. Upon that Sunday Miss Turners aide-de-camp on the way from a scouting tour asked Jennie with some great anxiety whether she was not well. Jennie asked her why, why and she answered that she noticed Jennie looked quite pale, and had lost control of herself once or twice, and seemed as if she really was not attending to what she should be doing. Jennie answered that she was afraid that she seemed to be really what she was, for she had received a tremendous surprise and though she tried hard to keep her thoughts from wondering she was afraid she had succeeded very badly. Her aide-de-camp asked what was the matter, and Jennie told her. Jennie asked if her aide-de-camp had remembered the letter she had some time ago from Emperor Vivian warning her to keep out a lookout for Glandelinian boyscouts. The aide-de-camp said "Yes, and Jennie continued that after such unusual talk about her being so determined to find the plans and set matters straight, she said that Emperor Vivian warned that she might see rebel boy scouts and spies trailing her before very long. Well you know how both she and Jennie had talked it over and first the aide-de-camp could make nothing out of it. Now the letter explains what Jennie means."

"What?" asked Mildred. "Did she see any spies?"

"She did Mildred, and it was the famous one of the Princesses, the boyscout Gerald Starring. And where do you think he was?"

"I can't guess Gertrude. Why where could he be, and where can he be staying if he was not encamping in the christian lines?"

He not recognizing Miss Turner was with a party of boyscouts riding in front of her, and mistaking her for a glandelinian girlscout did not bother her."

"So close to Miss Turner, Gertrude. Was she not dreaming?"

"Not at all Mildred, there he was sure enough. Jennie could not possibly be mistaken. If there had been any chance she's have surprised them and made them all her prisoners."

The girlscouts were silent for some time with surprise.

"But what can he be doing so near the christian lines Gertrude? Do you mean to say that Jennie thinks that he either has something to do with the disappearance of the plans, or of Violet and her sisters?"

"That is what she thinks," Gertrude replied. "You know how she said over and over again that she was determined to find those missing plans. Well I believe she has in some way believed that he has something to do with both. Now you can imagine how it was that Jennie had some difficulty in keeping her

thoughts from wondering."

"No indeed Gertrude. And I am sure if I had been in her place I should have tried to capture him. Well if that is the situation is sure explains what she says in her letter about the boy and his companions forunately not recognizing her, but how could she accomplish her purpose, and what will come of her attempt?"

"I have no idea how she will manage to get there Mildred but certainly she says she trailed Starring into the very Glandelinian camp and alone, what she is going or did do there was clear enough. She went to general Manley's headquarters disguised as a Glandelinian girlscout to search for the missing plans. Whether she found it or not we can see in the latter part of the letter but I could hardly believe she could succeed. Still if she tried I hope the letters tell of her luck for I have not a shadow of doubt about it."

"I should never have thought for a moment she was the sort of girl to undertake such a dangerous stunt," Jane Melfort said. "Why she being disguised as a scout and if she does get away with it, will have to do so servant work for Manley and his generals and to run all sorts of risks of being found out sooner or later and knowing what the Glandelinians are it is horrible to think what they might then do to her."

"I don't see that they could do much Jane unless they were better shots than she for she is terrible on the guns, and she has never been captured yet. Still it required no ordinary pluck for that girl to undertake such a scheme as the letter says and if she did succeed it required patience and nerve to carry it through but I don't know that I would agree with you that she is not the sort of girlscout I should have thought not able to undertake such a business for she never failed in anything yet. She was quiet enough when we first knew her but from what we know of her she is a high spirited strong willed girl, and when we first saw her you know she was on the even of parting with her eldest sister Jane. And she was evidently wrapped up in her that of course would make her more quiet and silent than usual. She however bore up remarkably well at the sudden death of her youngest sister Francis and all admired the effort with which she strove to aid the Vivian Girl Princesses in their own work."

"But how about Jean Saunders Jane? Had we better tell her about this. You see if she happens to get this letter Gertrude she might be disappointed over the peril that Jennie is facing."

"That is certainly a difficulty my dear but the letter we did not see all through yet. It's the longest we ever received. I think we had better postpone the matter by keeping Jean and Jack a few days longer inspecting the refugee camp. We have never cared to let her go away from us but it will be good for her to be at leave for a few days. Or we can read the letter through for I believe believe Jennie did succeed."

"Perhaps she did Gertrude though I would not count upon that too much. Evans too has not returned with Violet, and her sisters yet you know or we would have heard of it and this is the 10th of August only already. I imagine that as Miss Jennie Turner has nerve and courage enough to propose and to carry out this singular plan of hers, she must have had resolution enough to continue to play her part till she either found the plans or became absolutely convinced that it was absolutely either not to be found, or that it may be in the library and that only Violet, and her sisters knows where they are..."

"It says on in the letter Jennie had some great difficulty in restraining all show of excitement and in assuming an passive and indifferent air as upon the first day which was August the 6th she had first entered Manley's lines when Manley unlocked his own room and led the way in to have Jennie clean it up."

"Remember this is also my fathers room room" he told her. He said to her that he was sure she understood, and that he wished that everything should remain as it is. And that she will therefore be careful to have the child slaves who is working for her to place everything as they found it, each article of furniture and the books and papers on the table. That she need only sweep the floor and dust everything. Beyond that he did not desire anything done to the room. Jennie wrote she did her work and quietly. Manley had watched her for some little time, and then said that she must leave the room open, that it was better to let the air circulate as much as possible and to leave the windows open as the weather was very warm. Jennie writes she had asked if he would like her to clean out the fire place but he said no most decidedly, saying there was no occasion occasion for it, and that if he has not returned by the time she has finished the room to come and tell him when she was finished for he always made it a point of locking the door himself. She writes

or will be four other packages or so which is to be put in the box with the uniform and sent it to meet have ordered also a pair of felt boots and two other things and told him not to close the box until the others arrived by which time all the other things I have ordered will be sent in to what is called Kintomaru to be sure to have the keys before that and he said it would be so for I certainly don't deserve success for as I seemed to provide for every contingency. Jennie further wrote that as soon as she had received the box she had set to work in earnest. As soon as the house was still and the proper time had elapsed for the glandulins except the sedition to fall asleep, she rose from the bed on which she had laid herself without taking off her clothes, put on the sloop and made her way without making the slightest noise down to the library first.

As she kept that lock well oiled she was able to enter without making any noise, and then looking the door behind her / 1 lighted a candle and started her search. At that night she was written also was finally rewarded by finding the center of what looked like a solidly carved human form of a child in the ornamentation of the mantle piece, gave way under the pressure of a stick, and at the same time she believed she had heard a slight click. Around this she wrote nothing was apparent, and after trying everything within reach for an hour or so she came to the conclusion that it needed a second spring to be touched to reveal the entrance.

She wrote it took her another hour before she found this. It was a slight projection, about as large as a button, and it was inside a cupboard where she least suspected it to be. Pressing this and the other spring simultaneously the book case on the right of the mantelpiece near the fire place suddenly swung open three or four inches. She wrote that for a moment at this discovery she stood breathless with excitement, and she had hesitated before she entered, then she swung the bookcase open. There indeed as she had expected was a room thirteen feet long and seven feet wide, but to her bitter disappointment, it appeared bare and empty and smelled damp and mouldy. A few scraps of paper lay on the floor but there was no furniture chest or boxes in the room. The revelation was so great Jennie wrote that she had returned into the library threw herself into a chair, and had a long cry. Then she went back to the room and carefully examined the places of paper lying on the ground. One of them was a portion of a letter and she recognized at once the handwriting of Emperor Vivian, and wondered how this letter got there. It however as she stated contained only these words:

"My dear Father-----Emperor Vivian---In accordance with your request I send you the -----" but above was the date, which was thirty days anterior to the disappearance of the plans. Jennie wrote that she had no doubt that the word was that should have followed the fragment was "Plans" and that this was the letter one of the Vivian Girl Princesses had sent over with that document. It therefore was important evidence that the plans had been stolen by the enemy spies or agents, and also it showed that one of the Princesses had been in the habit of writing letters to their father. The enemy spies may have placed the plans in there, and where that place was she did not know, but she felt certain that it was somewhere within reach of her hand.

"She was sure it was there, and that it could be easily found, and she was determined to continue looking for it that night until 11 until she found it. She wrote she looked at the clock and discovered it was only nine o'clock and therefore she decided to think the matter over before she resumed the search. And that it was something to have found out as much as she did and therefore was encouraged instead of being disappointed.

Indeed Jennie wrote a good detail to Gertrude giving her a full account of the discovery she had made, and had included the fragment of the letter she had found. He renewed her search for two hours without a pause and her long watchfulness and her excitement did not seem to tell on her even though she felt she had no rest but this might be the only opportunity and therefore she must try and find it. Gertrude as she continued the reading of the letter felt that she could congratulate Jennie most heartily upon the success she had so far met with. Gertrude owned to herself that she had never been very hopeful for after the throughout search she stated she had made of Federal rooms she hardly thought it likely that she would have said in the letter that she would have succeeded, however Jennie wrote she had advanced so far and so Gertrude could not doubt that success would crown her efforts and she read eagerly now. And anyway in a small bare room such as Jennie described the difficulties in the way of finding the hidden springs could not be so great as those she had already overcome. And Gertrude felt sure Jennie was perfectly correct in her expectation that the fragment she sent her was part of the letter that Violet sent to her father with the plans. Gertrude knew it was Violet, as she knew her handwriting. This proved conclusively that

Gertrude had compared it with a copy in her own letter book and found that it was indeed Violet's handwriting. And again the letter proved conclusively that the plans were in the secret room in the Emperor Vivian's headquarters during the strange and sudden disappearance of Violet, and her sisters and therefore one can assign no reason for their disappearance unless they were captured while in the act of putting the plans away in what they had considered a secure hiding place. Jennie therefore had written that she now was sure it was in General Federal's headquarters, that she had no doubt what to do and therefore she wrote of how she continued the search.

Jennie continued that thinking the matter over she had come to the conclusion that the hiding place could only be under one of the stone flags of the floor or in the wall against the fireplace or in that part above the fireplace. She believed there would not be thickness enough in the walls separating the secret chamber from the passages or the rooms on either side of it but the chimney would not be of the same width as the open fire place below and therefore there ought to be a space there sufficient for a good sized hiding place or closet. Again wrote it was here she searched with determination and after touching the springs and entering the secret chamber she had begun carefully to examine each stone in the wall next to the fire place at a distance of about five feet above the ground. She wrote how after five minutes she had made an exclamation of satisfaction for one of the stones about twenty inches square although like the rest fitting closely to those adjoining it was not like the others embedded in cement or mortar. However she wrote that so close was the join that it needed a close inspection to see that it was different from all those around it. Still upon close examination it was fully evident that it was not cemented in and therefore she took out a knife from her pocket and finally found that the joint was even too close to allow the blade to be inserted for any distance. And besides there was no keyhole or any other means of opening it and she had searched the walls in vain for any hidden spring. Then she wrote how during the whole night till three o'clock she had continued the search but without the slightest success, and at last began to almost despair for at the end of that time she was almost convinced that she had passed her fingers again and again over every square inch of the floor and walls within her reach. Completely worn out from lack of sleep she determined therefore to take a little rest and to abstain altogether for at least two nights from the search. On the third night however she suddenly occurred to her. She rose at once dressed herself to continue her search through her plans. She had determined to be more cautious than ever in her operations for she thought it probable that General Federal would be more careful and suspicious than before since the Christian army was concentrating so heavily against him. She would have left the search alone for a few days had it not been for the idea that had taken her from her bed. It had struck her then as possible that the spring opening the secret closet might be in the chimney behind it and that it was necessary to touch this from the outside before opening the door of the most secret room. And she wrote that she had been fully convinced that had there been a spring in the room itself she must have discovered it but it never before struck her that it might be at the back of the closet. She therefore felt that she must satisfy herself on this point at whatever the risk of discovery. She had put the key in the door she wrote and was in the act of turning it when she heard a noise upstairs. She opened the door and stood looking up the stairs. In a moment she saw a light and a boy came following him holding a lighted candle in his hand. Knowing she was yet unseen Jennie said she entered Federal's room and closed and looked the door behind her. She then hurried to the fire place chamber and closed the book case behind her. She had often examined the lock thinking that the secret spring of the closet might be concealed there. It was a large old fashioned one, and moved four bolts two at the top of the door, and two at the bottom.

Nevertheless had already discovered, could be easily opened from the inside. She wrote that she had asked that the glandulins sentry and the boy with him were merely going round the house to see that all was secure, and she had contrary to her practice taken the key from the door of Federal's room in order that the guard and others might enter if they chose. But the thought now flashed across her that probably the guard might intend to open the secret room in order to see that all was secure and the plans were not missing, and to prevent this she now unlocked the pistol barrel she carried in between the heel of the boot and the place of iron

against it which it shot, so that therefore the action of the secret springs could not throw it out of its place. She wrote that she was breathless as she listened for the slightest sounds. Presently she heard a sharp click in the wall behind her and she drew her other revolver in case she would need it for to save herself she would not in the least hesitate to shoot any Glandelinian. She wrote that she had scarcely time to under when she heard a sound in the lock close to her and simultaneously felt a slight tremor of the door as if someone was either trying to shake it or open it. Her heart almost stood still. The Glandelinian guard was evidently trying to open the door of the chamber, and though she knew the lock could not open so long as she held the pistol in the place she nevertheless felt her breath coming fast and her heart beating loudly. For fifteen minutes she attempts to open the door and her heart beating loudly. Then all was still again. Then she wrote that for over half an hour she had remained without moving, then as all continued quiet she guessed that the Glandelinian guard finding the springs did not get had returned to his own post.

Jennie now rose to her feet, drew out her dark lantern which she had concealed about her person and turned it on the wall to her side. Then she wrote further on, how she gave an exclamation of joy for the stone that she had so vainly made efforts to move was swung open. The guard who of course had the secret had touched the spring outside before attempting to open the chamber, and the stone which was set in iron had swung open on one hinge. In a moment Jennie wrote how she had explored the contents and found that the closet was about three feet square the same in depth and contained four shelves. There were several papers in it, and the very first upon which she placed her hand was marked "Plans written by us Violet, and her sisters."

So overwhelmed was Jennie according to what she wrote at this termination to her long and desperate search that she sank to the ground and that it was some time before she could collect herself sufficiently to consider what was her next course. It was evident that for some reason the guard had been about to visit the secret room to see that the captured planes were still in safety. The failure of the springs to act had of course disconcerted her or him but he or an officer might be suspicious that the springs did not work and would try again in the morning, and would if succeeding in opening the door discover that the will was missing. Of course every one who had been within the building would be aware that she had noticed a tiny hole no bigger than a nail hole in the door, and had found that upon the other side it was just above a row of books in the shelves somewhat lower in height than the rest and was evidently intended to enable the occupant of the chamber to obtain a view of the bedroom, and to see whether that room was occupied. She applied her eye to it at once, and saw that all was dark. Concealing the lantern again beneath her coat she drew back the bolts gently and stepped out. Then she went to one of the windows, carefully raised the sash, and stepped out. There were no sentries within sight here, and therefore she got out of the camp and across the meadows, down a drive, and then hurried at the top of her speed toward the Christian lines reaching it safely. She then wrote that she had gone about half the distance and was within sight of the guard line when she heard the approach of a few horses. The road ran between a line of high pine trees but there was no place for concealment and therefore she would have to use her guns good and plenty if it was an enemy patrol. She wrote that she continued to walk along by the edge of the road close to the trees on the opposite side hoping that the horsemen would pass by without noticing her unless they were of her own side and then she would not need to worry so much even if they did take her prisoner. She could explain in camp. The eyes of the patrol leader however were too much accustomed to the darkness, for he reined in his horse, ordered "halt" to his thirty men, and a moment later had flashed a light from a pocket glare light into her face.

She wrote he had questioned her, asking who she was, and where she was going. She wrote that she saw by the light that he was the leader of a mounted patrol squadron of Winkie Abyssinkilians. She answered that she was going to the Christian lines, and gave her name and so forth, but as she was disarmed like a ragged boy he was suspicious, would not believe her, said that there was something wrong, and leaning down he tried to catch her by the collar but she had nimbly eluded him and kept her distance. She told him it was quite true, that she had been in the foe camp spying, and that she was going to Emperor Vivian's lines in a question of life and death. She told him that he could take her to the first Christian general they met and if when he got there he found her story not true he could look her up if he liked. She wrote the patrol leader was puzzled, for he realized the voice was

that of a little girl, and yet her attire, and her presence abroad and from the direction of the enemy's lines at three o'clock in the morning was suspicious in the extreme. He paused for he was doubtful, and he too said he did not like to disturb Emperor Vivian, or any of the Christian generals at this time of night, and he insisted of taking her to a detention tent and bring her before him in the morning, but knowing that she must see to it in person that the plans are delivered safely in his hands, she had told him that if he does, and she can prove her identification, Emperor Vivian will make it hot for him, for she said I'm Miss Jennie Turner eleven year old girl spy and you should know by now when I have even unveiled myself you can see my face. If you still doubt me I can promise you Emperor Vivian any general will not be angry at being called up instead he would be greatly pleased. She promised him a three fold pence if he took her before Emperor Vivian. The men said that therefore if she was sure the Emperor would not be angry at being called up at such an hour, he would take her, but he told her that she should know he is a powerful King, and with his fair and brave saintly daughters missing so mysteriously and being grieved over it, and worried, it would never do for any one now to play any tricks upon him. She told him there were no tricks, that the Emperor knew her very well, and would be pleased exceedingly to see her even at this hour. The patrol leader was greatly puzzled over the whole proceeding but he ordered her to follow and the rest turned and disappearing her between him and in front of themselves he went ahead.

Then Jennie wrote further on that she told the patrol that they really need not be so close to her for if they were Glandelinians and she really wanted to get away she could have done so in a moment for she had a machine gun like pistol in each of her holsters and could have shot them all down the moment she had desired to do so without their having a chance to even fire one shot. They were somewhat startled at this information, and they fell back a little fully satisfied however that their prisoner not being on horseback could not escape by speed. Therefore too as a measure of precaution the leader made her walk a pace or two ahead of the patrol and kept the light of his flasher upon her while he cautiously held a pistol ready for action in his hand in case she really was a foe and not who she said she was, and might suddenly turn upon him. They went through the lower portions of the positions and then up the hill until they reached the camp on Marine heights and five minutes afterwards entered the gate of Emperor Hanson Vivian's Headquarters. On reaching the door Jennie revealed herself to the guard who told her to stay there while he rang the bell. Then she wrote that a moment later a window above opened, and she heard Emperor Vivian ask who it was, and whether he was wanted anywhere, whether the enemy was moving, but the man said he was the patrol and that he was sure he had met a suspicious girl scout on the road, that she was coming to him, that he knew her, and that thought it did seem a likely sort of story he thought it better to run the risk of disturbing him instead of taking her to the detention camp for investigation. She wrote that she explained to the Emperor who she was, having taken off her cap and stepping out so the light of the patrol's flasher fell upon her. She told him that she had got the plans, and to let her in as she was Jennie Turner Emperor Vivian had said "Good Heavens" for he had been startled out of his usual tranquillity, and then he said to the patrol leader that it was all right, and that he would do down in a minute. Then she had said to the patrol that he should now understand she had spoken the truth, and taking her purse from her pocket she had taken by the help of the light two gold pieces and handed them toward the men who said he did not want to take her money, and said that he hoped she would excuse him for not believing her for it had seemed suspicious. He had answered that he had been quite right for the circumstances were quite suspicious and that he had only done his duty. She told him he and his men had they been Glandelinians might have made it very unpleasant for her if they had chosen to take her back to the Glandelinian camp, and as he had done as she asked she was very willing to give him what she had promised for she could afford it very well as it would be useful for him. She stated the men therefore took the money and touched his hat, and said quiet until the door opened and the Emperor himself in a dressing gown came down perfectly right in bringing the girl to him but advised him not to go talking about it throughout the camp, and the Christian positions. The men agreed that he would not say anything about it, and saying good night to both him and Jennie went off. Emperor Vivian Jennie wrote asked her what caused her to come at this late hour of night, and wanted to know whether she had secured it. That it was possible she had found the missing planes. Jennie

answered that it had been quite possible, and showed him the envelope with the seal of course broken. Jennie wrote further that the Emperor said Jennie astounded him. At this moment one of the girlscouts taking care of Angelina Vivian made her appearance at the top of the stairs, a boy scout having briefly said as he hurried out of the room that it was Jennie Turner returning from a spying trip. Jennie was brought to Angelina's room as she wrote and Jennie continues that the Emperor called "Angelina dear" here is your friend Jennie Turner. And what do you think she had brought the missing plans with her.

With an exclamation Angelina Jennie says, and others threw their arms round Jennie saying "You dear brave creature I have been longing to speak to you for the last six months. It seems so unnatural you being so close to us my lying so long in this bed and not being able to see you! and you have really found the plans that were stolen since my sisters disappeared! I can hardly believe it. How has it all come about?"

"Don't bother her too much" Jennie wrote Emperor Vivian said it; for now that the excitement had passed Jennie had been trembling all over, and was scarcely able to keep her feet. He told his daughter she was overfired and over excited, and then told his orderly to take her straight up to the spare room and get her quickly to bed that he would make her a tumbler of hot port wine and water. For the water was sure to be warm in the kitchen and a stink or two would make it boil by the time she was ready for it. He said that he would rather hear about it in the morning for now the plans were safe, that now had come that Violet and her other sisters were closer with Evans that this was quite enough for them to night, for all the rest would keep very well for the morning. Jennie wrote that she was put to bed in a few minutes and after drinking the tumbler of hot negus that had been prepared for her she was soon asleep. A girl scout then came into the room early in the morning, and told Jennie that the Princess Angelina said that Jennie was not to think of getting up unless she felt quite equal to it, that she agreed with Angelina, and said that if she liked she would bring breakfast up to her and then you then she could go off to sleep again for a bit. But Jennie was perfectly ready to get up and said she could not think for a moment when she first opened her eyes where she had got to, and fancied she had overslept herself and should get a nice scolding from the foe generals. Jennie was told that she must wear one of Angelina's dresses, for she had done with the dirty rags clothes for good. The girl scout Jennie wrote brought one in a minutes, and in half an hour she came down in a pretty morning dress of Angelina's. Little Jennie who had been kept in the building Jennie wrote had also made her appearance in the breakfast room, but she had started at the entry of a stranger, and Jennie had asked her holding out her hand "Why Jennie dear, don't you know me?" "Why, why?" (finally Jennie had gasped) "Why it's Miss Jennie Turner. Why when did you come back, and what have you been doing to yourself? Why your face has been dirtied and changed and your once golden hair is brown black. What does it all mean girl?" she had asked the girlscouts in bewilderment. Jennie said that the girlscouts told Jennie that she came in last night, after all were in bed, and when Jennie said, no one had told her, they answered that they did not know it themselves, for she had arrived very unexpectedly. Jennie wanted to know why she had discolored her hair, and wanted to know whether there was anything the matter, especially for coming back without being expected, and that she was now wearing one of Angelina's dresses and had dyed her hair and looked so different altogether. Then she had asked finally whether Jennie had heard anything further about Angelina's six sisters, and of Evans. Jennie had answered that every one would soon hear of it presently, and Emperor Vivian verified it telling all the girlscouts and Jennie too that they all owed a great debt of gratitude to Miss Turner as they all would hear very presently for she has for six days been working in the interest of the lost articles on land and for Violet, and her sisters in particular. Then he told Jennie not to open her eyes so wide but to sit down at the table and then after they had breakfast Jennie would then tell all about it. Then Emperor Vivian Jennie wrote asked her if she had heard the news, and when she asked what news, the Emperor said that his scouts brought in a despatch from general Greithorst saying that he had news that a large portion of the Federal army was advancing and that Emperor Vivian had just issued orders to all the troops to march forward to the support of Kindernine who was likely to be first attacked. Jennie said she had heard nothing about it, and that she had felt suddenly. Emperor Jennie wrote that therefore she feared feared there was sooner or later going to be a battle, and the whole christian line would soon be engaged. Emperor Vivian told her she must not get alarmed over mere news, for he said most of the troops were widely scattered, and Kindernine's troops was the only nearest, that the troops she feared of may not be up in

time, and besides you see Kindernine was the first likely to be attacked, and he may beat the Glandelinians before even any other portion of the christian army would be needed to get up in line of battle. Then Emperor Vivian when they had all finished breakfast asked her to take pity on them all and tell them all about her success. All wished however to go outside into the garden and sit in the chairs under the trees for they felt sure it was going to be a long story and that it would be delightful out there, and also Emperor Vivian could smoke his after breakfast cigar. The chairs were taken out in to the shade of the trees and the party sat down, Jennie especially all excited for as yet she knew nothing of what had happened and was puzzling herself in vain as to how Miss Turner could have been working in the interest of them all. Jennie wrote that she had asked Jennie whether she knew why Violet and her sisters had been carried away by the Glandelinians, and at this question the little girl had opened her eyes wide in surprise. Jennie answered she thought they were kidnapped because they spied on the enemy and Jennie said that it may have been for that one particular purpose, but for something else too. They were captured so the Glandelinians could get possession of the plans. Jennie thought Miss Turner was joking for she could not understand the reason why the foe had had run off with Violet, and her sisters. And besides not till before had Jennie even knew that Jennie Turner had been in the christian lines. Jennie told her she had been there but so often in disguise that no one had known her. Then Jennie told her of her long stay in the Glandelinian camp. Jennie was astonished, and wanted to know what she did in the foe camps and why she was staying. Ad Jennie wrote that she told Jennie that it was just the story she was going to hear, that she had heard that Emperor Vivian by the aid of his daughters had made plans to get general Federal's army caught on head ground and be forced to assault him to end escape. Jennie answered she had seen the plans made, then she knew the plans and Violet, and her sisters were missing and that no one could find them. Jennie told her she herself had believed the plans could be found and therefore was not willing to let the matter rest as the chance of finding it was remote. Emperor Vivian said to Jennie that she had remembered he spoke to her about the plans when some strange boy scout offered her a bank note of 10,000 or ten thousand dollars if she would reveal them and she had refused. Jennie remembered that very well, and told Jennie that the enemy had always kept her out of her rights, and that is why she had refused the bribe. Ad therefore she would have betrayed the boy had not been gone sooner. Emperor Vivian then went on that at that time the chance of their ever hearing of the plans was so remote that he had entirely given up hope and had never taken any more steps in the matter but had altered the plans by making a new one. Fortunately Jennie Turner possessed a great deal more energy and perseverance than even a man has, and when she had found that everyone else had given it up she had taken the matter into her own hands. Then he asked Jennie as she wrote to tell it all telling others to listen quietly and not to ask more questions than they could help till she was finished. Then Jennie told as she wrote how when in Emperor Vivian's headquarters she first did everything in her own power to find the missing plans, but how she had not been able to do so, and as Violet, and her sisters had disappeared at the same time the plans had, she had been suspicious and had thought to undertake the search in the enemy lines herself. Then she wrote of how she had related word by word the measures she had taken to obtain a situation as a girl scout sergeant in general Federal's headquarters and then went on to tell the manner manner in which she had carried on the search and how she had finally succeeded her story being frequently interrupted by exclamations and questions from her hearers.

Emperor Vivian then asked her what she had meant to do next and Jennie had decided to place the plans in an Angelina's possession for she should not feel comfortable otherwise and directly after she had done that she would go directly up to Maria's heights hoping to get there before any great battle was fought for she should like to see general Kindernine as if possible. Jennie wrote she had intended to ask general Dargar if he could spare time to go across the creek to Maria's heights. She would not want him to stop there, only to take her there and that she believed there would not be any difficulty to getting a small raft to go across the Evangeline St. Claire flood region to take her to Maria's heights. If Dargar could not spare time he could send some of his men with her or get someone who would take her in charge but that at any rate she would intend to go by herself if necessary. Then Jennie at that moment finished the letter by writing that as she was replying to a patrol scout came in and reported that half an hour ago a man rode into the lines with word that Jack Evans with the Vivian girls and 10,000 children he had rescued from the foe's lines was close

to the christian lines but was waiting until he could get safely between the foe and the flood and also a forest fire was pursuing him. However justice must be done and that it was hoped Evans would soon arrive.

After having read the whole letter through, and stating of Jennie's unusual success Gertrude prepared to take her evening sleep for she had intentions of doing some patrol duty of her own that night. Jean who had returned from the refugee camp alone having left Jack there till morning, when she would come back to him had just finished her rounds after taps, when she thought she heard a noise at the left end of the huge raft. She returned at once to her tent took out her brace of pistols and again went outside and listened. Yes she had not been mistaken she distinctly heard strange sounds beyond on the left portion of the raft, and she thought the murmur of many voices which sounded strange to her. After a moment's thought she again returned to her tent believing they were Abyssinilian soldiers only - playing a late game when someone suddenly but gently knocked at the door of her tent. Who ever it was repeated the knock three or four times, and then Jean asked who was there. The party did not speak but knocked again.

"Who's there?" called Jean.

"It's me Hettie Kornmann Jean. Open."

The door was unlocked and opened.

"What is it Hettie?"

"There seems to be suspicious characters on board the raft, Jean, I can hear them moving about on the right of the raft, and I think I heard many voices and they seemed to be swearing, much I unlike our own men."

Jean came out and listened.

"Yes there is some one there," she said. "Go and call Gertrude, and some of the boy scouts. I shall be ready by the time you come back."

In two or three minutes ten boy scouts, headed by Gertrude, came to Jean's tent. She came out to meet them having two of her pistols in her hand. Several girls also came and had armed themselves with their small rifles.

"Have you looked to the priming of your rifle?" Gertrude asked of a boy known as Fred.

"No Miss Arnhurst, I forgot."

"Well then for the love of heaven look now," she said very angrily. "What's the use of having a weapon if you don't see that it's in order?"

"It's all right Miss Arnhurst," the boy said after he had examined the priming.

"Well then, all of you come along, and do not make the slightest noise."

That they all went forward without making the slightest sound, and passed when they were within hearing of the right section of the raft. The sounds came from some large tent. Gertrude, Angelina led the way to the door, threw it open and six men were seen in the act of packing up some of the tent equipments. As the door of the tent was flung open the men started up with an exclamation. Gertrude fired, and there was a cry of pain. A moment later there was a roar as Fred's rifle went off the contents of the right section of the raft. The men were all dead. Without hesitating for a moment all of the men except one made a rush to the rear opening of the tent, leaped into the water and were swimming forward when they were fired on. Two were seen in sink, but the rest continued on. At this moment a number of other scouts boys and girls, and even one of the Abyssinilians came up.

"What's the matter Gertrude?" Angelina Jennings asked. "We heard firing from the raft?"

"It's nothing Angelina. Some Glandelinian spies or raiders were on board the raft and we have shot a few of them and killed this one in the tent. I did not think it was worth while of arousing the whole crew, but it's all over now, and the others are closing up the tent again. I will tell you about it in the morning. Everybody get back to your tents and into your bunks."

Directly that Gertrude had gone back to her tent a hubbub of talk burst out from some of the other girls.

"It's disgraceful John." How could those Glandelinians have gotten on board our raft. Some sentry was not watching his business."

"Probably they got past the sentry by their disguises as you saw they wore purple," said John. One of them flung a hand grenade at me and struck away by rifle as I was going to level it."

"Get past the sentry." One of the girls said scornfully. "Then he was not on his guard. I am surprised that with girls and boys as we are, and should be known by the enemy as we usually are as 'Hawks' that the foe should get aboard us without being seen. That would seem to show that those skunks have twenty times the shrewdness and courage as we have. Luckily we shot straight for about four of them were killed. Oh we seem to be pitiful creatures after all."

"A lot of us then we seem to be." Another girl retorted. "To allow spies or Glandelinian thieves to get on board our raft. Allow men to rob us children." "Yes that seems embarrassing don't it?" Another again said. Gertrude was just as cool as if she had been eating her brains breakfast, and had he lodged his shot into the heads of one of the scoundrels."

"Hands!"

"No I mean he said I forgot what I said."

Fred had by this time gone back to his tent, and the others beginning to feel too warm out here postponed their discussion of the affair until the following morning. The next morning therefore and before breakfast all the girl scouts and the officers too, including boys and men were all called in the large consultation room of the raft and Gertrude, Angelina Richen, and Jean the interrogated them closely as to whether any of them had seen strange men about the evening before, or had been questioned by anyone they knew as to military values on the raft, and also why it was the men had succeeded in fooling or getting past the sentries.

"If it had not been for Hettie," Jean said when she has finished without being able to obtain any information, the raft would have been robbed of our possessions, and not any of us would have been the wiser. Those men were literally robbing us of our provisions. Investigation showed that it was most for ransom that she as she said she happened to be awake and heard the sounds, and she acted very properly in coming quietly to arouse me. If we had been quicker the results would have been very different and we would have got them of them. I shall now make arrangements for more guards to be on duty in the future, and bells secret bells shall be fixed at many parts of our raft railing. Then when Mildred came for duty had made her a little late, Gertrude informed her of what had taken place the night before.

Gertrude then said it:

"I shall telegraph of course to Jennie Turner, and shall send one of my best scouts ashore to investigate about it, but I have very little hope that he will discover anything Mildred!"

"Why do you think that, Gertrude. You said you were convinced you had killed three of the men and Fred one, and wounded another, so christian spies ought to be able to trace the wounded one who escaped."

"I would dare say they would if this had been an ordinary theft, but I and many of the others am convinced that it was not."

"Not an ordinary theft? How do you mean that out?"

"I have no doubt in my mind Mildred, that it was an attempt to rob me of the letters sent me by Jennie. For one of them is missing."

"Do you think so?" Mildred said in an awed voice. "That is terrible. But you said the men were engaged in packing up food and other provisions of our own."

"Oh I believe that was a mere makout for they may have been fish us to believe they were provision vandals, and therefore acted as such to begin their work with. But other otherwise there has never been any attempt on the raft since we started our journey on it. Why should there be now? If Hettie had not fortunately heard those men and first told Jean who summoned me I believe that when they had packed a few things to give the idea they were food vandals, they would have sneaked into my tent, and finding me asleep, set to ransack it and find the letters."

"But they would never have found the letters, Gertrude. They are too well hidden for that."

"There is no knowing Gertrude said gloomily. "So long as these important letters are in existence we shall never feel comfortable. It will be much better to destroy them."

"No, no," Mildred exclaimed. "We agreed with Gertrude that no one could find them but that is altogether a different thing from destroying them unless we absolutely have to. And besides with so many spies round the way we are, and as we have no news from elsewhere, I firmly believe the war is lost now. If it comes true I should never feel happy again. But I'm firmly believed that Glandelinia has already won."

"As for that," Gertrude said somewhat scornfully. "You don't seem very happy now. You are always fretting and fidgeting of whether we are going to win or whether Glandelinia is going to be the conqueror."

"It is not I who am fancying these things," Mildred answered in an aggrieved voice. "Others think so too, and are more sure of it than I."

"No that is the way with timid people," Gertrude said. "They are often afraid of their very shadows, and see no danger where danger really exists. At any rate whether you are right about our losing the war or not I am determined to see about it."

to know whether the letters are safe or not. But I shall take them out of their hiding place and hide them in the mattress of my cot. We all know they will be safe there at any rate as long as we retain the possession of the raft, though I think it is wiser to destroy them."

"No, no," Mildred exclaimed anything but that now. But then it's your own anyway and if you must you must. I sleep badly now badly enough now, and am always dreaming that Glandelinia has already won the war already. I should never dare sleep if I knew the enemy got hold of those letters."

"I have no patience with such childish fancies as I have told you over and over again," Gertrude said sharply. "If I am ready to take the risk of doing it I do not see that you need to fret at all about it. However I am ready to give in to your prejudices and in deed would rather not destroy them myself if they can be safely kept elsewhere. At any rate any time I shall remove them from their hiding place. We know where they are and that it cannot be searched for, and with it in my mattress they will not be any cause for uneasiness. I can unsew the straw mat trace and when the letters are safely in there we shall have no fear whatever."

"Of course you can do as you like Gertrude," Mildred said doubtfully. "But for my part I would rather as much go on as we are. We don't know whether our very country really exists now with all this flood and forest fires and I would much rather go on thinking that there is a doubt about the whole situation."

"Very well then go on as Mildred. You need ask no questions of me, and I shall tell you nothing. Only remember if I am killed or the raft is sunk with all of us on board don't allow the mattress to go floating away without getting out those letters."

CHAPTER THIRTY TWO.....
ONE DAY MORE IN THE REFUGEE CAMP.....
ACCORDING TO JACK THE WAR IS GROWING DESPERATE.
WOUNDED BOY AND GIRL SCOUTS.
OTHER DOINGS.
NEWS OF G-NE GENERAL FEDERALS ADVANCE AND WHAT COMES OF IT.

IN the meantime Jack had already known this refugee camp so close on the shores of the big flood. It was here that several experiences of the boy gave him some education on the sorrows and horrors of the great war. He however hardly knew any one here even though nothing was altered, and too it was the first time he had ever been in a refugee camp. And here he only found a few people whom he had ever known before. That morning after he had risen from the bed in the little girls home he went on inspection of the camp mechanically. Then he went to the Information Bureau where a man sometimes news could be obtained but there was nothing new to be heard, but still he found a musical instrument to play on. The camp to prevent a surprise from riding Glandelinians who have no respect or sympathy for refugees was surrounded by high barbed wired fences. Strangers who come and wish to see any one in the camp had to show passes or no one could get through, not even with "good terms" with the guards as it is called. Between the jumpers and the birch trees closest to the waters were many children of the refugees, unconscious of what was really going on, were playing near the waters. However it was bearable if one could expect nothing better. They were too young and seemed not to know what all the water was there for...

Jack went to the shore and laid down to take a rest. Looked at so closely he saw the find black ground was evidently composed of millions of the smallest pieces of stone as clear as if they had been made in a laboratory, and to him it was strangely inviting to dig his hands into it, and take up a handful and look it over.

But to him most beautiful indeed were the distant woods with their walls of fir and other pine trees and their hues changing with every minute was most fantastic. Now the green gleams darkest hue, and the next moment movement as the breezes pass down from the heights everything seemed to sway like waves. It appeared as if it was autumn instead of August.

Jack had become so lost in the play of soft fire light in the distant distance and strange transparent shadow that moved like a ghost through the dim trunks and passing over the flood that he almost failed to know where he was or what he was doing. It seemed also to him as if he was beginning to observe nature and to love her for here he seemed not to have much companionship, and did not think of Jack seen all the horrors of the war that he began to feel that he was a little too far from being acquainted with Nature. He too felt the same now like Mildred, that any hope of success for his country was as heavy to easy to gain as if it could never win. The whole refugee camp was separated from the outside by a barbed wired fence, and through gates and openings Jack was able to go to any point and he saw how badly off every one fared. Many seemed nervous and fretful, and most of the men who were quite old, so many young men being in the army were big fellows with or without beards and those with beards looked like meek scolded St Bernard dogs. Many elinked about and could be seen to pick over the garbage tins, so hungry they were, as provisions which had been expected so long did not come. And Jack could see what they found there, with Jack and all his girl and boy scout friends food was pretty scarce too and none too good at that - it ripened out into six or less pieces and boiled in dirty water, and unwashed carrot or other vegetable tops - badly mouldy potatoes were tit bits and the chief luxury at times had been thin rice soup in which floated little bits of beef suet and these were cut up so small that they would take a lot of work to be found. Notwithstanding everything got eaten, and if any one was ever so well off as not to want all his or her share there were a dozen others standing by ready to relieve him of it. Only the dogs that the lads cannot reach were tipped out and thrown into the garbage tins. And along with that sometimes went a few turnip peels, mouldy bread crusts, and all kinds of muck.

and indeed this thin miserable dirty package was always the same object of the unfortunate refugees. Jack had observed them in the evening before picking it out of the stinking tin gradually and go off with it under their very blouses or in their pockets. As to him it was strange indeed to see men and women and children whom he had seen in the past, and who had been so kind to him, now in such a state that made one think, and think seriously, the men had honest peasant faces, broad foreheads, broad noses, broad mouths, broad hands, and thick hairs, indeed looked somewhat like the very Apostles of Our Lord. Many were farmers who had done nothing all their lives but thrashing, reaping, and apple picking and other chores of the farm, and to Jack they looked just as kindly as all the loving saints of old. The children looked like the very innocents who could never silt, and the women were like saints of modern times. It was distressing to watch their movements, to see them bargaining for something to eat. They were all rather feeble, for indeed Jack could observe that they only got enough nourishment to keep them from starving, and it seemed the flood, fires, and probably the enemy too was keeping the expected provisions from arriving. Indeed he and the whole crew on board the raft, including Gertrude and all her girls out and spy followers have not had sufficient food to eat for a long time, and had to run dangerous chances to secure provisions by raiding the enemy's camps, or territory. Jack knew many had dysentery, for furtively many of the men, women and children displayed the blood stained tails of their shirts. Their backs, and their necks were bent, their knees were sagging, their hands drooped as they stretched out their hands and begged with those soft deep musical voices that were like warm stoves and cosy rooms at home.

The men of the Relief Committee in the camp had run out of provision and seem to be as bad off as the unfortunate refugees. If only "Thought Jack" they would not look at one so what great misery can be in their faces, and in their eyes. The refugees too Jack noticed wore the most pitiful clothing. Most of the refugees even had bad shoes, or no shoes at all, and half the children were ragged or nearly naked. It was a fact too that most of the refugees had parted with everything else they had and were therefore the worse off. It was indeed very distressing to watch them partake what they could of their scanty meal. Jack had now almost wished he had not entered the refugee camp.

In the darkness of the former night Jack had been able to see their forms move like sick storks, like great big birds. They even came up close to the wire fence, and leaned their heads against it, their fingers hook round the mesh and some would be standing side by side and with bitter looks on their faces look toward the flood. They rarely spoke and then only a very few words. They were human and brotherly toward one another. They were all apathetic and listless and all gave stories of having lost their all in the flood. Jack could now this morning see some of them standing at the wire fence, and some times one would go away and then another at once would take his place in the line. All of them were silent or only spoke when spoken to first. He watched their dark forms, and the heads of some of the men moving in the wind. Why did the Glandelinians do this to them. Their lives were evidently obscure and guiltless of the dreadful war, and Jack wished he could know more of them, what the names of all of them were, how they lived, what they are going to do when the flood finally goes away, what their burdens were, then his emotion would have an object and might become more sympathy than he had now. The very disaster has made these silent figures Glandelinians worse enemies, a word of command or of extra entreaty by the Christian government would transform all the able bodied men among the refugees into soldiers dangerous to Glandelinians. Jack thought to himself, "At some great table some document was signed by some Glandelinian officials of whom no one yet knew and then for over two years already this war crime on which now the worlds condemnation is and severest penalty may fall, became Glandelinians highest aim itself. Yet whether they would make soldiers who could draw such a distinction when they looked at these quiet men with their child like faces and honest beards.

Jack believed to himself that even the fiends in hell is not more of an enemy to the Christians than these Glandelinian Glandelinian soldiers are, that the Glandelinians are bigger devils than all in the region of the forever lost. Jack felt he would have great joy in shooting down as many of the Glandelinians as possible.

Such thoughts if frightened Jack almost, he felt that he dared not then think this way any more or he might see a whole legion of Glandelinians coming at him in devil forms. He fancied beyond the flood which to him was Danites led of the inferno lay the bottomless abyss. He felt it is not now the time, but he cannot lose these thoughts he would be forced to keep them and till

the frightful war was ended. At the sight of such suffering among these refugees his heart was beating very fast, this is the result, the great result, that he had observed in the worst storm of devastation that he had looked for as the only possibility of human existence striving for amid flood and fire with the almost annihilation of human feeling which is now a task that would make life afterwards worthy of these heinous years. He took out some of his provisions from his knapsack and gave some to the refugees whom he could spare it to. Their grateful looks comforted the boy scout. The hour went by, the air was fog again from smoke of the far distant forest fires and Jack heard that one of the refugees had died and was being buried. On inquiring he learned that every day one of them died. He placed himself on guard during the burial of a little child. The refugees sang at the Mass for the dead and it sounded as if there were no voices but a sad doleful organ far away on the rushing flood.

The burial however was quickly over and then some of the refugees again stood again against the wire fence. Jack had found a few of the refugees who were of German and English descent and one was a player of a sort of harp and who told Jack he used to be a harper in Angelina Agathia. Jack told him he could play a piano a little and so the man fetched his harp and began to play. The others even women and children sat down and leaned their backs against the fence while he stood up and played, sometimes with an absent expression which players of musical instruments have when they close their eyes or again he would sway the instrument to the tune of the song and smile across to Jack and the others. He played mostly old folk and children's songs, and songs of floods, and the others either hummed or sang with him. The sound of the harp was doleful to Jack. The voices soon ceased, and the harp continued alone and it sounded so sad that Jack had tears in his eyes.

Toward ten o'clock before Jack had to go back to the raft Jean and even Jane Melford came over to aid him view the refugee camp and went for a short walk along the edge of the flood. The few hours of this sight seemed to be a torture, indeed were a torture, the three children did not know what to talk about so they spoke of the condition of the refugees in the camp. The situation for them indeed was bad, it was now definitely a fact that all means of transporting food to them and medicines by rail or other wise was impossible because of the floods and the enemy and forest fires, and other great or minor hindrance many were already starving, a great number were sick, and three refugees needed to be operated on shortly, and there were not enough of surgeons. The doctors had hoped that one of the sick would soon recover.

"What is to be done on such a case of suffering in this camp then?" Jack asked.

"Maybe take the chances of raiding the enemy's camps to get supply for them and ourselves too," said Jane Melford.

"How is that to be done?"

"I'll speak to Angelina Jennings. She'll decide."

"In which way?"

"I don't know. We must wait until we know how it will be brought about. We want to make sure how the battle which is raging will turn out first. And besides with raiding a enemy's lines when he is defeated is easier, if not equally as dangerous. But us kids can do more without mishap than any soldier can."

"So you think it is necessary to raid the enemy's lines and to get enough supplies for all those men, women and children and for ourselves too," said Jack.

"I believe you two girls are suggesting a 'fairy tale'. If that can be done we have worked a miracle."

Jane Melford nodded. They passed a man whose face was broken and full of furrows. A woman who stood near him and who probably was either his blind wife or his mother looked very sickly and a little girl stood standing by was nearly a skeleton.

"If I only knew how the chances would be to get a good haul for these refugees. I'd take the risk," said Jack finally.

"Have you not ever tried it before?" asked Jane.

"Not for so many I haven't. And at least surely I cannot do that alone. I would need help."

"Yes help would be needed, that is how it is with us, and with all girl and boy scouts. But we could do it better than the soldiers. They don't dare to take the risk we, and even the Vivian Girls have, and if any one was asked to try it they would worry themselves dreadfully beforehand about it, but us for whom it seems not so important we could accomplish it much better as a matter of course."

"And the cost of discovery and failure afterwards would be so expensive," said Jane.

"Don't Violet, and her sisters succeed in everything they undertake!" Jack asked.

"No not always. They have been known by the speckle special generals off the enemy enemy too long."

"Have they more experience than others?"

"Yes."

"Have they many good assistants?"

"No," said Jean with a shake of the head. "They do most of it all the time. I bet those plans were responsible for their capture."

"I know that," said Jack. "Before they were taken us some one said they were standing in their library in Emperor Vivian's headquarters until twelve o'clock that night. At twelve the Glandelinians must have sneaked into the house by some secret unknown passage as Jennie you know wrote and got away with them and the plans too."

Afterwards the two little girls accompanied Jack to the edge of the camp. Jean who had these with her in her knapsack gave one old man a pot of jam and a bag of potato cakes, the latter of which she had made herself. And in order to cheer the man up a bit they told him a few stories, soldiers jokes, and the like, and of strange things done to Glandelinian generals by Violet, and her sisters. Then going to a lonely spot, the three scouts spread the jams of jam and spread the jam on the cakes and ate some. Jack had no taste for them, and so he went forth to give some to the children of the refugees. They had now been in the refugee camp for several hours. Great clouds of smoke again appeared in the sky to the northeast. The two girls stood on shore watching the flood waters roll past. Jack noticed a mass of wreckage mingled with tree trunks aground on shore, and he searched among it to see if he could find some provisions. But nothing. Jack asked one man if he knew where the city of Evangelina St. Clair lay but no one knew exactly. He searched further out on the flood in one of the boats and from a floating house which he dared to go into and roid, he found some provisions in the attic but no person. And so with his rifle and his pack he set out again on the way further. By the time he overtook a floating trunk he towed it ashore but found nothing in it except old rags. This did not seem very cheerful to him. Some of the refugees had told him too of heavy losses that they heard the Christian armies had been heaving. Jack inquired if any one knew whether any actions had occurred at Cedarlin but no one knew anything about them. Jack had searched farther even with the help of his two girl companions and wandered about here and there, and at last he remarked that it seemed to him a wonderful wonderful feeling. Then at last the three succeeded in getting ashore a number of sealed boxes and found they contained water soaked bread.

"What is it like being a boy scout in the army?" one of the child refugees who was a boy asked.

"Very good if you like it," said Jack, with a sly wink to Jean.

"Yes," he sighed. "I saw your wink. I suppose you mean by that that it is hard times and everything else is rather messed up by that."

"Oh no. But you will have to go through a lot of red tape to become one lad. Not every body can be one you know. This is my girl companion, and this is my other friend Jane Malfort."

With others coming up Jack had an uneasy conscience when he looked at them, and yet without any good reason. Jack brought out the rest of the potato cakes and jam so they could have some too. Two cakes Jack found mouldy, and seeing it was still possible to eat them, Jack kept them for himself and gave the fresh ones to two little girls. As he saw how they ate Jack could have almost wept for he could hardly control himself any longer. He told some of the refugees that he believed everything would soon be all right again. In the distance the battle though far away could be heard thundering loudly, and the walls of the tent shivered.

Jack remembered his first days in the camp when there had been a great deal of polish in polishing to be done, and how he and all the boy scouts had been strictly inspected at every turn. Every one who wore in civilian clothes received unformed. Jack remembered it all and how there was so much drill and fuss how every one had been expectant. Then at last the precious moment arrived. He remembered how he and all were to be inspected by the Vivian Girls, and how every one stood up stiff when they appeared. He remembered how curious he had been to see what they looked like, and watched them as they marched along the line, and he was not at all disappointed. Judging from the pictures of them he had at first imagined them to be extremely beautiful and above all to have musical voices, and yet their appearance exceeded the pictures of them.

Afterwards now while still in the camp of refugees Jack began to discuss this with his two girl friends. Jack said;

"So that is what the Glandelinians like to do to the good Vivian Girl Princesses because they hate us Christians. Every one of the Glandelinians ought to be made to stand up stiff to them." Jack meditated then finished. "The Manly too, the dirty dogs. They ought to be made to stand up stiff to them to eh girls!"

"Sure indeed," said Jane....

Jack however had not finished his idea yet. He thought for a while and then asked, "and would not it be better if the one intruder King of Glandelinia would have to stand up stiff to them too as we do to an Emperor?"

The two girls were not quite sure about it, and Jean said that she could not decide on that, but it would tickle her pink to see him be mistaken for a football. However however she said that despite their exalted position the Vivian Girls live and act like humble and daring sailors.

"What rot the Glandelinians did hatch out in this bloody war," said Jane. "The main point is that the whole of Glandelinia should be made to stand up stiff before us all."

However Jack was quite fascinated. "But look," he announced. "I simply can't believe that the Vivian Girls should be compelled to go through the horrors of the war as the others do."

"You can bet your boots they don't have to. It's their choice, and I'd dare any one to try to talk them out of it."

"Four and a half wit makes seven," said Jean. "Henley has a maggot in his brain Jack. To get his head clear he ought to have that headworm cultivated. He then probably would be able to quite this wicked war business he is carrying on and save his miserable soul."

"But what I would like to know," said Jean. "Is whether there would have been such a big war as this if Emperor Vivian himself had said 'HN O.'"

"I'm not so sure of that much," Jack interjected. "He was against it from the first. We were forced into it by Glandelinia's crazy actions. You know by the whole world Glandelinia is looked upon as a 'Mad Nation.'"

"Well if Abba-anna had not desired the war, then perhaps Glandelinia in too could have avoided it by saying 'No.'"

"That's probable," Jean agreed. "But the people not the ruler or the generals said yes."

"It's queer when one thinks about it," said one of the refugee boys. "Our armies are all in the fields to protect the nation from Glandelinians. And surely the Glandelinians are here to protect their own country. And Glandelinia's cause is said to be wicked. Now who's in the right?"

"Perhaps both," said another refugee child, without believing it.

"Yes, well now indeed your sympathy seems for both," said Jack almost scornfully. "For what the enemy has done to you and us you say that. Maybe you indeed intend to drive me into a corner with your argument but all the Churches all the Christian nations in the world and all national newspapers throughout the world say and try to prove that we are the only ones that are right, and its hope so---but no doubt the Glandelinian professors, parsons and newspapers say that the right is on their side, wicked as the cause is what about that?"

"That I don't know," said a refugee girl in answer. "But which ever way it is there's terrible war just the same and every month there is more armies coming on in on both sides. But I would not be afraid to bet that Glandelinia's cause is with the devil. But how did this war get started. We know wars start by one country badly offending another, but we did not offend Glandelinia. She offended us, and started the war too."

"Are you little girl really as stupid as that or are you just pulling my leg," growled Jack. "I don't mean that part at all. We can't see either that the ruler or the generals are too entirely responsible. It is fully the people of Glandelinia. We never offended them for it is true."

"Then you scouts haven't any business in the army at all," replied the refugee boy. "We feel ourselves offended. Our homes are all gone, my parents are dead and I am alone having lost my littlest sister."

"Well let me tell you," said Jane Malfort almost sharply. "This doesn't apply only to you. There are hundreds of thousands nay millions in the same sad state as you are."

"Then I suppose I should be join joining the Boy Scouts at once," retorted the refugee boy, and every one laughed.

"Oh goosh he means the Glandelinian people as a whole, the Glandelinian country," exclaimed Jean.

"Glandelinia, Glandelinia"----Jack snapped his fingers contemptuously. "What is Glandelinia. To my idea she is Hell coming from below and taking possession of the earth."

"That is right" said Joan "You have said something for once Jack. There's no difference between the people of Glandelinia, and the population of the Infernal Regions."

"But it seems they go together" insisted Jane. "Without the Infernal Regions, there would be no Glandelinia in this horror. I just thought once that Glandelinia wanted to conquer the world."

"True but just you consider, almost all of us are mere child scouts. And in the Glandelinian army too the majority are of child scouts. Every one in Glandelinia wants to be in the war too. No this horror is not merely the fault of the rulers. It is the people. They want us in their possession, they want all the christian world wiped out. Yet the cause of the war is absolutely dishonored. Some say a child slavery brought it on, some think different, some say it is caused by the early persecutions of the Glandelinians upon the Vivian girls and the like. Yet it does not seem so."

"Then what is exactly the war for?" asked the little girl refugee. Jack shrugged his shoulders. "There must be only to the Glandelinian people to whom the war is useful."

"Well I'm not one of them" grinned a boy refugee.

"Not you nor anyone else here" said Jane.

"Who are they then?" persisted another child refugee. "It isn't any use to the Glandelinian leaders either. They have everything they need and want already. They have great armies to command. Of course every Emperor requires one war to make himself become famous. And generals too usually. They sometimes become famous too through war, even more famous than emperors sometimes. Look at general Concentinon Aronburg, Gladerlinia, Kindernine, and others. There are also other Glandelinian people back behind there who profit by the war that's certain. Not one of us of Abhennia at first wanted it, and then all at once there it is. Abhennia did not want the war, and yet we are in it just the same because we saw no way out. And there are many lies told by the Glandelinians for just think of those papers we have found often on prisoners where it says that when we receive Our Blessed Lord we are eating him. The fellows who write that ought to go and hang themselves like Judas. They are the real culprits who commit the slaughter of the 'Holy Innocents' of Abhennia."

Jane arose to her feet. "Anyway the war is better in Calvernia than in Abhennia. Instead as Calvernia was a Glandelinian province but which stuck for us instead and fell off Glandelinia's Yoke. Just you take a look at the shells holes between the opposing lines at Vivian Wicket if you are ever there. I have seen them."

"True" assented Jack "But for us who like to be too good as it is said, no war at all would be far better. It would be a great blessing."

Jack seemed to be quite proud of himself because he had scored over all in his conversation. And his opinion was quite popular and tip typical here and there. A boy like this time and again and always there is nothing whatever with one could probably counter it because always that is the limit of their very comprehension of all the factors involved. The national feeling of the soldier of either side resolves itself into what the war and its cause as to right might be. The refugee boy laid down in the grass and growled angrily. "The best thing is not to talk about Glandelinia and the rotten way she carries on the war. We have seen enough of it."

"It won't make any difference anyway that's sure she'll do it again anyhow," agreed Jane. A few hours later the three child scouts went a distance south-east of the refugee camp where he had heard some great explosion. He had occurred during an rear guard action of the battle still raging. On the way the three passed through a devastated wood with the tree trunks shattered and the ground ploughed up. At several places there were six tremendous craters the like of which the child scouts never saw before in any war.

"Great guns something exploded here," Jack said to Joan.

"They must have been mines" she replied, and then with a look of horror in her face suddenly pointed forward to one of the nearest trees. They looked in dismay and observed dead men hanging in the branches and many of them. Gloss by a naked soldier was squatting in the fork of a tree, he still had his "College Professor" like he saton otherwise this Glandelinian was entirely unclad. However what was more shocking to the little girls and the boy there was only half of him sitting up there, the top half on ly, for the legs were missing.

"What in the world can that mean?" asked Jack trying to hide the sight from her eyes with her hand.

"He must have been blown entirely out of his clothes," muttered Jack. "It's funny though I have never seen such a sight before. But I have heard if a mine gets you

it blows a person or any number of persons clear out of their clothes."

"But how does it do it?"

"It must be the concussion."

Jack searched around. He said:

"I'm right for so it is. Here on this tree hangs a bit of gray uniform, and over there is splattered a bloody mess that was once a human limb. Over there was still a body tu with nothing but a piece of the under pants on one leg and a collar of the tunic around the neck. Otherwise it is naked and badly torn and his clothes are hanging up in the trees. I see both arms are missing as though some one had pulled them off."

Jack discovered one of the arms two hundred feet off in a tree. The dead man lay on his face, and there where the arm wounds were, the earth was black with dried blood. And underfoot the leaves were found scratched up as though the man had been kicking.

"This scene is no joke," said Jane. "I don't want to remain here."

"A shell splinter in the body is no joke either" replied Jack shrugging his shoulders.

"Well as this happened to Glandelinian soldiers I don't see why we should get tender hearted" said Joan.

"Yet all this could have happened only a little while ago the blood still being fresh. As everybody we see are all dead we do not need to waste any more time, but some one should report this affair at the next stratchers bearers post."

Jack decided as he had planned to see whether he could secure some provisions from the enemy's lines to give to the refugees. Since seeing their condition Jack felt a certain strange attachment to them, and he managed to get some of the bravest refugee boys to go with him and his two girl companions. They then agreed on a plan slipped out through the barbed wire and then divided and crept forward separately. After a while they found a shallow ditch and crawled into it, being now near where they supposed the enemy's lines to be. From here Jack peered forward. From somewhere all of a sudden there was the sound of moderate machine gun fire. It swept across seemingly from all directions not very heavy but sufficient to make any one keep down, and it seemed all of a sudden the boy and girls were in this fire. The ground lay a stark in the place pale light of the dark day and as a strange pale parachute shell opened out there was a strange sound. Jane muttered that some distance in front there were a troop of Glandelinian soldiers. That seemed nasty as it seemed hard to observe them, and they are very good at patrolling too. And oddly enough they are quite dangerous for they can see anywhere like cats and they were always able to shoot down a christian enemy patrol with the most perfect ease and without being seen too. A shell or some thing that made a noise like a loud "Automobile Exhaust" landed close beside Jack. Jack had not heard it coming and became terrified, and at the same moment a senseless fear took hold of him. Here he and his few friends were alone and almost helpless in the dark and the dense fog of smoke-perhaps even the eyes of the relentless enemy had been watching him and his friends for a long time from a distant enemy position in front of them, and no doubt would hurl him to blow them all to pieces. Jack tried to pull himself together. He did not think it was so dangerous to approach close to the enemy reposition. And it was not his first patrol near the enemy lines either and not a particularly risky one. But it was the first a note he was so long away from general Concentinon Aronburg's army and beside the lay of the land was still rather strange to him and he could not tell whether he was already in the midst of the battle and in an abandoned enemy trench. He tried to tell himself that his alarm is absurd that there was probably nothing at all in the semi dark was watching him and his friends because otherwise the missile would not have landed so flat. It was in vain.

In whirling confusion the boys thoughts hummed in his brain--he seemed to hear the warning voice of his mother--he imagined he saw a long wall of Glandelinians rushing forward with fixed bayonets, he fancied a bright picture of everything sinking down into a boiling burning lake of fire of dragons tormented, terrified and in his imagination he thought he saw the greenish unpalpable muzzle of a Glandelinian rifle which moved noiselessly before him which ever he tried to turn his head. The sweat broke out from every pore.

However he still continued to lie in his shallow ditch. He looked at the time on his wrist watch and saw only that a few minutes had passed. His forehead was wet, the sockets of his eyes were damp, his hands were trembling, and he was panting softly. He felt nothing but an awful spasm of fear and all his efforts to outside it like was like-troth into the one desire, to be able to have the chance to just stay lying there and not go. His limbs felt glued to the earth, and though they made a vain attempt he could not move them away. He felt he could not go forward and therefore he pressed himself down himself down on the earth and made up his mind to stay lying there. As immediately the wave flooded over him, a mingled sense of shame of remorse and yet at the same time of security. He raised himself up a little bit to take a look around, when Jane hit him on the head with her pistol butt whispering in herself:

"You damn fool keep down" and he ducked down again his eyes burning with staring into the smoke fog. He waged a wild and senseless fight, he felt worse than anything that he wanted to get out of the ditch and yet slide back into it again and a yet something seemed to say: "You must it is your comrades it is not an enemy yonder" and again "what does it matter to me I have no guilty sinful nature, and I have only one life to lose, and heaven afterwards!" That seemed the result of all that horror and he reproached himself bitterly.

But he could not convince himself, and for some reason or other he felt of all a sudden terribly faint. He raised himself slowly and started to reach forward with his arms to drag his body after him, when both girls grabbed him. Jane saying sharply and almost loudly: "No reckless recklessness Jack or we'll go off and leave you here alone. What will happen to you will be to us too. We are tread cats here and cannot move a finger. A machine gun nest is trained upon us, and would open fire and kill us all and we are exposed too. We got to lit a lie still." Then Jack heard sounds and dropped back. Suspicious sounds could be detected clearly despite the noise of the artillery fire. He listened, the sound was behind him. The girls heard it too but they gave only one glance and saw it was a patrol of other boys their refugees escape a escort moving along the ditch on hands and knees. Now they heard muffled voices. To judge by the tone that might be the boy whom he argued with talking. At once a new warmth flowed through Jack. Indeed these voices, these few quiet words, these slight noises in the ditch behind him recalled Jack at a bound from the fright and terrible loneliness and the fear of death by which he had been almost destroyed. They were more to him than life those voices, they were more than even the sound of his mothers voice and more comforting than fear they were the strongest and more comforting thing there than anything else, they were the voices of his friends. He was not shuddering any more, he did not feel alone in the darkness and smoke---he felt the relief as if the coming of heaven itself, he felt he belonged to them and they to him, that all shared the same terror and the same life; that all the boy and girl comrades were nearer and dearer to each other than even lovers, he could bury his face in any of them, in these voices these words that have finally saved him/ and which would stand by him.

At Jane's signal he followed them cautiously gliding over the edge of the ditch and making his way with them forward, shuffling along on all fours a bit further keeping track of his bearings, keeping them in sight, and looking round him and observing the distributing of the gun fire so as to be able to find his way back with them without mishap. Then he tried to get in touch with the others. He was still afraid but now it seemed to be another fear, and intelligent one, an extraordinarily heightened caution. The weather was windy and hot and shadows of some kind flitted hither and thither in the flicker of the gunfire. It revealed too little and too much. Often he peered ahead but always for nothing. He wondered why and how distant forest fires could make so much smoke as to produce day by day so much half night darkness. He and his friends advanced a long way and then started to turn back in a wide curve. He had not established touch with the others. He felt sure that every yard nearer the foe trenches filled him with confidence of success---and with haste too. It would be had to get lost in this territory a now. Then all of a sudden a new fear laid hold of him. He felt sure neither he nor the two girls could remember the right direction. He became quiet and they stopped moving too and squatted in a new ditch and tried to locate themselves. More than once it had happened that some patrol had jumped joyfully into a trench only then to discover that it was the wrong one. After a short while he began to listen again, but still he could not be sure. The confusion of distant thundering of cannons now seemed so bewildering, and the and the other noises of battle so awe inspiring that he could not tell in his agitation which way he or his girls friends should go. Perhaps they were crawling parallel with the line with or two the line, and that might go on forever. So they crawled once again

in a wide curve.

"Damn those confounded skyrockets." He moaned to himself. To him they seemed to burn for an hour and he could not make the least movement without bringing the bullets whistling round. But there was nothing for it now, he must get through. Furtively he and the girls worked themselves further, moving off over the ground like three crabs, and the three of them had already ripped their hands and knees on the jagged splinters, as sharp as razor blades. Often they no thought no doubt, especially Jack did think that the sky was becoming lighter on the eastern horizon, but then it came to his mind that it may be merely his own imagination. Then gradually he realized that to crawl in the right direction was a matter of life and death. Suddenly there was a tremendous ear-splitting crash. It was from a shell. Almost immediately there were two other dreadful reports. And then to his horror it began in earnest. Why did he lead the girls out here. It was an artillery fire from the christians no doubt opening upon the enemy positions for he knew it by the sound of the shells. Only the christians used these kind of shells. Then a park of machine guns began to rattle and there was nothing for it now but for them to stay lying low. Apparently a big counter attack was coming, and everywhere the rockets shot up without ceasing. The three of them lay huddled in the ditch half in water. They had decided when the attack came, if it is from the enemy they would let themselves fall into the water with their faces as deep in the mud and water as they could then them without suffocating, and that they must pretend to be dead. Suddenly they heard the curtain artillery fire lift and at once they let themselves slip down into the water and kept their mouths just clear so that they could get a breath of air. As they lay motionless, they heard a tremendous noise as of many men running across the ditch---all their nerves became taut and icy. The sound clattered over them and away, it was the passing of the first wave of attack, and they were Glandelinian. Then came suddenly to Jack's mind: "What if a Glandelinian should leap into the ditch?" Swiftly he pulled out his little dagger grasped it fast and buried it in his little hand again under the mud. He decided if any Glandelinian soldier jumps in the ditch he would go for him, at once, stab him anywhere or in the throat so that he could not call out, for that was the only way, and even no doubt he would be as frightened as he was, and when in terror they fall one fall upon one another Jack decided he must be first. Now he could hear the Glandelinian batteries firing and with a dreadful rolling roar. A shell landed near the children, and that made Jack savage with fury, all it needs now is to be killed by the very shells of the christians too, he moaned a prayer and ground his teeth into the mud in a raving frenzy, and in the end all he could do was groan and pray. The crash of the shells burst in his ears like volcanoes blowing up. He hoped that the christians would make a counter charge for then he believed he would be saved. He pressed his head against the earth and listened to the muffled thunder like the explosions of quarrying---and raised it again to listen for the sound on top. Still the machine guns were rattling. He felt sure the christian positions were strong and almost undamaged. The rifle fire was now increasing. He felt better. The attacking enemy had not succeeded in breaking through, and a new sound proved to him that they were retreating. He sank down again, huddled, strained to the uttermost. The hanging, the creeping the plunging became more audible. There was also one dreadful cry yelling among all the other sound. The retreating Glandelinian columns were being raked with gun fire, the attack was repulsed.

Already it seemed to become somewhat lighter, and the fog was growing thinner. Steps by multitudes seemed to hasten over him. The first wave he sees literally melt away all fall into dead and wounded. Again another is turned up on the retreat while the rattle of machine guns became an unbroken sound. Just as he was about to turn round again a little something very heavy stumbled and across them. As they managed to push it off a retreating Glandelinian saw them and jumped into the ditch to dispatch them with the bayonet. Jack did not even think at all he made no decision he only struck home and felt how the man suddenly convulsed became limp and collapsing fell into the water. When Jack Jack recovered himself, he saw his hand was sticky and wet with blood. The fellow, every gasping breath was like a cry a thunder, but it was his little boyish heart that was pounding. Jack wanted worst than anything to stop his mouth, stuff it with earth, stab him again to make him quiet for he was betraying him and the two girls, but finally he regained control of himself but he became so weak that he could not any more lift his hand against him. Jack remained where he was his eyes glued on him, his hand grasping the knife ready

Then suddenly Jack noticed that he had blood on his hand and suddenly felt badly nauseated. Immediately he took some cloth and rubbed the skin with it covering his hand with the mud so that the blood could not be seen any more. All this time the dreadful firing and charges and counter charges did not diminish and it was equally heavy on both sides. It was still early morning and there was no coming or better daylight nor any sign of the smoke fog clearing up. Jack saw a Canadian soldier lying close by and could hear a murmuring from him too. In a fright he stopped his ears but soon he took his fingers away again because he feared he would not be able to hear any of the other sounds. The figure in purple opposite him moved, and the two girls at the sight felt like screaming, while Jack felt as if he was shrinking together and involuntarily looked at the fallen man as if his eyes remained glued to it. He was a beardless man who lay there in the purple uniform at his head had fallen to one side, one arm was half bent and his head was resting helplessly upon it. The other hand was lying on his chest, and it was bloody.

"He must be dead too!" "A k Jack whispered to himself." "He must be dead poor christian soldier, but anyhow he doesn't feel it any more, for him too the war is over, and it is only his body which is gurling."

As Jack watched the head tried to raise itself or at least the man was trying to raise his head, then the moaning for a moment became louder, and his forehead fell back upon his arm. Jack realized now that the Angelenian soldier was not dead, but only badly wounded maybe, but felt nevertheless that he was dying. Jack despite the slight protests of the two girls dragged himself toward the Angelenian soldier, hastened as a shell crashed too close then supported himself on his hands crouched a bit further or closer to him, then waited or hesitated again, and again resumed with to Jack seemed a terrible journey of three or four yards indeed seeming to be a long terrible journey of many miles. At last after all this dangerous exposure Jack was beside him. Then the man opened his eyes for it was evident he had heard the lad, and for a moment gazed at Jack with a look of utter terror in his eyes. The same body still was quiet and did not move, but in the eyes nevertheless there was such an extraordinary expression of frightiness that for a few minutes Jack thought the man would drop off dead any second. The wounded man lay still, indeed as perfectly still as if he was really dead, not giving the slightest sound, even from him the gurgling had ceased; but to Jack indeed it seemed that the eyes still were crying out, and he made as if he would have tried to yell while simultaneously it seemed as if the man's life was gathering together in his eyes for one tremendous effort to shout out, even gathered there together in a dreadful terror of death, and of Jack too.

Jack's legs seemed to give way, and he dropped on his elbow. "No don't be afraid of me I'm no glandelinian" Jack whispered as the mans eyes followed him. Jack felt that he was powerless to move so so long as the eyes of the man stared at him. Then his hands slipped slowly from his breast

but only a little bit however just about a few inches, but nevertheless this movement seemed to break the power of three-eyes. Jack therefore bent forward shook his head and whispered "Don't be afraid I'm no Gladioliman." Jack raised one hand and to show him that he wanted to help him he stroked his forehead. The man's eyes shrunk back as the lad touched his forehead, then they lost their stare, the eyelids drooped lower and it seemed as if the tension was passing. Jack opened his collar and then placed his hand more comfortably upright. His mouth stood half open and the men attempted to say something. Jack perceived the soldiers lips were dry. And to his disappointment discovered that his waterbottle was not there for he had not brought it with him in making his patrol toward the enemy's lines. But there is water or was water in the ditch down at the bottom. Jack climbed down, took his canteen and scooped up the yellow

The Glandelinian soldier lying a little beyond was the first one Jack had
killed at close quarters, and whose death was his own doing for the first
time. All the other boy scouts, and many of the girls had experienced it already
when they had been attacked and opened fire it happened to many in hand to
hand fighting also in battle and the other war conflicts.

Every cry of the man cut through Jack's little heart like a knife, even though this dying Christian soldier seemed to have some relief with him too, as it appeared by his face, some relief that brought him into the war, he seemed to even have an invisible dagger with which he even tried to stab Jack, as if in doubt in his half crazed condition believing Jack was a enemy soldier trying to do him harm. Jack would give anything if the soldier would but only stay alive for to him it was difficult, trying like taking castor oil to lie there in the ditch and have to see him, a friend lie there mortally wounded and hear him groan. However after a few more minutes had passed when it was about the color he was dead. As there was at this position a silent silence sudden on the battlefield Jack breathed freely again. But only for a very short time for the silence seemed more unbearable than the groans that was even still coming from the Glandanlin soldier he had wounded. Jack almost wished the killing was still coming from the w dead Anralinien. Yet it was bad now what he was doing. But he was desperate, he had to do something. He prop the man up again against the sloping wall of the ditch so that he laid his more comfortably although he knew he felt nothing now since he was dead. Jack closed his eyes, and noticed that they were brown, dark brown, his hair was light, the nose was slightly crooked like that of a Roman, the skin was somewhat like that of the Mexican color, but more whiter. For a moment to Jack the man face seemed to be almost healthy, then it suddenly changed into the same strange face of the many dead that he had seen so often before, strange faces to him dead all alike. Jack believed without the slightest doubt that the poor soldiers wife still thought of him, and knew that she too was still living when - that she would be getting mail from him perhaps even a story letter in whatever time a letter can go through the disaster zone. Jack remembered also to be getting worse, she could no longer control his thoughts. As sitting beside him, that if only possible his mother could see him. Then he thought that the man might have thirty or forty years of life if only the battle had not occurred. If only he had run four hundred yards farther and writing a fresh letter to his wife. But Jack knew that he could get no help and girl scout's also. The silence spread. It seemed as if the battle was over and had surged off beyond hearing. Jack felt he must talk, so he spoke to even the dead man and said to him almost desperately:

"Comrade I did not want the dirty Glandelinians to kill you. If you had only jumped in here with me the I would not let the Glandelinians do it that if you would be sensible and not run off. You are as good a man as they, even better. If you had only used or thought of your hand grenades of your own bayonet of your rifle or pistol you would have been safe. I even now see your poor wife and your face and our fellow ship. The Good Book says we must forgive. But how can we forgive such a enemy as like Glandelinian comrades. Your spirit spirit your soul still sees all these horrors, the awful thousand upleaping flames to thousands of feet into the sky, the dreadful floods, and the awful bottles and messengers. We before we die see it too late. The Glandelinians do not realize that we are just the same poor fellows like you then, that our mothers are just as anxious as theirs, and that we have the same fear of death, and the same dreadful agonies of wounds in battle, the same way of dying. How could we forgive the Glandelinians, how could they be an enemy of such a good nation like ours. If we of both sides could only throw away these dreadful rifles, and discard these uniforms both of us could be brothers. But they say Glandelinian is winning, and I too believe every word of it, though I say nothing. I believe everything poor Mildred says for there is true full evidence of it, it is being proven."

It was still quiet, the distant battle front was quiet except for the steady far distant crackling roar of rifle firing. The hot bullets however still swept past they were not fired haphazardly but shrewdly and with perfect aim and seemed to come from three directions, and occasion ally dangerously close a gang gang high explosive shell burst with a roar like the loudest thunder, and with the shock of a dreadful earthquake. Jack and his two girl companions could not yet get out.

"I will try and get a letter to your wife" Jack said hastily to the dead man. "I will write to her she must hear from me, it is better than from someone else. I will tell her everything I have even told you, and she shall not suffer because of these dirty Glandelinian devils, I will help her, and your parents too and your children if you have any--"

Jack discovered that his yellow tunic was half open. He hoped the pocket book of the soldier was easily to find. It was, but Jack hesitated to open it as Jane looked at him strangely but as she nodded he did so and found the book with the soldiers name written in it. Irresolutely he took the wallet in his hand and opened it, finding, some letters, and some pictures. He gathered them up and started to put them on them back again, but the strain Jack was under, the uncertainty, the hunger, the dreadful danger, these hours with a whole row of dead in the ditch and outside of it in windrows had confused him and indeed Jack wanted to hasten the real world to intensify and to end the at torture as one always strikes an unendurably painful hand against something hard regardless of everything. Jack found that there were portraits of a woman two little girls, and a boy small amateur photographs taken against a heavy old wall of some church. Along with them were letters. Jack took them a bit and tried to read them. But each word Jack tried to read pierced him like a shot in the breast, like a stab in the chest. The letters were from his wife, from the city of El Vasep and Jack full well knew what had become of that city and almost burst out crying. Jack's brain now was taxed beyond endurance. But he relented this much that he could never be able to write to these people or he intended for it was impossible. He being killed in battle had probably gone to join his wife and little ones. Jack looked at the portraits once more, and saw that clearly they were not will to do. People. Jack felt that the dead man was now bound up with his own life, and he would have been glad to do everything promise everything in order to save them grief, and Jack swore blindly that he meant to live only for his sake and dead family, with wet lips Jack tried to placate him, and deep down in the boy scout lay the hope that he may get even with the enemy this way, and yet perhaps even get more than satisfaction by some little stratagem if only he and his girl friends were allowed to escape, then he would certainly see to it. Jack opened the book and read slowly:

"Gerard Antonio, Composer of Abhi-annian Daily Times."

With the dead mans pencil Jack wrote the name and address on an envelope, then keeping the envelope swiftly thrust everything else back into his tunic.

After this Jack felt calm, calmer. His fear was groundless, and the name troubled him no more and the madness passed. "Comrade" said Jack to the dead man again, and a little more calmly "To day it was you to go, to morrow it might be me. But if I do come out of the war comrades, I will fight against the foe, such a foe that has struck our nation down. Life also I promise you comrades. But I hope this war shall never happen again."

Jack however was becoming terribly stupefied with hunger and exhaustion. The post was like a dense fog to him as he knew there was no hope of getting

out of this dangerous territory yet. Jack believed he had also fallen into a dose, for he had not realized that noon was fast approaching. The twilight darkness still continued, and it seemed to him as if it was never to end and the eastern sky was as dark as midnight with smoke. If it were only a little sunshine. Then suddenly for no reason or other Jack began to tremble for he feared something might happen in the interval. He thought no more of the dead Glandelinian for he was of no consequence to him now nor would ever be. Yet with one bound the lust to live flared up again and also everything that had filled his thoughts went down before it. Then suddenly too Jack began to realize that even the very christian soldiers would fire on him if he tried to leave the trench, for at that distance they could not tell which is friend or foe. Yet with the coming of darkness produced by the smoke Jack decided to take the chance and to go the way he had come and get back if possible to the refugee camp. The first explosion of a shell came closer, but the battle front within his own hearing still remained quiet. The darkness from the smoke continued to grow and the boy scout excitement abated, and yet he waited cautiously until the first rocket went up. Then he bidding the two girls to follow him cautiously crawled out of the ditch. Before him lay the on coming night darkness brought on by the smoke clouds and the pale gleaming fields and the wreck of battle torn forests. Jack in his caution fixed his eye on a depression of the land escape and the moment the light died out from the rocket the three children scurried over into it, and after a pause propped farther, then waited a few minutes and then scrambled onward. He got further away from the danger zone, the girls following. Then by the light of a rocket Jack saw something move in the stretch of wire fence close by then it stiffened and lay still. Jack Jack waited until he would observe the movement again, and then was surprised to see that it was Penrod and a number of the boy and girl scouts taking the chances to come out and to find him. But Jack for a moment was suspicious until he recognized the hats and the uniforms. Then Jack uttered the famous "boy scout signal, and immediately there came an answer calling:

"Jack, Jack, is Jane and Jean with you."

Jack called out in answer realizing it was Penrod and the others who had come out even with a stretcher looking for him and the two girls. Penrod bounded forward.

"Are you wounded Jack. How are your girl companions."

"No we are sound."

As a shell burst close by they all dropped down. Jack and the two girls asked for something to eat, and eat like wolves. In a few words Jack told what had happened. Yet to Penrod there was nothing new about it for such things had happened before. Penrod told Jack that at D-light's Junction it happened once that he had lain for two days and nights behind the enemy's lines before he could make his way back to the christian lines. Jack told of his experience with the wounded Angelinian's leader in the ditch, and how he had killed the Glandelinian officer. Jack came back on the raft with the net, and all tried to counsel the three and especially Jack and they tried to calm them.

"You can't do anything about it" said Gertrude. "You and your girl friends were attacked by the Glandelinian. What else could you have done? That is what you are here for."

Jack listened to them and felt comforted more than reassured by their presence.

"Look there for instance," said Dolores, and she pointed.

As a near the railing of the raft stood some Abyss Abyssinian snipers. They were resting their rifles on the parapet and watched the doings of enemy patrols on the shore. Once and again a shot would crack out and every time some Glandelinian soldier on horse-back on the shore was hit and some one on board the raft cried out:

"I have found the mark. Did you see how the Glandelinian foul leaped into the air."

"What do you say to that Jack?" asked Mildred Maxwell.

"Jack only nodded."

"If he keeps that up he will get a medal," said Jennings. "That's his third thirty N. N. score."

Then Jack looked at each other.

"I would be afraid to keep on shootin' Glandelinians," he said.

"All the same," said Hattie Kornmann. "It is very good for you that you don't have to. But you do not need to lose any more sleep over your experience. But it's best Jack never to go too close to a battle line again. It's too dangerous. You can't raid the enemy's lines during a battle. It's impossible."

Another rifle cracked out sharp and dry and Jack saw a Glandelinian on shore toppling from his horse. Those on the raft were opening fire because the enemy was scouting to get details of the raft. Gertrude explained that this had been

going on since morning, and she had only waited until the return of Jack and the two girls before she would proceed onward with the raft.

Those on board the raft had dropped in for a good job. The raft too was moving out into the water by this time because it was being shelled too heavily and in particular some had to watch the muddy dump so that no shells would destroy its contents. They were supposed to provision themselves for the same store. They considered themselves mighty lucky all the same, all the Abyssinians soldiers of their escort had had greater losses than they had.

Jack had selected on the raft a good strong tent. The entrance was protected by a separate board boxes in a tall straight pile. During the meanwhile all on board the raft had developed a sort of business military industry. This was an opportunity not only to get safely out of range but to outwit the enemy too. Every one always make the best use of such opportunities. The war is too desperate to allow any of the scouts to be sentimental for long. That was only possible so long as things were not going too badly. And after all these daring boy and girls could not afford to be anything but a matter of cat fact.

Indeed it was such a splendid matter of fact that Jack or any of his followers often shuddered when he afterwards remembered it and the experiences aboard the raft. No matter how exciting was the time all the boy and girl scouts and even their soldier escorts had to take things as lightly as they could, and also to make the most of every opportunity, and nonsense always stands stark and immediate besides horror and pain. They have always learned it cannot otherwise, and that was how they always had taken themselves to be brave under any circumstances. For those who had desired to sleep outside on the raft, its flooring was covered with mattresses, which they had hauled from the top floors of floating houses which had come their way. Only in the middle of the raft floor was there any space. They had also secured from floating houses, and even debris blankets, eiderdown and luxurious other soft affairs, chairs, and tables, and even trunks were secured, pillows, and so forth. There had been plenty of everything to be had in the upper stories of floating houses. The soldiers had found a large mahogany bed, which was easy to take apart with a series of sky blue silk and lace coverlets. They had sweated like slaves in bringing it trip by trip to the raft from the half submerged house, but a man would not let a thing like that slip, and it certainly might be shot to pieces in a day or two for rescue committees had given orders that all floating houses not occupied should be shot to pieces to prevent too heavy a wreckage jam forming which would if caught at places prevent the flood from receding at all. The raft had also during the progress onward come upon a littered have submerged town where there were many houses above water, and many of the girl and boy scouts risked lots to make a patrol through these water logged houses. In a very short time Jack himself had collected more than three dozen eggs, and five pounds of fairly fresh butter. Suddenly there was a crash in what Penrod who was there supposed to be a drawing room, and he saw to his dismay an iron kitchen range hurtling through the wall past him and continue onward a yard from him and go crashing through the wall behind. Two immense holes. It evidently came from a house opposite which was floating in the water, and Penrod believed a shell had just landed there, probably a stray one from the distant battle. "The glendelinian swim!" said Penrod with a grin and he and the others continued their search. All at once Penrod prickled up his ears and hurried into the other room, and suddenly stood petrified, for there on a table was a large large crate full of hens. Penrod rubbed his eyes and looked once again to make certain that he was not seeing things. Yes they were still there. Penrod and another boy told hold of the crate at both ends and brought it to the window and shored it out into one of the waiting boats.

"This will make a grand feed indeed!" said one of the lads.

After this they first landed the supplies onto the raft, and then rowed to another house and there inside on the top floor they found a stop story kitchen with an immense fire place with three ranges, pots, pans, and kettles and all kinds of kitchen utensils, everything, even to a stack of small chopped wood on a tall mantle place. Indeed a regular paradise for any cook. Others of the boy and girls had been in other houses hunting for potatoes, carrots and green peas, and in another house find about four heads of cauliflower.

The male chickens were slaughtered, and Penrod and Jack sweated them immediately. Many of the girls went to make potato cakes to go with the roast chicken. But in none of the wrecked houses could a girl or boy find a grater for the potatoes. But however as it is with girl and boyscouts these kind of difficulties are soon over. With a nail Jean who despite her age and size has a strong little hand punched a lot of holes in a pot lid and made a grater.

Three of the boy scouts then put on thick rubber gloves to protect their fingers against the grater, eighteen others even girls peel the potatoes, and the business finally got started and a regular "Jokes Gallery" started to form on the big raft. Penrod, and some of the other boys, and girls too sampled the chickens (keeping the hens to lay eggs!) the carrots, the peas, and the other vegetables. Penrod who knew how to mix a "french" white sauce for the cauliflower. Jean and some of the others fried the potato pancakes four at a time. Those who did the frying tossed the pan so that the pancakes which were done on one side, fell up turn in the air and were caught again as they came down (one of course on back in Jean's face). The chickens were roasted whole, and many of those working on them stood round them as before an altar. However it seemed that the smoke from the cook stoves began to start trouble. Glendelinian observation balloons had spotted the raft, and the smoke, and those in uniform as christian troopers and child scouts below them, and shells from a long range Glendelinian batteries started to drop on them, those well known samplings of spray spraying little "Daisy Cutters" that made only small holes but scattered fragments widely close to the ground. Two horses were killed on the raft, and they kept dropping closer and closer all around them, still being desperate the boys and girls could not leave the food in the lurch.

A storm of splinters whizzed through the top of the large tent. The roasts were already cooked. But frying the potato pancakes was getting difficult. However they hoped for relief for the raft was moving faster, but nevertheless the explosions came so fast that the splinters struck often and often against the wall of the tent, and swept in through the window and entrance ripping some of the solid canvases apart. However it went this way. When Penrod or any one else heard a shell coming, he or they would drop down on one knee with the pan and the pancakes and duck behind the wall of the window where it was lined with a brick wall. Immediately afterwards he would be up again, and going on with the frying. At last everything was ready, and they organized the transport of it to the more defensible part of the raft. After the next explosion two boys, or even girls would dash across the hundred yards to the defenses on the raft with the pots of steaming vegetables. Penrod saw them disappear softly. The next shot came, and every one ducked, and then two more trotted off each with a big pan of finest hot milk and reach the defenses before the next explosion. The Penrod and Jack seize the master places the big dishes or platters with the broken roasted chickens. A screen A screen from a shell bending of the knees, and away they raced over the hundred yards of open raft floor. Desperately and defiantly both Jean and Jane stay to finish frying their last eight pancakes, six times they had to drop to the floor—after all it means eight pancakes more, as they were their most favorite dishes.

Then the girls grabbed the plates with the great pile of pancakes, and squeezed themselves behind the strong tent door. There came a hiss, and a crash, and they raced off with the plates clamped against their chests with both hands. They were almost in, and they ran like a deer, swept round a wall of a shed, just as fragments clattered against the shack, and stumbled into the same position, Jean's elbows were skinned, but she had not lost a single pancake not even broken the plate.

When the raft was evidently out of range they all started the meal and it was "Some" dinner, and from noon it lasted till six, for every one also had to have a turn. They drank milk until half past seven, milk found in the floating houses. The bones of the chickens were thrown into the cold muddy waters of the flood. Later they were surprised to hear mewing, and discovered a cat sitting on the edge of the raft, and wondered how it got on Jean untied it over, and gave it something to eat. Still chewing something down to sleep. But the night was bad. There was an everlasting boom and bang and all the men worked like leeches to work it loose. Two there there Penrod had been out nine times himself to watch. About eight o'clock, they reached the house was lying on the raft, with all kinds of household goods, sixteen frozen bodies of men women and children, and a number of animals, and a roasting ale which escaped without drowning though still in its cage. A parrot whose voice could be heard miles on shore, and to get some quiet for on shore now they could see many burning houses appearing like hellish torches against the night, and the glare from burning forest were easily seen. Shells from somewhere lumbered across and crashed down. Whistlers blew up in the air far distant and the sensation was like an earthquake and tornado together. On one side on shore the forest had been ripped

away by some mighty explosion. In spite of all the flying fragments which were hurled toward and across the raft. Almost an hour passed and the shore itself was gradually vanishing under the shells, and the raft and all on board seemed to lead a charmed life. So long as all are well situated on board the raft and the shells don't fall too near none on board did not worry, and they desired nothing better than to stand away in on until the end of the war.

One of the boarders had become so fatigued that he only half done his watching duty, and with his nose in the air when complained about he explained to the others that he was brought up that way, and Gertrude Angelina told him that it would not take her very long to bring him "down" the other way. However Penrod was cheerful. On other sides of the raft along planks were stanked high. Nevertheless Penrod had created on top a four poster bed complete with blue silk canopy mattress, and two linen coverlets. And behind it at the head was stowed a bag full of the most choice eatables and other provisions and they had tough ham and sandwiches, conserves, and boxes of sardines. Each boy and girl had a box to himself. Some of the men had rescued from a floating house two big blue armchairs as well. Slowly the raft tilted down the flood. Some sing and are told to keep quiet for behind them the shells continued to send up fountains of water as they exploded under the surface of the flood.

As the raft continued on through the glare of burning homes and distant forest fires, those on board could see on the landscape lots of floating fish. Inhabitants brundling what they could save of their goods and chattels along with them in wheelbarrows, perambulator wagons, and on their backs. Their figures were bent their faces full of grief, grief, despair, hunger, and also resignation. The children were holding on to their mothers hands, and once often a poor old girl or boy laid the little ones, who stumbled onward, and were forever looking back in terror. A few carried miserable looking dolls. And all were silent as they passed, by and whether any saw the raft or not they did not pay any attention to it. The raft continued on, and Penrod was surprised that Molotovs Glandelinians did not fire on a town in which there were still inhabitants.

A few minutes later however the very air screamed, the earth heaved as if there was a volcano erupting and an earthquake at the same time, and a shell landed in the rear very close to the raft. Everyone who was outside scattered or flung themselves down on the flooding, and Jack at that moment felt the usual electric shock which had always before this made him and others do unconscious the right thing under fire; he thought leaped up with a terrible thrilling fear "We are all lost, raft and all" and the next moment there was a close to the raft on a deafening thundering crash that shook the air and the next moment something like a blow swept like a whip over his right leg. Jack heard another boy shout near him exult:

"Quick up Christie!" Jack yelled, for they were lying unsheltered on the open exposed part of the raft. He staggered up and ran, and Jack kept beside him. They had to get over a hedge of lumber and wreckage which was tossed on the raft by an eruption in the water, and the hedge of debris was higher than the boys stood. A boarder cut by the name of Francis seized a chair, Jack heaved him up by the leg, and he cried out, but Jack managed to give him a swing and he went flying over. With one leap Jack followed him but fell into the water having been too near the edge of the raft. The faces of the two boys were smothered with mud and mud, but the cover seemed good for the time being. So finding it was not so deep here they waded toward the raft upon their backs, and whoever a shell whistled they ducked their heads under the water. After they had done this a dozen times they felt exhausted.

"Let's get away to shore cover somewhere or I'll fall in and get drowned!" cried Francis.

"Where has the shell fragments got you?" Jack asked.

"In the calf I believe."

"Can you run Francis?"

"I think I can, I."

"Then out and to shore. We'll signal the raft afterwards."

They made for a ditch that ran into the flood as soon as they landed ashore, and stooping ran along it. To the shelling seemed to follow them. The ditch led toward an abandoned munition shed and if that went up the two boys would be without heads, and so they planned their plans and ran to the shelter of the distant woods. Francis began to drag and he finally said:

"You go Jack, I'll come on after" and he threw himself down, but Jack seized him by the arm and shook him crying: "Up Francis go! If you once lie down you'll never get any further. Quick boy I'll hold you up."

They continued on, and at last reached a small ravine. Francis pitched himself in, and Jack hauled him up as carefully as possible, finding that the shell wound was just a little below the knee, on the back. Then Jack took a look at himself, and found that his trousers were bloody, and the sleeve of his arm too. Therefore Francis bound up Jack's wounds with his own field and dressings. Finally it was observed that he could use his leg no longer, not even be able to move it, and both he and Jack wondered how they managed to get that far as it was, and finally believed that four alone made it possible only, and that indeed the both of them would have run on and on even if their feet had been shot off, they could have even run on the very stump the hump.

Jack could however crawl a little, and when he saw the raft close by he called out as loudly as he could, and finally he and the other boy were picked up. He was placed among the wounded Abyssinians soldiers, and Gertrude immediately stuck an anti-tetanus needle into the depths of the two wounded boys. At the dressing station on the raft the two boys arranged not to say so that they lay side by side, and on being examined the doctor declared that the wounds of the boys was a mere trifle and that they would be able to be up after the shock of their fright was over. Gertrude brought them some good soup which the two boys spooned down greedily.

"How I hope we are satisfied," Francis said. "This is the third time I got hit!"

"Let's hope its the last," Francis replied. "Only I wish I knew what I've got!"

Jack however complained that his pain increased, and declared too that the leg was burned like fire, but he was told that the medicine did it because it was that kind used to prevent the infection that usually comes from such kind of shell fragment wounds.

"How far above the knee was I hit?" asked Jack of Gertrude.

"About a little over four inches Jack" answered Gertrude. "But it is only a hit, and it's not serious."

A few hours later the two boys were taken to the main dressing station, but was somewhat frightened, and thought of what he ought to do quickly, he thought however that while wounded if in the Glandelinian camp the two surgeons in the dressing stations would amputate on the slightest pretension providing you was not of their side. They would think that under the pressure of business that it was much simpler than complicated patching. Jack thought of other boys who had been shot up and had died of their wounds, and asked that whatever happens he will not let no one put him to sleep with ether, even if he had to crack a couple of the doctors skulls. But it was all right for the surgeons only poked around in the wound, and a blackness from the pain came before Jack's eyes. The pain was insupportable, and two orderlies held Jack's arms fast but brave. Jack kept very quiet and the doctor finally fixed out a large piece of shell and tussled it to Jack and saying "This is your trophy." The doctor was pleased at Jack's self control for he was very considerate of the boys' pain as he said:

"Fortunately the shell fragment was not buried very deep. To-morrow I hope you will be able to sit up."

Then Jack put was put in heavy bandages, and he was soon back in his own bed with George the German boy. Jack knew that from the pain he would not get a minute sleep all that coming night, and it was now only an hour before midnight they had been wounded in the last fracas with the enemy seven of the Abyssinians soldiers had died already, and Jack remembered when one of them was being carried away after receiving the last sacraments in a high cracked voice before he began to gurgle. Another had crumpled out of his cot and crawled to the edge of the raft. Evidently he lay in front of the railing as though he wanted to look at the shore for the last time. All waited for the raft to all out from shore again, but Penrod remarked it would not go before night if it emerged again it again would be under fire. Explosions still raged on the flood and it rained mud and water and debris. Jack who came to his senses to Jack looked after him like a mother. Jack felt pretty bad but he did not complain, though his pain made him all the more bitter toward the Glandelinians. Occasionally Jack handed John a stick of chewing gum and gave him also a package full in advance.

"George my boy" said Jack to the German lad "I suddenly think, this is the lastest time I have been wounded since I became a scout."

"And I am no scout yet," the lad added. "I wish I was."

"Yes this is bad luck for all of us. The enemy respects no one I can always be that."

It seemed as if everyone on board the raft had grown sad and melancholy.

Everything because of the spray thrown by explosions was getting mopping wet on board the raft. Jack looked heaven that all the girls out on board the raft knew much about nursing, for all girls out do have to learn that in some way of their number are wounded. Jack was finally to realize a new bed and when he was lifted up and put into the bed he almost sobbed. Good heavens.

"What is it now?" asked John.
Jack had cast a glance at the bed as he said those words, he having notice that it was indeed covered with clean snow white linen, that even had the marks of the iron still on it. And Jack's shirt had gone two months without being washed because it couldn't be washed, and was terribly muddy.

"What's the matter?" John asked again, gently. "Don't you get in by your- self?"

Jack was in a sweat as he answered. "Why yes, but take off the bed cover first."

"But Jack my boy what for?"
Jack felt like a pig, to think he must get in there.

"Jack hesitated as he answered. "It will get a little bit dirty."

"That doesn't matter," said John. "We will wash it again afterwards."

"No, no, on a note that," Jack said excitedly. "I am not equal to such overwhelming cleanliness."

"When you have just recently been lying out there exposed in the trenches yesterday surely we can wash a sheet," she went on.

Jack looked at her, she was young, spotless and neat, like every one of the girls here, and Jack felt strange and alarmed to get into such a nice snowy white bed. Jack almost felt for a moment that she was tormenting him, and that she was going to force him to say it.

"It is only then," Jack tried again hoping she surely ought to know what he meant.

"What is it then?" she asked.

"Because of the damned 'military Gottings' Jack bawled out at last.

John laughed. "So have we all got them. Get in let them feed on the sheet too when in a while."

Jack then scrambled into the bed and pulled up the covers. An hour later he noticed that the raft was slowly began to move. Jack and Francis were indeed very restless even though the raft continued to move quietly and easily over the almost waveless floods. Jack could not hardly realize it at all, lying on a snow white bed on a raft, and wounded, yet not seriously, only a painful yet no account flesh wound. Francis too was only a trifle wounded. Francis heard Jack call his name.

"Yes, Jack, what is it?"

"Do you know how far Evangeline St. Claire is now from here?"

"Over forty miles I think."

There was lots of noise from the wounded Glendelinian prisoners on board the raft. Jack thought he should go and have a look and see what was the matter with him forgetting his own wounds. It was dark in the tent, and forgetting the bed was higher than the cut Jack groped for the edge, with the purpose to cautiously slide down. But his foot found no support he began to slip, the leg banded heavily was no help, and with a crash Jack lay on the floor.

"Ouch," he cried.

"How did you fall out?" asked George coming out up. "Did you bump yourself?"

"Bumped myself. Oh no indeed. It was only a feather touching my head." Jack growled. "My head."

A door opened in the rear of the tent, and men came in.

"My Jack what made you fall out of the bed?" and in her indignation she felt of his pulse, and smoothed his forehead. "You haven't any fever though Jack."

"That's good."

"No I didn't," Jack said.

"Maybe you have been dreaming."

"No. Then Jack told the cause. She looked at Jack with her clear little eyes, and the more wonderful and sweet she was, the more Jack felt respect for her.

Jack was lifted up into the bed again. "That is all right," she said. "That prisoner is dying. The doctor cannot save him."

The raft was now traveling slowly. Sometimes it halted, and some of the dead were unloaded. Francis indeed was becoming feverish. Jack too felt miserable and had a good deal of pain, but the worse of it was that apparently there were still live under the bandages. At least they itched terribly, and Jack could not scratch himself. Jack felt he could never sleep through the days. From the opening in the tent he watched the shore and the forest trunks glide quietly past, and listened to the sloping sound of the waters. Again the raft reached or met with a wreckage jam and Jack heard from one of the guards that Francis will have to be by himself because of his fever.

"How far does the wreckage jam extend?" Jack asked.

"Only about half a mile."

"No more battle experience for me," said Jack to himself. "All of us must stick together."

As the next shell screamed far overhead and "exp," exploded like a volcano bursting in the sky, and at such an awful noise Jack held his breath as if he was about to press it up into his head, making his face swell and turn red. Jack stopped by his bed.

"Are you in pain?" she asked getting worried.

"Yes a little," Jack groaned. "But to suddenness of that noise had him on edge."

"If one of those kind of shells lands on our raft we'll all be doing good time in the other world, and I don't mean maybe."

To his surprise she gave him a thermometer and stood waiting. Indeed Jack would not have been under the explosion one of the Vivian girls if he did not know what to do now. These army thermometers were not made only for older people and soldiers, but boys and girls out knew what to do with them too. Jack stuck it under his tongue at the proper place and as soon finally took it she noticed that it registered 102.2. She in some alarm took a note of it down on a slip of paper. Jack of course was to remain with the wounded boy Francis. That too was a good piece of luck. She told Jack that among many of the wounded Abyssinians there were a great many bad cases of wounds among them. The afternoon was very much disturbed. No one among the wounded could get rest. Jack tried to dose a little. The tent door stood open because of the warmth and Jack heard voices outside. Some one else too made a lot of noise and John explained that the enemy were pursuing the raft in boats, and that if the Glendelinians win the race every one on board will get their full share of "Glendelinian treatment."

This news gave Jack an ache in his head and bones.

"Such an absurd," Jack said. "Just when on edge of us are wounded already."

"All the light guns are on the raft, so we could sink their boats easily."

John and Jack at that moment heard some out about outside. "Don't shout yet at them out there. One of their boats have a long range gun and they may blow us up."

A minute later Angelina Jennings appeared, she this time was dressed in a black and white dress and looked like a beautiful tea-caddy.

"We might as well be saying prayers," she said. "The enemy in the boats are going to overtake us I'm afraid."

"But can't the sails be put up?"

"No that would expose us better to their fire." She stood there looking like an innocent celestial. "And it is twelve o'clock already."

Francis groaned, as some one outside shouted. "Open fire on the blasted raft."

All of a sudden she appeared to be quite disconcerted. Apparently she could not understand what was happening. She disappeared leaving the door open. Then there came the intonation of a Litany which proceeded. There however was for the moment no sound of a gun but suddenly came a strange coughing sound, and Jack felt savage and said. "I'm going to count up to three. If the permit doesn't stop I'm going to let a grenade fly toward the water even if I am wounded in my leg."

"No too," said George.

However Jack counted two threes. Then he opened his gun grenade

and, rose as far as his wounded leg would permit him to the tent window saw a boat loaded with Glendelinians close to the raft, took aim and heaved the bomb through the window and it fell into the boat. There was a terrific eruption of water where the boat was, and soon a few men were seen floating and swimming desperately into the water. It no doubt had been blown into a thousand pieces. The praying stopped because of the crash. The swarm of other boats opened fire with rifles in concert.

"Fire off our big gun." One of the boys yelled.

It was shot off, and with the sinking of six other boats, the others

panic stricken withdrew. Those on board the raft through Jack's desperation had

seen later on the raft inspector praised those who had succeeded in beating off

these Glendelinian pursuers which for a time had threatened all with dire

destruction.

"Who threw the grenade?" He asked.

"Jack answered. "I did."

"You, in your condition?"

"Yes I was annoyed because a girl scout came in and said they threatened us

so closely, and so I did it."

"What's your name lad?"

"Jack Sanders."

The inspector departed.....

Everyone everyone on board the raft indeed were all curious.

"But Jack why did you throw the hand grenade? It didn't seem very necessary at all."

Jack grinned.

"Put why?" he was asked again.

"Because it was the best way to cause confusion."

All seemed to have understood however. Jack continued "I once got a crack in the head by a glancing bullet and the r therefore I have a depth to pay the Glandelinians. Ever since then whenever I see a hostload of them I let a hand grenade fly, and I have had a grand time of it. Glandelinians who know me does not dare to annoy me. And none of the Glandelinians do anything to me. I reported the dead because the havoc I crossed amused me. If they come back again, I will pitch another."

Jack and his friends were overjoyed. With Jack in their midst, and being the best hand grenade thrower of them all they could now risk anything, and anything. There were eight wounded boyscouts and some girls in the same tent with Jack. All wounded during the last fire upon the raft. One known as Pedro a black haired little boy, and he had the worst in jury, a severe lung shell wound. Another James Frankie lay alongside of him, and he had a bad shell wound in the leg which had not looked too bad at first. But toward one o'clock in the afternoon he began to call out to the others, telling them to ring a bell for he feared he had a haemorrhage. Jack himself did the ringing and he did it wildly and loudly. Jean nor others gone out for the time did not come. The raft had been under rather heavy fire recently, and no doubt there was too much excitement on the outside to hear the bell. They wanted and then Frankie said:

"Please ring again."

Jack did so again. Still she did not put in any appearance and it might be evident that she was in one of the other tents full of wounded men.

Frankie are you sure you are really bleeding?" Jack asked. "If so I'll ring the bell that'll summon Miss Marie Glorina."

"I'm positive. The bandage is dreadfully wet. Can't somebody make a light?"

No one however could do that, as the lamp was on the table in the center of the tent and no one could stand up. Therefore Jack continued to ring the bell till his hand and arm became numb. Perhaps the others were all asleep. The girlscout Nurses certainly always have a great deal to do and have been almost overworked day after day and certainly do need rest. And added to that was the everlasting excitement from the enemy and his shells.

"Sho I should we explode a grenade outside?" asked Frankie.

"No they would think we are fired on."

At last the tent door opened. Mary Stank herself appeared, and when she perceived Frankie's trouble she began to bustle and said almost angrily:

"Why didn't some one shoot off a pistol three times. That would be the signal we know of a person in danger of being bleeding to death. We don't go by any bell."

"We did ring" said Jack. And none of us here has a pistol."

She discovered that he had been bleeding very badly, and she bound him up.

While she was at work Jack looked at his face, and saw that it had become sharp and yellow, where before or a few minutes before he had looked almost healthy. Fortunately among the girlscouts there were Red Cross girls who had received much training. They were pleasant, and rather skilled. Jack thought that the girlscouts could be and were more reliable than the grown Red Cross Nurses, and the girlscouts were somewhat more cheerful. And there surely was no one would not do anything for Gertrude Angelina this marvellous girlscout and great professional girl spy who always spread good cheer throughout all her followers even when she can only be seen in the distance. And there were others like her, especially Mary Glorina who was nicknamed Bright Eyed Mary. All the boyscouts would be willing to go through fire for her. Even the Abyssinkilian soldiers could not complain here, they were treated by the children as if the soldiers were their own loving fathers or grown brothers. On the other hand just to think of a garrison in a hospital gave a man the creeps, especially if you were a prisoner.

Mary Stank could see that Frankie would not regain his strength. Mary was afraid he would have to be taken away. She said to Jack:

"We won't be able to see him again. We will have to put him into the dead room tent."

That was a large tent in the corner of the raft, and any one on board the raft who was dying from sickness or wounds were put in there. There were six beds in it. It was more convenient too and they were put there for the sake of the others so that no one in the sick tents died without attendance.

And too the doctors could look after the patient better too if he or she was by herself and probably find better means than to bring the patient through after all...

"What about the wounded Glandelinian prisoner we picked up on shore?" asked Jack.

Mary shrugged her shoulders. "He's unconscious. We believe he will be too. Later on the boys had had a fresh occupant and it was one of the wounded Abyssinkilians. These scores on the raft, of the misery of the wounded and so forth was enough for Jack and he made a significant gesture saying: "As long as I have been in the army I have seen many soldiers come and go. Often since the last horrible experience on land with the enemy when so many Abyssinkilian soldiers had been wounded boy and girl scouts had set by the beds or cots and wept or talked softly and awkwardly. Angelina Jennings had hardly gone away from one of the wounded she had attended to, but she could not stay there the whole night though, for she must need rest. That morning she had come very early indeed. Another boy scout who had been wounded in that last adventure of horror had begun to grow worse, his temperature chart had looked very bad, and then the stretcher too had been placed to his bedside. He had asked where they were going to take him and the girls had answered "To the Bandaging tent" and he had been lifted out. But Jean who had been in attendance of him too made the mistake of removing his tunic from the hook and putting it on the stretcher also, so that she should not have to make two journeys. The boy got scared immediately thinking he was going to be taken to the death tent and tried to roll off the stretcher. "I'm not going" he had said. "I'm getting off here." Jean and Dolores pushed him back, and then he cried out feebly with his shattered lung "I won't go to the death tent."

"But we are not going there," said Dolores almost severely. "Stop this nonsense. You act like a baby. We are going to the tent where the bandaging is done."

"Then what do you want my tunic for?" But he could speak no more however. He was hoarse, and agitated, and whispered "I'm staying here. They did not answer but carried him out. As he was going out he tried desperately to raise himself up, his black curly hair awaying, and his eyes full of tears. "I will not die. I will not die. I'm coming back again." He cried.

Then he was gone. All others were excited, but they said nothing. At last he said:

"Many a boy girl and other soldier of the army has said that same thing. Once a man is in the death ward he never comes through. If there was a chance of coming through they would not put one in there. I remember when I was operated on in General Vivians army because of a nasty shell wound and vomited for two days. The doctor even then had said my bones would never grow together again but they did. I knew of one soldier who had grown crooked after an operation and he had to be re-operated on. It is disgusting. War is no joke. I'm often sorry I ever entered the scout army, but it is far safer than outside with the Glandelinians going crazy with the murders as they do. Among two of the wounded girls there were those with wounds of the feet. Dolores discovered them on her rounds as serious and was very nervous that the force had been recently depleted.

"We'll soon put that right though," she told them hopefully. "The doctor will just need to do a small operation and then you will have perfectly sound feet again. Enter them down Mildred." They did not want to submit but Dolores warned them;

"Why girls if you let that go you'll have Gangrene. You should know the enemy goes absolutely crazy with joy whenever they heard the news of how many boy and girl scouts are killed or maimed for life. The operation on your feet will be simple and with no pain afterwards, and if you refuse even if Gangrene do not set in you will have clubbed feet, and will have to walk all the rest of your life on crutches. You are here to be cured of your wounds. If you don't submit you'll be cripples. What the Glandelinians want are great losses among us girl scouts, and if that will be so the war will be a glorious time for Glandelinia as it is for all the wicked generals. You take a look down below the raft, there are a dozen fellows hobbling around that have refused to be operated on. A lot of them will have to go home when we reach a safer station, and now not a single one of them can walk and have their plaster legs on yet. Every six months the doctors will have to operate on them and break their bones afresh and maybe never will the operation be a successful one. You take my word, I've had experience, I've seen a lot of misery because of others refusing the same thing, but if you do say no, all right. But you'll be fools."

"Yes, but whether your feet than my your brains," said one of the girls. "There's no telling what I will get if I have to go out into the battle fields again. I'll do as I please as long as I can get back home. Better to

have crippled feet then he killed by a Glandelinian shot. At first

At first the two girls would not have it done. But Dolores argued so long that in the end they wisely consented. They had been afterwards brought back and were with their feet in plaster casts. The truth was they would be able to walk in a week. However it had gone very badly for poor Francis for they had taken him and had to take off a good portion of his leg, the whole leg being taken off from the thigh. He hardly spoke any more, and once he had said that he had hoped a bomb would land on his cot and kill him. In the sick tent where Jack had been placed were two blind soldiers who had their eyes blown out of them. One of them was a poet and the other was a very young musician indeed. Their lives were a despair. One of them had what is known as lockjaw. Jack however remembered the day when he once lay in a military hospital among a lot of wounded soldiers, and some of them even prisoners under guard. Day after day had gone by then, with pain, fear, groans and death gurgles. In the hospital they had there seven big death rooms, and even they were of no use any more, for they were too small, and soldiers had died in the very ward Jack had then lain. They went even faster than the very sisters and doctors and orderlies could cope with the men. Jack did not desire anymore such experience and especially of the days when he was able to stand up and go the rounds of the hospital and had been given crutches to hobble on. He remembered too how he had not made much use of them, for he could not bear the gaze of one of the soldiers as he moved about the room, for his eyes always followed him with such a strange heartbroken look. So Jack always managed to escape to the corridor where he could move about more freely. The door man had lost both his arms and one leg. Jack remembered when he went to the floors below he observed sights which never since then had he ever forgotten. There he had seen men with terrible abdominal and spinal wounds, head wounds double amputations, men with sides of faces torn away, or with sides of chests ripped open or without legs and arms combined, eyeless, and with vast holes torn in their throats. On the left side of the wing were as he had remembered the jaw wounds, with injuries to nose ears and necks, or with the backs of heads torn away. He had seen scores even with whole sides of the body torn away. He saw many also of blind and lung wounds, wounds in the joints, wounds in the testicles, wounds in the intestines, men with their legs only stumps, or with arms mangled or torn up. Jack then from now on always remembered in how many places a man could get hit. He had seen soldiers with many machine gun wounds, had seen scores die of tetanus, dysentery, blood poison gangrene. Many of the wounded had he seen with their shattered limbs hanging free in the air from a gallows, while underneath the terrible wounds a head had been placed into which the pus had dropped, and where every two or three hours the vessel had been emptied, and which gave a horrible decayed smell. He had seen other men lying in stretching bandages with heavy weights hanging from the end of the bed, and in awful pain and misad misery. He had seen intestine wounds that were constantly full of the dread excreta. He had seen even nearly a hundred men who had had their appendix cut away by bullets or shell fragments. One surgeon clerk had shown Jack X-ray photographs of a completely smashed up hip bone, of whole stomachs and intestines torn out of a man, and of crushed and mangled knees, shoulders, and necks and also of other horrid wounds. Before then as Jack had thought a man could not then realize that above such shattered bodies there were still human faces in which life still goes its daily rounds. And Jack had seen this in only one big hospital, one single station holding only three hundred patients, while he knew there were hundreds of thousands of hospitals in Calvernia, hundreds of thousands in Angelnia, hundreds of thousands in Abyssinikille, and a million in Abyssinikille filled with patients of such horrible wounds.

How "BEAUTIFUL" war is he had thought. And indeed how senseless was everything that can ever be written done or thought when such horrors as these were possible. It was all lies and of no account when the culture of a score of thousand years could not prevent this ocean of blood being poured out every day, these torture chambers in millions of hospitals, camps and internment army hospitals. From his own experience Jack knew that any hospital he had been in showed him and others alone what a war really was. Jack was very young only nine, yet since the war began he knew nothing of life but despair, horror, sorrows, suffering, death, in countless numbers, fear and fateful superficially cast over an abyss of worldly sorrow.

Jack could see how the Glandelinians are fiercely set against all Christianity in fury, knowingly, foul and foully, and obediently. He could see the keenings of keenest brains of Glandelinia inventing weapons to blow up a whole country. And all men throughout the war stricken country on both sides see these horrible things and are experiencing these things. What would

happen sooner or later. And he wondered what would become of himself and all his own followers like himself if Glandelinia should win. The oldest boy scout in his tent was a Calverinian who would never give him name to any one but his superiors. He was twelve, and had received a severe abdominal wound and the doctors said he would be laid up for a year. However on this day he had been in great excitement for his mother had written to him from the little home in Calvernia where she lived telling him that she had saved up a enough money to pay for the fare, and would be coming to see him. But how could she come when floods, the fury of the war and forest fires barred all approaches to where the raft was afloat. Knowing this the boy had lost his appetite, and he even gave away red cabbages and sausages after he had eaten a couple of mouthfuls. He had allowed nearly every one on board to see or read his letter, and it seemed probable that every one had already read it a dozen or more times, the post marks had been examined only heaven knows how many times, the address was hardly to be seen any more for the spots of grease and thumb marks, and in the end what was sure to always happen the poor boy developed a fever. He had not seen his mother for over three years, and in the meantime she had given birth to a child, whom she wrote she intended bringing with her. But something else occupied the boy's thoughts. He had hoped to reach Evangeline St. Claire before his mother if she could would succeed in getting there for seeing all was well, but when a boy gets to see his mother again after such a long time if at all possible the boy wished her to be where she would be far safer as he knew the enemy was a respecter of no one of the Christian side.

The boy had discussed it with many of the girl and boy scouts at a great length, and in the army there are so secrets about such things as immense perils, and so on. And what's more no one could find any objection to a boy very about the safety of his loving parents, and those who were able to converse with the boy have told him that he should only pray and have Masses said for that was the only hope so far.

But what was the use it seemed, for there the boy was lying in his bed with his troubles, and life would hold no more joys for him if he had to forgo this affair of seeing his mother, and the new born baby sister. They tried to console him and promised Gertrude would try to get over this difficulty one way or other as soon as it was possible. One of his girl scout friends very often appeared she being a tumbled little thing with anxious quick eyes like an eagle. Once in a while she would murmur something softly and stand as if on guard in the door way of the tent. It sometimes seemed to terrify her to see that it took the raft so long to reach its goal.

"Well Marja" said the boy, as he gulped down or dangerously with his Mass apple. "When do you think we can come to Evangeline St. Claire?"

Her only answer was to slowly shake her head as if to say "We'll never get there." The boy seemed at this very fidgety, and every now and then he would point across at the other girls or boys most unhappily with his round almost "banjo eyes." The time seemed favorable, the doctors visit was over, at the tent there couldn't be one girl scout nurse on duty at present in the tent. At such a prospect the girls had turned a little red and looked embarrassed. Some of the boys had tried to grin good naturedly and make pooh, pushing gestures of what did it matter. We must get there sometime. The poor boy now shot to a life long cripple, and expecting the coming of his dear mother and baby sister who knows, because of the flood, forest fires, and enemy whether he really would see her again, and whether the letter had not been written way before the flood began, for the letter was without a date.

He wanted to see her again, and he was entitled to have his mother too. Besides the wounded boy could only lie on his side and the doctor had propped a couple of pillows against his back. Otherwise it was hoped that all would be well. Every one on board the raft always now felt like one big family. Jack's leg too was harnessed up and made to move that evening. The man was not so badly injured as supposed and had been only bandaged up with wailing sobs. There had been so many wounded Abyssinikillian soldiers on board the raft that the bandages were no longer made of cloth but of white crept paper. How long it would take Francis's stump to heal no one could say not even the doctor but Gertrude said that in a few weeks after she hoped she could take him home to have him sent to some institute for artificial limbs. He did not talk much and was much more solemn than formerly. He could often break off in his speech and stare in front of him and it was feared if so many were not around he would have shot himself long ago in delirium. But now he was over the worst of it, and he looked on while others were looking over a map.

Jack hoped that he would some time now get convalescent leave but Gertrude and the others said to him often that they did not want him to go away

and that parting for even a short time from them would be too hard, and that they could not get used to that so soon even if in the army.

Since they had been on the raft so long, they had counted the weeks, and days no more. It was winter when Jack first entered the christian army as a boy scout and when the shells exploded on that horrible November day of the memorial battle of Delight's Junction the frozen clods of earth had been just as dangerous as the fragments and the shell materials. Now the trees were supposed to be green again it was late August but fires scared all good trees. To Jack war seemed to be a cause of death like cancer and tuberculosis, like all kinds of his horrible plagues. The deaths however were far more frequent, more varied and terrible. The thoughts of all seemed as if of clay, they all seemed indeed to be moulded with the changes of the dark smoky gloomy hot days, when they were resting their thoughts were good, but when under fire from shore, their thoughts were dead fields of horror within and without. Everyone on board the raft was that way, and distinctions, breeding and education of any kind seemed changed, were almost blotted out and hardly recognized any more. Sometimes they gave an advantage for profiting by a situation, but they also brought many consequences along with them, in that they aroused prejudices which must be overcome. For all on board the raft however it was a great loving brotherhood which to all conditions of life arising out of the midst of unspeakable dangers, out of the tension and flooriness of death, added something of the good fellowship of the children trying to cheer things up by singing yet of the feeling of solidarity of cow convicts and of the desperate loyalty to one another of men and children condemned to death was being seeking in a wholly unpathetic way a fleeting enjoyment of the hours of rest as they came. It was this for example that made wounded Jack drink down his soup in such ailing haste sometimes when shell fire upon the raft was reported simply because he felt sure he could not be sure that in another hour's time he would still be still alive. Such things seemed indeed to be real problems they were serious matters to all they could not be otherwise. Here every one being on the very borders of death every minute life therefore seemed to follow an amazingly simple course, and that it was limited to what was most necessary, all else would lie buried in gloomy sleep in that lay their survival.

If the boys and his girls on the raft had not been more to themselves and kept their wits about them or been more subtly differentiated they must long since have gone mad, been deserted, or have been all destroyed. All the readers too must know that as in a polar expedition every expression of life must serve only the preservation of existence in the dreadful cold areas and is absolutely focused on that and nothing else indeed all else is banished because it would consume without necessity all the energies needed. That was too the only way for all to save themselves when going through this inferno region of water and fire and in the quiet hours indeed, when the puzzling reflection of former happier days, seemed like a blurred mirror horror projecting beyond them the figures of their past existence, many would often allow all other expressions to like as in a winter sleep, life being simply one continual watch against the menace of terrible death in all forms, from the enemy shot, from the fires, from plagues, from floods, and from plagues, from the attacks of plagues. Moments that might mistake them for Glandelinians in the dark, all that has it seemed transformed them as into unthinking animals in order to give them something of the weapon of instinct, the horror has reinforced them with dullness, so that none of them went to places before the unspeakable dreadful hellish horror, which would overwhelm them all if they had clear conscious thought it has even awakened in them the full sense of full comradeship, so that they too escape the abyss of solitude out here in this dreadful waste of water, and it did seem to them that they were apparently something like the indifference of wild animals so that in spite of all they perceived the positive in every moment and store it up as a reserve against the onslaught of greater horrors than the most terror producing night terrors.

Thus as well as like all the christian soldiers all the boy and girls scouts lived a close hard existence of the utmost superficiality, and rarely did did an incident of any kind ever strike out a "spark". But then on one in a while unexpectedly a flame of grievous and terrible yearning would flare up. These are the dangerous moments indeed, for they usually show to all the boy and girls scouts that the adjustment was only artificial, that it was not anything like simple rest, but the sharpest struggle for rest, and in the very outward form of their lives they seemed to themselves hardly distinguishable from lost souls plowing and peddling through the infernal regions, but where for the latter can be so for all eternity, because they were so wicked, with the scouts it was however the reverse—they were like being in hell for only to exert toward degeneration and then for a short time only.

And for all of the boy and girls scouts to be waking out of a dream overwhelmed and bewitched weirdly by the crowding faces in the glare of the distant forest fires, or in the light glare of flames leaping a thousand feet close by, and the horrid reflections on the water a boy or girl would perceive with alarm how slight was the support again at these dangers, how thin the boundary that divided them from these dangers, and to themselves they imagined often they were like little flames poorly sheltered by frail walls against the horrid storm of dissolution and war madness in which they flickered and some times went out by scores in every army a day by day. Then the muffled roar of some dreadful battle becomes an encircling ring, they would seem to creep in upon themselves, and with big eyes stare in the direction of the insane sounds of firing and rattling explosions. Their only comfort at night too would be the steady breathing of their comrades asleep amid the din and horror, as the others awake and not able to sleep again would wait for the approach of morning.

Since the dreadful war had come into being, every day, every hour, every minute, nay every second, every shell, every death dealing horror had cut into out into the ranks of boy and girls scouts in every christian army in the whole dream of the war, and the two years as Gertrude herself well knew had wasted their numbers rapidly and most harrowingly. Sometimes she fancied she could see it already gradually breaking down around her. She remembered the madness of none of her boyscouts when she still was in the christian armies. This boyscout was one of those who always tried to him tried to keep himself to himself. His misfortune was that he saw a child slave he desired to regain in possession of a party of Glandelinian soldiers on his way home. She and others of her followers were just coming back from a scouting tour, and at a turning of the road she saw him coming. In the evening the boy was not to be seen. Then at last he came back and had a couple of branches of men's army pistols in his belt. The girls of course asked him what his purpose was, but he had made no answer, but laid them on his cot. During the night Gertrude heard him making a noise, he seemed to be packing. Gertrude had sensed something amiss and went into his tent on being notified. He however made out it was nothing dangerous and Gertrude had said to him "Don't do anything silly lad. You could not find it possible to rescue that little slave. You'll get killed."

"put, but I can't sleep over it."

"put why are you packing up for?"

"I might have to go a long way to get her" He replied evasively, and after a while "I have a beautiful home and parents in California, and I can bring her there and she can be by step sister if she has no parents living."

"Perhaps you are committing suicide lad."

He had only nodded but his thoughts even then were only far away. Gertrude always had known that with these kinds of boys, when they see child slaves in the possession of the enemy they always have a curious expression on their faces, a mixture of yearning and sadness, also and also half stupid and half rapt. Gertrude had in order to turn him away from his strange thoughts she had asked him to lend her his prayer book, and to her surprise he gave it to her without a murmur. That then indeed was somewhat suspicious for with his praying articles he was always tight fisted, so she stayed awake and had other boys watching him. Nothing had happened that time or night however and in the morning he was as usual, and she suspected that apparently he knew she had been watching him. But the next evening he then was gone. Gertrude had noticed it and said nothing in order to give him time, for maybe with the help of God he might get through the enemy's lines and rescue her. Various soldiers had already made these successes. But at roll call he was missed. A week after Gertrude and even her followers in general Vivian's lines had heard that in his attempts to rescue her he had been caught by the Glandelinians, those despicable Omerian Kurds. He had secured her, and had succeeded in getting out of the enemy's lines, but had encountered a scouting patrol of these dangerous Glandelinians, the case of escaping was hopeless of course, and of course he did everything else just as idiotically. All of the Glandelinians knew of the lad's purpose, and since then she had never heard of that lad, whether he was court marshalled by the Glandelinians and shot, or whether they sent him away to one of the Glandelinian island prisoners places until the end of the war. But the Glandelinians usually do the former.

Toward afternoon things for all on board the raft broke out in other ways these dangers, these pent up things, as from an overheated boiler. It will be enough to tell how many more of the Abyssinian soldiers of Gertrude's escorting force met their end and some more boy and girls besides.

Toward the late afternoon the whole force on board were in the midst of a

unspeakable horror. A portion of their raft had been shot to pieces, and Glandelinians from shore and in hundreds of boats had rushed to the attack fiercely, it seemed as if those on board the raft had only elastic lines of battle as on this large craft there was no such practically any kind of protection as in trench or breastwork warfare. When after attack after attack of the Glandelinians in boats and gasoline propelled rafts have been waged again and again, there remained a broken section of the forward portion of the raft, a greater number of dead and dying on board and a broken line of Abyssinians, a number of boats sunk, a swarm of dead and wounded strewn on the shore, men by scores floundering in the water, and a bitter struggle from one point of the raft to the other when before repulsed the Glandelinians had succeeded in gaining a foot hold on the raft. Gertrude Angeline, with Angeline a Richer, and some other girls were in the center of the raft behind a barricade of sandbags, the Glandelinians again in boats were rushing down upon the raft unluckily, they were flanking the raft this time, and working in behind it. To attempt to paddle away from the foe was futile for they were surrounded. They would not surrender, fog smoke from fire, and the smoke of battle hung over them like a curtain, no one would even recognize the thought of giving themselves up, and no one wanted to, indeed they did not seem to know themselves at such a critical moment. Gertrude heard the explosion of handgrenades on the forward part of the raft and coming closer to her point of protection. One of the machine guns on the raft swept over the semicircle in front of her and a two boat load of men were swept to death. But behind the attack was crashing nearer, and to make matters worse shells from batteries on shore were crashing and exploding everywhere, some on the very raft. A few minutes more and they would be lost. So terrible was the situation, that Gertrude even prayed for the well hoped for succor from Blanglomenian-Creatures but none were in sight anywhere. Then at closest range, a few more machine guns burst forth and all on board the raft were opening fire with rifles and pistols. Jean a brave girl she was had fetched the others of the machine guns even at exposure to herself and though the counter attack came from over behind, the raft for the time being was set free from the Glandelinians, as a score of boats were sunk with all on board. Afterwards while the foe still attacked, and others on the raft were lying in comparatively good cover, one of the boys reported that a couple of hundred yards distant a great long range machine gun was being trained on the raft from shore.

"Where?" asked another of the boys. The others pointed toward shore, and described the gun to him. The poor foolish boy went off toward the edge of the raft to try and shoot off the gunners and prevent the use of it. Other times he would not have cared, he surely would have been reasonable. But he had just received news by a mysterious telegram that he was an orphan, his parents having been drowned in the disaster. The girls and boys tried to prevent him, but he went off grimly and all they could say to him was "You are mad. For these cases of war madness becomes sometimes dangerous if one is not able to fling the man or boy or girl to the ground and hold him or them fast. And this boy was overgrown even for his young age, and the most powerful of all on the raft. It seemed evidently he was quite absolutely mad for he had to pass through the barrage of Glandelinian rifles sweeping the raft, but this strange horror which had lowered somewhere above all had struck him and made him mad. It has affected others so that they either began to rave, or to run away, and even shoot at everybody thinking they were Glandelinians, there was one man known to Jack himself who had even tried to dig himself into the wall of a building with hands feet, and teeth, and afterwards to cry and bawl like a baby when someone mentioned that it would not snow, and when it snowed he would cry because it was not raining. And he had lost all his life savings, home and his whole family and parents combined. The boy who meant to finish off the machine gunners on shore was carried off with two wounds in the elbow, one in the thigh and another in the neck, and two of the soldiers who carried him were killed, and the other who managed to bring him from under fire got a bullet in the chest and side of the neck while doing it. Another boy scout James W. who was too was dead. Some Glandelinian sharp shooter shot him from the shore in the stomach. He lived for fifteen minutes only, quite conscious but in terrible pain. Before he died he handed over his pocket book to Jack, and begged him to give his photograph and to address asking Jack to write to his mother. Taking advantage that the attack was falling back, the paddlers started to work like mad to get the raft under way, while others tried desperately to hoist sail to make the raft be able to outdo the launches as there was a favorable wind blowing. But there were too many Glandelinians on shore over there, and all who tried to work hoisting the sails were shot as fast as they rushed to the posts. There were too many guns on shore. And also many on board the raft were becoming emaciated and starved. Their remaining food was bad, and mixed up with so much

substitute that it made every one ill, and some had even died of dysentery and that the people would have thought at home to be shown these gray sallow yellow, miserable, wasted faces on the raft, these bent figures of the men espied especially from whose bodies the cold wrings out the blood, and who with lips trembling and distorted with pain would grin at one another and say:

"We have this thanks to the Glandelinian skunks."

Some of the artillery on board the raft had been already fired out, they on board had too few shells, and the barrels of some were so worn that they only shot off uncertainly and even scattered so widely as to fall on those aboard the raft. To make matters worse they had too few horses many having been killed. The boys and girls sweltering from the dreadful heat produced from the forest fires were in need of rest, some were so ill they could not now carry a pack but nearly knew how to die. By scores, and they did so day. However the Glandelinians must have been crazy for bent on trying to capture those on board the raft they simply went on, and seemed to allow themselves to be shot down. A single hand grenade thrown by George the German boy who too was hit and seriously wounded destroyed two boats at one explosion.

In the last attack, a company commander of the boy scouts fell, and this was Gertrude Aide-de-camp George. He was always one of her faithful brave boys who for her sake had been foremost in every hot place during the war. He was in the army for two years without being wounded, so that something had to happen in the end. Again and again the raft was surrounded, and even from some place the smell of petroleum or some kind of surrrounding, and even from some place of powder. Then they began to realize the cause. Two Glandelinian soldiers with long hose and nozzle in his hands from which the fire and blazing oil would spout. If they who too were in a boat got so near that they could reach the raft all on board would be done for, and the raft could not retreat yet.

Everyone started to open fire on them alone, but the boat began to work nearer, and nearer, and things began to look very bad indeed. George Gertrude's aide-de-camp was lying behind a mattress firing at the foe but when he saw that no one could escape because under the sharp fire all must make the most of this cover on the raft, he took long range rifle, crawled from his secure position and lying down propped on his elbows, took aim, and fired. At the same moment a bullet smacked into him, the Glandelinians had succeeded in getting near. Still he lay and aimed again, once he shifted as a grape shot exploded some yards from him, and then again he took his aim, at last the rifle cracked. George then let the gun drop and said: "Good" and slipped back behind his cover. The hindmost of the two flame throwers was hit, he fell from the boat, the hose slipped away from the other fellow, and the fire squirted about on all sides driving the boats out of range but first catching a few and a score of men were burned to death. George had however a chest wound, a fatal one. Then after a while a shell fragment from shrapnell smashed away his chin, and the same fragment had sufficient force to tear open the side of one of the girls who was lying close by and also bearing open her hip. She groaned as she supported herself on her arm, she had quickly, and no one could help her as she was far beyond aid. Like an empty tube after a couple of minutes just after the enemy gave up the attack finally she collapsed and was dead.

After this frightful fray, and when all the dead were disposed of and the fresh number of wounded comfortably placed some one said:

"From what the telegraphic news is, about the results of the war and the flood and fire, and massacre horrors Galvernia ought to be empty soon and the Glandelinians able to take possession. Some of us on board here have given up hope that some day rescue or our being able to reach our destination by some way should never think so far. Any of us like just recently today can stop a bullet or a shell fragment, can either be wounded or get killed, or if only wounded a hospital will be our first good stop. There if they do not equate us we will be at least discharged as unfit for further service.

There were many good doctors, and there were and are lots of them all the time but they are all in the armies and cannot go to take care of disaster victims."

"Yes" said another boy, "there are millions of such stories of these horrors, but they are mostly far more bitter."

"All the same" said Jane Malfort, "they all have nothing to do with plagues, dysentery and the like, and in the Glandelinian armies too there is a great deal of fraud, injustice, and baseness toward all of us. Is it nothing therefore that repent after repentment of Christian Galverinian soldiers following one day after another returns again and again to the ever more hopeless struggle that follows attack along the weakening, retreating crumbling line, and that because of the fires, and floods no troops from Angeline in and Galvernia can come to their help. From a mere mockery the Glandelinian

armies have become like some terrible monster, which even our beautiful and powerful Blenglomnean creatures have found it finally impossible to cope with. The Glandelinian armies are like some monstrous armored wild insane Blenglomnean creature, and in attacks they come rushing on in long lines in thicknesses to be called tidal waves, and more than anything else with their frightful devil yells, and their methods of fighting anything for us the real horrors of the war."

"And what makes it worse, half the time the Galverinian armies do the same. The Glandelinian guns that bombed them." "Said Jean." "The attacking lines of the enemy are men like they, but these Glandelinian batteries are like machines, they thunder on as endless as the war, they are annihilation, their crashes roll like the steady noise of the sea waves a perfect endless chain of roaring smoke like belching armour clad invulnerable steel long throated iron beasts whose shells squash the dead and the wounded, tear the count thy side up in volcanic like eruptions, we children even shrivel up in our thin skin before their thunders, against their colossal size and weight the arms of our soldiers are sticks of straw, and our hand grenades only puff fire crackers. Shells, Glandelinian gas clouds, and flotillas of batteries, shattering, starvation, death, horrors of big fires, floods, night explosions, massacres of children, plagues, dysentery, influenza, thy typhus, murder, burning, and horrible horrible death. Horrors of trenches scores of miles long, hospitals, the common grave, there are no other possibilities. In some ways we are only a little better off than the soldiers."

To those on board the raft the last two months of June and July had passed by, and now it was quite close into August. This summer had been the bloodiest and the most terrible so far and truly without a mistake from Mildred for she was absolutely right a most disgraceful unsuccessful one for the Christian cause cause. The horrible days past and even present to one stood like angels of hell in black and flame incomprehensible, above the tremendous seas of fire, smoke, water, horror and annihilation. Thousands of cities looked like those in France during the World War in Southern Calvernia alone, cities never touched by flood too, and every man boy and girl on the raft knew that thus far the country was absolutely losing the war entirely. Not much was said about it, wild words were continually disputed, but all Christian armies were falling back, this was proved by testimonies of the generals themselves, fair Evangeline St. Claire, partly ruined by flood and fire, was further humiliated by a great Glandelinian army moving on it under impregnable Federal, other Christian armies had not been able to attack or make defense again after the big and terrible carnage at Healdrick Junction or G-dernike Creek, these armies have no more men, and no more ammunition and armies expected could not arrive yet in time because of flood and fire. Still the resistance against the impossible was going on, the dying went on.

SUMMER OF NINETEEN THIRTEEN----- Never has the cause of Calvernia and her sister states in its nigardness seemed to the Christian cause so desirable as it was now, all the beautiful scenes of of nature, beautiful farms, beautiful forests, beautiful fields of unusually bright flowers the red poppies and blue hills and other flowers in the meadows, the beautiful seas of green waving grass, the black mysterious trees of the twilight, the flowing waters of beautiful streams, and lakes, the beautiful towns and cities, thousands of railroad lines, all gone, apparently forever. Now there is thousands of miles of water, in the west and middle Calvernia, in the east, perdition in smoke and flame for hundreds of miles was raging, flames were devouring the very air, and frightful plagues were ravaging the country as fiercely as the disasters and thousands were dying every day.

Summer of 1913.---N ever was so much silently suffered as in the moment when soldiers recovered from their wounds in battle departed once again to their respective commands, many thought not to find their armies because of fire and water. Wild tormenting rumors of a further and incomprehensible increase of the horror and the wilder spread of the forest fires were in the air, they laid hold on the hearts of all in the same fashion as when a mother looks down on her only dying child, and makes the return to the front more discouraging than ever.

SUMMER OF NINETEEN THIRTEEN.----- Never among many soldiers who learned of their loss of families wives and brothers, and sisters or parents was life more bitter and more full of horror than in the hours of bombardment, facing fire assaults, when the blanched faces lay in the dirt and mud and the hands clutch at the one thought "No, no, I cannot be now. Not now at the last moment. We must win if it is even a miracle."

Summer of Nineteen Thirteen.---All the breath of hope that swept over the scorched fields gone, raging fever of dread of what was to come, raging fever of impatience to be avenged on the enemy but to relieve the direst results of the enemy's vengeance instead, horrors of diabolical intent of the

most agonizing terror of the millions of death dealing disasters followed by the insane question "Why, why do not the world make an end of Glandelinia horror. And why do these rumors of an increase of the disasters and their fearful numbers by scores fly about? What floods now are threatening Angelina Agathia and sweeping parts of her away with a loss of many thousands in drowning? How far is the inundation going to extend. And why are the forest fires manning the city of Evangeline St. Claire?"

Truly this story even proves it Mildred disputes on the way the war is turning out is absolutely right. At all points now in the war zone there were now so many Glandelinian armies under great reliable commanders here in Calvernia and they were now so sure of themselves that they gave chase to one single Christian army just as though they were horses. For every one Christian cavalry division there came at least five Glandelinian cavalry squadrons as numerous as a sea of horsemen, per one squadron. For one hungry wretched, badly smitten and diseased Christian army of infantry came ten of the enemy, fresh and fit, healthy and full of pep and spirit, and well supplied with war munitions. Every Christian army loaf of bread hard as good wood there was all the food that a rich man could desire for all the soldiers of the for armies, may not that rather, but one Glandelinian regiment even had enough food to even waste. The Angelinians claimed they were not beaten, for as soldiers they were far better experienced, and more better fighters, and were of stronger and more enduring men, they claimed they were simply crushed and driven back by overwhelming and superior forces who do not fight fair. Behind the armies in dry weather, fearful heat, raging forest fires that no one will believe of what I do write whether it came true or never did so, hot dust earth, lack of pure water to drink plagues raging Rabies rampant among all animals, and among men women and children, dysentery by hundreds of thousands, grey dying, and all the horrors of sickness that is known to Medical Science at once, and a tenfold million other unspeakable horrors making Calvernia a hell indeed. If the soldiers go on a march, their uniform uniforms are soaked with sweat, and they remain wet all the time until stopping to rest, and then take sick. Prostrations from heat in the army is as frequent as those falling in battle and many die. Those who will wear high boots the small sand bags around the top so that in case the army marches over a burning area of country burning ash would get into the feet. The rifles are getting too heavy to carry, everything is heat, smoke, and hot winds, the earth one dark smoking and watery inferno, the yellow pools are red with streams of blood and into which the dead wounded and survivors sink slowly down. The storm of war lashes everywhere simultaneously, and out of the confusion of smoke water and fire and gray and yellow, the hail of shell splinters whipped forth the child like cries of the countless wounded, and too in the night shattered life groans wearily to the dreadful silence. So now forest fires began there is no sunshine, sometimes no daylight, the whole east is a smoking hell pit, scores of big high forested mountains look like Krakatoas in eruption, the hands of the soldiers and faces too are black and their eyes pools of rain. No one seems to know whether they still are alive.

On the raft where the child scouts are the heat sinks heavily like a jelly fish, moist and oppressive, and one the late afternoon of that horrible day while out scouting, while bringing in food Jack Sanders falls. He and Jean were alone. She did what she could to bind up his wounds, and finds the shine of his leg seemed to be smashed. It has also got the bone, and Jack groaned desperately. At last, just at the last, Jean tried to comfort him. Who knew how long the sad horror would go on yet.

"Don't worry," she said. "You are saved now. But you'll never walk on that leg again."

The wound began to bleed fast. Jean did not know what to do. She knew that Jack could not be left by himself while she tried to go to the raft to get help, and shells of high explosive fury were exploding too often and dangerously close to the right and left. The whole country during this battle some desperate effort she took him upon her back, and started off toward the raft burden to dodge the splinters every time, until finally one gets her in the on the way, and she too with her shoulder. They did not stop at all and could not be braced heavily, she was sweating, and her face was swollen with the strain of carrying. All the same she urged him to let's continue on, for the place was dangerous, and four hundred feet away, there arose something like a monstrous eruption cloud as if from a volcano followed by an ear-splitting crash that took her breath away and made her feel the shock.

"Shall we go on again Jack?"

"We must Jean or we'll be killed here."

"Then come Jack."

She after an effort raised him up, he stood on the uninjured leg and supported himself against a stone. Jean after hard work managed to take up the wounded leg carefully and easily, then he gave a jump and she took the loss of the sound leg also under her arm. The going was more difficult. A score of trees rose in the air from an explosion, the whole country seemed to go up, and the sound was maddening. She went as quickly as she could for the blood from Jack's wounded leg was pouring to the ground. Neither could shelter themselves from the explosions. Finally again they lay down in a deep ravine to rest. She bound up her own wounded shoulder and gave Jack some brandy from her water bottle.

"I'm sorry to see Jack," she said at last with tears in her eyes. "We are going to be separated at last but we'll meet I hope in the other world. I don't know about your Jack but I know my wound is mortal. I can feel it."

He was silent and looked at her.

"Do you remember Jack how we first had our foolish quarrel and when I slashed you with a whip. Yet we have become the best of friends, and now will have to go. You to go home and I to Heaven I suppose."

He nodded. The anguish of solitude rose up within the little girl really wounded unto death. When Jack realized that Jean would be taken away he felt as if he would not have but one friend left. But his wound unknown to him really was more mortal.

"Jean," he managed to gasp at last. "I don't believe hope not your wound is mortal. In any case we surely must see one another again even if it is in heaven if you do die."

"Do you think I will ever recover from this deep shoulder wound?" she asked bitterly.

"With rest it ought to get better. Your shoulder bone is all right. But it may be a bit pained a bit."

"No, I know I'm done for. The shot had penetrated my back under my shoulder. I won't even live till to-morrow."

Jack was very miserable. It seemed to him that it was impossible that Jean, his closest friend, whom he knew as no other girl scout, Jean whom he had shared all these days, as if she were his own sister---it seemed impossible that he would not see her again.

"In any case Jean, in case I do recover give me your address at home. And here is mine. I will write it down for you."

Jack wrote her address in her pocket book. How forlorn Jack was already though he still sat beside her. He felt like shooting himself so as to be able to go with her. Suddenly Jack gasped, and turned green and yellow.

"Let's go on," he stammered.

Despite the pain in her shoulder Jean jumped up, eager to help him and took him up, and soon started on a run, a slow and steady pace so as not to jolt his leg too much. Her throat was parched, her tunic was soaked in the blood from her own shoulder, everything danced red and black before her eyes but she staggered on doggedly and pitilessly, and at last reached the boat and then helping him in, rowed to the raft. Then on the raft she dropped down on her knees but still had strength enough to fall on the side where Jack's sound leg was. After a few minutes she straightened herself up again. Her hands and legs trembled and she began to feel dizzy and faint. She had trouble in finding her water bottle to take a pull and her lips trembled as she tried to drink. But she soiled to herself. She was sure now Jack was saved. After a while however she began to sort out the confusion of voices that fell on her ears. "You have gone through all this for nothing," said George the German boy.

She looked at him however without comprehending. Seeing her stare she pointed to Jack and said again. "Why Jean our friend and best companion is stone dead."

Jean did not seem to understand him. She finally found voice to say:

"He has only been hit in the leg. He could not bleed to death so soon."

Then the orderly came up with Gertrude. Jean turned round. Her eyes were still dulled, the sweat broke out on her again, it ran over her eyelids, and her shoulder felt paralyzed. She wiped the sweat away and peered at Jack who lay so still.

"He has only fainted," she said quickly.

Gertrude looked at her and said:

"I myself know better than that Jean. He is dead, I'll lay any money

on a bet for that and you too the orderly says is mortally wounded."

Jean only shook her head.

"Not possible. Only ten minutes ago I was talking to him. He has fainted."

Jack's hands as she felt them were still warm, so she passed her arm under his shoulders in order to rub his temples with some water. She gave a start for she felt her fingers become moist with something sticky. As she hastily drew them away from behind his head, she saw they were bloody. Jean now realized the fact. On the way without her having noticed it, a shell splinter had entered Jack's head. She found that there was just only a single small hole, and that it was only a tiny stay shell splinter. But it was enough. Jack was dead. Slowly she got up.

"Would you like to take his pay book and things too?" Gertrude asked her.

"No," she answered. "I'm done for too."

Did Jean survive? Does Miracles sometimes occur. The morning after the dreadful event after counting her losses Gertrude still wiped the tears from her eyes as she stood in the midst of those grouped about her. All was as usual. Jean dead, Jack dead, her Aide-de-camp dead, Angeline Jennings severely wounded, only five hundred surviving Abyssinians for soldiers out of her once 10,000 and two hundred bodies laid to a watery grave and horrors upon horrors still menacing her. Then she knew nothing more.

It was the saddest day in the year for the remainder on the raft. There were not any of the old well known boy and girl scouts left. Gertrude Angeline Angeline Angeline Angeline, the two Jennings girls, Mildred Maxwell, Glorinda and Mary Stenck were the only ones left out of the girls, and all the boys were gone except Penrod, and only five hundred soldiers left. Jean Melfort too was dead. Every one of the soldiers talked of further horrors and of the tragedy being an example to the survivors. All waited in sorrow and dread the future. Gertrude and Penrod were unusually silent. If only all the horror had proved to be an illusion, then the sorrows and dread would break up, hope could be again high, it could not be taken away again without an upheaval. But all was not an illusion. Gertrude desired rest because she had swallowed a bit of some kind of poison by mistake and was sick, and she sat on the raft the whole evening as it was gliding westward down the flood, she did not or care where unless it sank, only to escape from that fatal shore. Other horrors of the war was coming soon she knew that with an aching heart, she believed it too now with Mildred that all for the country and its cause was lost. It was a fatal 10th day of August. She was tempted now to abandon everything shoot the raft straight northward, keep it on that course at all costs, and securing some point of vantage abandon the expedition pack up and go home. Girl and boy scouts could do that at will if they wanted to, but the soldiers could not. Here her thoughts began to wander. All the scenes that met her, all that now flooded over her were now only a sad broken hearted feelings, loss of the love for life---greed of revenge on the foe, hate of all Glandelinians, yearning to get even for her loss of dearest little friends intoxication of repeating the horror upon the Glandelinians. But no more. Had she and all her followers not left the army under Comandante Kronburg to face all this suffering amid the strength of the dreadful war experiences all might have avoided the unleashed storm of wars death and suffering. Those who would get back would be able to report of their hearts broken out, weary, burned out, ruthless, and without hope. She tried to make communications with Jennie Turner to tell of her misadventure and could not yet get any telegraphic connections. She was afraid the flood was so extensive that she would never find her way to any Christian army any more.

And Gertrude felt sure Jennie Turner would never understand the situation written in the letter, and in the end all shall fall into miserable ruin. For the generation of armies that grew up before, already had been whipped or vied out, and many soldiers who were wounded to be cripples and who would return to their old occupations only to find all gone before the flood or fire, will find no home to go to, no family to cherish. They will have to be therefore superfluous to even themselves, they will grow older, all will be bewildered, the many years will pass by, and in the end they'll remember how the whole nation had fallen into absolute devastation and total ruin. Gertrude thought at first perhaps that all this scene was her own madness and dismay that she had not suffered such a loss of friends, dismay which would fly away at the awakening, that she had dreamed of this horror, and that it had never happened, that Jean and Jack, and all the others still lived. It cannot be that they have gone, the yearning the sadness made even her blood unquiet, the thousands of faces of her murdered friends, the maled ones from music it cannot be that this had all vanished in bombardment of the raft and shore in despair, in brotherhood. Here beyond on the shore where there was no fire the trees stood gay and dark the berries of brush stood red among the leaves a country road ran white out to the sky line and a sound which seemed like the hum of bees came like the rumours of peace which awakened her from her trance.

She stood up to look around. She was very quiet. It was no dream. Let the months and years of the future come, they would bring her nothing more, they could bring her nothing more. She for the moment stood alone by the cots of the fallen and dead girls—Joan, Jane, and Estrebrook, and others, and so without hope, she stood before them. The life that had borne her through those years of unspeakable horror was still in her hands and eyes, but she felt as if she was dead. Her best girl and boy friends fell August 10th 1913 on a day that was so horrible around the raft, and on shore. When Jane had been hit, a part of her head had been torn off and she had fallen forward and lay on the raft as though sleeping. Turning her over Gertrude had seen that she could not have suffered long, her face had an expression of calm as though almost glad the end had come.

Indeed among all the survivors on the raft, there was a general feeling of depression, after the disaster had so frightfully and tragically depleted their numbers and caused the deaths of even those whom maybe even the reader would never think would have fallen. This story however said to say runs as if naturally happening and no one knows who's to go next. It could be even Gertrude, nay even the Vivian girls could be singled out to all of them. This time the raft was kept far out at the water with hardly the land in sight. When all had been present and they had first constructed the raft, and embarked on it for the trip, they all had started in the highest spirits, and whatever private regrets may have been felt at the parting from friends, and relatives there had not been then, and the troops of soldier escorts and the boys and girls had marched gaily down to the point of embarkation. That was in July late. But this was not the case now, for of the survivors there was not one from Gertrude down to the survivors of the private so a scout had felt that by the enemy they had been deprived of the best friends they had and companions whom they felt was as great a sacrifice to part from as if they had been sisters and brothers or even parents, and that because of the disaster and the tragedy they too had been deprived of the chances of ever getting back to the Christian armies, and that they were in a sort of exile from the very world, and cruising against their will on the immense dreadful lake known in Dante's Hades before you reach the inner hell. Lots of baggage and provisions had been lost, and though still able to float the raft was badly wrecked.

"We have two good fine guns anyhow," Gertrude said to Penrod through her tears as the boat carrying the dead ones to shore was again along side the raft for loading. Now to make our lot worse we won't even have comfortable quarters on board of the raft even if we do have decent weather."

"Yes it takes a war like this to make our long past voyage anything but pleasant under the circumstances," said Penrod dismally.

"Oh it's no more use thinking any more about all this," Dolores tried to say cheerfully. "We will have to make the best of matters, and hope that we shall soon be back to the Christian lines again, if not I dare say we must then have to take all the consequences. Anyhow after this there is heaven you know, and with your knowledge of German, George Zimmerman, you will make a great hit among the Vivian girls."

"I surely did not think of that," George laughed, though not from the heart. "But no one can say to any of us that the prospect is a cheering one. I promise all of you that if I get the chance to become one of your boyscouts I'll do the best I can for you. Well here we are alongside. When are we going to sail off shore again?"

"You must ask the weather man," Dolores replied. "At present there is not a breath of wind stirring and from the looks of the smoky unless sky I see no change of a change for the present. We'll have to paddle. Good thing it is getting dark. We have been surely had handicapped. Day after day has passed, not a breath of wind had stirred the flooded water, and we seemed to have a ray of hope for a breeze. If there had been a breeze our horrible tragedy would not have occurred. We cannot now even get the latest news. And this is little enough. I have picked up a piece of paper on shore the day before yesterday which stated that it was known that all the nation has refused to recognize Glendelins as a civilized nation, and that by the whole world a great coalition against her has formed. There was rumors that Evangeline St. Claire city is likely to be the scene of operations. The paper stated that already several reinforcing armies of the enemy had been stationed near there, and three or four more were already under orders to move forward for that part of the country. It was reported that all our states were taking more immediate steps to arm. All the militia had been called out at home and high bounties were offered for volunteers from these regiments into line. Recruiting by the wholesale is going on vigorously all over the nation. Horses for cavalry are being bought up and efforts made to place all home regiments on a war footing."

All this to further their distress was tantalizing news to all on board the raft. Gertrude before this had written by telegraph to her relatives in Pandura Galvernia, begging them to urge upon the authorities the folly of allowing things to go so long inactive at such a moment, when the country was so widely devastated, and the enemy apparently having won the war so far already though it was still raging. But little was heard from this, her letters never reached her friends and at any moment a change somewhere in the situation might place them all beyond the possibility of recovering. Three weeks of horror had passed, and there had been no signs of a change. That morning before there had been haste and movement and joy and laughter on board the raft, and even the soldiers had been glad that they were going to make a good trip down the flood once more. That morning there had been a slight breeze, the sails had been loused from their gaskets, and the sound of the drum and a band struck had struck up as the one captain had been named, the soldiers even landing a hand at the bars and the chains came clanking in from the hawsers. Now that she was about determined to give up the expedition, when George said: "There's the wreck of some vessel coming in round that curve of land. But it seems there are men on board. I wonder if the attack upon us will be renewed."

"Heaven help us if that is so," said Gertrude. "The vessel is signalling to some point on the land. Penrod said as he watched flags run up on the signal staff on the summit of some rise of land and saw below there were on shore answering."

A moment later a gun was fired, and a signal bomb burst in the sky, flashing something like stars of all colors and a coming out with fiery streamers like a fan.

"That's to call our attention," I believe this time Penrod said again taking his glasses and directing it to the shore. "There is a number which is boyscouts now flying on that signal flag. We are answered signalled by friends on shore. Get the signal book. Go—Go George. James Glod run up the answering pennant. I believe it is some sort of a warning for us."

As soon as this ascended the flags on shore were suddenly lowered, and fresh ones were run up, followed by the flashing of colored lights in the sky as darkness was setting in.

Give up those papers George. We are advised to go no further westward or northward as dangerous enough to cause us annihilation lurks far ahead."

Penrod said aloud. No one said anything to this, even though for a few minutes because of so many strange lights on shore great excitement prevailed. As soon as the raft had dropped anchor boats rowed off to her but nothing further was learned by those on board. The only thing was that Christian armies had again defeated the enemy in battle at Sanitary creek, and some troops had been sent by Vivian, who knew the location of the raft with dispatches and instructions to the captain of the troops of cavalry to go down to the shore and signal instantly to them that they must not go down to the shore and signal instead awake and on guard on the raft. And this region was hardly the spot to what was going on at Evangeline St. Claire she did not approve of that place as the scene of operations for the disastrous Cedernin campaign is still fresh not only in her own mind but in the minds of all the people and armies of the nation. And Gertrude to her own idea would moreover have chosen a campaign in which armies would have fought without being compelled to try and ford over stretches of this flood. Still too many could have recalled the great Christian success at Cedernin, and although every telegraph mail from Jennie Sumner had recently brought news of the tremendous efforts Federal Evangelin St. Claire, and in the manner of the manner in which the miseries of his own earlier and former wars had responded months ago to the all there was not a doubt of Federal success in breaking through. Gertrude was now that she had allowed Jennie Timmer to go away. She knew well enough how to get the raft always beyond danger, and since Jennie was gone Gertrude had only met disaster upon disaster, and tragedy upon tragedy. And beside she had been somewhat puzzled by many of her letters since she had gone. They had been almost entirely devoted to her doings on the raft, and Jennie had said very little about herself beyond the fact of her success in locating the lost plans. She had answered Gertrude's questions as to what was transpiring within the Christian camps in code form, but for safety sake these references had been short, and she had said nothing about the details of her daily life, what she was doing within the Christian lines, who whether the Vivian girls had returned, and of what else was of good information. She

had evidently been starting a good deal about Gertrude, with the great generals, and Jennie too had kept her wholly informed about them and the dangers of the enemy movements of an action force and even at Trinopolis, although she did not mention whether the Christian or the foe side had won. She frequently afterwards spoke of the missing Princesses, and of her longing to see the day Evans would come back with them, and had mentioned that the search for them was still being maintained by others, in a ignorance of Evans' intentions, and that she felt confident that sooner or later they would come to light. As to even as to this she gave Gertrude no unusual details, and Gertrude then for a felt even from his from her desire apart to see her again, she should greatly enjoy a good long talk with her to find out about everything that had been going on about her since her leaving. Gertrude was loath to tell Jennie what had happened on board the raft on the fatal August the 10th, but she had to, and did so in quite short detail. For some unknown reason or other Jennie had indeed obtained from giving her friend Gertrude the slightest inkling of what was really going on at Evaneline St. Claire, but it probably was because she was afraid her writings might be finally known to the enemy, so until any way there would be past, she decided not to tell Gertrude anything of it.

"So the enemy are going to fight the armies at Evaneline St. Claire at last," said George to Penrod that night before ten o'clock. "I have never had the luck before to see a mighty battle. May be I know sent any of his generals with armies against your good armies but I'm afraid Federal will find he can't get raw recruits to fight against this time but the flower of the Angolines army under the Emperor."

"It will be hot work for the Christian armies nevertheless George. For Emperor Vivien will have the best of Gladelinians troops against them, and Federal is in command, and can never beaten yet."

"It's little we care for him and his armies Master Penrod. Didn't your armies meet the fierce Menloys at Gaderline and crush them? So even Federal's army is hardly worth counting."

"But when you once see them you will find they fight much better now they have their chief general with them. You know general Honeoris and others had all their work and desperate effort to beat the Menloys at Gaderline."

"Yes but he did beat them Master Penrod."

"That's true enough George, but his troops that is Federal's are old soldiers, most of them have been fighting before in many other wars, while a great part of Emperor Vivien's force concentrated to defend Evaneline St. Claire will be no better than mere militia."

"But surely they won't fight any worse for that sir," George said confidently. "Emperor Vivien will beat Federal's army wherever he meets it. You'll see if he don't."

"He will try it anyhow, George, and if all the troops were as goodly trained and as good fighters as general Vivien's, and General Union Aronburgs I should feel very sure about it. I had hopes of it because I heard general Vivien was coming to support Emperor Vivien. If he really does it will be hard on Federal, I have not the slightest doubt on that. I wish though we all were there to see the fight ourselves, we know what we can do as scouting, but we do not know the Gladelinians know as Gonderians, and Zimmernians and also the Turnerians and no one can be depended upon, if they are in Federal's command."

"What makes everything so bad with this disaster is that there is or are so many ignorant dunbols foreigners in our armies," said Mary Stanek. "If I were the Government I wouldn't depend on them at all."

"Neither would I," said George the German boy. "I would just put them all in the rear, and leave our own friends to do all the work. And besides now all the refugees of the horror too are miserable half starved shivering creatures they tell me, and so also with most of the armies, and if a man is not fed, sure you can't expect him to do any fighting. And I hope Emperor Vivien's army is not on short rations, because it would be fatal altogether as no one can fight on an empty stomach."

"I fancy the whole army will be all right as to that," George said before. "I expect that Emperor Vivien's army will be quiet till crazy fierce faced Federal makes the attack, and waiting quiet means for the Christian army of getting plenty of food."

"And they should receive decent food I hope, Miss, not the sort of thing they say the refugees are forced to live on. I would not like to live on dogs and rats, and mice, and frogs and snakes and snails as they have to for it would be so sorely against my honor."

"I'm afraid we'll be in a fair share of such dire troubles and that we might be else forced to live on that too," George said Mary Stanek. "I did once and know what it is to spend a whole day trying to chew rat meat and then only get the juice. If we do not reach some Christian line soon and get ration rations

we might be even worse off by getting nothing to eat at all."

"What we fear starvation you say your honour," said George. "I suppose they will think we will starve for those darn Gladelinians. I'd risk my life to save their supplies before I'd go hungry twenty-four hours."

"Well we may be able to get there or some one may bring some provisions across," George said Gertrude, but "But I suppose they will be able to bring something over. But we need not have so much since our losses have depleted our numbers so severely."

"But what supplies can reach us because of the flood. The enemy even have no sheep or cattle out there," George said incredulously.

"Oh yes they have," said Mary Stanek. "But it would take a great risk to secure that."

"The barbarians," George exclaimed. "To think that little children face greater perils because of the enemy than anyone else, that we need buff beef and other meats, and should be forced to feed upon snails and such like. It's downright flying in the face of Providence, your honour."

"Nonsense George, we will eat beef and mutton just the same now do we. We will have to secure it. As to the frogs and snails, those are expensive luxuries of the rich and you do not realize that. There is nothing more nasty about snails and frogs than there is about fish and oysters, and as to frogs they are still regarded as great delicacies, and those people certainly know what good food was."

"Sure as I am a German myself, Gertrude-- yet I never heard tell of such a thing."

"Then you were never among the rich George," Gertrude said. "Lots of rich Priguners like you eat them and they could fight as well as any that ever lived, and we are as fond of good living as our soldiers are of fighting."

"Well Miss Gertrude I suppose there is no accounting for tastes. There was by sister Bridge & Zimmerman, who I loved better than an orange. Well Miss Gertrude if you would believe it, she would eat anything she ever picked up if she was hungry and there was nothing else where to get. That shows when you are really hungry there is no accounting for tastes. There's the mess table for supper Gertrude, and because of our sorrow from our losses I'll bet there will not be many ready to attend it."

Gertrude decided that night to move the raft further out from shore to the southward, and as it was therefore moving, it was by eight o'clock rolling and pitching heavily for a risk northeast wind was blowing how and strong and as usual bringing with it the same old troubles dense smoke fog, suffocating and biting to the tongues and eyes. All on board even those who now had not long before during the past voyages had been favored by exceptionally kind weather, and those surviving even had never ever experienced anything like the tossing they were now undergoing, and waves even washed the raft and so because of the consequence of their badness over their losses only about two or three out of all the survivors obeyed the ship's call to evening hours.

The general feeling of depression was still general even when the fog for a short time was almost out of sight, and now too they were sure having a rough time of it for here the flood was in higher waves. Under all other of certain circumstances a voyage on the flood would have been delightful, but with such experiences, and with their losses, and with dangers of more peril from the enemy and from the flood too was indeed the reverse of a pleasant experience. The space on the raft now seemed much too large for them, when before it had been almost too small to accommodate all the desert troops and child scouts, and this with a past recent perilous and ten days voyage, with occasional a occasional experience with fog and fire was no wonder any of their circumstances calculated to raise the spirits of anyone. But then any one in the armies bound on active and dangerous service usually are in the highest spirits, and usually make light of disagreeable experiences and hardships of all kinds, but when it comes to losses of dear friends that is too much to bear.

Jennie Turner had written that she had expected to find the city of Evaneline St. Claire full of Christian troops, for she had said several divisions had landed before, but she had so soon found that the troops had been marched inland to the heights, and that the city partly flooded, and surrounded by forest fires was not yet so upland. Jennie had wrote that as soon as the troops had landed they had been marched to a spot where a landing camp or standing camp had been erected for the use of all the Christian troops who were to pass through.

Their baggage had at once been sent forward, and the men therefore had nothing to do but to clean up their arms and accoutrements, and to wander as they pleased by boats through the town. They had

started early the morning of the 7th and after two days marching had arrived at Trin aque village, where several other divisions were gathered, either in the flooded town itself or in the or near the half ruined villages around it occupying the upper floors and going back and forth over the waters by pon toons across the flooded streets. General Curran's division had Villota allotted to them in a flooded village a mile from Trin aque, a village not too deep in water having been placed at the disposal of the general and his staff. He wrote that the next morning, after an inspection of the inundated houses was over most of the officers and many of the men had paid a visit throughout the town, where many refugees were spoken too and asked as to how long the flood had lasted there, and where it came from as the rising through Rapur.

Vivian's orders were ignorant of the cause, and even the flood victims had to obey the rule and could not tell, and only answered that the flood came from the north where Abbiennia was said to be flooded. Here the flood fighting Governor of B-noull State had established his court or headquarters.

General Vivian himself who had years before read the history of the city of Evangelina St Claire was greatly interested in the quaint old town as Jamie wrote, and yet she wrote that it was difficult to imagine from the appearance of its quiet streets that it was sooner or later to be one of the most turbulent places in that section of California. Here later many were to be killed and the streets were to often run with the blood of contending armies as long as the conflict lasted. Jamie said she wondered, "was it possible that such a beautiful town was to meet with all the horrors of the war. And what a number of convents and homes and schools and orphan asylums there were. The orphans being mostly rescued child slaves seemed now to be a full day quarter of the population, and it was curious to hear so many of them talking in different languages. The populace was quite as interested in the presence of the mighty christian armies as the latter were with them. The Abbiennian in scarlet uniforms were altogether a strange color to them which they were more accustomed to purple, and the dress of the Abyssinkilian soldiers who were encamped nearer the town, filled them with astonishment. The main divisions belonged to Emperor Vivians army, which formed part of the general troop concentrating round the heights. The First Army Corps consisting of the four last grand divisions of Dandobians and Con continents, and the first and third of the Abyssinkilians, extended from Trin aque on the right to Getasturne on the left. The others of the Abyssinkilians were at Gloria and Donahio villages, and between Genitoria and Genitroque, while the main forces with artillery of all kinds were either stretched on the lower slopes of Ouscarla hill and on Ava Marie Heights. The Third Army Corps belonging to Hensons army held the ground on the right of the river near a portion of the Red Hiding Hood woods, and extended crosswise in an opposite direction toward Trin aque. The latter with the exception of the division under Grant Hunt and Hens were posted above the town, their outpost being thrown forward as far as the floods edge and into the forests and occupying all roads down which the enemy might come. The Triphonilgonians were on the right of Emperor Vivians main force, and extended from Child's Junction toward Evangelina St Claire. Although as Jamie wrote the christian armies thus formed together the dangerous circle covering the region they were actively overhauling to Federal, and she believed the Abbiennians would not dare attack. The armies drew their supplies from the northeast on the right of their position.

Jamie finished the letter with

"And dear Gertrude, general Federal's movements are uncertain. But he is desirous to seize Evangelina St Claire which will cut off all chances for new christian armies coming that way to reinforce those already there being over whelmed and beaten. Three petty actions still continue at Trin aque for the last two weeks so I heard. I believe from dispatches captured, unless he changes his mind that Federal might either advance his whole force upon Trin aque, and cut off the Abyssinkilians from their base, or drive an attack between the Genitoria and Genitroque towns by which measure this great decisive wonder would similarly cut our main force off from Evangelina St Claire, or he might advance from Rand direct upon Evangelina St Claire Heights where I am stationed and break through where Emperor Vivians left joins the Abyssinkilian line. Emperor Vivian had left the full command to general Vivian and the latter believes Federal would make an attempt the second of my beliefs as in that case Federal could fall upon Hensons troops before Grant Hunt and Hens could come up to his assistance, and if successful would not only cut him off from the base of supplies but would be able to march straight upon Evangelina St Claire."

It is dear Gertrude to defeat this plan, that general Vivian had posted the largest proportion of his troops on the heights, holding back the rest of both the army in and around Trin aque where they are a ready candidate from against that could be attacked, and could move forward as soon as the intentions of the enemy were made known. At the time the whole force will be assembled and Vivian will have 1 billion Gertrude 20,000,000 men under his own orders, Hensons will have probably 116,000,000, while Federal alone has a force of nearly 100,000,000 with which to encounter this mighty christian force. Upon the other hand, Federal has all veteran troops, and the Abbiennians had been for a long time accustomed to victory over other christian armies. Yet of our own force fully half are of Abbiennians consisting chiefly of young troops so recently taken from the mobilization means that a great number of them can still have the uniform of the militia of the Mobilization camps they were from. It seems to me Gertrude that your surviving friends should not be discouraged for it is I believe a well nigh desperate enterprise for Federal without heroic support to attack so greatly a superior force as our own. But some say he has in fact no choice but to do so, for other armies are coming from the extreme northeast, the whole of Abbiennia and her other states are arming, and so their forces would soon be advancing upon Abbiennia, and that it is necessary therefore impossible to defeat our armies before they could arrive. If he proceeds in doing so doing this the enthusiasm that would be excited in Abbiennia would enable him to greatly increase his army, and in the meantime Gertrude dear his confidence in his own military genius is unbounded, and the history of his past successes in great battles containing so many triumphs seems about to win under circumstances more favorable than the present.

Even dear Gertrude during the days that have elapsed a new managed to get here, and while the thousand great christian armies were assembling, and taking up their positions, the troops were stationed outside and in the other towns and villages had a pleasant time of it with the flood. The city itself was crowded with refugees from the forest fires. Here were mothers of the wives and children of the officers of the various christian armies also. Here too are many of the Abbiennian nobility, who had abandoned the west since the outbreak of the floods. Here too are numbers of people come when they fled from the big fires and who too had the desire of being present at the theatre of these great events together with crowds of horror stricken refugees of the ruined cities south north, for California now because of the flood had been for many weeks been closed to every one, and they say great numbers have crossed the region and fled into Abyssinkilia, and into other states.

And I make it worse Gertrude the news of Federal's advance had occasioned a great scene even among foreign tourists. A very few days have passed and all news in the path of his advance has been deserted, and they say an event was in crowd that the boats able to run on streams and trains too outside the flood line between California and Florida Atlanta were insufficient to carry them. Many of the visitors to these parts of the country instead of leaving for Abbiennia are making for Abyssinkilia instead, and are being joined by all kinds of travelers hurrying out of Abbiennia and B-noull and other states for some could say what course of events or what course the events that would follow Federal's advance might take. At Abyssinkilia some believe they would be safe, the distance from there to Abbiennia is short, and they could if necessary leave it any time.

For two exceptions fortunately in this story, the orderlies verification had been wrong. Jack's head wound was from a glancing blow from a shell fragment which though it had cut deep on one side to make a wound like a hole had not penetrated, and the shock had knocked him so far unconscious that he did not appear to be dead. The main surprise was of the narrow, when after Joan he thought to be dead had been restored, and was even able to rise and bet he had been laid out, and was overjoyed and surprised to see himself up with a bandage round his head, trying to tell how she had saved him from death under shell fire. Joan Malfort Mildreds companion and friend was there too, and when she told of Joan Malfort's death Jack was very glad. Gertrude did not know yet the course of events, but all the night she had not slept. It had made nearly forty miles, and Penrod had announced that for once reaching Evangelina St Claire he knew that they were far past it. But though it was early morning, and dark yet all who survive survived on board the raft with bright lights of all kinds of bright colors. The raft was baited for the fear of fire and Gertrude who was surprised at first paid no attention. As she was finally on her way she thought she saw two little ghosts.

"Why---why Joan, ---Jack, ---how is it you I am or, or, maybe you are spirit spirits?"

"No, we are very much alive thank you," laughed Joan. "I should however be mighty painful, but the surgeon said it was better for me to be moving around instead of lying down. Jack's hand has only been badly grazed, and he wounded leg, re-injured. You killed Jean Andreu yesterday and not me as you supposed."

"You said your shoulder wound was mortal yesterday," said Jack protesting. "Well it surely felt so, for it was bleeding like a fount, but the doctor saved me after I had swooned at the error of your being dead. But I'm away from shore first hereafter, and you too Jack. I'll not go near such scenes any more. I'm almost like a mummy. Anyway if I was killed, and others of us too, that would give the Glandelinians great joy and I don't intend to satisfy them."

Gertrude joy at the truth was unbounded, and she felt like going on with her expedition again.

Gertrude decided to see where the lights came from on shore however and by the aid of her glasses saw staff officers in the uniform of a number of Abyssinians dashing back and forth on horseback, followed by their orderlies, and now and then two or three general officers, riding at a slower pace, and engaged in earnest talk, passed along, while the roads were occupied by immense crowds of men and officers in the uniforms of all the Angolan troops. Although Joan had declared that it they might be still a portion of general Vivian's victorious army, Gertrude and some of the others were not unreasonably in their sympathies of her statement, and indeed the majority believed that they were looking on some other army. Those who suspected they might be some other army even than general Vivian's at Evangelina St Claire kept this to themselves just then.

Gertrude decided to wait until it became daylight before she hailed any of the soldiers from the raft, and the weather too that morning was unusually warm and still, and although all knew that a new war storm might at any moment burst it was difficult to believe while soon enjoying themselves over the fact that Joan and Jack were not among the dead, that to-morrow they might see another deadly conflict or experience one like the afternoon before. Just as Gertrude was speaking with Joan on the matter of how she had been fouling and cheating death, and Jack too, the telegraph instrument began to work, and again it was from Jan Jennie which ran as follows:

"Gertrude dear, a battle is threatening at Evangelina St Claire. The cowardly of the Christian army and the pickets of the enemy is maintaining a vigil watch over each others movements, and each are endeavoring to prevent the passing out of any person who might carry news of the intention and the present positions of the armies. The action at Trinque was short in duration but very severe. But the line was too far long to be broken right, and the enemy had to abandon that village. I'm glad Gertrude that general Vivian is perfectly aware of the gathering of Federal forces upon the other side of Evangelina St Claire creek, and his army is so broken that it is scattered over a very long front, and there is also no indication yet as to whatever point Federal is likely to make an attempt to break through. During the past three months too I am bodies of men had labored hard to restore the ruined fortifications of the towns around our own position. The mounds have been cleared out and deepened, the works repaired, and the sluices restored, so that in case of necessity a wide tract of country in the enemy's possession could also be laid under water.

These great precautions are being especially taken on the right and on the Ave Marie Heights where general Vivian expects the Glandelinian army to make its attack, and general Vivian calculates that with the aid of the obstacles so interposed to a Federal advance the troops stationed there would be able to check the tide of assault until Hensons army arrives to the assistance. The country between Evangelina St Claire and Trinque was reconnoitred ten times, and engineer officers were and are still employed in making sketches of all the positions that appeared likely to offer special advantages as battlefields for our armies standing on the defenses. Among others Gertrude the fields lying in front of Evangelina St Claire are being mapped, and the spot is being especially marked by the general as one to be occupied in case the enemy tried to force a way between General Vivian, and H. Hensons army. And also general Vivian learned that Mowley had advanced to support Federal and therefore hostilities are about to commence. Now Gertrude to keep things secret I'll not send you any more notes until the battle had raged. But I'll pray that our side will come off successful. Mmm

Joanna Turner."

When daylight had come as much as it could they saw everything on shore in the distance was going on in a strange regularity, somewhere a military band was playing Holy God we Praise Thy Name, and members of well appointed carriages filled with handsomely uniformed generals, drove to and fro, and crowds of officers and soldiers and even civilians strolled under the trees, and discussing the latest topics of the war, the flood, the fire and other horrors. As to the coming of the raft, no one yet noticed it. Gertrude suspected the great effect of the talk was of the news of the danger of this war storm breaking over Evangelina St Claire far away, and if it was a success it would outline a new any other Christian victory yet that had taken place during the war so far. It was just before the mass sail that Joan had approached again to where Jack was lying on his cot.

"Can you keep a secret?" she asked.

"I think so indeed," Jack said, "as good naturedly as his pining head would allow."

"I suppose you are or were going to tell the story of how I brought you to the raft under fire."

"Of course I should. We were both wounded, and Penrod too is quite absorbed in the thought of the great little heroine you made yourself to be."

"Well the secret is this. It is quite probable if you like me so well as you say, that you'll not speak of it at all."

"Why how is that?" Jack exclaimed.

"Because it'll get us into further peril."

"Why is the enemy here too?"

"Not yet, but there is no telling, but they may be, and as our supposed death may have been circulated to the enemy, it is best for the while to let them believe we are dead or otherwise they may be more wary. I have just seen Angeline Jennings whose arm is in a slight sling and whose head too is bandaged up. There were a lot of her officer girlfriends and others around her, and Penrod too, who had just come from our signal tower on the raft, and she was told that the Glandelinians are forming in many armies throughout the war zone, and that a heavy conflict more severe than usual is raging again at Sanitary creek. Penrod had issued orders half an hour ago before we were awake for the whole of our surviving force to find out whose army that is over yonder and if it is a Christian army to embark, leave the raft and remain with the army. There is no saying which way any new Glandelinian army may come, and this danger upon us all may be a false alarm, and it may be a reality, so that none of us would be safe any longer on this raft. We have as Gertrude said suffered too much a loss already, and on board our raft we have the burden of five thousand wounded, not counting us girl or boy scouts. First all the wounded who are not able to be moved is to be taken to the army yonder, those who are able to be about can take sanitary treatments there. However all of us are to be in readiness to go to the army at a moments notice. Penrod is to gather us all properly and when you are to be moved Jack you must remain within my sight as despite my shoulder wound Penrod has selected me to nurse you. Of course this sentence to hear of may only be intended by the enemy to feel the strength of our Christian forces but at any rate it is a sign that the game of war is going to begin in real earnest soon."

"But if the orders are issued, and all of us are to collect, the secret cannot be kept long. We are well known you know, and so is your sister Mimie."

"No, by that I suppose the divisional orders, and of what happened to us all will be circulated, and everyone will know it in about an hour or two."

There is really not much secret to be made from it Jack. If there had been the colonel would not have told me, and I shouldn't have warned you. I hear from the sounds on shore that the indication of our raft is known already."

A change was indeed taking place in the position of the scene. Soldiers were gathering along the shore of the flood in great groups and throngs, gazing toward the raft, talking in a eagerly and excitedly. The orders too for the concentration of all troops had also been known, though as yet all on board the raft except Jack Penrod, and Joan were still in ignorance as to the reason for the issue and what will be done to their wounded. The general idea was that Penrod had heard news that a great battle was so raging at Evangelina St Claire near Trinque, and these measures were merely precautionary and they did not know how near to that scene the war was. It might be days yet too before the outcome of the affair really will be known. Still it was important news, and there were pale faces among many on board the raft at this sudden reminder that the assemblance on board the raft, was not a mere gathering to meet the new army, but that the war was becoming more grim, immeasurably more terrible and earnest than before.

"We had better be getting to our guns," Gertrude said coming up. "After breakfast everything will have to be packed up. That's my uncle's army over there. I know the flag of his standards."

"But does this mean that all our own surviving troops are to be under mine all the time?" George the German boy said.

"That it does, George. Of course we not we do not need to be kept standing in line, but when we are ordered to embark from the raft at a moment's notice, on such a business as this it means we will all have to be assembled. The wounded who are prostrated will be moved first to receive better care in the army. But it means business I can tell you. Uncle's army is always on the advance, and some how he must have known of where we might be for Jennie had telegraphed me that he was trying to locate us."

"Then I for one shall go to my other quarters," George said. "No doubt it will be a pleasant sight to see swamps' coats, and this for me will be a new experience also altogether."

"You are right, George," said Angelina Riches. "Besides you will probably find that General Glandelinian Aronburg will issue orders that will be obliging to us. I shall look forward in an hour or two for a fleet of boats to come over to pick us up as we cannot beach in this neighborhood as the water is deep even at the edge of the shore. But I don't know how far this flood may extend, and with an army of troops on the northeast side of this shore, there won't be much chance of the enemy making it hot for us now."

While the mess was being eaten, others who had breakfasted first were making the preparations for the removal of the wounded.

"What is this all about about Panrod?" Dolores asked as she came out of the mess hall.

"It is in orders that we are to embark for the army over yonder and we are to assemble at a moment's notice. Gertrude gave us news that it is her own army that under her Uncle, and he had been able to follow us or find us at least or maybe we ourselves came upon his army. There is also to be a grand operation against the foe."

"That unpleasant orders," said Dolores.

"And there is rumors," said Angelina Riches dolefully. "That a fierce action took place at a village near Trinogue."

"Yes I have the written news of the battle," said Dolores. "You want to hear of it?"

"Well of course I should like to, and so would every one but that word is the news if we have lost the fight. I suppose however it couldn't be helped, for of course you would like to read it."

"Not if you do not wish to hear of it," Gertrude didn't wish to hear of it yesterday when we thought Jack and Jeff were dead or would not pull through. I tell you how we will arrange it, Angelina. What the order means is that first our wounded shall be transported to the lines beyond on shore. Embarkation will begin at ten o'clock this morning. I will come to you before that time. An hour will be enough for me, so then I will come back to my company and I will read you the story of the battle from the battle paper."

"Thank you very much Dolores," said Angelina.

"And look here Angelina. You had better arrange with your survivors to leave your beautiful dress uniform out, so that when you get into the army camp you can slip into it and have the other packed up. That's what I am going to do. I can't have or afford to have my best uniform spoilt by one of the boats happens to capsize and throw us into the muddy water. A girl's outfit may doesn't run to such extravagance as that even though it is high."

"What will be done with the baggage when we reach the army?" Asked George who was standing near.

"Oh I don't suppose the army will march so soon. But if we do the quartermaster of our own raft will detail a party to collect all the baggage left behind and put it in store. We needn't bother about that, especially when for aught we know we might get new ones free of charge."

Dolores then showed the paper and Gertrude read the news as follows:

"It was on the evening of August the 10th, of this year 1913 that the dangerous Glandelinian general Richardson's Federal pushed his armies forward to ravage the region, and break through opposition near Trinogue. What did it matter that he only had sixteen divisions of troops to march against fortified Christian villages; and swarming cowardly squadrons, and that many of his men and officers carried sullen faces close to even open protest. There is in that wicked general's heart that would make his go forward to attack the Christian lines with nothing but a raft beneath the feet of his army. So such desperate hazard, dared before the very eyes of our Christian world had ever been the dream of this Glandelinian chaffian for fear and glory

616
against the Christian were the passions of his wicked and bloody soul. No loss compelling was his wicked love for his still wicked own try's cause, his devotion to the dreaded evil of the horrors of child slavery. He felt sure of success for elsewhere Christian armies are still reeling under the agonies of the most horrible disasters of the war, and Glandelinian armies are burning a many towns at every unprotected sector. Federal knew that some haunting counter stroke, bold, direct, dramatic and inspiring was a necessity among Christian generals imposed to him, and Federal had in his mind purposes to prevent general Vivian from delivering it. He moved his armies straight forward to break through at Trinogue, and he captured six small outposts, but no Christian attacks of exceeding violence north of Trinogue barred him from the positions where lay the Christian munition "canta" that he planned to destroy. At midnight the night did any situation permit an attack upon Dolores' village near by. Two fortifications guarded the town, and two hundred and twenty five cannon were in position, but when Federal called or ordered an attack his voice had the deeper sound of one who invited a person to a merry making. Darkness was coming on as this day Glandelinian general and five million men in a grand assault scaled the parapets and fell upon the unsuspecting garrisons. Both forts were captured without loss of life, and every gun was spiked, but general Dolan sent to storm the town from the north was driven back. Furious with disappointment Federal undertook the task himself, but by the time he had given two hours to the flames, an overwhelping rush from counter attacking Christian troops compelled retreat with great loss.

Other portions of Federal's troops came under under general Franklin's contemptuously confident over the Christian town of being won by them. The first uproar of guns and masonry proved how very the superiority of the Christian marksmenhip, and straightway the Glandelinians gave way in confusion. This portion of the Glandelinian army was like a wrecked ship wallowing helplessly, the ground was piled high with dead and wounded, and the Glandelinians retreated badly defeated. Federal's generals were raging, hysterical, and panic stricken over this outcome, and cried out against the daring Christian general as a land pirate. Federal also elsewhere had some confidence of success but before he could also drink deep the cup was dashed from his lips. Harassed general Mc-Holleston Johnston sadly confessed that he was without artillery to support the attempt, and added the gloomy news that not a position of the Christians could be carried without Federal waiting for the ruin of his army to come up. Not only was there no hope of success against such overwhelming numbers for G Federal and his generals but even munitions for his artillery could not be provided without the main army coming up.

The Christian generals opposed to him fought valiantly even in bitterness of heart in remembrance of the country's losses in the flood. For hours they had conveyed troops, and one general during the battle had run the gauntlet of Glandelinian gun runs, and had captured signals that proved Trinogue's salvation at the end of the battle. What also saved Trinogue from Federal's battle mad soldiers was no chance of heart or efforts of all the Christian generals, but general Grant's own effort alone. As handsome as gallant and as brilliant as brave, his officers and men loved him, and particularly as he loved by all who knew him. Therefore also for soaring hopes on Federal's side. The Glandelinians in making the attack also had been compelled to rush through portions of the flood where it was shallow but deep with slush and mud, and even Federal's fierce energy backed by the artillery he could bring into use could not bring him the success of breaking through here. At Alliance led Landais.

The one gleam of joy was for Federal the meeting with his aide Bladner N. Light Blunder. At once these two planned no less an effort than the capture of Trinogue itself. Unhappily other generals changed the plan, and also before heart-breaking delays prevented two successful attacks being made, and Landais was shot dead with dreadful loss to his troops. Other Glandelinian generals fell back in dismay as the "Mad" Federal had unfolded his plan to capture Trinogue without waiting for the other army to come up. Three small divisions to attack a nation of troops. Precious days before had been wasted in argument and bickering, and when his generals did assent, a storming counter attack from the main Christian line drove the troops back in disorder.

This was as though the Christian troops had snatched the Christian positions from his grasp for his soul was never one to consider the possibility of defeat. Broken hearted, convinced that glory had escaped him, he turned his troops back to Grains creek, and it was in this mood of black depression that the Christian troops moved to give pursuit. The left wing swung into action now, but the center hard pressed drew off, and the right grand division dropped to the rear. Darkness fell and by the light of a full moon, the Abyssian

At least fifteen new and finest uniformed troops of the Christian line bore down upon Federal left wing. At the first outbreak of the enemy cannon sixteen guns exploded, putting on end the Glandelinian battery of artillery which had been pushed forward last, and the other two batteries were silenced. Three gun batteries of small calibre were on left, the battle lines crashed like monstrous waves in collision, men, equipments and bridges were gone, and mangled bodies in countless numbers littered the ground, but with fierce hands, it seemed possible that indomitable General Federal was to beat back defeat. There was no fear of course that he did not apply to rally his disheartened and frightened troops, no trick of generalship that he did not use to look his troops with his swordsmen in a death struggle. He knew this to be his one hope, but twice the Glandelinian columns failed to hold before the Christian attack, and again and again the Christian artillery raked the Glandelinian front lines laying the dead and wounded in ghastly crowds and tearing new gaps into the enemy line. Suddenly a cry of joy sounded from the left, and wiping his eyes clear of blood and sweat, Federal looked through his glasses to see another Glandelinian column coming up. Even as he raised his voice in a cheer, Christian artillery from a position northwest of Trinogue poured two tremendous curtain fires into these new Glandelinian columns, driving it back in confusion. Lower and lower sank hopes for Federal of breaking through at this point, his lines were torn from end to end by Christian fire and assault and as flames swept forests of trees in the battle field the flames spread the panic and confusion. Some fool ran to the rear and released three hundred and four y four y fourty Christian soldiers who were prisoners and these escaped.

A gunner wounded and dazed despairing called for quarter. Another furious attack tore through the Glandelinian front until scarce any portion of the line was held together, more troops rallied on Federal's rear despite the frantic efforts of the field machine guns to stop them, the fire blazed in Trinogue, and again the maddened Glandelinians rushed to the defense, raking the attacking Christian forces with repeated curtain fires of artillery and cannon, and Federal still by sheer force of his invincible will, kept his troops in battle line and drove his men to fiercer action. For his countless soul death held no terror, for defeat was the horror.

More and more desperately he fought to drive the Christians back and four times the opposing sides closed. The extreme right grand division was carried away. Federal decided upon a counter charge to end the horror. With the leap of a tiger Federal seized the chance when the Christians were temporarily checked and led a furious assault. The Abbeismians however were coming up and they struck like a wave even though the Glandelinian fire picked them off as fast as leaves fall in a storm.

"Forward!" Federal had shouted, and rallied his men to repel the worst charge yet. Now it was the turn of the Glandelinians, and at Federal's three word, general plainer Nightlinger went forward a whole thick line of men following with yells. The counter charge broke the attack of the Christians and drove it back, and another moment and through the swirling smoke of horrible battle, dashed a Glandelinian courier.

"He shouted, "Stop the attack, and recoil, or we'll be struck in the rear. General Hanson is advancing with his whole army to rejoin his other army." To make a retreat however would be fatal. The time was already 10.35 and three hours and twenty minutes already had the Christian assaults raged. Yet to add to the completeness of the horror, now came the Conventinians under general James Cannon, and all the time until past midnight the Glandelinians laboured in their efforts to save their position, but the Glandelinian army was shattered. Storms of attacks beat upon the Glandelinian position, and swept upon Federal's crippled troops and army, but Federal's valiant generalship though unsuccessful was able to avert disaster.

Though short in duration it was a horrible battle, and the way these Christian soldiers fight now shows that Abbeismia and her states have went mad with rage against the Glandelinian nation, whose armies have raided her coast, destroyed her property by floods of exiles and forest fires, terrorized her ports, whipped her warships, and made a mock of the Abbeismian mistress of the seas. As it this was not terrible enough, Abbeismia refused any further standing on such horrors. Federal's army was in a shocking state, and before he had even begun to retreat to his stronger positions he was informed that his retreat was cut off. Yet under cover of a furious storm of attack he managed to cut through to safety. Therefore before his main army would come up Federal had been cheated and humiliated by the action he had struck at Trinogue. At other points too the Christians had advanced in three columns and this about resistance against Federal's plans had enabled the Christian general to bring up two or three of his other Corps. Now Federal saw that when his main army arrived he would have to go toward Evan-e-lia St. Glair from other points.

A Glandelinian brigade defended bridges at three points pretty stoutly, and then had contested every foot of the ground, so that at the end of the day the Christians had marched on the miles. Ankeline Richter marvelled at the report in the news, and wondered what would happen later as this morning was now the eleventh. She knew that among General Visions' army were many experienced men, whose experiences rendered them strong and invincible, and she wondered if they would also fight like the recent details of the terrible struggle at Gaderine Gaderine just past.

Jack still lay in his cot, and Jenn was standing outside, while a doctor was examining her shoulder wound, and finally pronouncing it not so bad.

Impatiently they all waited for the time for embarkations.

During the time of the waiting two surgeons entered the tent on the left and examined Jack's leg which had been wounded a second time. They agreed at once that it was necessary to do some more shell fragments out, but that otherwise the leg was not dangerously injured and no amputation was necessary. Jack winced when he heard the news.

"I won't hurt you very much," one of the surgeons said. "The nerves are all numbed with the shock they have had, but it is absolutely necessary to cut them out or otherwise such serious complications will set in that I would have to amputate. And even if the wound tried to heal over the fragments dangerous then would set in and your life would really be in danger. And surely realize why you don't want to have trouble with your leg all your life."

"Of course if it must be done it must," Jack said. "There are not many places in my leg are there."

"There is not enough to be of any use," the surgeon agreed, "but there are plenty to cause serious results if left long enough there. The nerves being numb for just now prevent the danger, and so we thought the sooner we amputate them the better it'll be though you'll suffer great pain afterwards I'm afraid."

The operation was performed at once, and although Jack had to press his lips together very hard to prevent himself from crying out, he did find it less painful than he expected. The doctor took out two pieces the size of a silver nickel, and also two stones.

"The same had been found in Jenn's shoulder," said the same surgeon as he was concluding the operation. You are a brave lad, and she sure admires you. But it seems unusual that a little girl should rescue a boy. Here my man to Jack's order! Take that basin and tumbler and run to the other side of the raft to the mess kitchen before the breakfast is over. They will give you some broth there and some weak spirits, but do not take any water. Bring them here at once. Jenn will take care of Jack. She has been selected as his nurse."

The soldier obeyed, and Jack took a spoonful or two of the broth, and Jenn, despite the pain in her own shoulder which made her very weak, led it too followed the surgeons out of the tent.

"Are there any instructions sir?" she asked pleadingly.

"Your friend in just to be kept quiet as possible. If he is thirsty give him some lemonade. I know we have plenty of lemons on the raft. You can obtain that from Miss Aronberg."

"And about my shoulder sir? I wouldn't ask about it, but I have had nothing to eat since yesterday morning, and I don't like leaving Jack alone even to get a mouthful. And as they are busy I won't allow others to bring it to me."

"You should though, being an officer. We have regular rations, and all the servants and orderlies of officers should serve their superiors. I will see to it that some boy will take down your mess kit and bring you some food. Breakfast is already in progress, and as there are many other boys and able in the same plight as yourself they will too be served accordingly."

"All right sir," said Jenn.

She took her place by Jack's bedside, until she saw that she was sound asleep, then taking the kit from under the cot, she stole noiselessly out, and two or three minutes later returned with the pannikin full of soup, a small dry rye loaf, and a small ration of wine.

"Well," she said to herself as she sat down to eat them with the aid of her one good hand. "These are good quarters entirely with no vast Christian down the waters for miles and miles, and miles, if it wasn't for the boy and this army war. Everything now good to eat, and drink and a scene beyond fit for a king. Nothing to do now but nurse him. If I wasn't handicapped with my shoulder I could do it better, but Mary Stanck will assist me."

After she had finished her meal, Janet took her seat by Jack's bedside, but she was thoroughly exhausted. She had not slept a wink after she had recovered from her faint, from loss of blood, and the terrible shock of the attack. In saying Jack was dead, and after the fall of the horrible day before, and of her night before having been up every hour on end, to watch and wait there, holding the raft when it was or had been so often shaken by the numerous floors of wreckage that had threatened the raft with landing and even with disaster. After waking up suddenly with a jerk once or twice, she detached to herself "I will just take five minutes rest on the cot near him, then I shall be all right again," and gently threw herself down on her mattress with her great coat for a pillow, and slept indeed for several hours. So heavy was her slumber that she was not even roused when the surgeon came in with Gertrude and Amelia-Richard round nine o'clock to see how Jack was. Jack had just woken.

"How do you feel Jack?" Gertrude herself asked.

"I feel quite comfortable," said Jack, "but shall be glad of a drink. Where is my heroine, Jennie?"

"She is sound asleep there in the corner," The surgeon said. "I will give you a drink of lemonade. The poor little girl is worn out no doubt, after all her efforts in saving you."

"Oh yes please don't wake her," Jack said. "I am glad she is asleep, for she had all that terrible day yesterday and last night, and was all hours on her feet the night before. Besides she saved me at a terrible risk, and therefore I do not want anything but this lemonade, and I have no doubt that I shall go straight off to sleep again as soon as you have come."

It was not until about twenty minutes later that Jack awoke. He felt a shock of pain in her shoulder as she rose suddenly without thinking of her wound, and therefore remained for a few minutes before she gradually recovered herself. She then got up and went to Jack's bedside and saw that he was awake.

"How do you feel now Jack?"

"Oh I am getting on very well Jennie, but I am sure yourself a bad shock in rising so suddenly. That's bad for your shoulder. My arm hurts me pretty bad now but I believe I can bear it if you don't expect it will pain worse presently."

"If you have been having a few minutes sleep Jack, and how if you don't want me for a minute I will run down and see about getting a breakfast for you. The doctor said you could I should think it must be about finished in the mess hall."

"Breakfast was over long ago, and we'll soon be embarking Jennie. Why its just ten o'clock."

"Ten o'clock Jack? Why you must be dreaming."

"I don't think so Jennie look and see for yourself. My watch is on the table."

"Why Jennie look you don't mean to say," Jennie said in great astonishment, "that I have been sleeping for four hours more? It was a little after seven when I laid down to take what I supposed was a five minutes nap. The watch must have gone fast."

"No the watch is perfectly right Jennie. I heard some far distant church clock strike before I dozed off the last time. Why Gertrude and a surgeon came in at about nine o'clock, and gave me some lemonade."

"And yet I knew nothing about it. Why and I just laid down for a five minutes nap Jack saying that you had come off into a beautiful sleep. Why didn't you have the surgeon awaken me? It would have been all right. I think I should be doing sleeping like a sleepy head when you are lying wounded there and I and Mary only to look after you."

"It was the best thing you could do Jennie. And you too are wounded you know your wound is worse than mine and your shoulder bone has been broken. The night before yesterday you had been on your feet every hour, and after your experience with me out in that small boat, you would have been ill for nothing, if you hadn't had a good rest. If you can eat something to eat even now bring me up a basin of broth, and a slice of bread. I haven't had hungry, and that's a good sign I believe."

When Jack had finished his broth he said to Jennie:

"I do not believe I will want anything now for some time Jennie. If you like you can put a glass of lemonade or brandy within reach of my hand, and then I shall do very good for an hour or two. I am quite sure you must be dying for further sleep, and so you better rest in Mary and get some more rest. I will turn you up and do good for your wounded shoulder, and if you do not wish to sleep you will be able to bring me back what you can gather up to our losses since our expedition as Gertrude will be taking to the rail will soon to find out for the benefit of her uncle, and to find out also whether the army

of his will be going northward or southward....."

It was some time however. It can be said, before you would consent to leave Jack, but at last saying that Jack really wished her to see some rest, and finally for the sake of her shoulder and and and, she went out for an hour, and returned full of the surgeon who had found from Gertrude's full of the terrible losses of the army, that only twenty died, and the rest were fit for service, and the hundred soldiers, and all the rest were either lying helplessly injured or had been left behind in prison, and the news of the deaths of Jack Mallory and Catherine Ketchbrook, and some other officers was shocking to him, and made him greatly depressed. This surely was an unpleasant surprise for he had also taken a liking to Jane and Ketchbrook, and he said sadly:

"I'm dumfounded that it wasn't Jack Mallory who had not been killed as you know how reckless she is and how wild and always scolded her for it. (at these last remarks she the victim. I was never reckless, and neither were you Jennie, and yet if you didn't save me, or if you would also be lying under the sod long ago. I could not hardly believe my eyes Jennie that you, much smaller than I am, and apparently much more slender could carry a heavy boy like me. How in the world did you do it, and too when you were wounded twice. How on earth did you do it?"

"I do not know myself," confessed Jennie looking somewhat surprised. "I believe it is because I always wear the miraculous Medal and always say the Prayer. Oh Mary God blessed without sin, pray for us. How long it took me I do not know and the shell fragment tore my shoulder so deep that I suspected it was a mortal wound, and do you know Jack it really and honestly to agony heart to do it was."

"Yes, even the doctor said to me it was positively so. A miracle had been worked on me. I know it and therefore I confess it was the devotion to Our Blessed Mother and others that saved us both. I got to the boat, and after forcing my hand arm to pain do the rowing got you to the raft. When I recovered I thought at that I was dead and my soul was floating. But then the pain in my shoulder made me realize I wasn't. The orderly told me you were dead, and the shock made me faint. Since my recovery they left me the piece of shell that had been dug out of my shoulder, and I am rather to keep them for souvenirs. It is true I should have remained in bed, with my shoulder, but I could not abandon you, and therefore the doctors said I am to do so at periods but if my shoulder even ever got worse to me to had at once. But every time is all right. I saw the surgeon down on the other side of the raft and he told me," and her lips quivered, and her eyes filled with tears.

"That we had lost Catherine Ketchbrook, Jennie. Well that is terrible, and our loss too has been thousands of our own men and soldiers. We have nearly had a more dreadful and fatal adventure than even poor Violet, and her sisters, and they'll be shocked when they are back and hear of it. Six of our boys too have had their arms ruptured so the surgeon told me, and therefore I think that on the whole I and you have been wonderfully lucky, and our still living will cheat the enemy out of some of his victims. Dolores told me Gertrude is going to make the enemy pay dearly, George."

"But George Zimmerman was not in the room, having as soon as he discovered Jack staying so long in the tent had consent to leave them alone together. And you really carried me that full one mile and a half all along, and with your wounded arm and shoulder."

"With God's help I surely did. The orderly was good enough to take care of me after I fainted. His mistake of believing you killed, was because you lay so still, and because he thought the deep crash on the back of your head was a hole through to the brain. The doctor said the cut was deep, but did not pierce the brain."

"How did the orderly think that I was killed, Jennie?"

"Well neither someone told him or he made a guess of it without rest at the nightings. But that is a long story, and you shall hear it another day. The doctor said that for both of us it is not good to do too much talking now. I and Mary are going to install ourselves here, one of us may be chosen to be your man until you recover."

"I do not need much nursing Jennie, but I shall be delighted to have you especially within and you have made yourself my heroine. You will be a capital pilotage to me now. George the German lad in a most amusing way, and is very much attached to me. Do you know he got loose for a few hours directly the battle with the army and us was over, and why do you not want a rest when that night you was up all hours. By the way Jennie, I suppose the will be our Vivian girl prisoner. Have not turned up yet. Jennie is said in her last telegram note that the whole army has great hopes that Emma will be there any time with them, that is if the forest fire does not overtake them."

"They have been found Jack, and it is just as all as we supposed. Some telegram that he is coming to the line and has 10,000 child slaves in his possession. But how he rescued them when they were so far separated, and how he secured the slaves from the enemy lines, or any other details it is of no use for you to ask Jack for no one knows. And if the mystery is solved it will be a long story and now I must insist that you be quiet and go to sleep. Here comes Mary, now and then I will give you a chance to sleep too."

"Well I will try, Jane. Will you just look outside the door and see if George is there?"

John saw him peering up and down the raft, and talking with Mildred and John Mallford, and she called him in.

"George, this is our friend and heroine Jean Quondora," he said as the boy came in. "After rescuing me even at nearly the cost of her life she is going to save me now despite her wounded shoulder, and as she will be here principally with me in the daytime, you will be at liberty to be out when ever you like when we go over to the army."

"Sure I'm glad she is here," said George, looking at her with admiration, though I thought I would have done the best I could for you too. Will you also needs looking after for her wounded shoulder is no joke. Can I get you anything, Jane?"

"Well I have had nothing dozent this morning, and as it is too far away from dinner time, and if you could get me a good number of sandwiches, if it is not against the rules because of my two wounds, I should be very glad. But don't make the mistake in addressing Gertrude in German like you did this morning early," she finished with a smile, for George in his depression over the loss of many of the others he had admired had forgotten himself, and spoke to her in his own language, forgetting that she did not understand him."

"Sure I will do that, Jane, with the greatest pleasure in life," George said, and presently returned bringing in a tray with a pair of loaves, and four ham sandwiches, and a plate of wheat cakes."

"Is there anything else, Jane?" he asked not paying any attention to her look of astonishment at the food he had brought."

"Well George, I should be very much obliged if you will telegraph a note to Jane's father or someone not that I and Jack are very much alive. Do it yourself if you can for you have mastered our language well. We will be glad to hear from you about our still being here, and how we are doing on where the raft is now, and so on."

At this time Jack's arm was becoming exceedingly painful, and was being attended by very much fever, and so it was the case with John's shoulder and arm, but neither complained, for the doctors had told them this would occur, and had even predicted that in about a week, if they were careful their arm and shoulder would improve immensely, but both may have sworn. Jane and Mary divided the nursing between them, Jane on day, and Mary on nights.

John however could sleep no further than morning on account of her shoulder, and found that there was less pain when sitting or standing up, than when lying down. As she was walking up and down in the tent, Penrod himself came in, and seeing Jane said:

"Now Jane, I shall be very busy to-morrow when we are in camp, and as you despite your wounds are considered fairly convenient, and vigorous I call it, so there can be a reason why you should not tell us the reason you began to rescue Jack yesterday. So how did you do it?"

"Jane thereupon told the story. When she came to the point where both she and Jack had been wounded, herself while carrying him, Penrod interrupted her with a loud exclamation. "I don't like Glendolians now at all. I don't like I can understand the idea of your having come and brought him to the raft with your own two hands, whatever the cause was. If I had been as brave and known it, I certainly would have helped both of you, for none of us would like anything to happen to you even if there was ten worlds to be gained by the idea of Glendolians hurling shot and shell at us, more children, and desperate like that, is horrid. I didn't believe much things I heard when I first saw this country, but I have seen too much of it now to have the slightest doubt that you did all you could to get out of it."

"There was not anything unpleasant about that," Penrod. I had plenty to do, and to think about, and the day had passed a good deal more rapidly than it would have done if I had been staying idle on the raft. And I considered it no hardship at all being out on a scouting tour. As I told you we had been first pursued by Glendolians severely for two miles, and then Glendolians attacked again on us. But you must not interrupt me in my story. If I do, I shall tell you nothing more, about it until we are alone."

This threat, effectively sealed Penrod's lips, and beyond occasional

exclamations, he said nothing until the story was ended.

"Well it's all very wonderful indeed," Jane said. "And I should have never thought for a moment, nor all the rest either, that you were so brave, and at such risks could have gained such information, put things together like that, and then despite your wounds carry Jack much heavier than you over a mile and a half, and then saw him a quarter of a mile to the east, and besides could have carried out much a person. But I am really glad you have succeeded in rescuing him as you did, because you had not your mind on anything else."

"How many Glendolians pursued you and what nearly were they?"

"A half an squadron of Murchison, and of the leader I don't know who he was, but Jack killed him with one shot, although I do not know how many were pursuing us."

"Half a squadron, five hundred Glendolians pursuing a boy and girl," said Penrod in flabbergasted astonishment. Why so it takes a whole army to pursue kids don't you think? I admire that. Five hundred soldiers indeed. I suppose if one third their number of Winkie Abeninkilun soldiers would have chased them they would climb trees like ants to escape. I thought most likely that only five or six Glendolians were needed to pursue children. Why Jane that's tremendous that you two rescued so many. And what became of them after you were rescued?"

They recoiled when cannons opened upon us Penrod. They then divided in a distance but did not pursue further though there came forward in some other manner so to see whether we got hit or not."

"Well that is certainly rather hard upon us kids," said Penrod from frowning blackly. "Glendolians pursue two of us by hundreds, and then because that many cannot capture us, open fire with cannons. I don't blame Jack for killing their leader. Though of course it had been better if you two would have remained on the raft. And besides it seemed impossible to escape from so many. Glendolians soldiers are all very well provided for in arms and ammunition. I do not think however that it needed five hundred Glendolians to pursue a girl and boy."

"Of course something may make a difference," said George. "I mean Violet and her sisters pursued by a thousand every time, Glendolians set upon them."

"Of course in one way that seems to make a difference," Penrod agreed. "But it doesn't excuse the Glendolians nevertheless. I certainly did seem unusual however that Jane and Jack should go through such an adventure and live to tell the tale. But of course now as since Jane explained it, it surely must have been a miracle. A mortal wound in her arm and I should, and she left for dead, and Jack too, and to day they are sitting up and talking. God be praised indeed. But I did not think in any case, that Glendolians would need to pursue us in such heavy numbers unless we were out in great numbers. But I suppose the Glendolians all do that. I question whether I can ever really forgive them."

"I see it all Penrod," Jane said. "Well now about myself. I should think there can be no occasion for me to stay up if I do not need to unless I like."

"I hope you won't do it Jane for the sake of your shoulder. In the first place we all want to have you with us, you are now the chief little heroine of us all, and in the second, you will be hailed as queen of the raft when on shore, and you and Jack too will be honored. And we are willing to turn your departure over to general Arenburg. Gertrude proposes to do so, and from there he'll be transferred to general Alvians army, where he'll receive his disgraceful discharge and be free to go home in disgrace and shame for his cowardice."

"Well I didn't think there was any necessity to decide upon that at present, but I scorn him just the same. I can't help it. The doctor said that I and Jack should get six months sick leave, but I do not want it. By all we hear the war is growing worse and worse, our side is losing, and that there is fear that the Yankees will have it in their power to cause great trouble, and that the Yankees are marching toward Rio Grande with an immense army, think of it three hundred million strong. The Angel Bible states I hope will take care of him soon, whatever they do to oppress him. If there is going to be no fighting anywhere, I do not know that I should care very much about leaving the army for even a few months but though I'll at it, no more under fire again for me if I can help it."

Gertrude at this moment came in and said that she had an interview by signal with those on shore, and she signalled back to tell her that the officers had an interview with the main general who informed her that he had instructions to send her to general Arenburg, to examine the wounded on the raft, and to have them cared for. The army was not moving for a week, and that it was better for those on board, to remain on the raft for a couple of days, until the wounds were in a condition to be moved. Gertrude had thereupon shown Penrod what she had written down when reading the signal, and had no difficulty

In convincing him, that it was Constantinian grenadiers' army, and the general was in his headquarters tent three miles away to the rear with the other nation of the army. "He went on," the general said, "that no matter what will place all authority pointing to the army in my hands until he arrives, as and as I was of course well aware, the army in my hands, and many of my will know friends among officers and men are there, and boy and girl scouts too. The last year his army has grown and grown by an average of thirty million every month and his army is now vastly larger than most other Christian armies or then any ever reached in size during the course of this dreadful war, his army amounting to nearly a hundred million, but he cannot find means to attack any for armies because of flood and forest fires, and we would have come to Evangelina St. Claire, but general Vivian advised him not to. His army has eight hundred and eighty thousand cavalry, and different squadrons will be sent to escort us to his presence. Jack and you John, he wishes to see very much indeed. Our embarkation will all be completed in the course of a short time, when the general signals again but to day at least it is best to remain on the raft, but any who wishes to go ashore to the army for a time may do so but must return before night. Some of our wounded who were wounded first have recovered sufficiently to be moved, and have been moved already but it is not probably they would ever be able to serve in the army again. Our surviving Abyssinian commander had received a letter, yesterday saying that as soon as every one can be removed which it is hoped in with another few days, the army would like to take possession of the raft, and fortify it."

Perrot thought it advisable to move the raft closer to the northeastern shore of the flood, and as this was done, Gertrude leaving orders with Angelina Jennings to see to it that all munitions not needed on the raft were sent ashore. Those who were off duty found there was abundance of occupation. And Gertrude had also decided that as soon as both Jenn and Jack had recovered their health and strength, she decided to bring up the subject to the Princesses if they had returned by that time, and have them well honored. Gertrude then herself went ashore, and inquired among many of the soldiers for her old-time friend Walter Starring, but found that he was in general Vivian's command. Yet Gertrude's meeting with many of her old girl and boy scouts was unbounded in delight. They took her to their camp, where their superior boy scout leader was in charge. Gertrude remained two hours with them.

"I have had great and horrible times," Frank said to the leader. "At present I see that you do not want anything but I will soon be here with you and have two very good heroic scouts which will need to join your company. I could afford to give you all the survivors without hurting myself as I'll be with you again anyhow, and also do not hesitate to let me know when I can ever help you. It will be a real pleasure for me to do so."

Then Gertrude taking Frank, and some others of the girl and boy scouts returned to the raft. Neither Frank nor Mahle Haders were informed of whom the girl and boy scouts may be on the raft but they were surprised to see that also their acquaintance Angelina Riches, and others were on the big flat boat. Jenn and Jack were strangers to them however but Frank and Mahle were at once friendly.

"We both hope that you'll come through all right in a week or two," Miss Sanders said. "And I certainly think there is every prospect of it. But you sure are heroes and no mistake."

At general Vivian's headquarters Gertrude had secured a commission papers for George to be a scout, and she had just purchased him a uniform. When George had it on he looked a different boy. But through it all the one who dark spot of it all was the deep sorrow and regret among the survivors when all still remembered with horror how Jenn and others, and also

Other the Estrabrook had been killed by the enemy, and all vowed to give no quarter.

CHAPTER THIRTY THREE.

AN INTERESTING CONVERSATION ON THE FURIOUS PROGRESS OF THE WAR HORRORS, IN THE GREAT DISTRICT SURROUNDING THE FLOODED AREA. WHAT THEY THOUGHT OF THE DESTRUCTION OF LA POLAMA. TOPICS ON THE RECENT HORRORS THAT SHOW COUNTLESS NUMBERS. JACKS IDEA OF CALVERINIA THE SCENE OF DISASTER.

CALVERINIA ENTIRELY SUBJECTED TO THE DEVIL'S CONVULSIONS OF THE WAR, FIERCE MORE THAN THE CONVULSIONS OF NATURE. TWO HUNDRED AND THIRTY TWO VOLCANO LIKE WAR EXPLOSIONS RECORDED AROUNDING TO GERTRUDE. NEWS OF PANDORA A SUFFERER. FURTHER SCENES OF DESOLATION.

Gertrude and all of the others, even the Jenn and Jack constantly wondered whether the disasters in Calverinia and northern Angelina State were as frequent and as violent, as those that occurred in Bonnell State and Angelina vine, that is those disasters that has again and so often occurred throughout July and a portion of August so far. And the eastern mountains of extreme Eastern Calverinia as they had heard, and those of the Vivian and Bondon Hills stretching toward Evangelina St. Claire and Wickey Lensin, the basin plain of Calverinia all forested, Calverinia Minor, and the County of Syria and also Lebanon. Run were named by the fierce flames of the forest fires, which ever and ever day by day were gaining in force, and spreading and advancing faster and hotter all the time. The whole of this forest fire disturbances had covered a great extent than much of the known area of the floods, since the fires began, and the fires seemed also to be connected with the great Underneath forest blaze started by that battle, which was sweeping over the Thracian Mountains, and a blaze also in Northern Angelina, a new focus, which was constantly displaying its fury by flames so fierce that it seemed as if the whole country was either in furious eruptions, or in hidden regions.

Gertrude had traced this on a map made map and she said as she had the crowds of scouts, girls and boys around her.

"This zone of forest fire is more dreaded now than the floods. It keeps all of our Abyssinian states in darkness or without sun by means of so much smoke and steam in the air, and the forest fire which we have always tried to avoid and which is advancing toward Evangelina St. Claire, extends from east to west, not only within a short distance of our great flooded area, to Centralia Creek, and from there to Calverinia Minor, but so far as rangers and forest police and fire fighters and country folks have reported by wireless, is moving in a way to also encompass Calverinia, and the Azore States, and through the famous and most extensive Red Riding, Marin Osborne, and Wic-Hellester forests. In the vast region of fires explosions of unknown origin have occurred and have been most frequent in the State of Calverinia Minor and the county of Syria. Many have sent troops and men to investigate the cause of the blazes, and all are found incendiary and made by the enemy."

"When did the fire really begin?" Asked Angelina Riches.

"In the month of April last year, or some time last year on the day Good Friday was supposed to be on the map Calender, now let us see wasn't it on well then was been so exciting me that I've forgotten but I believe it was in April just the same. I was in that locality when it first was breaking out, and it completely destroyed the town of Lenon before my very eyes."

The shock of some explosion was felt throughout the whole of Calverinia Minor, and as Gertrude showed by tracing on the map with her finger the shock extended up as far as Angelina Agathia, and to Dorothy Glen, and Munchi town, and partly in Angelina State. Th

"There is a large rock which overhangs a river shore near Angelina Turns," said Dolores, and I was once on top of it so that a person can see for miles round. I saw a big portion of the forest fires, then, about three or so months ago, and the flames seemed to him undulate like a sea, and the flames at times rose a few times higher than even the tallest of the trees. I saw there men at work on the towers of a river stream and they blew up some of the towers to flood the forest land in order to stop the flames but it was no use. Four or five days afterwards, Homan Holendale and Irindown and others were struck by the fire, and in this location they saw the flames run so high as to reach exactly a thousand feet."

"A thousand feet?" Asked George the German boy. "Why's that nothing that is to what I have seen before I reached this raft or was taken on."

"What did you see?" asked Dolores, surprised.

"That was when I had fled away from the enemy lines with the help of

of Violet, and her sisters. I was then with them, and I followed them on horseback. We were going through a forest which covered highest hills, and there were in many places of the forest large openings or clearings, and some places it was swampy, with some mud and water, but not enough to prevent fires from running here. What made it bad for that district through which we traversed a large river was dried up because of the drought now prevailing. We rode up to the top of the highest ridge so that my accords the Princes could find their bearings and reach the nearest Christian army if there were any. I noticed remarked to one of the Princes, it was the prettiest one, what's her name.

Jennie, oh yes, I made a remark to her "Look there little girl Ain't that a big fire over there, I. She and her sisters looked, and before us but far distant a big fog was spreading over the sky, white and black, and gray, and also yellow, and great walls of smoke was rising in immense rolls like a volcanic eruption extending over sixty miles. The fires seemed to be on the plains and one portion raced up a hill side, and everything there seemed submerged in smoke which was advancing toward us wreathed like storm clouds. At first Miss Jennie critized my statement and said "I've never seen anything like that."

"It was only a storm coming" but she looked at one hill which was so surrounded by the bank of fog that only its summit remained visible, while another mountain was hidden altogether. I would have almost believed her, but her sisters contradicted her, and Jennie then took out her glasses and looked. Her taking out those glasses was the saving of our lives. We were in the path of it, and the only safety was to make for the forest clearing which we did, and were we had to stay for three days and nights, before the hell which burned round us had gone out sufficiently for us to find our way to a Christian camp over all those smoking tree trunks and ashes."

"These great fires at their hottest advance" said Mildred are always accompanied by a corresponding cyclonic windstorm. What causes that? They call it the "Fire Hurricane."

"I believe that is very mysterious" said Jane Melfort. "Some of us know what that might be and one of them is Jenn, but for the condition of her shoulder, and of her well needed rest I do not like to trouble her about that. But I too have seen a terrible forest fire. It was in the month of May this year, and I had been set with the other Jane who was killed on our raft to patrol a certain part of the country to be on the lookout for the foe. I was then in the western part of the State of Annelina Vinea, and the districts where during some days before mysteriously had been much excited by strange hot successive windstorms which brought smoke occasionally. The undulations of smoke clouds had been quite fantastic, and as the smoke grew more intense, those with me were so excited I could not keep them down under cover. The smoke cloud that day we were out was accompanied by a sort of violent tempest with a loud rushing noise as if a cyclone was coming up. We did not stay to see whether there was a fire or not, for there were too many dangerous gland-linen soldiers in the neighborhood, and near the town of Bannar recently about two thousand women and children had been massacred by these soldiers. Also several other smaller towns and villages shared a similar fate, and therefore we knew what our fate too would be if these savages saw us and we did not investigate the smoke."

"It seems strange with you reckless as you are that you did not investigate" said Minnie, Jennie's sister."

"I say at times be reckless" said Jenn, but not when there are too many enemies around and I know it. But I had an experience once which almost cost my life, when I was out scouting alone. I was riding on my horse and passed under a high steep cliff in the neighborhood of Heidi's Junction, when several large masses of rock and earth were mysteriously detached and hurled down toward me. As the appearance of the landscape all around was not altered, and as I heard nothing, I suspected enemies had done it, for on the top I had seen some men running away. I even experienced a portion of the Abheann horror through my own recklessness. I was surviving the eastern edge of the flood there when it was at its worst, when the ground near to where I stood sank suddenly down to a depth of seventeen feet near the Forts of Abheann, and from three to eight feet elsewhere, from the undermain cause by the violence of the water torrent. A village north of Abheann had been at the same time overflowed, overflowed having also sunk down so much that only the tops of the houses and the walls, remained visible above the water which current however did not throw any buildings off their foundations. And a tract of land which I had observed was so much depressed by one of the supposed

eruptions at Abheann, that I was told this land for a distance of two thousand square miles was at the time so much depressed, that the waters from Lake Mic-Hollator rushed in, and converted it into a large lagoon. This inundation overwhelmed a large town which even I forget, and there remained above the water 11 dwellings then the southwestern portion of the town which having sustained no injury gave temporary shelter to the inhabitants who had not been drowned, and who escaped in boats the next day."

"One thing I observed with many investigators" said George. "For with the great depression I saw near one of the craters a strange and remarkable elevation which had been produced at no great distance. Between ten or eleven miles to the eastward there seemed to have been raised a long mound or bank. The extent of this elevation was two miles from east to west and its breadth was about one third of a mile. The height is nearly uniform, and its greatest amount is if about five feet."

"They say this occurrence was of volcanic eruption and not of explosions," said Penrod."

"If so" said Angelina Jennings, "then this occurrence is the more remarkable for it has happened so far from any known focus of any volcanic action, and hardly few mountains are ever seen there for hundreds of miles. The nearest site of such well known disturbances which is known as volcanoes is near Calverline four hundred miles south of Abheann, and that mountain investigators say has shown no signs of activity. The phenomena which resulted from this mysterious "eruption" horror are highly instructive nevertheless. They do seem to illustrate the manner in which something unusual in nature may have occurred, if the enemy is proved not guilty, but there is no record preserved yet, and all Volcano Scientists who have been there, deny any volcanic action of any kind. From what George had said, there had been found manifold traces of successive similar elevations and depressions, but only nearest the craters, while the raised Lake Bonchos near Wickey Lamsin at Lake Mic-Hollator testify that whatever the outbreak was it seemed almost of natural occurrence, but this is greatly denied and contests are held over it now."

"A considerable portion of western Abheann had been engulfed in a chaos opened by the crash," said Penrod. A large part of Wickey Lamsin too was destroyed, by the concussion, and some low mountains in its neighborhood were thrown down. They say the severe shock was felt equally as disastrous at Violet Lamsin attended by violent gust of wind. By the concussion of the shock a mountain in the neighborhood was cleft in twain, and one of the halves sank down considerably. Many houses were overthrown in that city, and neighboring villages, with however small loss of life fortunately as several hundred lives were only lost. If that was not a Natural concussion then to produce it, what in the world was it then? This is the greatest mystery of all we have to solve!"

"We do not know but Violet, and her sisters will try to find out" said Hattie Kormann. The whole country of Calverline is was violently shaken that night as they say. Twelve severe shocks were felt even at Calverline, and the same number at Pandora. Every one claims the center of the strange disturbance seemed to have been in Randall State, near Abheann, and between Poverty Row and Wickey Lamsin, and where the shocks were accompanied not by what we call subterranean noises, which though similar in sound, seemed to come from a place above ground and reverberate the sky and air into tremendous air waves. Many windows were broken by air waves in Calverline and Pandora and many other places. And the succession of shocks too which makes it stranger were worse always than the ones before. If there were earthquakes, usually it seems to me, the worst shocks come first."

"Yes, and the central part of Calverline was most severely shaken" said Mildred particularly in and around La Polara. The succession of shocks they said continued for fifteen or twenty minutes, and the noise heard at the furthest distance resembled like rolling thunder, not underground but in the sky, or like when explosions occur. Many houses had been overthrown in La Polara before the flood came and in other neighboring villages for an unknown distance. The loss of life is unknown."

"But what could all that be. Eruptions make noise from above and underneath at the same time," said Minnie. "Could this not have been some strange mysterious eruption after all?"

"Let me explain my way about this thing," said Gertrude. "Now listen closely. How could it be of volcanic action? Impossible. And besides the explosions or whatever they were did not occur in one spot. They are widely scattered as each crater they say is half a mile apart. Now too late's remember Central Calverline is violently shaken. Understand. Many houses are

"It is sure unusual" said Angelina Jennings. "And although the shock had also been very severe at Poverty Row is it was from there that the first boatload of provisions, tents and timber was being dispatched by rail relief committee."

"You might be right," said Morin.
"And as all the disaster zone has not yet been scientifically explored throughout for some time, and as there is much great difficulty in determining the kind of disaster from this and that, as to be regarded as whether it is natural or the man-made fruit it is impossible to give an absolute statement as to the number of great disasters in the war zone," said Joy.
"We can suspect the number though," said Conrad. "If we take the term of great emplacements included all other great disasters of disaster force, we may conclude that there were two hundred and thirty two. Of this number about forty five were of the Abilene type, and altogether two hundred and thirty two great local forest fires have also been recorded, and of these the greater number took place in the southern districts of Quiver in consequence

of this records are being made, and you know, whatever should all take notice of, that in records which are being made of a volcanic phenomena that results no astronomically and widely from these disasters."

"The first victims of these disasters though are the first fire and the first flood. The earliest by any existence of this about five or six miles away to have been in said before in April last year. After the first fifth day had fallen, and it was brought under a control, but then some day or other it broke the fifth, and the conflagration following a terrible explosion in being very severe. The first was a volcanic eruption. Our wounded friend Jack known a lot of these disasters, and it would be our duty to go into him, but if you would not object and interview him shortly. I don't think it would do any harm."

While they handed for her to Jack Gertrude said:

"Probably the earliest instance of this disaster is that which is said to have developed in Helendale County, when some explosion occurred in which that town was thrown to the ground, and Lake Salton fell over the land. I know we know have all destroyed by action, and since all these disasters have occurred several prayers, libations, incense and all kinds of the incense have been offered to our lord for the success we need so well. As many say we know the tremendous force of the explosions at Alhambra caused many strange phenomena to appear for five hundred miles around, and the impact of these flames is over fifty miles in length and about twenty feet in width on a hundred feet deep. Jack told me once that the northern Province of Sinaloa region was affected in a similar manner, deep rifts were formed in the ground in every direction, and one of the rivers was dried up. That is why many believe it was of volcanic disturbances and earthquakes."

"And to think of more wonderful instances," said Jack, "there were a much more produced in the same manner though the road leading through the famous pass of Mendon near Salton Hills was closed up by the explosion in the surface of the earth. Some believe too that first came up there, touched off powerful explosions and caused the disaster."

"We are now now to be in a period of most unusual activity," said Jack St. Claire. "We know it was during the period of late May or early June that the incense near Alhambra was blown up, and that the loss of life was uncounted, that because of the disaster many cities were shaken to pieces by the concussion or air waves, and that one of the explosions threw up so much debris that it covered the ground to a depth of many feet for many miles, and that one explosion affected so many blocks of land and solid stone, and so much clay and sand, one block of granite which was said to have been eighty two feet in thickness, and a hundred feet broad, and buried forward a mighty mass of water and mid sixty eight kilometres in size. All this was examined and none of it was found, or showed itself of ever having been even sensibly warm. I was at the town of Stank that had been destroyed by the shock, and a captured glacialian worship lying in the river harbor at the time was miserably damaged by the explosion produced air waves doubled by the shock in the air, that she had to be abandoned. I was told the shock was felt severely even at far away Sacramento City, Sonoma in State though its destructive power extended for some distance to the west. It was stated that there were in Sacramento City about four hundred thousand dwellers, slightly wrecked, and about 50,000 others, besides many fire proof storage houses overthrown, and a destructive fire which raged at the time further increased the loss of life and property."

"So far as Sacramento Alhambra?"

"Yes."

"Incredible," said Gladys Wentworth.

"The proofs were in the papers," said Gertrude in order to settle the argument. "My own home town was wrecked, and it is but as far southward, as Sacramento is northward....."

"Which do you think Miss Aronhure in the greatest disaster of my kind in this war so far?" asked Gladys.

Gertrude pondered for a moment before she came close to Jack's tent, and then halting right at the entrance she said:

"It is much disputed, but what I think is the possible greatest disaster of this whole war is the combination of the flood and fire both together, and finally since the past terrible disasters which came in so many processions last year ending before last May."

"Where did the Alhambra disaster really occur in California, or Hawaii County, or State?" asked Jack.

"California," said Gertrude. "The flood swept into Hawaii County of California

and then into Hawaii State."

"How soon was Alhambra destroyed?" asked an eager journalist.

"We can record that of the effects of the explosion," said Gertrude. "The first wind combination of it off the coast of California within forty four hours. The first explosion occurred at about twelve fifteen I believe and about in a twinkling of an eye the little town near Alhambra was in flames. A blow in the air. A few moments later the news of the disaster of this town, and the earth's surface thrown upward by the explosion had burst and devastated the surrounding country for miles, and a dozen acres of the island hills and villages had been annihilated in the tremendous earthquake, or wrecked by other phenomena attending the explosion or supposed explosion. Several thousands of people were said also to have met with terrible and sudden death, scores of thousands of others had been injured, and the complete toll of disaster, from this one of other explosion included the destruction of scores of thousands of horses and cattle, thousands of rivers and creeks and large masses of large trunks of land for farming, and large apple and peach and cherry and other groves."

"Could it be possible that the explosion did all that?" asked Mildred.

"Yes. At least the investigators proved it."

"Then a volcano blowing up into the air couldn't have that?"

"Probably not, and probably so," said Gertrude. "I read of a volcano which blew itself and a whole island in the air in three explosions. This explosion may have equaled that, but could not be worse. I think I read of the party who were professional scientists who went to visit the scene. As the travelers had approached the volcano, they were told by frightened natives that twenty or thirty miles in a straight line from that volcano no shock or earthquake was experienced on the night of May the last of June the first, but there had been a terrible noise as if all the volcanoes in the world had burst to pieces in that one spot at one time, and mist and steam like a dark fog prevailed since that time for seven hours during the next day the result of a dense intense dark smoke cloud which failed to dissipate away, and which had greatly puzzled many of the survivors. They then had reached within three thousand feet of the strangely formed ground crater, and some of the party had ascended to the top of what had been left to a badly blasted hill from so on to obtain a clear view of it, and the country which had been so suddenly and so astronomically annihilated. Only on reaching the top of the ascent up the tree was there of the party again brought face to face with signs of the terrible annihilated eruption. Here besides the rain of debris of all kinds and which had fallen on and still covered the ground and all vegetation, they saw a number of streams of molten lava, evidently in some way the work of the mighty disaster. Closer to the scene of disaster, and ascending a sort of rim of solid signs of the great disaster grew in number and in height. Great trees torn up by their roots, lay all around, and the whole face of the landscape was the look of having been without withered and altered by some mighty heavenly fire blast. A few minutes further, and they had reached the summit of a narrow ridge of ground about one hundred feet high where a worse of trees had been swept away as if by a tornado, and they told and wrote of how they looked upon the sight they had come to see."

"That was it?" they all asked in a breath.

"Don't you guess?" asked Gertrude.

"No."

"Well," said Gertrude. "I hardly know myself how to speak of it or mention of the more astonishing, the prospect that they had witnessed. To them there is no more fitting phrase than that which can be called that that of total absolute unrelieved desolation--no incense, no horrible no end, not so bewildering that all reporters who came there afterwards to see depicted of describing or writing of it in details."

"What was it?" they all asked in a breath.

"Well as far as I have read," continued Gertrude, "on their left, but a little above rose a low curved rear wall of what must have been some hill recently before the blast, now a ramped almost sheer cliff, falling they say with a break to a depth of fully six to eight hundred feet. In front of the cliff everything had been blown away and scattered over the country before it in a roughly fan shaped deep deposit of for the most part they were of unknown depth, deep enough however to erase every landmark and conceal every feature of the hill behind area."

"Didn't they examine the cliff where the explosion torn this thing away to see whether it had been a volcano blown up?" asked Mildred.

"Yes, they did. They explored the foot of the cliff but there was no evidence of any such matter as seen from a volcano. The base was divided however by the explosion, and facing to the side of the cliff extended a great distance

beyond it was an immense aperture or hole half filled with muddy silver water, it seemed to be about three or four miles in circumference. It is however an only a rough conjecture."

"But what about all the debris?" asked Jones.

"That is all waste, for no one can attempt to determine the volume of the debris. Yet they needed some very moderate calculation."

"Oh how?"

"Why that the mean depth of the debris covering a level air area of more than thirty miles or more was not less than fifteen or more feet."

"If that is so," said Peared we could find that the work produced by this great volcanic also like explosion if such it was caused the upward and wide distribution of no fewer than seven hundred million or more tons of earth, rock, and other ponderous material."

"I think the real figure is probably greater," said Gertrude. "It was written that the devastation beyond the cliff and explosion center, and the mighty mass thrown out by the explosion which covered the the landscape were almost incredible. The visitors saw nothing else where they looked but disordered heaps of rocky debris, and in the distance resembling nothing so much as the giant, concrete, superstructure of some modern modern breakwater of our own shores. It was also curious to see on the farther side of the sharp line of demarcation between the sea of debris on which it had approached between green but now shattered forests, or again the lakes formed in every tributary plain by the stupor of massive dams so suddenly raised their against their passage of the waters. And they had seen no living thing, nor any sign of life over the whole desolate expanse. All was dimly silent and solitary. Beneath it however no doubt lay scores of human humankind, and countless numbers of the corpses of men women and children, who had been overtaken by swift and painful deaths."

"I heard the little village of Gainesville nearest the explosion was comparatively uninjured," said Dolores. "Yet how was it possible that the inhabitants lost their lives?"

"They fled into the path of the falling debris and mud," answered Gertrude. "When the first explosions came and debris began to fall in many provisions every one fled panic stricken across the fields making for the nearest hills by paths well known to all. A minute later once a thick darkness was the that of the night. It was said they were blinded by this, and dazed by the falling debris, and other horrors of the scenes, and therefore they had lost their senses, and it is believed every soul had been caught by the flood torrent following at least something must have overwhelmed them far more horrible and not less sudden than that of Pharaoh and his host for they were never seen again. But here we are at the tent. Let's go in."

They did and found Jean was lying down, but not asleep, and Jack who had tried to sleep, could not because of the pain on his leg, and therefore was sitting up and in some conversation with her.

After some subject was first debated on, the question was put to Jean first. She however did not seem inclined to be moved on the subject very much especially as she was some what ignorant of the affair, having read or heard very little, but Jack came to her rescue. He said:

"My parents were in Calverine when it happened, and though the terrible concussion convulsed the central portion of the State of Calverine on that dreadful night Calverine was not so badly affected though it was felt considerably. The waves of disturbance in the air traversed a sixty one province according to what my own parents said they saw in the news over which that much of the country was violently shaken for fifteen minutes altogether, while slighter vibrations were felt for a distance of five or six hundred miles to the north and west, and making the waves felt even far the far as the distant Mississippi River, and the Gulf of Mexico. We know it had killed the countless numbers and the flood too. In Calverine itself though though over four hundred miles from the center of the strange and unknown disturbance following the "eruptions" it produced an air shock greater than any earthquake wave ever felt lasting the same length of time."

"But how was Calverine saved?" asked Jean her self, now getting excitedly interested in the conversation, and forgetting the pain of her shoulder and arm.

"It was as the scientists said owing to the character of the detonations which going further and further away was owing to the comparatively slow or oscillation of the air, and therefore in Calverine the same was only known to be of the wreckage of some roofs and chimneys and of countless window glass going out."

"But how about elsewhere?"

"The results the they said was very different especially in Bonnell State and the Central zone of agitation."

"Did you hear any of the sounds that night?" asked Jean again.

"I certainly did, and how."

"Was there a noise like underground artillery, a shake, and a second shake, or what?" asked Gertrude herself.

"No indeed," said Jack. The noise seemed to reverberate through the air like thundering crashes from loud explosions, and it was very loud, but unlike real thunder. The noise was too brief though it seemed something terrible."

"Where was you at the time?" asked Dolores.

"I was myself in Calverine, and could hear it from there. The papers said that the sequence of events was as follows: To commence at Calverine, the capital of Bonnell State, which is some four hundred miles from the scene of the Abbeville disaster on that midnight hour of June the first, we are all stirred by something outside as if a windstorm had broken out, we heard window glass fall, and this continued at intervals for fifteen minutes, followed by far off booming sounds as if some one once each time would hit on some hollow diaphanous diapason. We all also felt an easy swaying of the houses, and we all got out of our beds and sought safety outside in the wide centers of the streets, you know how wide our city streets are, five hundred yards. There were no earthquake shocks, but the houses seemed to sway back and forth for each time the sound had been heard, and some sudden houses rose and fell with the easy gentle motion of our raft upon this flood waters. I became dizzy, and my mother was seized with nausea..."

"These strange indications therefore," said Angelina Jennings, after writing down his report, together with the movements of the air control instruments, denoted a disturbance at a considerable distance. But as the seismographs failed to move move that shows there was no earth concussion. Therefore some reports of there being earthquakes was unfortunately incorrect."

"And the first scenes of this awful catastrophe," said Jean this time. "Was indicated by small tidings from the outskirts of the disaster, as all direct news was cut off by the flood, and by the interrupt on of railway, telephone and all kinds of telegraphic communication, except by some wireless."

"An exploratory and relief party had started from my district on the second day after," said Jack not knowing how far they would be able to proceed by train, and they soon came back, and the correspondent who accompanied them said "The way was impassable because of an enormous flood."

"I saw a part of the devastation caused by the explosions, devastation, not reached by the floods," said Jean. "That was when I had first enlisted into the army of girl scouts. Leaving Calverine by a night train, ten days later, early the next morning we were at Bonhon, one hundred miles southeast of Calverine on the outside of the destructive area of the flood. The train was switched straight east, and we came upon scenes which showed that though the explosion shocks had been sufficiently severe enough to destroy some small towns and villages, and to displace posts supporting great wooden buildings, and denude the trace of the forests of leaves, and smaller branches, and to rattle tiles along the eaves of houses and other buildings with out peculiar long slanting roofs nothing serious had occurred, and from the train the flood looked like a sea. And at one point owing to the lateral spreading of the water and the great, there had been a slight sinkage of the line, and our train had been crossed with the greatest caution or be wrecked. We then crossed over a large stream, which seemed to run an unusual direction we passed over a country of higher elevation, where to the westward we got a better view of the immense flood. Further along the line signs of violent air shocks became more and more numerous. Huge trees of forests had been strangely displaced. Country houses looked as if they had been shaken upward or blasted by wind roofs of all buildings in the towns had lost all their tiles, especially along the ridge poles all windows were out, the streets were littered as thick as hail with broken glass, sinkings in the railroad line became numerous, and although we were far from the real region of great destruction it was evident just the same that we were in an area where the air movements had been been violent as if a cyclone had struck. We there couldn't go any further, and we had to try to reach a Christian army on foot."

"From what we have read," put in Gertrude. "The scene of the greatest destruction is throughout Bonnell State and other points, in a region greatly dotted with villages, homesteads, towns and cities supporting 10,000 and 1000,000

and one hundred thousand inhabitants to the square mile, and containing all the cities previously mentioned wrecked by explosion and flood, within about twenty miles of La Polera, a strange subsideance on a vast scale took place, small in a whole range of towns, while our former scene, nearest the explosion scene the soil had slipped down water-level as if there had been an earthquake, carrying with it many towns and their inhabitants. There they now lie and now lie five hundred feet down, and the water still remains. We all know what we think of La Polera as being a total wreck, devastated by explosion, flood, and afterwards conflagration, causing the destruction of half the city. Oakdale nine miles to the west, fared even worse, El Varso in no more, and here not one house remained standing as we all know from the reports and one quarter of the population were killed wounded, or marooned by the on coming floods. All cities and towns nearest the explosion area suffered heavily. The damage for any size of a surviving city however. Gontin and Gertrude was said to be a childred Greenburg, and Big Girl Knoll, and was produced by floods and the shocks of the explosion. Even since this time till now and still now the surviving inhabitants are driven to live in rude shelters outside the flood zone, and there is still great suffering among the injured to whom because of the flood it is still impossible to give proper care, even all these days after the disaster first began to happen. No one knows the real loss of lives as the floods carried away everything both living and dead, while more than eighty million are rendered homeless. And we all know that during these succeeding months of July and August many new disasters of greater or less intensity were noticed in increasing numbers, occurring as it seems at the rate of six a week or more. And owing to the frequency of these disasters, the investigation of their causes and their effects has brought on a great deal of attention there since these have occurred. Our own professionals have proved themselves as energetic in this direction as they are impurely other matters of the war, and yet they have discovered nothing.

"The whole world claims that one of the most fairest regions in the whole universe is our Calvernia State," said Jean who had sat up in her cot. I have read in my Geographies, and even in natural histories that nature here is prodigal with her gifts to the whole Human Race, that Our Blessed Lord has blessed the country abundantly because of the goodness of the people, and even in the extreme southern parts of our state, all kinds of trees flourish giving us lumber to build our homes, we have even in summer rice and cotton and sugar cane growing in the extreme southeast, and also the palm and cinnamon and all kinds of crops have yielded their increase immensely under cultivation. Many wonder she continued. Why Calvernia so abundant in rain is so dry in weather this year. When at Home I know none of the city weather men asked his the cause, and he believes it is brought on by the absence of high and low absolutely produced by these terrific forest fires.

We know great heat can produce storms, but he says this heat is killing to clouds and more moisture, and that forest fire hurricanes are caused by the indraughts of great heat mingling with the upper atmosphere especially on windy days. The beautiful scenes of such loveliness are being wiped out by this terrific energy of the war, and as we might say it Calvernia and Angelina Vine State and Angelina too is like a focus of the most intense volcanic action in the world with the fury of this unusual war, with its record breaking battles, explosions, fires and other great disasters. Our State of Calvernia is rapidly forming the "beast wreck" out of our nation, and the therefore is the reason why so many say we are losing the war.

"For two hundred years Gladelinia had been threatening to the world," said Gertrude. But no one knew that when she broke this war upon our Abhiamian states she could produce all this. I read in the papers that at the time of the Abhiamian horror the inhabitants of Calvernia, Angelina, Arstia, and even Francis Atlanta and Pandora had been at midnight startled by strangely loud booming sounds, which came from the direction of Abhiam, one hundred miles distant at the nearest spot. A man told me she heard that a mail steamer passing down the River two hundred miles away west had her compass violently agitated.

"Oh She had what?" asked Penrod.
"Her Compass violently agitated. Don't you know what a compass is Pen?"
"I sure do. But you don't mean man to say that it was moved at that distance. Incredible."
"I didn't say so," repeated Gertrude. "I said a man told me a man told her so. If we do not wish to believe those reports then let it rest. But there were strange phenomena because of the strange disturbance. At Francis Atlanta there had been a fall of earth gravel and stones, and at some places near Valvernia and Calvernia too, but no one could find anything to evidence the locality of the disturbance and therefore knew not what it meant."

"And we see it so close like that," said Penrod. "That fire must have reached a terrible extent."
"Ad and too," said the boy, "that fire or smoke is being viewed or was viewed by some fire signal men at a distance of forty miles, and is sending hundreds of men to fight it if possible. He too speaks of the cloudy mass looking like an 'Immense wall, and says it has bursts of great flames at times surging up through the lower section, at times like large red tongues rushing upward, through the air.....'"

They watched this smoke until after sunset (there was no sun shining shining however) and then discovered that this immense cloudy wall of smoke resembled

"When I believe it might have been a volcanic disturbance in some region, and so no fears had been felt by any one within the distance from the sound," said Penrod himself. I laughed when I read in the morning that some party started for Mt Calvernia to visit the scene of "Acid activity", and how when they reached that mountain and saw that it was not active how they were confounded. The explosion sounds had caused the inhabitants of Calvernia and at intervals of two explosions per minute, and that the sound too was unlike that really heard during a volcanic eruption. Someone at Calvernia said he fancied he saw to the southeastward a column of ash three white and black arising to an unusually great height but that he saw nothing else and believed he may have been mistaken. However it was noticed at P. Pandora that the height of the cloud that suddenly rose upward was immense, and the inhabitants had said that each following explosive sound had increased in sound and volume. A party too of the Topographical Survey had visited Calvernia after the noise and came to look at Mt Calvernia also. All he found was that its forests on the west slope had been destroyed by a forest fire which was still burning. Three large smoke columns were noted, one marking the position of the main conflagration while the other two were in the valleys beyond the volcano. There were no less than eleven smaller fires, but no evidence was seen of the mountain having been eruptive, and that the fires appeared to have been of incendiary origin.

"The large inhabitants of Poverty Row thought some volcano had broken out in a fifteen minutes paroxysmal eruption," said Jean. They "They said according to the news that as far as that city is from the scene the tremendous detonations followed each other for fifteen minutes so quickly that a continuous roar" was said to have issued from the source of the sound. The distance of Poverty Row is one hundred and ninety eight miles from Abhiam, and these strange thunders were so loud there that the people told the reporters that the sound was like the firing of the greatest cannons at their very doors and windows. Sixteen were mighty sounds, the last of the most appalling violence, and gave rise to the most far reaching effects. I almost doubt if Violet, and her sisters, if they carry out their plans will ever discover what was the cause of those supposed "Eruptions."

"If they do not succeed, then it'll be put in history as some strange phenomena of nature which is unexplained," said Jack....

While they had been in conversation on this subject one of the yards on the raft, when which was then unknown to them some fifty six miles northeast of Evangeline St Claire saw a black cloud appearing like smoke rising high into the stretch of lighter cloud shade far above in the sky. He shouted out loud enough for all on board to hear:

"A storm is coming. I believe we are going to have rain."

With ardent hopes in her heart this this that this report was true, Gertrude and some of the others rushed out to see. However to her quick eye it did not extend forward like a storm cloud, and it seemed to have its rolls and globular shapes extending and moving slowly upward, and she believed it extended upward not less than seventeen miles or more.

"I bet it's a big Volcanic eruption," said Penrod looking through his eyes. "It sure is one, and,---and, here Gertrude, quick take a look. It's that gosh gosh darn forest fire coming down. By Heaven it believe it'll strike Evangeline St Claire. The fire had followed us, even though we had beaten it."

"It sure is," said Gertrude. "And the mass of smoke looks to me like an immense extensive wall. George," she cried to one of the boy scouts. "Signal to those on shore, and see if they can't get Evangeline St Claire by wireless."

The boy was successful and came back saying:
"A signal officer says on shore he got the report that that smoke cloud is seventy six miles south of Evangeline St Claire."

"Seventy six miles east of Evangeline St Claire," corrected Gertrude.

"Yes indeed. The report came from Jennie Turner herself. She tried to signal you but got no response."

"And we see it so close like that," said Penrod. "That fire must have reached a terrible extent."

"Ad and too," said the boy, "that fire or smoke is being viewed or was viewed by some fire signal men at a distance of forty miles, and is sending hundreds of men to fight it if possible. He too speaks of the cloudy mass looking like an 'Immense wall, and says it has bursts of great flames at times surging up through the lower section, at times like large red tongues rushing upward, through the air.....'"

They watched this smoke until after sunset (there was no sun shining shining however) and then discovered that this immense cloudy wall of smoke resembled

a long rolled up blood red curtain, with the upper edges of a all shades of black, brown, yellow, blue and brown and even yellow green, the whole of a murky time with fierce sunset like flames underneath, underrunning along the horizon even though it was not yet dark. Then for some unknown reason or other those on board the raft discovered something very peculiar. The most head and arms on their raft seemed to be strangely alive with something like electric fire, and some of those who witnessed it were scared. However, such effects seemed to be easily explained and Gertrude said:

"Don't be alarmed boys, and girls. I believe the amount of the enormous cloud of smoke in the air, with such great hot weather we are experiencing, there must be some sort of friction going on in the hot air over the fires, and this friction may be the cause to be producing a wide spread electrical disturbance in all our surrounding atmosphere. The rush of thousands of feet of great flames over the burning forests may also contribute to these disturbances. But they do not mean anything so don't be scared. Even I see that my compass is much disturbed. It's a wonder sure the heat don't produce a rain storm that would increase our floods, but it doesn't rain at all."

"I believe the greatest heat of the forest fires, and the effects of the noise of the battles, and other war troubles possibly has some share in creating these perturbations..." said Penrod. "But to come back to the explosions at Abbeinn. General Greatheart my instructor wrote to me at the time that on the telephone line in his headquarters and from it, reports like many cannon shots were heard. At Waror Viviana palace, five hundred miles from Abbeinn it was noted in his telephone station, that when he put the receiver to his ear, a roar like that of a prolonged thunderstorm was heard. But I'll bet so great is the mass of smoke in the air that profound darkness must be extending to many hundreds of miles from the focus of the forest fires. I had received a report recently that it is pitch dark day and night at Angelina Arethia. So great too must be the spread of the upward rushing hot air produced by the heat of the flames, that the smoke must be rolled upward to a height of fifty thousand feet or over nine miles into space. I believe at some portions of the forest fires, the smoke clouds and lighter objects must reach must reach more than seventeen miles. I was also notified that the ashes and embers in the rear, coming away portions of the fire from so many burned trees and foliage and ground brush must be a number of feet thick. The firmament have turned over many hundreds of miles by now."

"I have some good accounts of how far the noise at Abbeinn was heard." said Minnie, Jean's sister. "It showed indeed my dear boys and girls the distinct feature of this display of strange powers with the magnitude and range of the explosive sounds. My uncle who lived in Angelina Arethia five hundred miles away from Abbeinn, reported that for fifteen minutes that midnight hour reports and concussions coming from some sources were simply deafening, and the air acted like a cyclone coming each time. Also at Port Dorothy Gale, Angelina State, which was a hundred miles further, the inhabitants heard many reports, which led them to suppose that a battle was raging between ships on the Aronburgs Run River, and every one who cared flocked to the river for what proved to be a futile trip. The sounds were heard not only all over the immense province of Galverinia but over a yet wider area. At a spot in Conocentin is, over two thousand five hundred miles, every one who were awakened in towns cities and villages or on farms heard the awful sound. A Arab in the town of Pandora Yrionlongpla more than two thousand three hundred miles away the people of the city and all towns in the state were so alarmed that the Government sent off many investigators to seek the cause of the disturbance. At that time also all the inhabitants of the Boy King and Blengi glomonsa Islands, thought they heard the sound of an awful battle at sea. So some at a distance of one thousand seven hundred miles distant heard a sound for fifteen minutes as if volcanoes were in eruption. At the same hour of midnight girls and boys, the people of Sacramento Abbeinn State were aroused by what they said to reporters they thought was the approach of a wild thunderstorm, a sound which to them lasted fully eighteen minutes. So you see the time and many other circumstances show that here again the sounds at Abbeinn was heard, this time at the enormous distance of over three thousand miles."

"But" said Gertrude "There was trustworthy evidence that the sounds were heard even at greater distances. Thundering noises were heard in northern Atyscinkile, and southern Angelina, and even in Glendallina. But most remarkable of all the Mayor of the city of Maracua in Angelina State made a written statement to Waror Viviana that many times during the midnight hour of June the third first in which he wrote reports were coming from the north like the continual roar of many heavy guns. These reports he wrote came at the interval of between four and five hours. No doubt some time was needed for the sounds to make such a

journey. P On the basis of the known rate of velocity, they must have been heard at Maracua fourteen hours after they started from their source."

"And yet the range of such vibrations, or so great was the range of such vibrations," said one of the soldiers, they could not be compared with the mighty and strange air waves caused by the mighty earthquake."

"Air waves" said Gertrude. "What do you mean air waves? No one felt anything of the movements of the air."

"It was an atmospheric wave pressure produced by the explosions," said the soldier. "Probably you do not believe this?"

"I don't say I do, nor do I say I don't," said Gertrude. "Your talking of air waves traveling round the world seems a fable nevertheless. If there were such air waves was there any evident proof?"

"I do believe there was," said Jean. "I read of the atmospheric wave and that it started from the Abbeinn region at the time of the explosions, and moving moving at an ever widening circle, like, well, like that produced when we would throw a stone into the water."

"That sure seems incredible," argued Gertrude. "But go on, let's hear more about it sir." To the soldier.

"Well if you do not believe it what's the use?" said the soldier. "Of course besides I do not claim it so either, I take the word of those who had or have their barometers and when which they claim was affected by the air waves. The papers said there was evident that this air wave traveled on at the rate of from six hundred and seventy four to seven hundred and twenty six miles an hour, and went round the world four if not eight times."

"Now you are telling something," said Dolores. "You say it goes seven hundred twenty miles an hour, and four times round the world. Well this ought to explain something new if this was proved. Let's say for instance, well Galverinia would if supposed be a hundred miles from Abbeinn, though of course its much further, but just late pretend it is. Well Galverinia is a hundred miles away. There was connected there barometers for pressure of air and probably still is. Then if the speed of the air wave is what you said it was, then about thirteen minutes, following each explosion this gauge showed a barometric disturbance equal to about four tenths of an inch of mercury, that is an extra air pressure of about a fifth of a pound on every square inch. Therefore too the effects on the air of the minor explosions would also have been recorded on this instrument, but then barometers in the most distant places recorded this same disturbance. Well air did just what I really explain naturally occur. Did barometers in all principal principal barometers in the whole world automatically record this effect of the first great wave from Abbeinn, to its very antipodes in Central America far away, and also the return wave?"

"According to the papers yes. The first four oscillations left their mark on upwards of forty barometers, the fifth and sixth on several and at many places even in England the existence of a seventh was certainly established."

"If that is so," said Anneline Jennings, "then within an hour of a war a hundred miles there would be enough shock in the air to take out windows in all cities nearest the disturbance. Therefore I believe something more than shock in the air did the wide spread destruction."

"What then?" asked Jack. "All witnesses and survivors said there was no trembling of the earth, and that the shock was that crushed the houses or stayed them off their foundations only lasted during the seconds of each explosion."

"It may have been the concussions," said Penrod. "But when did the flood first begin?"

"About six hours after the explosions," said Jean. "Even at the beginning we know the flood was of the most awful destructiveness."

"And no one can hardly doubt that this flood was synchronous with the effects of the greatest of the explosions," said Jack. "For at its worst it came at the very front like a wave from fifty to seventy two feet high and as we all knew and still remember had swept with restless fury over all the land and that the destruction to life and property will never be fully known."

"Of all who are missing," said Mildred, with a look of terror in her eyes. "Only thirty six thousand bodies were found, and none of them identified."

"Why shouldn't that be so?" said Minnie. "The whole district of Bengall State is destroyed, and the best cities of La Pulma, Mildred Greenburg, El Verso, Bliz Girknoi, and others including Angelina in Agathia and Dorothy Gale are overwhelmed."

"To make it worse yet" said Jane Ma, Halfport the formerly fertile and densely populated region of Central Galverinia State is entirely covered with raging flood waters still, and I believe of all the inhabitants all perished to a minute."

"And three big cities of Central Galverinia completely disappeared or are covered by water to an unknown depth," said Dolores. "It surely is the biggest disaster of the world, and we have been floating on it on board this remarkable and bloody raft."

"There is one peculiar thing that is happening for some unknown reason though," said Mary Stanek.

"What is that?" asked all in a breath.

"Why throughout the world since this disaster occurred, and while the forest fires are raging some very unusual and most remarkable sky effects are being observed in many different parts of the world. And the news has declared that many of these effects are of extraordinary beauty and magnificence. Scientific inquiry is constantly being made, and since then so it is said it has been collected, and also tabulated a long list of places from whence these strange effects are being seen together with the date of such occurrences."

"But what are the strange effects...?" asked Elsie MacWhirther.

"Well I have a paper which tells the effects," said Mary. "I'll have to get it to explain it. I won't be long," she was back in "two shakes of a lamb's tail." Here are the facts she continued. First comes a report of the Royal Society in London itself so far from us. On the 28th of July this year seen at all cities and towns in that country and also in Ireland the sun every day is being seen all day long as through a purple fog at sunset and the sun all the time looks red as blood, and has a red halo encircling it, and at sunset there comes a lurid glare all over the sky. At night the moon looks bright yellow, and there are no stars. But this is seen only when there are no clouds, and when there are clouds, but broken so the sun could shine the clouds assume a varied coloring."

"That seems strange indeed," said Gertrude, "and here on the paper it says that in Northern Abbeinnia, and in all parts of the United States, South America, the Sandwich Islands and Canada, every day a strange red threatening sky is seen at sunset, and all day the sun looks as if it was formed of a disk of blood. At Central America, there is always a crimson dawn, when over there are no clouds, for the sun is blood red at rising, and the sunsets are extremely and unusually gorgeous after sunset, first of the afterglows, and when there are clouds, the sky and clouds would be yellow and red up to the zenith. At Abyssinia there are seen every day vivid sunsets, the sky being vivid red, then fading into purple, green, and brown. At Germany the sun always appears to be changing color, while at France the sun always appears green, at the middle of the sky, red on rising, and black on setting. In southern Angolinia State the sun looks like a blue green ball and has a doubly colored halo round it, and after sunset the first time the sky had become so red that there was supposed to be a big fire, and the sun sets green with remarkable after glow with gold, green and crimson colors. And the Corona is constantly seen with misty rippled surface of haze."

"One record in the paper which is still more of unusual for reports," said Penrod hiks himself. "Is that when the famous region of Abbeinnia had been visited shortly after the disaster, when the flood was still raging at its height wonderful changes were noted as if done by a real earthquake were noted."

"What was it?" asked Jane.

"Why the whole northern southern and western portions of the landscape had vanished, except an isolated pitch stone rock, twenty yards square, and projecting out of the flood with unfathomed water all around it."

"It must sure have been some tremendous work of dislocation done by the explosions," said Jane.

"And this must show to have been easily attested by the fact that where big landscapes girt with luxuriant forests is now in some places more than a hundred or more feet below the surface of the flood waters. I believe that water will remain for always and will afterwards be called Lake Abbeinnia."

"And this proves that in all the world," said Gertrude. "That there is no region that has been more frequently visited by war horrors and disasters than the beautiful lands of Galverinia, and no where has greater damage been done than throughout southern Galverinia. The worse for it however is that so much of our land has disappeared in the flood waters with all its forests and fertile fields. No earthquake had done as great havoc."

"Our state of Galverinia had suffered from more than four hundred great and most overwhelming disasters," said one of the soldiers. "Half of the horrors cannot be estimated, but it is known when ever there has been such an awful disaster the whole world soon knows about it, and I think Abbeinnia is a really God-forsaken Nation to put up with it. Yet what can we do when all this cannot be proved on glendelinia, when it all appears to be of Natural disturbance."

"Many people do," said Jack. "And moreover the disasters have been so frequent and are still being so frequent in the whole war zone that now the principal ones are serving as dates to mark time or to refer to, just as in other countries which is the case with any great historic events. A month has rarely passed without a great disaster occurring, and the full disappearance of a village, town, or city is now of frequent occurrence. We know from records kept that the Lake Sclicia disaster utterly destroyed over four hundred cities and towns and a tract of nearly four hundred square leagues which the day before had been covered with flourishing villages, farms, and cities, and forests and fertile fields, and the most beautiful scenery is yet even now still under water. And at the same time some where else an explosion as great as the blowing up of a volcano like Krakatoa destroyed more than 100,000 lives."

"Never has any number of catastrophes ever occurred in this country before," said Minnie, "and yet now never in the whole world had there ever occurred two terrible calamities as the flood, and forest fires now raging and showing very signs of abatement."

"And it seems to me that when the first disaster occurred at Lake Sclicia, it appeared that it was a sort of signal for all other disasters to occur. The disasters have soon extended throughout all portions of southern Galverinia, and throughout many other states, and also devastated northern Angolinia until more than one quarter of Abbeinnia in the south is either fully devastated seemingly beyond repair, or beginning to show signs of so being. When the disasters were first known reports came in that Mt Galverine, the greatest if not the most active of our Galverinian Volcanoes was belching forth flame so continuously and that other volcanoes like Mt Catherine or Joan and so forth were either in full blast, or already showing signs of violent eruptions. No evidence of this was found and the mountains are still dead. While, these sun and eruptions were supposed to be going on, the flood was then in a tremendous state of agitation. Even then any clouds of smoke from forest fires far distance hovering over the water were strangely charged with electricity. We know from legends how so many countless numbers of men and women and children have fled in terror from their crumbling habitations, and filled the air with their cries of distress, as the floods overwhelmed or overtook them. Then day by day the violence of the flood and its spread increased, and as it was believed all of Galverinia seemed about to be submerged. Enormous local floods filled up big rivers till they ran over their levees making new floods that had threatened to engulf at one fell swoop all the inhabitants and their houses. If the enemy has really created this scene of horror that passes or surpasses all imagination, then how was it possible. To make it worse luminous clouds had gathered above the immense chain of forest fires, the clouds having increased in size every minute, and the clouds have kept us without sun shine for weeks. How happy I would be and I know every one else too if this heavy cloud would suddenly break up, and disappear, and allow us the well needed sunshine. But it is not so and throughout Galverinia for many hundreds of miles all seems to have disappeared either in fire or flood, and where stood months before all kinds of beautiful cities and towns and forests nothing has escaped. It does look as if we were on a portion of the country which has been swallowed up by the sea."

"And if big rains would come, how the floods would increase," said Dolores. "But the rains would quench the forest fires," declared Jane.

"Oh yeah," said Mary Stanek. "And cover the whole country with smoke clouds and fog from the steam as if all our mountains were in violent eruption at one time. No it's better just now that the rain doesn't come in the fire areas. It won't quench the fires, and will only add to the horror by making the whole of our country in black darkness like that of Erebus. I'd rather pray against the coming of rain in this neighborhood...."

"I believe under our own beautiful flag, we once possessed one of the most beautiful countries in the world," said Minnie. "But now we do possess two of the greatest disasters in the world, and the greatest explosions of all explosions and with a latent power that no one could conceive. And what is to be done?"

"It is up to some one to find out," said Angelina Riches. "Our land of Galverinia the paradise of our world, is now being ravaged by the very fires of the

very Inferno we all expect to go to if we live bad lives, indeed it looks as if we all had been dipped and then pulled out of the very depths of hell without us living ones feeling any of the pain, and to become from recent years a little smiling land of "heavenly beauty, and a possession of a Holy nation of unusual righteousness into a scene of the greatest devastation on all aching records. Yes Galverinia is the land of horror, and part of the country for hundreds of miles is like some of molten fire from some great heights which is overwhelming the peaceful villages and arousing the whole world's attention, especially to the peculiar coloring of the sky and sun. Now what is the cause of that if any one can guess?"

"Such an optical phenomenon is believed to have some common cause," said Gertrude herself, "especially to that people say" and that it must be the smoke remaining at an enormous altitude. All the facts indicate that such a cloud starts from our Galverinia land, and that the prodigious force of the drought going upward and produced by such flames could at this time alone account for the presence of so much smoke over so many hundreds of miles of sky, and at such a height in the atmosphere. I believe when it reached the upper atmosphere this smoke cloud travels at a double express train speed, and carried by whatever the direction the wind is on the longest, it would cross in three weeks over all oceans and lands, until the sky over the whole world is enclouded with it. But the wind no doubt still carries this smoke onward as it still goes up from the enormous blazes and more would continue to go round the world day by day, and week by week. I believe the smoke cloud has also included North America, and Europe, though we have read of no strange phenomena there in the skies as yet, but there may be."

"And our Angelina State too especially in the north is a region of a part sufferer of the great disasters, and forest fire and flood horror, and all mountains where the forest fires are ran raging look like a great volcanic ranges in great eruptive activity. Why so many countless thousands of men who have flooded from towns and cities cannot get this blaze out is a mystery to me."

"And to think too the small state occupies a central portion of our great Galverinian Province. And it has or did have eight great cities of magnificent size, with all that cities have, elevated, railroads, surface lines and subways and the like, all of them of Abbeinnian origin, and the 7 were substantially naught but unusual cities, that used to draw many tourists," said Mildred. "In many localities of that state however the whole country there had been covered with all kinds of vegetable growths. The largest of all our Abbeinnian cities was Abbeinn, and in it included all the railways that our whole country had going out and in. Here stood the largest and most beautiful city in the world. Only a few cities were nearly as large as Abbeinn in this world which had 13,675 great factories, and 14,305 mills and other industrial plants. In east Bangall State in Bangall County is the city of Galverinia near Poverty Row which was blasted away by one of the explosions. This region as the papers say scientists found enjoys I say for the phrase of it "enjoys" the distinction of having the largest explosion crater in the world, a monstrous dug pit full of water seemingly to their estimation thirty miles in circumference, and two thousand feet deep. It is half filled with muddy almy water. The floating debris on the lake are distinctly marked as one looks down on them, and it is remarkable that any one with the naked eye can take in the whole crater, and note all the water and its contents, diminished of course by the great distance. All around the crater not a tree shrub nor even a blade of grass obstructs the view of desolation. Yet there are no signs of the crater having been caused by any volcanic eruption, and it wasn't there before the explosion."

"For the whole world now," said Jane Wellfort. "The greatest point of horror and sorrow is this great flood which is still sweeping over so much territory. Some one said, that where we are now, it is divided by some high land beyond in the west, but nevertheless it is more than a hundred feet acrosses from here and perhaps hundreds of feet deep.... Now where else is there been such a flood, or has there any to be compared with it."

"Yes, and is it not surprising that we floated so far on it on this great raft?" said Mildred. "There have been few narrow escapes and we have suffered great losses, but the loss is only from the enemy, and we have had no accidents, and it is needless to add then, for all future histories and stories and the like no description can give any one any slightest idea of the incomparable horror of the scene."

"It reminds me of being in the bottomless pit, bounded on all sides by unscalable rocks," said Jean. "Only that a few had come in of our own will without being sent and were on the edge of the lake Dante wrote about but we did not go across."

"The entrance to this Inferno we might imagine it is one should be by a flight of steps made of water," said. "One of the soldiers, making the mistake of jesting at this time."

"And you should be the one to make the steps," said Gertrude with some sarcasm.

For a time they were all silent, as it was getting dark, and yet as they glanced on the stretch of water, the surface appeared in the gathering darkness like a mass of dead slowly moving blackness covered by all kinds of floating debris. The tendency of the current at this spot was somewhat slow and was flowing toward the south, while along the borders of the flood east of the raft, waves or windrows of all kinds of debris was piled up apparently as immovable as the landscape itself but the wreckage seemed to lay on the water as it floated in wrinkled folds and masses, over and anon trying to jump against the shore, and only to float off again. Jack lying where he was was watching the moving waves of the water closely however, then suddenly being attracted by some kind of a light in the direction where he had seen the Immense cloud when it was day time there appeared a glow which at first along the horizon a horizon looked like a fiery red serpent with flickering up and down in its reflection at some spots, and lights flashed back and forth as if creeping through and under the clouds like a chain of brilliant flames, its form lengthened as it grew steadily darker until the whole southern and southeastern horizon was all ablaze. The glow began to spread, as the cloud had burst asunder, and was dissolving into bright red flood along its whole lower portion and the sky itself seemed to go into a fierce flood of turbulent fury as if indeed it was the roof of Dante or even of Milton's Hell.

Soon the broad glare thus almost surrounding the horizon grew brighter and a roll of cloud which seemed fixed and immovable except for rising upward slowly seemed to drift away into a wreath on top reminding one of a tornado cloud. Jack turned his eyes to the flood again and saw the wreckage slowly drift off from shore and move slowly toward the raft, reminding one of detached pieces of rock half black and half glow from the reflection such as is often seen of the different shades of coal fire. The force of this comparison was increased with the strange grotesque reflection on the waving and rushing waters, yet when the mass reached the raft, and collided with it the debris separated and went to places exactly after the manner of large pieces of ice and heavier objects turning upon their edges disappeared in the furious vortex of the dreadful flood which seemed to be forever swallowing up all that was heavier than water, and giving nothing back in return. Two kinds of debris seemed to be covering the surface of the water. The first consisted of all kinds of rubbish and wreckage similar to slow moving log jams in places. The heavier kind of wreckage had been lodged along portions of the shore and in the darkness the floating masses spread over the waters like an immense sombre blanket of jagged edges, and as one section after another floated down in slow procession the waves of the water made it rise occasionally with a flapping and bending motion sometimes like a sheet shaken in the wind."

Occasionally Jack was attracted by the glare of the distant fires which seemed to force its way through the smoke covering in the sky as if great seas of white hot lava was shooting high into the air. Then to continue the topics Gertrude started with:

"In the earliest history of this beautiful country, Galverinia used to be known as the leading capital state, and she and her and her numerous family of states had before then formed a class of countries by themselves. She with her six sister states had been people by Abbeinnians from the north. To Glandelinia there is no state more feared than Galverinia. I remember the day when Violet Vivian herself had determined to search all her records by trying to find out the cause of the Lake Salicia Disaster. In spite of the most strenuous opposition of her friends, and followers, and even of her father and sisters she had secretly followed a Glandelinian army under Menley, and journey a distance of over two hundred and fifty miles, mostly on horseback, and some time on train, a visit visiting the scene of the great disaster on the way. On approaching the scene, she met a Glandelinian patrol on horseback, and Wheeler Glandelinian too, who not recognizing her warned her not to go near the edge of the flood and predicted her arrest and death as a spy if she violated their command."

"Of what command do you believe to?" she had demanded.

They answered that they were of general Bicknells, and she gave them such an opinion of her mind that the leader of them was silenced. She could have taken them all prisoners if she so desired, and she herself alone too. She then

may burst upon Angelina, Amalia or Dorothy Gale no one can predict, and always Evangeline St. Claire seems the next to go. If all the available men who are not in the army should arouse themselves and go forth to fight the blaze all may be well but I believe they're more afraid of the conflagration than they are of the enemy. Someday the results of the fires may turn out too terrible to even contemplate. Those who still dwell in the region of the endangered area some times have become indifferent to such a possible threat after many years of immunity, but such as this disaster now going on is arousing thought and directs the whole nation's scrutiny toward all the fire zone.

"I believe," said Jean who had studiously studied a lot of history even for her young age of nine years. "The discovery of the cause of this war, which I believe began in the month of December 1912,--- No January of 1912 corrected Gertrude. "Well 1912 said Jean, "but whatever it was, the discovery of the cause of this war, and Glandelin's purpose to bring it to victory in her cause must have brought on a great accession to the number of recorded disasters of the war, and as some of the Vivian Girl Princesses have told me, the State of Angelina itself, not counting Delvernia has furnished almost innumerable instances of the war disasters in all stages."

"And," said Gertrude again, "The first of the known results of the great Lake Solicia disaster which happened last year in November and on a 10 below zero day occurred on the last Thursday of the Month if I'm not mistaken, and as we all know and as they say the cities of Sperryville, and Schloerdtown was some of the scene of the disaster. It was accompanied by an unusual flood following terrific mysterious explosions or "Eruptions" like this Abbeism affair, but of course not so great, the waters in the city streets of these cities suddenly rising twenty four feet, and then retiring --- never over there were they say also opened in the earth by the concussion of the explosions, several large fissures. A hillock near Lake Solicia where one of the explosion was believed to have occurred was mysteriously split in twain, and has since remained in its cleft condition. "I remember too when Helendale and other places was visited by a similar disaster," said Penrod. It happened I believe a month before. I read and heard that on the first occasion of the disaster, the shocks of distant explosions was accompanied by a great flood rushing through the blessed lavas of the Mac-Hollister Run River which inundated the country for an immense distance wiped out over eighty villages and cities, nine hundred thousand people and added by five. The flood spread over four hundred miles of country. The flood also overpowered Helendale and four other cities. A portion of the river coast was said to have sunk down mysteriously producing a bed of quicksand where a small village once stood. Was that disaster any worse or equal to the Lake Solicia horror?"

"That is hard to say," said Gertrude. "I know the city of Helendale was completely swallowed up by the flood which rolled over its site, but then the weather was not cold. The city of Ancient was also destroyed. The great flood all knew I suppose rolled over the land like a great sea wave, and overpowered everything in its path. But no one seems to testify that this disaster was as horrible as the Lake Solicia inundation."

"The whole country for two hundred and fifty miles and the city of Angelina Agatha was violently convulsed by the Lake Solicia explosions," said Jack, and the whole city of Schloerdtown was said to be reduced to ruins. The shocks were continued mysteriously in secondary vibrations for upwards ten seconds. Sperryville must have stood so they say, and as it would appear almost immediately in the direct path of the great deluge from the lake. The unfortunate city was situated in the State of Altoia not far from the lavas of the lakes. And therefore the shock of the flood was experienced with disastrous effects over a district of country extending for many hundreds of miles from north to south, and about sixty miles from east to west. Every town and village comprehended within this district was either swept away or reduced to ruins. The flood however without devastating effects went over a much larger area, extending upwards as nearly eight hundred miles from north to south and more than four hundred miles from east to west. It was a worst disaster than the flood of October because the loss of life was 100 per cent greater, and frightful blizzards and cold waves added to the suffering and horror of the survivors exposed. At Sperryville the flood began to come in at about eight o'clock. Some faint idea may be formed of the extreme violence of the

flood from the fact mentioned by the disaster investigation committee that the dead bodies of some of the women and children who perished were hurled by the speeding torrent to the height of several hundred feet, and landed on an adjacent hill near the edge of the flood. Flood movements so powerful and so long continued, could not fail to produce an enormous displacement of the very soil over which it traveled and to be very destructive to all buildings, which were on it. High standing meadows were made level, and whole forests of trees were rent and torn asunder and the branches of the trees twisted in the most extreme manner. Many persons were engulfed in that flood, but few saved themselves by getting on floating wooden houses. In some instances whole caravans of men on horseback and troops of laden mules disappeared in these dreadful floods, while some few were said to have been rescued by throwing themselves back from the edge of the torrent before it rose high enough to catch them. The amount of simultaneous elevation and depression of the landscape before the flood came was in some cases as much as twelve feet, which was found to have been leveled flat by the flood, and many persons who were in the big Churches on that morning escaped by simply getting up to the belfries and other floors. I know of nothing of its instances occurring of whole houses flooded up to their last story till their roofs were the only things above water, but their inhabitants lived on the roofs, though suffering from the cold and exposure sustaining on what provisions they had in store until they were rescued half frozen. With the majority of the inhabitants of this locality it fared otherwise. The loss of life throughout the flood swept district was said to be as enormous as a million. Of both Sperryville and Schloerdtown the ruin was complete. When the disaster investigators took a plan of either city or what survived of them after the abatement of the catastrophe to some degree they could find nothing but heaps of stones covered thick with ice eight or ten feet high although the cities had contained churches and convents and schools with many private houses three and four stories high and even to ten. The town of Composition they say was likewise overthrown. As we all know girls and boys the flood froze over and therefore remained. At Rio Grande the ruin was said to be as complete not a building having been left standing save an arch in a great square, and part of an orphan asylum. The Churches of St. Peter and the Immaculate Conception and others they say at the outbreak of the flood were thronged with people who were hearing daily Mass for the purpose of a right finish of the war. Not one escaped alive. All were buried as the buildings fell before the deluge along with the objects of their devotion under the ruins of their own sacred buildings. The village of St. Jean containing a school in which upwards of fifteen hundred children were assembled at the time disappeared bodily in the flood. A great many other villages with their inhabitants as we know may have been destroyed by being even overthrown or destroyed. Even at Angelina Agatha although so distant from the centre of the flood, a great deal of damage was done to the churches and many other buildings, and to all buildings by the air wave shocks of the explosions several being wholly ruined. All private houses however and other buildings of moderate height were spared. The good and righteous but sensitive people of this our fairest city having been greatly alarmed by an unaccounted glare of the distant forest fires at the time had devoted the previous day in procession through their streets with the images and relics of their Saints in the hope of the fact that God would through their prayers save the city from the supposed "earthquake," a "and volcanic eruption". They were doomed to learn by experience that the disasters were not to touch them as severely as other places for our Blessed Lord surely was laying a protecting Hand there."

"What do they mean?" asked Dolores. "When it is said that the southeastern part of this state of Delvernia had been 'Redeemed from the enemy four times' when it is suffering worse from the nature of its situation. Look at the big floods, the forest fires raging. They say that this region is protected by many forest rangers, and that all efforts is being made to keep the flames from spreading. So far the records of these fires are only meager. Yet if there are so many fighting it why does it go on. I remember some weeks ago according to the paper the shores of the Bay of Hedda was the scene of a dreadful fire. The coast city by that name was totally destroyed, and ten thousand of its inhabitants were burned in their flight or perished. And yet we too have always been in peril from forest fires."

"I believe the reason," put in Jack himself, making a sort of flourish with his crutch, "is that the forests are of such a nature that the fighters cannot have time to make large enough clearings. And then too you know when there is a gale of wind blowing, you know a fire hurricane, what it is, then fire fighting is impossible."

"And this forest fire now racing they said 'declared' Mary, is most severe a hundred miles southwest of Evangelina St. Claire, nearest to the mountains of the Ron don range one of which is forested and rises like a vast cake of rounded shape. If Evangelina St. Claire is in peril the christian people there will have to move for the whole army cannot stay the flames. The trees in that locality are more than a hundred and fifty feet high, and grow close to together so that except through roadways the forest is impassable, and the leaves of the pines so thick that in broad day it is dark in the forest. I remember when Trenton was hit by the fire. Nine tenths of the city was annihilated. The houses which had not been totally destroyed by the flames were ruined to such an extent that they were so tottering that their occupants and owners did not dare to re-enter them. The two cathedrals of St. George, and of The Virgin queen were reduced to a heap of ruins six feet high by the fierce conflagration. The barracks of a christian camp disappeared altogether, and a regiment of infantry sent out to try and stay the flames and save the town never was heard from. To the estimate of the one thousand or so victims of the fire must be added the many more who died weeks and months afterwards from burns, injuries, and for want of food and relief. That night I know from witnessing it prevented the most lamentable scene of desolation, infernal horror and woe which can ever be conceived. The thick fog of smoke obscured everything but after the passage of the fire hurricane the night was calm and the clear flames leaped up for hundreds of feet. The flames alighted up the whole scene for many miles and the aspect of a blackened and red-dyed sky was in striking contrast with that of a land engulfed in raging flames, corpses and smoking ruin."

"What else did you see?" asked every one in a breath.

"I saw hundreds of mothers running about with their children when they were vainly striving to call back to life. I also saw many distracted families searching for relatives and friends, whose fate in the fierce conflagration was unknown to them, but who they hoped might be sooner or later discovered in the crowd of refugees. The injured lying dead along the road side in the path of the fierce conflagration were making piteous appeals for help, and I saw over two or three thousand who were finally rescued. And never girls did human kindness reveal itself in a more touching and inherent fashion than in the efforts made to relieve the sufferers, and the piteous shrieks of anguish whose cries were so heart breaking to hear. There were no tools to clear away the rubbish and the work had to be performed often times with thighbone hands. The injured and the sick who had escaped from the burning hospital were carried to the banks of the river Aramburg Run, where their only shelter from the approaching flames was the large large clearing. The beds, the lint for binding up wounds, the surgical instruments the medicines, and all the objects of immediate need necessity had been burned away in the conflagration, and for many days there was a scarcity of anything of anything of food and pure water. There was no water to be had at all, and in order to get water it was necessary to descend to descend to the Aramburg River, which receding waters from a flood had risen to a great height, and there were very few vessels left to get it in. It was necessary also to do what could be done for little children who had been partly burned. This conflagration which at its first showing had occasioned such disasters of such greatness could not be expected to be confined their destructive effect to one narrow zone of the country for at the same time these fires had extended to all parts of the woods beyond Trenton, all along the river bank and especially among the mountains as far as they could be seen. I heard the towns of La Guayra, Mayaguez, Antisano, Baruta, La Vena, San Felipe, and Florida were entirely destroyed by the flames, and the number of homeless exceeded over 11,000,000, and the number of deaths exceeded five thousand, and from the fires alone."

"Which disaster do you think is the worst?" asked Panrod of Mary.

"Both the flood and the fires are the extreme disasters," said Mary. "The flood had caused the greatest loss of lives though, but I fear the consequences of the fire more just now. But the floods are more ravaging and swifter. But I believe the Abbeism horror surpassing them all. Some say the heaviest of the earth produced by the concussions of the fierce explosions were quite perceptible to those who witnessed it at night. It was said the waters of Lake Michigan during the concussions rose and fell to a great extent and ships in the harbors of Abbeism appeared as if they were first forced through the water, and then struck on the ground. The city of Valparaiso and several others on the shores of this lake near Abbeism were said to have been overthrown. I know the names of many cities that were ruined and they have the same names of these cities in South America. The shocks were said to have been felt

with devastating effects over a distance of twelve hundred miles long. At our off fashioned town of Quintario the explosions did little damage but six feet of water were in the streets, and at Valparaiso about ten feet, while some say that the whole surface now flooded is estimated at nearly 100,000 square miles or more. This year has proved very disastrous to our country, and especially at Calvernia."

"I should say so," cried Gertrude. "This flood had stretched over a most large section of our beautiful country of Calvernia stretching now from Ibarra state along the northwestern border of Bonnell State to the village of Gabilja in the county of Bolivia, a distance of about 10,000 miles."

"10,000 miles?"

"Yes indeed, and now. And to make it more interesting to you all, the effects are even now most severe about the southern portion of Calvernia embracing Fri Provien, and Angelina Agathia, and also Dorothy Gale, and Josselin, and where the big towns of Iquique, Arica, Tanna, Port Llay, Arequipa, Pisco, and hundreds of others are destroyed by the flood, and in the northern northern portion of Angelina State where the town of Ibarra was swept entirely away with the total loss of all the inhabitants the flood is said to be reported as unknown town near near by too was engulfed and its site is now occupied by the flood. As we know it is probable the total loss of life will never be known. It was said the shocks were felt of the explosion even at Valparaiso and experienced experienced over large regions of Angelina State. I read that at Angelin in Agathia the shocks also lasted fifteen minutes, but so buildings were damaged. The inhabitants aroused out of their sleep took refuge in the streets. The shocks were also felt perceptibly at Dorothy Gale in Bogota County, then it was felt still further south but losing intensity as it went further. It was felt along the Vivian and Bondon hills affecting and destroying in whole or in part a score of cities and towns and causing the death of nearly eight hundred persons. The greatest loss of life too was said to have occurred in the flooded destroyed cities of Quacita, San Antonio and Santiago probably in these cities causing the death of about sixteen thousand persons. Some survivors stated that at the time of the flood some strange rumbling sound was heard in the horizon or in the sky, but no shock was felt. I read that the flood struck Santiago so suddenly that the force of the waters tore down the walls of the houses, tumbled down churches, and the principal buildings either burying the citizens in the ruins or sweeping them away in the swirling currents. The duration of the flood completed the terrible work of destruction, and to add to the horrors of the calamity many Glandelinian madmen took the risks in boats and launches to go out on the flood and rob the drowned and their half flooded houses in many other towns. A considerable portion of the town of Eltholburg was also destroyed. What saved most of the upper portion of the town was that it was built on a slight but quite high elevation, but the lower portions were swept away."

"That proves that our country of Calvernia has been met with a succession of disasters of all kinds," said Gladys Wenthworth. "Some of them even though causing great loss of property spared lives but I believe the two worst ones were the last 8-11-12 and this now. On that fatal night of June the first I and my own parents had been roused from our beds by the occurrence of those strange explosions we have so much been talking about. It was preceded by a hollow rattling noise soilingly high in the air to such a shock lasting only an instant during which they did great damage to the buildings in my town that I remember at Calvernia, at the time. It was so early felt when we ran into the streets. The street seemed as if we were on the deck of a ship and as if it had been lifted bodily from the sea, and then allowed to fall back....."

"The shock as all of Calvernia though not disastrous was dix distinctly marked," said Jean. "My mother wrote that the stone abutments of the railroad bridge across the Noma River were cracked, and the earthworks sank in a half a dozen places. In the streets the rails were curved in some spots as if they had been bent on purpose. My parents said each shock seemed worst than the one before, until the last fifteen the last shock alarmed the whole city and drove all of the inhabitants into the wide streets, and into parks and squares. They at first believed it was caused by Mt. Calvernia or the Juan Volcano. These concussions as she wrote were severely felt at the town of Ketrabruk on the slopes of Calvernia Hills, (West) where it lasted the same time but breaking windows and roofs and buckling buildings and creating the most intense alarm."

"To what extent this trend tendency to all these disasters threaten our Calvernia country it is very difficult to say," declared Gertrude. "But for one reason I don't worry about it as horrible as it is and I'll tell that reason. I think it is if Violin, and her sisters prove it's Glandelinia's doing. I'll bet Glandelinia will be afterwards in History only. Beyond question however this disaster has done immense damage to our fairest cities, Abbeism,

Angelina Agethin, Dorothy Gale, Big Girlknow, Jessen, and the likes. You see Glandelin is guilty, the whole world will be against her and can to our help, and Glandelin will surely be reared off the map as a nation whatever."

"It seems indeed," said Jane, "that all of Galverinia is going to be continually disturbed for a long time by the disasters of this great war and as fiercely as if it would be disturbed by subterranean forces. Around the deep bays of this once vast and splendid region, upon the shores laved by the waters of the Galverinian and Mio-Whirlian Seas, and also about the large inland lakes, Christian heading fleets and armies are massing for a fearful struggle, while most of our armies are still in mobilization camps. Others are frequently active against the Glandelinian armies, and to watch over the safety of our many towns and villages. Yet all seems to be going to ruin as Mildred says. The forest fires which consume the very entrails of our forests is even burning far beneath the soil, and causes as we know now this long continued sunless and dark smoky shadowy days. Three times within three months the Galverinian town of Southville has been overwhelmed by Glandelinian armies and retaken even without fighting, and there is not in all Galverinia, Angelina, or any other southern state of Abhisennu, a single coast line whether east or west which has not been visited by some disaster or other. However when these disasters would occur in more remote regions far from the habitations of men in the midst of virgin forests or in the vicinity of large lakes, it hardly would not be so much noticed."

Most of these boys and girls had during their career of adventuring witnessed bad events of these kinds, and though Penrod had never mentioned to any one he had witnessed a disaster of the Abhisennu flood which had been of a very strange kind, and accompanied with a singular phenomena. Upon the day in question some time after the city had been overwhelmed he had been a refugee from it and was riding across a large flooded river made from a mere stream of three hundred yards across, to more than twenty miles broad, the water being calm but hot, and the sun shining through a yellow haze in the sky. After having got across and securing his boat to the shore he had landed at the entrance to a sort of small refugee camp commanding a view of a large plain beyond the flood, a dotted with towns and with stately groups of trees. Upon the opposite shore extended the flooded forest, with the main deep flood in the far distance like a rushing distant sea. One of the committees of the refugee camp knowing Penrod to be a boy scout had invited him and his companions who with him had witnessed the destruction of Abhisennu to come in and rest, the whole party were seated beneath the veranda of the house, engaged in conversation about the flood. Suddenly a loud noise was heard far away in the forest. The birds that were there flew off in terror, as they looked in that direction they saw the torrent was tearing away the forest and rising rapidly. Conversation then of course had been turned upon the phenomena then being witnessed, and some of the horrified refugees maintained that the flood might have been a result of the "earthquake three nights before", some of them declaring that a disaster of this character had probably been started by the eruptions of Mt Galverine. The head of the Committee an elderly man much esteemed in the district for his knowledge went on to describe many catastrophes of the war itself just past, which he himself had witnessed, and he had said "I don't believe this is of nature at all. I'll bet anything the enemy had a hand in it. He spoke more particularly of the eruptions of Mt Galverine and Joan which he said never occasioned terrifying disasters of any kind except to small villages on their slopes. And he said, since the flood started the captain of some large sailing vessel had telegraphed to him that on the day before when more than one hundred miles from the coast where the mouth of the Aronburgs Run River is supposed to be he had found the sea covered with wreckage of houses and bodies of humans and animals of all sizes and had experienced the greatest difficulty, in threading a way for his vessel, through these blocks of floating houses and other debris, which were floating upon the surface like icebergs. Every one including the refugees had their story to tell, and while the party were still in conversation, a terrible noise like thunder was heard, and the very earth seemed to quake from the force of the distant flood. The flood undulated like the surface of a wildly storm tossed sea, and the trees were rocked to and fro so violently by the force of the waters that the top most branches of the trees came in contact with the ground or snapped off. Penrod and his girl followers then believing themselves out of danger now had been able to follow with ever increasing fear and apprehension the rapid phases of the flood, when a strange and most alarming phenomenon attracted their very notice.

The water of the river he had crossed had been engulfed in the flood so that its outlines had entirely disappeared into a sea like expanse, and it was pouring over the levees on the east side in an immense column or water fall which roared and flanked with foam collapsed the levees with a noise like thunder and the foaming waves dashed toward the immense plain. Penrod and his companions and the refugees would have perished if they had not been standing on highly elevated ground, and as it was however they could not restrain an exclamation of horror as they saw this sea of water, like a solid landscape of foam white rolling tidal wave fashion along the plain sweeping the towns, trees, and everything before it. Penrod had seen all this without thinking first of his own fate, and he believed that the greatness of the peril which threatened the whole country for the moment had made him indifferent as to the fate of himself and his companions. In any case when he saw his familiar companion the little black haired girl friend nearly carried off, he remained indifferent, and it was only after the others of his followers had very narrow escapes, that he succeeded in shaking off his apathy and going to their assistance. When Penrod and his followers, whose boat had disappeared, started for the city of San Jose, they were able to judge for themselves the extent of the shocks of the disastrous explosions. All the country through which they had been forced to pass to avoid the flood had been laid waste. Even large masses of rocks had been detached from all hills and mountains and obstructed the course of streams, which had overflowed their embankments and changed their courses. Whole villages had been destroyed, and in all directions were the lamentations of the unfortunate inhabitants. In San Jose all the buildings in wood or solid masonry including massive churches, were in ruins as if a tornado had passed through and most of the inhabitants had perished. Glandelinian ghouls had been prowling in the outskirts of the town to take advantage of the catastrophe to carry off all they could from the houses that may be still standing, and from the ruins of the others. And the agility with which these Glandelinians moved about among the ruins and escaped the falling walls, was something wonderful, and they never hesitated to risk their lives for a very trifling end.

In this country," said Jane after some meditation, "the disasters of these kind are causing many of the surviving inhabitants and refugees to emigrate. I have heard that men women and children have formed themselves into groups, and though facing many dire perils are traveling through the country. And they are singing the very drama in which they have taken part to woful music, and it is said they are journeying from one village to another, singing the saddest songs, and telling woful stories of their experiences. So far as I have read in the papers upper Galverinia and southern Abhisennu are being visited by large droves of homeless and half depraved victims chanting in monotone or telling frightful stories of the terrible catastrophes through which they have gone, and survived."

"What makes suspicion on nature," said Dolores, "who had studied her Geographies is to know most things by heart." "Is that the western and middle half of Galverinia, including the region north of Galverine, is a perfect volcanic center including some of the largest of the two hundred and twenty five cones and craters of Central Galverinia. But there are no volcanoes in the territory of Abhisennu, though the country in some parts are hilly. If an eruption had sprung up from the ground as they believe then it must have been an unusual kind, and each outburst would have lasted only the same duration as to many short lived explosions. Like all Spanish & Spanish towns and cities Galverine, capital of the southern Abhisennu states covers a large area in proportion to its population. The houses are high as we know, a perfect Chicago in appearance and form of buildings, while the walls are very thick in order to resist the fierce colds of winter up there. As I have seen in all other cities, inside each house of the rich and better class there is a neat courtyard, planted with trees and flowers, generally having a fountain in the center. It was to these courtyards that during the time most of the inhabitants were awakened at that dreadful night that many of the inhabitants of Poverty Row owed their lives, as they found in them a refuge from their billowing houses. On that night within those fifteen minutes many of the taller buildings were badly damaged if not totally, and it was said that nearly five thousand of the inhabitants were buried in the ruins. Many had taken to their heels at the beginning of the strange disturbance, and had escaped to places of safety otherwise I'm sure the loss of life would have been far more terrible."

"What has been good for us," said Jack slightly rubbing the good part of his injured leg to ease the pain. "Our own lands have experienced very few great natural convulsions like earthquakes, that is the geographers said so. True there have been frequent shocks in Anglin's State, especially when Mt. Vesuvius blew up and was heard for two thousand miles, and all along the western coast, and occasionally slight tremors have been felt at long many years intervals in other sections but damage done to property has been in every instance very slight, and there has been no loss of life. Therefore I surely doubt if this disastrous flood has been caused by the convulsions of volcanic eruptions on the plains north of Abilene. The same cause has emptied Lake Solich, bursted the levees of Aronburgs Run, Mio-Hollister Run and other streams."

"Did you realize the shocks when they came and what were they like?" asked Gertrude.

"I was home on furlough," said Jack. "You know the city of Massachuset. At first at about twelve o'clock I believe there were some slight shocks of some kind as I felt, which awoke me and my parents, and sister and brother. The shocks were not like earthquakes, and at first we paid no attention to it thinking the wind was doing it. But twenty minutes then had passed and the city had been rent asunder by a great mysterious shock that seemed more in the air carrying forth death and destruction, and with the shocks came strange far away-thundering sounds. I who with my parents had been in a large open square after we escaped from our house counted ten distinct shocks. The disaster to our town was wrought by the last four. Their force may be inferred from the fact that as I learned afterwards the whole of the state had felt its power to a greater or lesser degree. Our town was a special victim of this strange destruction. The city was in ruins, all of its houses were uninhabitable, fires burst forth in different sections of the city adding to the horror of the shocks came none of us expected to escape. We got out of bed on the fourth strange shock and we made a rush for the open air, but before the door was reached we reeled together to the tottering wall and stopped, feeling that escape was in vain, that we faced death within or without, that we would either be buried by the creaking in of the roof and floors above or be crushed outside by the falling walls. Then the instant uproar in the distance died away far in the distance. Then everything was still, and O the blessed relief of that stillness. But the silence girls was rudely broken for us as we then died down the stairway and out into the street, already on every side we heard the shrieks, the cries of pain, and fear, the prayers and wailing of terrified women and children coming with the hoarse shouts of the excited men. And out in the street the air was filled with cloud of dry stifling white mortar dust, through which the street lights flickered dimly as if through a blinding night blizzard storm. On every side were hurrying forms of men and

upon her head, partly or hardly not dressed at all, many of whom were armed with fear and excitement. I came upon a woman who was supported, half fainting in the arms of her husband who was vainly tri trying to soothe her while he carried her to an open space at the street corner, where some safety seemed to be. Then saw a sudden light flaring through a window overlooking a street, it became quickly and suddenly brighter, and a cry of fire resounded from the crowd. A rush was made toward the spot and an effort was made to stop the blaze but in vain. Then at that moment fire--it was heard again the low distant ominous howl which was already too well known to be mistaken. All was forgotten in the frenzied rush for the open space where alone for us there seemed to be hope of safety although it seemed, for the tall buildings on either side blotted out the skies and stars, and seemed to us to overhang every foot of ground between them, their sheltered cornices and coping the tops of their frowning walls, appeared piled on both sides to the center of the streets. Indeed we were terrified for it seemed that a mere touch would send the shattered masses left standing upon us all down there below them and we looked up to them, and were shrinking together as the shocks of the new distant sound again came, and again the mysterious sounds reverberated and rolled along in the distance. They passed away, and again was experienced the blessed feeling of deliverance from impending calamity which it may well be thought of girls to evoke a mute but earnest offering of mingled prayer of thanksgiving from every heart in the throng. But we were doomed to horrible disappointment. About ten hours later of some hour too in the following life morning a flood so terrible that no one can describe swept over the liver portions of our city like a raging sea leaving death and destruction and ruin behind it. It was as if we were experiencing a horror equal to that of Galveston in America in 1900. One hundred and sixty seven blocks in our most thickly populated section of the beautiful city were devastated, and not a house without the flood, and we and our parents with us were marooned in a house for ten days before we were rescued half starved. You know the fear of the houses might have held together in dependent upon their own construction and foundations if they had not been buried beneath a bean eath the stream of buildings and wreckage that rushed in upon us on the advance of the flood demolishing thousands of the homes, and carrying the very unfortunate inhabitants to their death. My parents believed the terrific flood had the speed of forty miles an hour and wherever it got the debris it dragged into the city no one knows girls but it brought it into the city and on the outskirts piled it high like a long hill ranging from thirty to forty feet high, and many miles long. Afterwards as we all found beneath this long ridge of wreckage many thousands of men women and children children were found to be buried, besides cattle horses and animals if a of all description all mingled together in one confused mass."

"I was at Mildred Greenburg when it was destroyed." Said Joy St Claire "and it was terrible. Though parts of it was saved by the wreckage jam it was the most destroyed city in the whole flood swept district. But the principal work of destruction was said to be completed in four complete hours beginning at three o'clock in the afternoon and ending a little after six o'clock."

"I know all about the horror there," declared Gertrude.

"I know all about the horror there," declared Gertrude. "I was for in the brief time of so few hours the very accumulations of any a full life time had been swept away," said P. n Penrod, thousands many thousands of lives went out, and the dismal days of horror following for the hundreds of thousands of marooned with the raging catastrophe raging below around them found a stricken population in their top story windows or knee tops paralyzed and helpless. If it had not been for the protecting leg jam formed northwest of the city, the whol of of Mildred greenburg would have been totally engulfed and fared the same fate as Alh-damm, in fact it did in all degrees, except the wipingout of the population, every hour the situation had changed for the worst, ad the mind of many of them had become used midst the gruesome scenes. The papers told a lot of the horror there, telling of the bodies of the human beings, the corpses of animals, being amidst the floating wreckage on every hand. The flood in and outside the wrecked city ad men filled with them and the tide swept everything before it like a millfish. Here the papers said a face protruded above the water, there could be seen the foot of a child, here the long silken tresses of a little girl, there a tiny hand or foot, and just beneath the glassy surface of the water full out those of bodies were seen. So such scenes while marooned on house tops had upper stories drove men and women and others to desperation and frenzy and men to insanity. I read that it was said a number half crazed sought freedom from the very horror in the death, which before they had fought so stoutly. I read in the papers that a young boy and girl together who survived to find

mother, father and sisters, dead except for on the ledge of a high-top and before any one could stop these crazed pair, they threw themselves into the flood.

I have heard that during the flood, and even afterwards, a great deal of looting was done to the city by during the devil Glendalinton vandals. At the first outbreak of the dreadful inundation all the stores had been closed, their owners leaving to look after their families. We all know the flood had forced in all the windows, and left the goods prey to the Glendalinton ghouls. Even while floating on the surface of the flood it was said that these vandals going about in boats stripped the backs of the jewelry and articles of value. Nothing could be done to stop them while the flood was raging but after the flood subsided the city was placed under martial law.

Thousands also of desperate men were said to have roamed the streets crazed with liquor which many had been compelled to drink or die of thirst because nothing else could be obtained. Numerous bottles and boxes of intoxicating beverages were scattered about and easy to obtain.

"I was going to leave by train for our camp, and was at the station when the worst of the flooded campus," said Joy St. Claire. "There were sixteen or eighteen hundred people in the depot not to catch trains but to escape the ever rising flood, and we all remained there for sixteen days. The back part of the building on a high elevated viaduct was broken in on Sunday morning. The streets below the railroad station at Mildred Greenburg were literally filled with dead and dying people, and animals. I saw a Sisters Orphan Asylum go to pieces before my very eyes, and it was a terrible scene. I saw over three hundred and ninety six children go floundering into the water and drown, and along with them fourteen sisters. To save ourselves we were forced to seek a roof of a higher building. We were then rescued."

"I saw how so many houses not belonging to the city but brought by the flood were packed and jammed in great confusing masses in all the northern streets and some way in," said Gladys. Also "great piles of human bodies, dead animals, rotting vegetation, household furniture, and fragments of the houses themselves were piled in confused heaps right in the main streets of the city, and these broken sections came from other flood swept towns. I saw in the very flood waters human bodies and those of animals floating round like corkswood."

"The whole flood as far as it has extended has lasted for weeks," said Gertrude. "And so far as the time has been passing on, the terrible truth was being pressed home on the minds of all the surviving people and throughout Galvernia and the other states too that the awful mortality of the one or by the flood had possibly reached 18,000,000 or nearly one fourth of the entire population in the flooded swept district. However the exact number, and an awful big one it is too will never be known, as no list of the dead can ever be made out for we are all sure that the terrible waters had carried to sea or washed on distant and lonely shores hundreds of thousands of the bodies. Therefore the unknown

And of this dreadful explosion and flooded disaster will forever and ever
 for purpose the fearful number of all those who are known or believed to have
 perished those awful days and nights, when the floods raged.."

"No one can say anything on that subject," said Jean herself, as she set up straight to ease her shoulder which was giving great pain. "But the--- the---inhabitants at least that many are all missing---so they--- say it was the most important of all our Calvinian and Abbeinnian cities uninhabited and as such will be given soon I believe--- a popular title by which the disaster will be known."

"It sure was," said Penrod with a grin. "It proves the flood too was horrible in southern Abyssinkile."

This is what they all saw:
The cause of the flood or where it came from is certainly most astonishing. An enormous lateral valley extends about sixteen hundred miles in extent, and extends from Trinity Town in a southwesterly direction, at the head of which is located the Trinity Lake reservoir owned and used by all Abyssinians. This lake was about three hundred feet above the valley level and it was about one hundred and fifty five miles wide, and three hundred miles long at the widest spot. And in many places it was hundreds of some places two thousand feet deep and was the largest reservoir in the whole nation. The dam that restrained the waters was nearly eighteen miles in length, one hundred feet high one hundred and eighty feet or yards thick at the base and one hundred feet wide at the top which was used as a drive way for railroads. This wall cost the Abyssinian nation tens of billions of dollars in its construction. This dam ever since it was built was never a nuisance to any of the lower Abyssinian districts not even in the time of freshets and was more than equal to all ordinary emergencies. Neither was the dam weak in any portion of its structure. It had more than sufficient means of discharging any surplus volume, and never was it needed to be feared under any condition that such a reservoir even situated in such a region of freshets would ever yield to the enormous pressure, and sent all over the country its waters like a tidal wave to devastate the whole country. The dam was over fifty years old and the engineers who had seen to its construction sure had wise plans for the construction. But it did break on the night of June the first as all the State soon reported. There is no dam in the world no matter how strongly constructed that can withstand any vibrations or shocks of great violence which occurred that dreadful night of June. It was reported that the break came at the moment or a few moments after the last three loudst explosions occurred at Abbeem. It did not open like gates, as some suppose but was undermined in earnest its foundation by the shocks, and when the break occurred the whole wall was to have fallen either gradually or at once. From the statement of witnesses forest of trees were hurled high into the air by the force of the descending waters, and the vast boiling and roaring flood rushed down the hilly land descents like a lake racing down a precipice.

No one says how long it took for the water to finally empty out of the Immense reservoir, but it was predicted whether accurately or not that in less than five or six minutes the flood had reached Abyssinkilia city, and the men finally changing the direction of its course, swept through the wide Normans Run valley wiping out scores of towns. With the procession of the deluge which had become a hundred miles wide then, forests of trees, logs from log jams and camps, debris of the buildings of all the towns, rocks, railroad iron, the engines, tracks, cars, and a most indescribable mass of drift were more and more compact for battering power beyond description in force, and therefore what the advance bore of the flooded spread, the masses or seas of swiftly racing wave-jams in the rear made up of countless widows of whirling medley sweeping battering rams destroyed. The distance from this dam to Lake Mic-Hollister which shore Abbeinn was on something over a hundred and eighteen miles was traversed in about six hours, and the flood roared into the beautiful lake, overwhelming the beautiful body of water, turning it into a raging sea. It therefore bursts its own bounds, the waters in waves like the sea in a storm tore away Abbeinn and here where the loss of life and damage to property had been simply appalling because of the concentration before was believed to have been made total by the flood. The beautiful lake tore through its levees and some survivors of Upper Upper Abbeinn who passed through the experience satly tell of its horrors to have been far beyond the power of words to narrate. The waters did not sweep away Abbeinn.

For one of the most striking features of the horror was the jam of wreckage from the many other towns that was hurled against the half thrown buildings of the Immense and beautiful buildings. Here this impenetrable tangled mass and seas of tangled houses, trees and other debris piled up literally in inextricable confusion in the waters, and packed to solidity by the torrent which carried them forward like a sea of battering rams struck the city of Abbeinn from north and west and from the lake and carried all before it. It was said that mingled with the mass were countless thousands of human bodies.

It proved utterly impossible for anything to withstand the confused heap, which was finally sweeping away good portions of the city; and which added by others from Abbeinn was scattered all over the flood district of formed in one vast long and high dam north of Mildred Greenburg.

"This then reveals the mystery of the flood," said Jean. "Nature for some good reason or other has never smitten any of our Galverilian cities with fire, cyclone or earth very often, and therefore who can account for this Immense disaster. I'm positively sure that the three biggest disasters, Lake S-lia, this forest fire, and the Abbeinn horror are the greatest of all and illustrates most completely the irresistible strength of natural forces even when produced as we suspect by the enemy. We will always continue to pray that when they make the attempt Violet, and her sisters, or those that help them will find out whether it really was of Nature or whether the enemy was the one responsible."

CHAPTER THIRTY FOUR...

HOW THEY DESCRIBE THE CHARACTERISTICS OF THE GREAT FLOOD. VAST FLOW OF THE INUNDATION. TALKS ON SLAVERY AND THE PAST HORRORS OF WAR. HORRORS OF CHILD SLAVERY.

"SOME" the later Gertrude took out the map of the flood which she bore it with others and down and telling others of that she will at some time in the future be said:

"I made this map with the purpose to reveal to us all the size, formation and extent of the flood. This flood which had the longed for and waited for the southern states as well by now will be often characterized as a striking parallel between bodies of flood waters and the same sort of us. Each of these strange water masses of the flood included in this general and strange classification can be called in the future by a well defined geographical name. The flood in the Abbeinn and through Bengall State is naturally called in a half form or like a horse-shape straight by a continuous shore and submerged forest except between the extension of the Bengall County and the points outside Mic-Hollister is still a perfect Mediterranean sea beyond this region is the border of the great mountain chain. The flood therefore seems to have a much more broken shore line than usual and many gateways and therefore unlike most huge ones. If we want to call them that its western and southeastern shores from the region of Angallia Agathia to Dorothy Gale are continuous indeed but so irregular in their contour and so indented by "great bays" and gulfs as to leave no suggestion of symmetry.

The northern and eastern limits of this dreadful flood on the other hand, are marked by island barriers, or what we may call islands, hundreds of them being only the highest elevations of plains meadows and other rises of ground which has not been entirely submerged, and here is one set of submerged or half submerged ground sweeping in a great curve from the westernmost extremity of Abbeinn region to the higher landmasses on which the half submerged town of Wickey Lamsin is situated. Four of these elevations in which are situated the town of Ouhania, Janice, Rido Anders, and Georgetown forming the northern barrier of resistance to the flood between Bengall State and Galverinia are known to be as the greater horror when the flood began, while the remaining ones connecting Abbeinnian regions with the southeastern region of Abbeinn are known as the first region of the flood. All chains and groups of cities and towns in this region have been submerged or swept away, Abbeinn being the point of division. These flood waters therefore are the biggest ever known in any point of the world for any persons and even scientists have and are examining the region from every point of view and with every extreme detail, and by careful soundings everywhere, and by the use of all kinds of instruments many noteworthy discoveries are being made continually which are recognized as of the utmost importance to the country's cause in the efforts to find out the cause and our source of the flood."

"And generally speaking," said Penrod, the waters further north are comparatively shallow but in middle Bengall State and throughout Galverinia the water is remarkably deep. Just south of Big Girl Knoll is the deepest part. Just thirty one miles south of Big Girl Knoll as the papers had said soundings showed a depth of three hundred feet. The water must be over a deep depression or valley in that locality. No other example is or will ever be found in the whole world of such an enormous difference of depth in such floods. And the powerful currents of this flood are of peculiar interest. Both the flood raging over southern Galverinia, and through Northern Angallian States are sufficiently open to admit the regular flow of the great flood streams; but numerous counter currents, and eddies of powerful forces which have mixed are caused by obstructions, submerged towns and cities, and by the irregular coastlines of the flood. The vast volume of the central flood which is flowing steadily southwestward is not according to soundings made entirely deflected southward as at first supposed when it strikes the ground depressions for a considerable portion passes between the greater cities, and continues in a sort of westerly course across Angeline Vine State. Some of these branches of the flood converging into new ones of or over our greater rivers find their way to the sea."

"You are right," said Doctor H. as she looked the map over closely. "However, as far as the flood passes are concerned, the flood passes are not a valley of from two to three miles in width through southern Colombia and Venezuela through the Aracahua River. It extends from south of the river delta forming the whole into a wide flood which there is impelled in a straight line westward by the force of the delta behind. These mighty forces are uniting. Here at the narrowest part between Vichon Wagon and Francia Avenue the stream is said to be contracted to a width of sixty five miles. In this contracted channel the velocity varies from two to six miles an hour and the amount of water passing by has been so far calculated to be one hundred and seventy five billions of cubic feet a second or 1500 trillions per day. Such proportions of the flood even there are impossible to grasp for they represent a mass equal to about three hundred thousand such rivers as the Aracahua River; and yet so far this has been only a small portion of the entire flood waters through the country. Therefore we have the greatest flood in the world." The force

"The force of this flood has uprooted the houses of towns like trees; the best fortresses have been demolished; all river ships have been carried in all directions over the land and all damage beyond description done by these terrible etc. floods," said Gartrude. Thanks to the fact that this deluge and most devastating flood had followed a well defined course in which all flood observers have been able to send in immediate reports to towns far off in front of the deluge in time to enable many to escape and to be prudent with the utmost certainty the character and time of the floods arrived. Now said Doctor H. we are in the midst of the most frightful war ever on record. What awful memories of the past, and striking scenes that now come flooding before our vision! As we look back in the into the awful history of this dreadful war a shadowy procession of dreadful fighting scenes is visible. These floods and forest fires, explosions, disasters hundredfold, the millions of children exterminated by the ravaging gladiolians, the horrible murders, the frightful story of the continued gladiolian slave trade, the millions of white child slaves sent here and there to a death that even the devils would shrink from; and of the gladiolians whipping, beating to sea like water dogs and challenging all Christian enemies in their own suicidal domain and everywhere refugees have shouted gladiolian slaves poured with plunder and wading in blood. The gladiolian raids on the sea were worse than the plagues of old. The seas are supposed to be the cradle of the human embryo of Abbeclina. In these waters we know already near the Malagasinian Islands fearful battles were fought; and one Christian fleet a perfect armada had driven through the channels of these islands to wreck and humiliate this fleet been successful against the sea there would not have been a peace of Wickey Wickey to day and we could easily be impressioned with such wicked gladiolians and Abbeclina a good Christian nation are now fighting desperately for the queen empire; and so far the papers say gladiolians in winning it; and that too on her own politicians hearts had failed them; when through her rebellion against Abbeclina she has lost fifteen of her richest and most prosperous colonies; when all the powers of the Christian world is combining to disgrace and humiliate her. It was then that Admiral Cudwell shattered our great Christian fleet under the Admiral's High Holiness and Zimarran in the region of Wickey Bay just a few weeks past; saved the sea board of Vichon Wagon's great Gibraltar and advanced Delight's Junction. It does seem that Mildred's words may be true that we are losing."

"Never has even the most cruel actions of Nature for the last fourteen centuries ever made the beautiful lands of southern Abbeclina scenes of such disturbances, cruelty and suffering as this war has done," said Angelina. "Earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, and the hurricanes of the West-Indian seas have been only a slight portion contributed by Nature; indeed the most slightest portion, but this summer warfare, Gladiolian raid upon our shores, flood and fire, slaughter of child slaves by brutal treachery or elsewhere, the horrors of the child slave trade upon sea and land, our fearful battle is but there in the catalogue of this awful turmoil. These are all chapters of horror which occur at too frequent intervals but surely our country is not at fault. We did not want the war; and we did not begin the war either."

"It seems we did," said John.

"How?"

"We started it by our attack on Growley and Jemile when some early in the year of 1812."

"But the enemy invaded that portion of Anglin in State; and it was we who captured the towns," said Gartrude.

"Well we are in the right just the same," said Jack. "We are on the frontier show that American people had been sent forth with great armies to win the Abbeclian peace" and as the saying is to show the world how much is the "prudent" Abbeclian power in all these countries. The stories of the exploits of these gladiolian generals have all already spread over the whole world."

"Everybody by now knows gladiolian" said John. "For we are not raising her sword upon her own coat of arms over that national motto 'I am with the Christian world and its 'folly' and this is a challenge at only to us; but to the unity of every nation. I have seen by the news the enemy has seized the towns of St. Christopher, and Kith in North and Western Anglin states; and in running all the Christians out of North and Western Anglin states. At the same time it happened that the first gladiolian navy - drawn the National armada from another vintage point while our for general by the name of Southampton Hall has captured the town of Jamaica. The population to avoid the horrors of fighting with a navy of this kind fled to Silvermine. The conditions of the flood in operation is made from coming to resist them. Indeed it does seem as if the war is progressing in the favor of gladiolians."

"Well so it may be just now," said Mildred herself. "It always felt it could not help itself. I am sure for I never let a news paper slip me if I could help it. And volcanic eruptions; all over the world, earthquakes, and hurricanes as we all know have made marvellous onslaughts upon the inhabitants of every part of the world, but they have in truth been nothing at all in comparison with the appalling cruelty and destruction that the gladiolians in this war have visited upon our own beloved states. While unknown numbers have perished throughout the world through the devastations of nature, it is conservatively estimated that not less than fifty five millions have already perished in the battles fought here; not counting the horrible loss of life in the floods, and disasters, and such awful massacres of children and people as have been of."

"It is absolutely certain that there were more six million children that perished at the hands of the brutal gladiolian soldiers, and millions in the horrible child slavery," said Angelina. "During a long time ago, when we had been depopulated by the gladiolians using women and children as targets in the way that sportsmen shoot birds from the thicket have heard that the gladiolians have fed dogs on children and infants, or captured wives and children to them. In the slave horror throughout gladiolians for all the years before the war the boys were condemned to labor and parish in the mines, factories and in dingy workshops; and the little girls to expire in the fields and in the streets; and the tenderest of the race of men could move their unforgiving oppressors to raise their tyrannical and their provisions were sent out to them in such scanty quantities that they were often obliged to protect themselves and to strengthen their misery in their own hands. And all were deprived and contracted with families. To our sailors and fishermen towns and villages these gladiolian human home like most cruel things, wives and children are engaged with a sharp and the slaughter of these unfortunate slaves with diverse kind of comments without even for not heard of before the gladiolians have begun this war and have actually and inhumanly slain and butchered of the population of the invaded territory of Anglin did contain; there seemed to be only remaining the state three hundred persons; and for the most part of the population of the state it was wholly ruined. Other countries were wasted and desolated. In other sections nearly killed as a human and temperate in air and in water totally unprepared and destroyed. None of many others places that are totally deserted because of the fear of the enemy. For these two years or there we have in the gladiolian have established these horrible cruelties upon women and children being in this state with a above twelve million souls extinction of these people, and the destruction of slaves or their running away to seek freedom since the assumed 'humanity' of other child slaves; and the child slaves had continued to increase and they have been brought in to gladiolians at the same average rate of two thousand a week. It is estimated that not less than five million child slaves were brought into the war since the gladiolian began during the course of the slave trade during the war. It is the policy to use up the cheaper slaves by hard labor and all treatment especially those of a cheap commodity but many of them by the help of the allies have escaped to the Christian allies."

"Yes, and while the rival armies are annihilating one another," said J. J. "whole communities of islanders have been able to flee to the interior of the Christian territories."

"And the horrors of this dreadful war do not frighten them but cause many of the older ones to try and join the ranks, and the daring of these child slaves when given these occasions would in the silence fill volumes. We have seen a pitiful example of many. Yet the pitiful tales of the horrible massacres of children can be told by coming to fields where these horrors have happened and where thousands of small skeletons would be seen straying the ground. Never in any conflict in all the world's history have nations been as cruel as these Glandelinians. And yet it seems as if the Christian troops cannot dislodge the infernal Glandelinians from the land and large sums of money have not yet been expended in this warfare against Glandelinia."

"I remember a scene of surprising horror which I witnessed at the battle of Delight's Junction on the right wing," said Garbute. "Two divisions of regular troops and the whole militia of the right wing under General Turner attempted to dislodge the enemy from a point called Pine Grove. This point was held by the Glandelinians under Mylatae and we were told that the force of troops could be sent forth against him but he knew it in time to lay an ambush or descend with fire or sword on a position left unprotected. The army was always supplied with arms and ammunition, and as all his men were perfect marksmen never wasted a shot, and never ran from a field of battle. It was a force naturally increased while those of his opponent were decimated. In the position of the battlefield the rebels had every topographical advantage for they held possession of a ground known as the 'Duckpits'. These lands were furrowed through and through as if by an earthquake with a series of gaps and ravines. These ditches varied from two hundred yards to three miles in length the rocky walls were fifty and a hundred feet high and some parts absolutely inaccessible, while the passes at each end admitted but one man at a time. They were thickly wooded wherever trees could grow, water flowed within them, and they were often communicated with one another forming a series of traps for an attacking force. Was it not strange then that our highest military authorities at that period pronounced the capture of these positions a thing more difficult than to obtain a victory over hell? Nothing but sheer weariness of fighting for the possession of the position brought about a stoppage at last, and Turner's losses had been awful. In his attack he was miserably defeated, and had to even fly for his life, and a perfect panic of the troops in which some four hundred thousand were killed. The only general who was able to cope with the peculiar tactics of Mylatae's generals was Major General Charles Brown. He led his troops farther into the hump hostile region than any of the assailants could have ever thought of penetrating in the face of the enemy's deadly fire. With the greatest difficulty he had penetrated nearly four miles, after very exhausting and desperate fighting. No far but no further, no force could endure it longer or press on, no one could go beyond that. Therefore by night time he had to recall under cover of darkness. I have understood that during that battle the inhabitants of Delight's Junction were in a constant state of terror, for assassinations, massacres, and the shaking of places had been constantly occurring. As we all know after four days razing along Sunbeam Creek, along an extensive line, from Junior Vivian Town to Evangelina Creek the battle came to an end. Yet as we might all know girls, and you good boys that battle of Delight's Junction on Sunbeam Creek its terrors, its frightfulness and will always constitute one of the most romantic and thrilling features of the western drama of this great war."

"I think," said Benford from what is heard and read of terrible depredations fiercer than even the worst piracy is being done by the Glandelinian privateers along our own coast at towns, towns and along the shore."

"Yes that is true," said Mildred. "The Glandelinians are contributing as much in the way of thrilling and shocking as well as dramatic interest to the horrible stories of even our Blengian Islands and along the whole western coasts of Ulverinia and Angelina as elsewhere on any other element of Glandelinian wicked activity there. Even though they are Glandelinians who have not read of their most daring and desperate deeds, their bloody raids their life of alternate battle and frightful carousal, and their cruel cruelties among them all there seems to be a thousand Morgans, and a 100,000 John P. all Jones."

"Hardly an island once in the possession of our country is now their strong red devious, their prey, or the scene of their most terrible debaucheries," said Angelina Niles. "And it is said they go in peaceful harbors to bring their craft for repairs then to steam off again for another attack on our treasure ships, steamers, transports and the like. Fortunately it seems though they do not raid ships flying foreign flags."

"But they won't because they are not at war with Glandelinia," said Elsie. "I know some time ago the Glandelinians took possession of the island of St Christopher one of the Blengians, and afterwards the smaller island of St John near the northwest end of the big one known as St Peter which is now considered the headquarters of the Glandelinian privateers."

"Yes it was stated the Glandelinians in great force surprised the island of St Christopher while most of the male inhabitants were absent in being in the army and frightfully massacred all who fell into their hands, even women and children. The children were tortured to death. The Glandelinians then have garrisoned the island. As the hostility of these Glandelinian privateers is solely directed against us, all other nations are foolishly regarding them as champions in their own wicked cause, and the severe punishments which our governments are directing against them however does not bring from them any Christianlike sympathy, but it inflames the Glandelinians with thirst for revenge nevertheless."

Yes, and therefore," said Mary, "their numbers are speedily recruited by all men not in the Glandelinian army and the pursuits of such dreadful hunting and cruising are now being followed with redoubled vigor and a frightful submarine warfare too is on against our own shipping. Their unparalleled exploits are causing great terror along all our coasts and port towns."

"The Glandelinians seem to have entirely giving themselves over to piracy like hunting," said Polores. "The island of St Peter so far of the Blengians seems or in their great resort, and as no Christian attacking fleet could expel them from that big island, they have destroyed all cattle and hogs in order to render the business of the foe unproductive hoping to drive the Glandelinians off. And the extermination practised upon all Christian women and children in the islands when ever they fell into the hands of these wicked Glandelinians is claimed by the Glandelinians as a standing as prize-worthy law among all Glandelinian authorities as long as the war continues runs while it does and will naturally produce an awful sanguinary retaliation on the part of our own Christian raiders as I have heard. The cruelties of the Glandelinians were being much circulated throughout the world in the form of the news papers and the popular stories and is producing a great effect. Hanson Pierre was one of the famous leaders of these dangerous Glandelinian raiders. It was said, that in a boat with only 20 men he surprised and took the Christian ship of the vice admiral of the Abnannan cruiser fleet. He did not however like other Glandelinians disgrace his exploits by a massacre for he sent the Christians ashore near the Glandelinian coast and carried his prize safely to Glandelinia."

"This shows," said Mary Stanck "what this war is coming to" for I have often heard that these Glandelinian "huganers" are becoming so formidable that that several Angelinian towns have even been forced to submit to pay them regular contributions to keep them from destroying their towns. These rebel privateers are commanded by a man by my last name, I do not know his first and who is followed with equal alacrity by others and who seem to be more successful and more ambitious than any Glandelinian raider or privateer leader who had ever preceded him. Often so the reports come in he had formed plans for founding a new independent privateer establishment, and at the head of fifty thousand men took the Blengian island of Santa Lucia for that purpose from the Christian garrisons there, and finally garrisoned it with 100,000 Glandelinian marines, and 1 all the child slaves he had taken."

"I have heard," said Stanck person "said A. G. Angelina Jennings "is the most fortunate leader among the Glandelinian privateer fleets. He has many ships and several hundred thousand men under his command, and once he took and plundered the coast town of St Francis in Angelina State. They say this Glandelinian chief has shown such wonderful bravery, and made such wonderful addresses that everything else was overshadowed by the shocking cruelties he has committed on many expeditions. In the attacks on many forts along our shores he has often conquered priests, nuns, child slaves, captive children, women and young girls and even monks all his prisoners to carry and plant the scolding ladders against the walls, and many of the poor victims were killed by their own countrymen who defended the forts. A town that had made a bold resistance on surrendering was set on fire and burned to the ground with the garrison in it. Many prisoners even little children and priests and nuns have died under the shocking cruelties that the Glandelinians have inflicted on them to make them reveal concealed treasures and property, which frequently had no existence save in the opulence of the imagination of the wicked Glandelinians."

"This stanck had once almost suffered a sort of disaster on one of his expeditions," said Jane Wellfort. "In the brilli ncy of his success he captured one large christian war cruiser, with the commander and crew which he placed as prisoners on board his ship. However noone can tell whether it was from the carelessness of the men placed on board the captured ship, or whether it was revenge from one of the Angelinians but somehow the ship was blown up and nearly fifteen hundred Glandelinians perished with this captured ship."

"One expedition" he made" said Dolores was an attack on Marcucian, and also Grabo which unfortunate towns were sacked. And these merciless Glandelinian desperadoes went and shut up their prisoners: all men women and children in Catholic Churches, and such little care was taken of them that many of these unfortunate captives were actually starved to death in the cru churches, while the dirty Glandelinians were revelling in their dwellings. Yet on this occasion this Glandelinian admiral had come near being destroyed especially on his return from these places, for the Angelinians had had time to put in order a strong line of shore earthworks lined with cannons at the entrance to the bay of the town, and many large war cruisers and battle ships had arrived and stationed themselves by the town to cut off the Glandelinian admirals retreat. But the Admiral fitted up one of his hugest but weakest vessels as a fire ship in which were stuck many logs of wood to look like cannons, and placed dummies dressed as soldiers on the decks and also in which everything was made to bear the appearance of a common fighting ship. Following close in the rear of this mute crew he saw ten of the christian cruisers blown up in the frightful battle that followed with his fleet, and he took the other ships, and made the flagship strike its colors. He then passed the two opposite shore batteries without loss by the means of a stratagem, and then blew the batteries in the air by his terrific gunfire from the ships. Early last year after this expedition he had resolved to undertake some unusually grand expedition of which would win a great victory for his country. He had thirty seven cruisers in his possession having on board altogether two thousand men per ship, and he had planned and did attack near Vivian Wickey to try and break the siege of the christian fleets. His plans however had been captured before he made the attempt and that showed that in preparations to this dangerous undertaking, the scoundrel employed child slaves by hundreds to help him raid on cattle, and cure meat, and also sent vessels to procure ammunition. And for the distribut distribution of the plunder they were to obtain, specific articles of agreement were drawn up and subscribed to. Admiral Stanck as commander in chief, a regular Morgan, was to receive one hundred part of all, those who should be maimed and wounded would be provided for by the Government, and additional rewards were promised for all those who in the battle would particularly distinguish themselves by their bravery and conduct. It was on the sixteenth of last December girls as I read in the papers that this Glandelinian fleet set sail, and on the 29th they took a town but losing nearly twenty hundred men killed, and four thousand wounded. Of the three thousand five hundred Angelinian Angelinians who composed the garrison all were said to have been cruelly massacred. This town had been fortunately defended with regular fortificat fortifications and therefore had given the enemy considerable loss but in most other parts the city had lain open, and it had to be won and defended by plain and desperate fighting. When the Glandelinians had first approached, the garrison had come out to meet them proceeded by strong bodies of cavalry which rode upon the attackers to disorder their ranks. But these Glandelinians were too well acquainted with christian cars cavalry to be discomposd by them, and the cavalry had made no effect whatever. The christians however must have made an obstinate resistance for the papers said it was night before they gave way and the Glandelinians became masters of the city. During the long battle and indeed all that next day and night the Glandelinians were reported to have given no quarter. All the garrison fell and all the population of the town had been made prisoners."

"What did they do to the prisoners?" asked Gertrude.

"Well the Glandelinians remained in the town for about four weeks after the taking of the town, and then Stanck and his men departed from the still mouldering ruins, taking with them horses and mules by thousands loaded all with spoil, and sixty thousand prisoners, part of whom were detained to carry burdens across the country to the fillet fleet near the shore. There were many women and children among them who were made to suffer cruel fatigue hunger and thirst cold and hardships, and actually being made to apprehend being carried to Glandelinia and sold as slaves. It was in vain that these poor creatures threw themselves on their knees, and weeping and tearing the hair begged of the Glandelinians to let them free but the brutal

admiral answered "That he shows no mercy to "christian dogs". "As soon as these scoundrels reached their fleet I'll bet a division was made of the booty for the plans made and according to the proportions agreed upon. These Glandelinian "buconneers will I'm sure keep up these depredations as long as the war lasts, as so many ships of our own country are needed to break down Vivian Wickey and other points none is able to be sent against them."

"No matter what has happened in this dreadful war" said Mary Glorinia "This flood is absolutely the most violent catastro he that ever occurred in any part of the world. All the river ships in every river town, large and small as evidence shows had been raised and torn, and also shifted and scattered about the country like paper boats many sunk or stranded completely, many thrown high and dry amongs amongst the trees of the wren wrenched and torn up forests, and others hurled one on the other pell-mell in the most frightful confusion. The papers have shown some of the towns that partly survived the deluges, and the papers showed that there was hardly a house that was not even intact, and besides the unknown loss of life attendant attendant on the shipwrecks large numbers of people had been killed by falling ruins or drowned in the flood. A picture gave the evidence that the scene in the once well known river harbor of Grandis Atlanta was frightful. In every direction masts of all kinds of ships appeared above water only, standing up as any one of us might think they looked like blades of grass in a field. Immense and small pieces of wreckage thick as log bones or jans, boats, floating houses, spars, cases of cargo, and debris in every shape covered the water of the flood in a manner that describes all or bidders all description. And ships of all kinds and sizes were shown in the picture scattered about in all kinds of positions, indeed sometimes in the most incongruous situations one a large str eamer which the paper said was named the Fame Dove, had taken up its station amongst the remains of a grove of trees far above the flood highest mark and after it receded. In another part of the harbor of this city along the eastern end of the now floating docks were four ships piled literally one on the other. One a big river schooner of some fifteen hundred tons, was seen to go down against the dock was ad and was during the height of the flood lying entirely under water, no part of her showing, on her lay a Angelinian barque of four hundred tons with parts of one top mast above water, on her again, the Sand erman and a river steamer each of two thousand tons, and on top of all and resting on the last named though herself half under water was the huge Abbiannian river war cruiser of three thousand tons."

"I was one of those who experienced the shocks which were thought at that time to be earthquakes," said one of the girls. "To I and my parents during the whole of those dreadful fifteen minutes the shocks seemd to have continued without intermission. We were not exactly in positive terror of our own lives for we had fled to a large open square which were in front of our house, but we did believe the shocks to be earthquakes, yet we believed that unless the earth would open and swallow us up we were positively safe. But mother and father wondered for we did not hear any rumbling under ground, and though the houses swayd we hardly felt any such thing known as a trembling of the ground. However at intervals sometimes of two or three minutes, for about fifteen minutes we did hear some sort of booming noise usually terminating into a louder roll, but it sounded in the atmosphere and not underground and each time the sound was heard the whole town vibrated, but only each time of the sound, making all rush simultaneously into the open air, while the whole place resounded with the cries of the terrified population, and the crash of falling walls. From one to fifteen or sixteen after one I believe we felt no less than seventy distinct shocks, without counting the smaller ones. My father said it seemd to him to be one continuous shock all those fifteen minutes, but we felt nothing however equal to the terrible last shakes which ended the strange convulsion, though our utter ignorance of what was to come next or whether a still more severe shock would not level the whole town to the ground the next moment formed not the least portion of our dreadful miseries. At twelve minutes after one the heaviest of these strange shocks occurred, and the loudest booms were heard, the last three being the worst. Then long indeed, and terrible was that night, deep and sincere our main gratitude to God and His Blessed Mother when it had all passed leaving nothing but its terrible memories behind. The last shock girls was the worst for without the slightest warning, sudden as a flash of lightning, came such a shaking of the town as perhaps no town has yet ever experienced to my way of thinking. It was only two seconds duration, and with the strangeness of it was not a quivering, or a downright shaking as if there was a real earthquake, but that

sudden violent vibration which is not felt and yet sways the houses and causes damage and windows to fall to the street. It is difficult to describe the scene in the crowded square during this frightful shock. Many fancied that some thing had gone wrong with the air but everyone was panic stricken. But girls our town was not flooded. But a captain of a ship told me his experience. He told me his crew fancied something was wrong with the machinery, and then thought this was not easy to look at the engine room. The firemen and engineers swarmed up from below, the crew were on deck in a moment, the passengers made a simultaneous rush from the hulks to the ship quarter deck, consternation on every face, and not a word was spoken till the ship was again quiet, when a murmur went round "An earthquake. Thank God it is past."

"Whatever were the cause" said Jack "They were the heaviest shocks that had been felt in any country in the memory of all history. Persons who have lived in earthquake regions all would have declared that such a shock surpassed anything of the kind that they had ever felt or heard of. I saw the town of Antigua that was entirely destroyed and also a portion of Mendoza which was leveled to the ground with terrible loss of life but never thought that a flood would be the result."

"I can remember my experiences after the shocks when I was at Mildred greenburg" said Angeline Rae. That night after the shocks had ceased there was a little more commotion among the older people who had fled into the streets, but many of the women who had seen their homes fall had become mad with fright. A terrific tornado a fortnight before which had ripped through a portion of the city, killing five hundred had probably terrified many of them out of or nearly out of their senses, and now when they were just beginning to forget the impression, this new calamity, coming in its startling suddenness quite overpowered them. Some had fallen on their knees and broke out into frantic prayers some raved about the streets in still more frantic cries and even tore their hair and clothing to pieces in the intensity of their fear. Finally the night had passed away during which time we did not feel any more tremor. Trembling. Many thought that the danger was over, and returned to their houses, so did we. But when it had grown lighter something like a dashing cloud of upward rising snow appeared over the land landscape to the north. As it was so warm we could not understand how it could be possible of a snowstorm approaching in June, but as we looked out the window, my father's face gave a look of horror and said "It's not snow. Look there, what's coming." We saw looming behind an outskirt of the city like a long gigantic wall angled with all the jams of wreckage a foaming surge of water that looked like a tremendous earthquake wave rushing toward us. "T It's a flood." My mother gasped. A moment more and the wall of water reached the city and in an instant all that part within our view even at that distance was one mass of foam a hundred feet high and we saw a wall of buildings crumble before the torrent. We were on a large wooden house, and few words were spoken among us. Fortunately for us we had even some life belts in our house, which we had there just for show and we put these on. I saw many persons climb to the top of tall strong brick houses. The streets were again thronged with people who half mad with terror before became unmanageable now. About twenty persons in our own house, blind with fear rushed headlong to the roof, and their example induced two or three ladies and children to follow them. One instant before the flood struck us the houses within our view were being swept before it and one fell down nearly perpendicular. In the meantime the terrible mountain of water rolled swiftly upon us. We had five minutes or more to prepare for the shock, and it may well be imagined though it is impossible to describe how those five minutes went by. Down on our devoted house came the roaring sea a full of wreckage as thick as ice floes the front of the flood literally piled up like a wall rolling upon us at the rate of three miles a minute, with a perpendicular face of fully forty feet. Less than this would have appalled the bravest heart. Most fortunately for us about three blocks beyond our position stood a tall factory six story high. This exposed to the full force of the deluge, met it like a wedge, and it was observed that the sea of water reached this point it broke and dropped so that when it struck our house it was perhaps not more than ten feet higher than our second story window. When the rush of water came the main force of the torrent swept around us, we were apparently then as if in a whirlpool with a roar as of a hundred Niagara's, and contrary to all expectations while all houses round us went to pieces like kindling wood our house rose to the surface of the flood and was carried along with it. The sea of water smothered the factory to ruins, breaking in pieces all wooden houses, and floated us off like a cork. Two other wooden houses also were torn loose from their foundation, two drifted straight away like we did, and in one minute were high and dry on a rocky elevation of ground which the flood failed to top, and another sank like a stone. I saw one house with many persons in it fell to pieces just as the flood

before the stru flood struck us, and to us it was a perfect mystery how the women and children hung onto the fragments of it in safety, while all others were thrown instantly into the whirling waters, and all perished. Had it not been for that big factory which broke the full force of the flood it is likely that hour our houses would also have gone to pieces, and the chances of saving life in that flood would have been almost none. It was impossible at the moment of the shock from the flood to catch a word or even hear any one or screaming. The low rumble heard on the first appearance of the flood has increased to such an extent that no human voice shouting the loudest would have been heard, and as we floated off with it the noise mingled with its echoes from distant hills and seemed much louder than ever. We had been occupied in watching the advance of the devouring flood that at first we had forgotten to have fear ourselves. The fury of the flood then hurried us toward and upon shore some shore. The chief danger then had passed for us but there were many refugees there where we were rescued, and the general fear that had fallen among them, restrained as it had been during the crisis by the very extent of the emergency itself, then claimed undisputed sway.

Many were howling and crying, and stamping about the ground like so many terrified children. By degrees however a little order finally appeared through the chaos and the confusion among the survivors finally subsided. We were sent on ahead to a town on a high elevation, while many in the crowd who were never hearing a rumor that the flood might reach that even and that in view of another such convulsion, the head man considered it advisable to advise the people of the town to flee to the hills, which they did, and I and my parents with them though unfortunately no time was allowed for collecting necessaries for the night as the flood rose foot by foot. At town was also unhelped."

"I was near or in a town that got a strange shower during the explosions," said Hettie Korman. "And I believe it was from those explosions. It occurred at night shortly after one o'clock in the morning, and many of the frightened people thought a volcanic eruption had occurred. The sky seemed overcast by something dark and heavy during the first thunders, and something fell as if there was a shower, but there was no thunder or lightning. There was a powerful odor in the air like blasted gunpowder which pervaded the atmosphere, the distant flashes increased in vividness, and the distant thunder was of a most peculiar sound and without the usual reverberations causing crashing for several minutes with intermissions of so short a duration as to be scarcely recognizable. After the going away of darkness it was then seen that it looked as if it had been raining mud which must have fell for about nine minutes covering the streets and the side walks to the depth of a quarter of an inch, and everything had a dull leaden aspect while the mud rolled off the houses and the leaves of the trees like big globules of clay and mud. The river which passed our town had become a raging torrent flooded a flooding out town and creating great destruction its water became of a yellow color, and for four weeks after the supposed "eruption" the yellow color remained though in a decreasing degree. The scene of the nearest explosion of supposed "eruption" was thirty miles from our town. We heard that a small river vessel which was about thirty four miles from the blast experienced a shower of mud and clay in similar respect to that which fell in our town. The explosion crater which I and my parents saw lies in the depth of a forest so that no loss of life occurred there but for a considerable distance beyond the explosion crater the trees were destroyed, and the earth was covered seven feet deep in some places with earth debris and mud. Here and there stumps of blasted trees sticking up a few inches of a few feet gave a striking evidence of the force of the "eruption." Many of the stumps were quite shattered by the effects and so were many of the trees, and in thousands of trees were found embedded large pieces of rock. On scraping away the debris from the ground at some distance from the edge of the "Explosion crater" large splinters of wood and a few bleached leaves were discovered. Beyond this zone of desolation we found branches of trees broken and twisted off from the parent stem all which had fallen to the ground and by their weight crushed down the forest undergrowth. Swollen streams which ran through the ravines rapid rapid falling from the explosion district were in many places dammed up with large pieces of rock earth and stone, and with splinters of wood. No earthquake or concussion was experienced by our town folk at the time of the supposed

674
supposed eruption, and beyond the peculiar thunder there were no sounds what
ever similar to the booming of cannon which are usually mentioned as
concomitants of all manifestations of volcanic eruptions."

"Here's a written news of how the floods are even now raging at Angelinia
Agathia and what they did," said Gertrude producing the paper. "At the beginning
of the flood some slight apprehensions had been felt by the inhabitants in con-
sequence of the unusual violence of the waters flowing through the streets of
the city, accompanied by great moving masses of wreckage. The whole atmosphere
too is hazy there with forest fire smoke, and though you can see the sun in the
sky, it does not shine and always sets with a fiery appearance. At the beginning
of the flood, nothing serious had been apprehended, but after ten days this pa-
per reads it had increased, and at noon that day several houses in different
parts of the city had been torn down, and ships in the flooded river were
beginning to drive. One of the river frigates called by the city's name the only
Abbeannian wooden man of war then in the river harbor, had slipped her cable
and was being carried down with the water. The paper then goes on to say
that as the night approached the floods violence was increasing in fury, and though
it appeared to have reached its height on midnight July the tenth, but yet before
that the work of destruction had commenced. The news goes on to say that the havoc
which meets the eye contributes to subdue the firmest mind."

"But I thought Angelinia Agathia was not hit by the flood," said Winnie.
"It sure is," said Gertrude. "But listen as I continue to tell you." The roaring
of the waters, the noise of the descending torrents of water, the incessant
noise from crashing wreckage, the thundering of falling walls the dismal
groans of the wounded and the dying the shrieks of despair, the lamentations
of woe from the marooned, and the screams of women and children calling for
help on those whose ears are now closed to the voice of complaint is forming
an accumulation of sorrow and of terror too great for human fortitude, too
vast for human conception.

The paper says the inhabitants ere long before midnight considered
it far unsafe to remain in their weaker houses, and they took to boats and
rafts to avoid being buried in the ruins of walls and roofs. Horses and cattle
had broken from their folds, and swimming through the dashing waters had
and are increasing the scene of horror by their dismal bellowing and neighing.

The force of the flood in some of the streets is surpassing all conception.
The following morning when daylight came a scene of desolation is being
presented which has never been equaled. The face of nature even seems to be
completely changed, for not a single house in the lowest part of the city however
strong or sheltered has escaped damage. The wooden structures are a mass of
floating wreckage, the northern part of the city is being reduced into a heap
of ruins, not more than thirty houses or stores are left standing all of which
has suffered more or less, and the flood is still raging. The Cathedral of
St Vincent with its lofty steeple is leveled to the ground, the big town hall
a prison holding Glandelinian soldiers and all other structures are sharing
a similar fate. If it is not for the partial protection which a big river pier
is affording, the total destruction of Angelinia Agathia will be unavoidable
for so far it is breaking the main force of the flood, which is rushing with
fearful impetuosity against it. A ship was driven into the streets of the city
against one of the buildings which by this shock combined by the fury of the water
and battering rams of the wreckage was entirely destroyed and swept away. The
loss of life so far however has been estimated at four thousand, and the loss
to buildings is six million dollars, but what it will be if the deluge continues
no one can tell. Most of the live stock and horned cattle has perished, the
canees - corn and ground provisions are totally destroyed, and famine will threaten
those who are surviving the catastrophe. And if to increase the horror of this
event despite the perils of the flood a body of eight hundred Glandelinian
prisoners of war had also been liberated by the demolition of the jail and they
are employed in plunder and are completing the destruction of what the flood
might spare.

More fatal in its effects is the flood now proving itself the day
after. The waters commenced to rise on that day at something between
ten and eleven o'clock. The destruction still continues and the daylight of
this Friday morning is showing a scene of desolation not witnessed in any
flood before. The water has risen in the streets two feet more, and in many
places as high as five feet more. All is confusion and alarm and every
body is seeking to escape the destruction which tottering houses, and
the continued rise of the water is threatening. Yet as the day advanced
the flood increased, driving before it wreckage and wooden houses, and the
misery in the city offers only a parallel to the distressing scenes in the
flooded country towns, many of the sugar works on the estates are destroyed
and a great number of smaller villages are being swept away. At Tenniaman

675
any of the buildings were said to have sank under the ground. Never before had
any of our cities and towns ever suffered any disaster from floods, and this flood
is nearly destroying the city of Angelinia Agathia. Dorothy Gale is still
a worst sufferer. All day from the first there has been an alternate rising of
the waters, the movement of the waters was awfully grand. Sometimes for unknown
reasons the waters seemed to shift their direction; and at the same time at
night from the distant forest fires the horizon in the far east or north were
illuminated by the quivering sheeted glare which surges in brilliancy anything
ever seen in fiercer glares before. The astonishing roar of the flood
is bewildering. The hanging of the wreckage would cease only a few moments at a
time and in the intervals the blackness in which the city is enveloped was
awful beyond expressing. When the flood had raged for ten days it got so
violent that it hurled before it all weaker homes, and the fragments of
every unsheltered structure of human art. The strongest houses were caused to
vibrate, to their foundations and the surface of the very earth trembled
trembled as this destroyer rages over it. The horrible roar of falling houses
the noise of the flood like a tumultuous ocean is threatening this city also
with destruction if all the other elements might spare, the clattering of
floating timbers, the falling of roofs and walls and the combination of a
thousand other sounds forming the most hideous din which appalls the heart and
bewilders the mind. After five o'clock it was hoped that the flood would soon
subside but not so, the dreadful roar did not subside, the falling of tiles and
building materials which by the current was jammed against homes, the shrieks
of the suffering victims, and the howling of drowning dogs were clearly heard
and indeed awakens the mind to a distressing apprehension of the havoc and
carnage which had been and were still desolating the country. There is nothing
but a prospect of wretchedness and woe everywhere more replete with horrible
misery and sickness to all hearts and is fiercer than even an ocean storm
or a field of battle ever presented."

"I saw a strange and beautiful sight during the explosion at Jennie Vivian,"
said Penrod. "It of course only lasted a few seconds but I remember most of
it. At the first bang a storm of something like fiery meteors seemed to rise
upward and then fall as if from the heavens one in particular of a globular
form and a deep red hue was observed to descend straight downward from a vast
height. On approaching the earth with accelerated motion it assumed a dazzling
whiteness and an elongated form, and dashing to the ground in our camp
it splashed around in the same manner as melted ore would have done and was
instantly extinct."

During the same instant the deafening noise of the explosion sank to a distant
echoing roar, and flashes darkened forkly or sparkly with no intermissions playing
frightfully between the smoke clouds and the very ground with novel and most
surprising action. The vast clouds of smoke enveloped the sky like a storm cloud
and flaming blades fell which seemed to be returned by the ground upward and
this strange quivering and darting of flashes down and up could have been
compared to the miniature blazes produced by the rapid and irregular discharges
of opposing artillery closely engaged. While this remarkable phenomenon
preceded the earth vibrated like an earthquake during the crash of the
explosions. Whatever made the flashes was a mystery, unless it was an electric
"electrification because of the shock of the explosion."

"It couldn't be," said Gertrude "as it was in the dead of winter you know."

"I heard the explosion," said Jean for "For I was close there at the time."

"The noise was terrific," said Penrod "no thunder was at any time ever
heard so loud, and had the cannon of a hundred contending armies been
discharged or the culmination of the most tremendous thunderclaps
rattled through the air the sounds could not have been distinguished."

"Talking about the battles of this war," said Mildred there "there happened
in an unlucky moment one of the Glandelinian divisions at Warbucks had
moved forward in a grand attack toward Jennie Vivian during that frightful
battle. Terrible indeed for the space of fourteen hours had been the fighting
and still there are said to be traces of it, cannon balls have been dug up
from under the snow, or a cannons mouth will project ominously but harmlessly
out of mother earth, and traces have the showing of the battle on them. At
that point Blain Nightlinger and Nemo of our side brought that contest to a
close. I can remember the cliff still from which after their last defeat in
the battle large numbers of the Glandelinians flung themselves into the
river Norma. The rest surrendered, and to the number of more than five hundred

thousand were transported to the prison camps. Only two or three hundred thousand who after the battle had hidden themselves in inaccessible glens, emerged after eight days of retirement."

"And it is impossible to repress a feeling of regret for the extirpation of our soldiers in one division of that army in that battle," said Jean. "Skilled in all kinds of fighting too they were, as the scanty remnant of the Corps proves to us to day. Yet it is the awful fortunes of war."

"Did any one of you among us here see any of the explosion craters near Abbeism?" asked Gertrude.

"I did," said Jean.

"You."

"Yes."

"Describe it please."

"Yes but I saw two," answered Jean. A steep and long tramp brought me and my friends to the edge of the larger one. It was not a circular pit but torn open as if by some mighty explosion, but it seemed two or three miles in circumference, and at the bottom below reposed a lake of muddy color. The sides of the abyss were gradually steep or like a bare crag from top to bottom. Not a sprig of grass was seen around the edge of the crater. The

"Eruptions if they were any must have been immense for all the mass of earth and rock must have been blown by these tremendous blasts from the earth part as mud and debris and part shivered into thin dust which might have been carried above the clouds. When I looked down into them I wondered whether they had been eruptions or explosions."

"Some day we'll know," said Jack.

"I seen one horrible massacre early in the war," said Winn in herself. "It happened at a town known as Camps Junction."

"What happened there?"

"It was a scene of matchless horror, forty thousand Glandelinians broke into the town, and with the too torch in one hand and the sword in the other spread dreadful slaughter and desolation around."

"Did the Glandelinians murder women and children too?"

"Neither age nor sex were spared, the young were cut or shot down in striving to defend their homes, the aged in the churches where they had fled to implore protection, virgins and young girls were isolated and undressed on the altar and disembowled alive, weeping infants and screaming children of all ages were hurled into the fires, strangled, shot, or gutted alive. Amid the shrieks of the sufferers and the shouts of the victors this little town was reduced to ashes its splendid churches, its stately palaces were wrapped in flames, sixty thousand human beings perished in the murderous massacre, and the wretched fugitives who had escaped from the scene of horror on board the river ships were guided in their passage by the prodigious light which arose from their burning homes."

"Yes, and general Francis Drakeston tried to revenge that massacre for I heard of it," said Gertrude. "With the characteristic energy of this half general and half raider, after he hearing of the massacre a large force of men was immediately landed at a distance of about ten miles above the remains of the city, who were in obedience to general Drakeston's system of strategy to make an assault upon the foe by land, while he with the fleet cooperated by river. The attack was so driving and insanely violent and irresistible that panic and disorder had finally paralyzed all efforts on the part of the Glandelinian soldiers, and Drake's troops were able to carry all before them."

All the troops rushed forward and found nothing in their way of their progress till the two attacking forces met in the ruins near the public square. The garrison did not stay to fire more than one volley before they fled with precipitation, and gave up the ruins of the city. Thus sixteen thousand Glandelinians were slain."

One of the boy scouts then stated "I was at El Verso when that town was on fire and had a narrow escape with my life. That at midnight hour of the horrible fifteen minutes before was exceedingly hot, not a cloud was in the sky, and not a breath of air stirred. At the first hour I felt a slight trembling of my home and this shortly afterwards was followed by a second shock somewhat stronger than the first, and accompanied by a rumbling boom in the northwest which sounded like distant thunder. At this most of the people who were awakened began to run out of their houses, but a third shock at once supervened, and in about a minute or so four fifths of the city was being shaken top to bottom. Somewhat late in the morning probably near ten o'clock there came such a flood of water that we thought the sea was rolling over it. We were on the top floor of a five story building, a tenement house and the streets on the north side on the brink of the river harbor where the sand had been most steeply banked up were the first to give way before the torrents, sinking or giving way at once into the terrible flood, next fell a church and tower within our sight, and then the river became a sea, and on the south side on the verge of this sea to which

many had fled for a safety suddenly disappeared, the flood rolling completely over the place where it stood. Then to our fright the whole portion of the town where a ship channel had been disappeared at once into deep water, while the houses near a central depression sank, some up to the third stories others were engulfed up to the first floor, and others again one or two feet only according to the distance they were in elevation above the river. The shock of the concussion in fact shook down the sustained banks of sand, and as the sand had been shaken down and spread out the houses subsided while now the flood rushing in underneath as well as above gushed up in spots in the streets and completed the ruins. Fort St Ann and the houses that stood upon a large rock foundation alone remained a far above the water, and of these, in which one I was in with my parents were greatly shattered. That part only remaining stood upon this rock. It seemed strange that the force of the flood did not dissipate and dissolve the very foundation of it, and that it did not fall to pieces and scatter under the water, as the rest of the place did, for the shock and rush of the flood was so swift and violent that the concussion of it threw people down on their knees, and also on their faces, as they ran along the water covered streets to provide for their safety, and it was a difficult matter for any one to keep to their legs. A water heaven and swelled like a rolling swelling sea by which several big houses now standing were shuffled and moved some yards from their places. One whole street a great many of the houses which which still remained standing was said now to be twice as broad now as before the disaster. The sky that morning which had been clear and blue was in a minute time becoming dull and red looking for some strange reason or other in the east like a red hot oven, all these dreadful circumstances occurring at once accompanied all the while with prodigious loud noises from the wreckage floats in the flood occasioned by falling buildings, and people running from one place to another on the upper sections of the city, distracted with fear looking like so many ghosts, and more resembling the dead than the living made the whole so terrible that people though the thought the whole desolation of the whole universe was at hand. Indeed days after it raised sad thoughts in my mind to see the chimneys and the tops of the houses and the mass of many ships and sloops and even brigs to appear above the water, and to see so much ruin and swiftly moving waters many which by their largeness showed there had once stood an immense house, to see so many houses shattered, some half fallen down, the rest desolate and without inhabitants, to see where houses had been swallowed up by the flood, some appearing half above water, and the others chimneys only and where once brave streets had stood, to look from the window of the house in which you were harrowed and to look over that part of the land which for as far as you can see now was a all raging foam and water and where many houses stood there appearing now nothing but water except here and there a chimney. I can never forget our own sensation of the shocks when we were in bed that night and felt the house shake, as believed we saw the floor of the bed room rising, and at the same instant heard some one in the street cry "an earthquake". Immediately we had arisen from our beds and ran out of the house where we saw all people with lifted up hands begging God's assistance. We then had continued our running up the street as high up the rocky elevation we could go, while on the other side we saw many houses swallowed up in the rushing flood afterwards, others thrown in heaps before the mighty torrent, the sand in the braches rising like the waves of the sea lifting up all persons that stood upon it, and immediately dropping down into pits by being undermined by the force of the flood, and at the same instant the flood of water breaking in and rolling those poor souls over and over some catching hold of wreckage of all kinds and rafters of houses others were found later in the sand that appeared when the flood finally had slightly receded with their legs and arms out, we ourselves beholding this dismal sight. The small piece of rocky ground where upon sixteen houses including our own perished he to God and His Blessed Mother did not sink or give way before the dreadful flood.

As soon as the flood had receded every survivor was desirous to know if any part of his family were left alive. My own father and mother endeavored to go toward the home of our Grand Parents especially upon the ruins of the houses there were floating upon the water, but could not, at length I got a canoe, and rowed up the "great sea side" of the flood toward our grand parents house where I saw several women and children floating upon the wrecked out to "sea" and as many of them as I could I took into the boat, and still rowed on till I myself came to where I thought my house had stood but could not find any trace of them nor the house either. But seeing all surviving people endeavoring to get to the higher portions of the city I went among them in the hopes I might hear of my grand parents or some part of my other relations, but could not. Next morning I went in from one surviving house on the elevations to another till at length I pleased God that I found them. When brought to my

parents they asked them how they managed to escape. My grandmother told me and my parents that when they felt the house shake they ran out and called to all within to do the same. They were no sooner out but the sand lifted her up and her husband grasping about her they both dropped into the earth together. They escaped from the flood by coming up to the higher spots before it came.

Even now I hear the ruins of the submerged part of the town can be plainly visible in the calm weather, and at this present day irregular masses of masonry can be seen discerned and incalculable wealth had been lost in this ruin for the wharves were laden with the richest merchandise and the markets and stores had everything imaginable."

"Next to the flood sufferers" continued June "those along our own Angelina coast are next. The Glandelinian buccanniers have tormented and roasted the people when recalcitrant and hiding in their lagoon island coves in their vessels always spring out spider like on any unwary christian ship passing by. The Glandelinians operate with their privateer privateers something fierce and they also near Vivian Wickey have many of their blockade runners and the Blengiglomean islands in the hands of the enemy are the very rendezvous of the blockade runners. The extent of the blockade can be appreciated from the fact that since the war began there has been already a record of 10,456 vessels entering besieged Vivian Wickey alone from other Glandelinian ports and as many cleared there bound for Glandelinian ports. Only fifty

one of these that left Vivian Wickey are now where recorded as ever having reached the shore. I believe they were captured or sunk by Abhisannian submarines. These islands too are swarming with Glandelinian refugees the captain and crews of buccanniers and blockade runners and so forth and they play a reign of terror in or along our own coasts. Nevertheless according to the report of Rear Admiral Stanok so far up to now the Abhisannian warships and submarines have destroyed not less than sixty million dollars worth of property belonging to the blockade runners. And they have averaged the capture of a loaded Glandelinian steamer or transport once a week or oftener. Therefore I do not see how blockade runner is of any profit to the enemy. But I believe this flood tops all the horrors in the war for this water like an ocean has rolled completely over much of the land and towns and forests have washed down before it like reeds. In twenty four hours all surviving cities and towns have been like towns sacked and burned by an enemy and a large part of the wealth of California has accumulated so many years before the war has disappeared into thin air. With the opening of the war wrecking along our shores has seemed to be profitable industry by the enemy. There were all other kinds of demoralizing branches of raiding and buccannery business which the Glandelinians will now be famous even though increased vigilance on the part of christian submarines, are now interfering with this horrible business to some extent and all lighthouses are also operating in the same direction

The next morning when they had landed, on shore, and the wounded boys and girls, and soldiers had been placed comfortably within the huge army it was turning out to be one of the hottest days of August yet ever experienced for the sixteenth, and which no one had ever experienced yet. In the air a thin wreath of smoke overshadowed everything, and whit withered the dark grayness of the horizon sky, enough to show the presence of the forest fires, and there was no wind. It was so hot that many animals came from unseen places to drink at the edge of the flood or to swim part way in. No body would be for such weather except now and then when they would have to do some duty, and the strange stillness was unbroken. Even the wind seemed to catch its breath near the headquarters chosen for the girls' scout and boy officers and went on with a hum that reached to the telegraph wires overhead. It hummed in the long hollow inside the fire place or showed it. All the night before the distant eastern sky had appeared like red hot iron. Half an hour before breakfast was due in the army camp in fore breakfast itself at least came on the of general Aronburgs boyscouts themselves came riding up the dusty camp road on the outskirts of the camp with their boyscout lesson books slung over their shoulders. They were handsome sturdy handsome little fellows so well attuned up in their uniform leggings, and uniforms that they looked as if they were out in the cold, and that it was not warm at all. Their cheeks were as red as winter apples from the heat, and their horses were almost breathless after their long gallop up hill to the camp.

Riding down the company street alongside the flood's edge they came to Gertrude's headquarters and entered in, just as from somewhere there came a ringing noise that shook the entire building.

"What kind of a cyclone or something is striking us now," growled on a of Penrod's officers, who was in the next room and who looked out the window. As he frowned as the first noise was followed by a rasping sound outside somewhere like a bench being dragged across a floor as if it scraped the bare floor every inch of the way, yet with a jarring motion that made the windows of the house rattle, and even brought the two boys previously mentioned to the door wondering what the noise was. Penrod himself rose to his feet and looked out of his own window.

"Those two little chaps of general Aronburgs boyscout regiments have appeared again," he said. "They said last night that you'd think the enemy owned search from the way they dash into towns and take possession of things."

Penrod and all his followers though not yet acquainted liked these boys. As he chuckled. "Well Penrod," he said slowly "when you come to think of it their ally always has owned a pretty fair slice of the earth and its good things and the enemy has taken on all from them, and now these two boys have traveled nearly all over the country since they became scouts although the oldest can't be more than ten. It would be a wonder if they didn't have it out on the very same day, and they're foreigners too. I can see by their white color and their manners."

"Will they be with General Aronburgs army all the time?" asked Fred who was one of Penrod's old timers.

"Yes, their father and mother have gone to Northern Abhisannia to escape the war, and they had joined the scout force. Violet, and her sisters allowed them, but those boys had to go through a lot of red tape with them before they escaped."

"I imagine Violet, and her sisters has had their hands full," said another as a new sound was heard outside.

"Oh I don't know about that now," said Penrod. "They are good boys to be sure and just boiling over with the desire to adventure, and if you can find any better mannered little foreign gentlemen when girls are round around I'd like to see them. They are like us Abhisannians. They came down to the building this morning early when we were coming ashore and their pliancy to Gertrude, Joan and the others was something pretty to see, I can tell you sir. The tallest is a boy by the name of Penrod too, Penrod James, and the other I do not yet know."

There was a moment's pause in which the boys could be heard laughing about something in the next room, and talking about something in English.

"No," said Penrod again "It's not only us boys that will be keeping the boys' hands full. If any ever keeps the enemies' hands full it's that little blonde, that little fairy sprite of ours who does the astonishing stunt of rescuing Jack, when it is the custom of boys to rescue girls—see you? You can guess what's she is like from her nickname. They used to call

call her the "hot little gingersnap." She has always as she told me herself, lived at some army post at any section of the country, until her father and mother moved to Calverton and escaped the flood at Abbi and Abbiann. He was that is her father was a soldier in the army, and was wounded down there at Glandelin, and has not yet been able to go back in the army since, and probably and luckily for her may never need to again. When he found he would have to stay in Calverton all winter he sent for his wife to come from Abbiann last September and there was nothing to do with Jean and her older sister but to send them to Emperor Vivians or Vivianias army.

"And she's the spunky little girl who is laid up in rescuing Jack," said Fred. "Think of that, a girl rescuing a boy under shell fire. When I think of a girl and boy or any of us shot at by enemy cannon I'd like to take a shot at every Glandelinian general I see. I suppose the boys are waiting for Jean as he they were to take her and Jack to the main army doctor. They'll have a long wait."

While this conversation was going on the two boys stretched themselves on a long bench close to the window. The hot room made them feel drowsy, after their violent riding for such a long distance. Lying on the youngest one yawned several times, and finally lay down on the bench with his head on a pillow. He was eight years old but curled up in that fashion with his long eye lashes resting on his red cheeks and one plump little hand tucked under his chin he looked much younger.

"W k wake me up Penrod, when its time for the wounded girl and boy to be brought in," he said to his brother, "and that little brave one known as Jean would never stop teasing me if she should find me asleep."

Penrod whistled his coat, and after much tugging pulled out a handsome little gold watch. "Oh there's a long time to wait," he exclaimed. "We need not have quit our scouting along the flood so early for they will not be here for nearly twenty five or forty minutes. I believe I'll curl up here myself till then. I hope they won't forget the letters we sent for."

The room was very still for a few minutes. There was no sound except for the noise of the waters far off and the sighing of the wind in the trees near the window. Then some one turned the door knob so cautiously and slowly that it unlatched without a sound. It was the hot air rushing into the room as the door was pushed ajar that aroused the boys. After one surprised glance they sat up for the man who was slipping into the room as stealthily as a burglar was dressed as the worst looking tramp they had ever seen. There was a long ugly red scar across his face running from his cheek to the middle of his forehead and partly closing one eye. It was the scar that gave him such a queer sort of an expression, even without it he would have been a repulsive sight. His clothing was dirty and ragged and he had a tuft of stubby black beard. Behind him came a boy and a little girl each no larger than Manning but with hard shrewd looks in their hungry little faces that made one feel they had lived a long time and learned more of hardships and went than was good for them to know. It was plain to see that the children and the man too were nearly starved, and suffering from the intense heat. The bare toes of the whole three peeped through their ragged shoes, and they had no vests. A thin cotton shirt and a piece of an old gray horse blanket covered the boy. They too crept in noiselessly as if expecting to be ordered out at the first sound, and then the girl turned to coax in some animal that was no doubt doubt hesitating on the outside. The two boys looked on with interest, and sprang up excitedly as the animal finally shuffled in far enough for the girl to close the door behind it. It was a great shaggy airdale like dog. The man looked uneasily around the room but seeing no one save the two boyscouts ventured near the window. The boy and girl followed him and the dog shuffled along behind them both, limping painfully. Not a word was said for a moment.

Though at first tempted to draw their pistols, the boys suddenly changed their minds and cast a curious glance at the three beggars or refugees or whatever they were who had come in as noiselessly as if they had snowed down and the man was watching the boys with shrewd eyes. He for some reason or other did not seem to be looking at them but at the end of his survey he could have described them most accurately. He had noticed every detail of their uniform from their military leather leggings to their shoulder straps. He glanced at the boys watch in the one known as Penrod and the fine lesson books which the younger boy was swinging back and forth by a strap, and made up his mind, and very correctly too that these boys though in the uniform of Glandelinian boy scouts were foreign of birth. When he turned away to look at the children he rubbed his hands together with evident satisfaction for he had discovered more than that. He could surely see from their faces, that they were brave and trusting little souls who would believe any true story he might tell them if he appealed to their sympathies in the right way. He was considering how to begin, when the boy called Penrod broke the silence.....

"Are you refugees?"

The man nodded.

"Why are you here?" was the next question.

"Oh lots of reasons but suppose I don't tell," answered the man, in a low whining voice. "My children can drill like a soldier, and dance and ride horses as good as you two boys can."

"Oh yes. I'll test them," and Penrod was going to keep good his word when his younger brother said "Keep them off our horses."

"Why?"

"You know our horses won't let strangers ride them. Those kids will be killed."

"Oh that's right."

He kept his sly eyes turned constantly toward the door as if afraid some one might overhear him.

"I'd let the three ride some horses for you young gentlemen," he finally said "but my horse has been killed by the Glandelinians for one thing, and another is if we went to showing off, we not being known here on the outskirts of the Christian camp might be ordered to move on. This is the first time we have reached a shelter of any kind and we ain't in no hurry to leave it I can tell you. You may wonder why I look out the window so much. Well I'll tell you! A thousand Glandelinians are looking for me and they might even come here in disguise. I'm wanted."

"Is the boy and girl your children?" asked the younger boy going up to the little girl.

"Yes. They are good children and as good natured and as gentle like a lamb. But they have not had anything to eat for nearly twenty four hours."

"No thing to eat," echoed the elder boy. "The poor children." Going to a step closer he put out his hand and stroked the girl's hair as if she had been his own sister.

"Oh Penrod just feel how soft her hair is. And she has the prettiest little face and the blackest hair and beautiful black eyes. Poor little girl are you hungry? Never in a minute I'll give you some of my provisions right now," and he handed her and the boy a part of his own rations, and the younger boy gave his to the man. The little girl putting her short plump arms around the boys neck hugged the lad lovingly. A cunning pleased gleam came into the man's eyes. He saw that he had gained the elder boy's sympathy, and he wanted the others also. That would mean safety for him and his little one.

"Is your home near here or far away my little gentlemen?" he asked in a friendly tone.

"No we live in Pandora," Abbiannia answered Penrod "but we are in the army just now."

"Then maybe you could know of some place where we could stay to night, some place where to hide. Even a old tent to crawl into would keep us from being seen by disguised enemies. It is an awful hot morning too."

"Maybe the chief girls scout leader would let you stay in the waiting room of this building," suggested the younger lad Fred. "It's always good and cool in there. I'll ask the chief boys scout leader Scholefield Penrod."

"Oh no. No don't for heavens sake," exclaimed the man hastily, pulling his old hat farther over his forehead as if to hide the scar and looking uneasily around. "The Glandelinians may come more into the building than in some old tent. I would not have you do that for anything. I've had many dealings with Glandelinians and I know how they'd treat me, for though you may know the Vivian Girl Princesses, the price over their heads, is a penny compared to mine. I'm wanted everywhere by the enemy. I killed two great Glandelinian generals, and Glandelinia's prince, and am a dangerous spy to them. I'm dressed as a spy looking as I appear a tramp. If I could get out of this disguise. I thought maybe there was a barn or a haystack or shed or something in your camp where we could lay up for repairs for a couple of days. General Aronburg sent me here, and here's the proof "passing the spy envelope to the boy. The children need a rest. The little girl's foot is sore, and the boy is suffering from some sort of a lung fever judging from the way he always coughs." He nodded toward the boy whose face was drawn into a pucker in his effort to keep from coughing. Penrod and his brother looked at the little boy steadily. He had known already how things were going on since the war began, how men were home less and hungry, and even cold in winter, and having seen lots of it since this disaster he knew how much it meant to be all that and more. This was the first time in his ten short years that he had ever come close to real poverty, sorrow and suffering, and this war revealed it all to him. He had seen the warms of homeless refugees, and had tossed them coppers and he could not help feeling sorry for them. As he waved off the swept through Penrod's generous little heart he looked at the little boy and the girl too and the man watching him

shrewdly saw it. "Of course," he whined, "a little gentleman like you ought to know what it is to go from town to town and get not nothing, because they are in ruin or in flames. You should too know what it is to have glandelinians trailing you all over the country with blood hounds, and even airplanes. You I believe now know that this is a hard hearted cruel nation you are helping to whip. Yet if you never had anything all your life but others peoples scraps and leavings and you hadn't got homes or friends or relations because the enemy wiped them out on you and was sick and starving besides, and a fugitive you'd think things was not very awfully divided. You would think it was not right that because of this war you would have all you could do to keep heart and soul and body together. If you happened to be my little boy here and he happened to be you in a splendid uniform I reckon you would feel it pretty tough to see a ch a big difference between you. It doesn't seem fair now does it?"

"No," admitted the two boys hotly. He like all the others had taken a great dislike to all Glandelinian soldiers. He hated the nation, and its very name, and loathed its flag. He could not have told why but his child instinct armed him with a sudden distrust as to what would be the future in the war. He felt sure the disaster of flood and explosion at Abilene was glandelinians doing but he could not prove it. The sorrow and affliction of the god people whom had sheltered him though a foreigner and his brother too made him feel the force of the whining appeal, and the burden of an obligation to help all in trouble and Abilene and Abilene in trouble seemed laid upon his shoulders.

"There is no isolated barn or shed in this camp," the boy said shortly after a moment's thought, "and Gertrude Angelina I'm sure couldn't afford to let you come into the house unless she had room for you. And Miss Aronburg is dreadfully particular," he added hastily, not wanting to be impolite to the supposed tramp.

"Oh I know eplace," cried his brother Fred. "There's an empty house down by a mill spring on the right of our location. No one has lived in it since the war so they say. There isn't any furniture in it but there is a fire place in one room, and in case it got cold it would be warmer than in a barn."

"That's just the trick," exclaimed Fred or Penrod. "We can carry a few mattresses filled with straw or hay from the hay pile for you three to sleep on. Dolores Mic-Holleston will come within another half an hour and I'll ask her to have you guarded some Glandelinians can steal upon you unawares. I am sure she will do so because last night, when it was so hot she said she felt sorry for anything that would burst in the dangerous woods, even the poor old cedar trees with fires threatening the whole country with destruction. She said it is as if all of us were in heds, and she could understand how any one felt when she has gone through a lot herself. It's just like Dolores to feel that way about it, and she is so good to everybody that she could not have any enemy except among the Glandelinians I suppose."

Something like a smile moved the "tramp's" stubby beard. "So she is that kind, is she even a little girl? Well if she could have a soft spot for anything like that she would not object to some harmless christian travelers sleeping in an empty house a couple of nights till the storm blows over. Supposing you show us the place, sonny and we'll be moving on."

"Oh it wouldn't be right to not ask her first," a claim Penrod. "She'll be here in such a little while. It's against the military rules. And Gertrude who is superior is away with Angelina Riches and others at her uncle's headquarters and I don't know when she will be back."

The man looked uneasy. Presently he walked over to the window and looked out side.

"The sun is not shining to day either," he said. "I'd like to get my daughter's foot fixed comfortable before it grows too late. She was shot. I'd like to do something pretty well. And it will take a long time to heat water to dress the wounds. Is that old house far from here?"

"Not if we ride on horses and go in at the back of the place," said Penrod. "It's just across that meadow, and over a little hill. If we went round by the big front gate it would be a good deal longer. But to take you we would need an escort, for in case you'd get into trouble we would need help. The enemy don't respect us either you know."

The man shifted uneasily from one foot to another, and complained of being hungry. He was growing very desperate. For more than one reason he did not want to be seen by Glandelinians. The long red scar across his face had been described a thousand times in the newspapers and he did not care to be recognized just then. The boys could not have told how it came about but in a few minutes they were leading the way toward the cabin they spoke of. The man had persuaded them that it was not at all necessary to wait for Dolores' permission, and that it was needless to trouble the girl scout general. Why should the good little

girls be bothered about a matter that boy scout officials were old and wise enough and well trained enough to decide. So will had he been argued, and so tactfully had he persuaded them or flattered them, that when they took their horses across the field it was with a feeling that they were doing their highest duty in getting these homeless wanderers to the house as quickly as possible, on their own responsibility.

"We can get back in time to meet the girl scout if we hurry," said Penrod looking at his watch again. "There's still thirty five minutes."

No one saw the little procession file out of Gertrude's headquarters and across the meadow, even though it was growing somewhat lighter with the advance of day. Penrod went first, proudly leading the little shy girl. The little boy came next besides Fred and the man shuffled along in the rear, looking around with suspicious glances whenever a twig snapped or a distant dog barked. They then mounted horses and rode on. As the hot wind struck against the sick boy he unbuttoned his coat and coughed hoarsely. His lips looked blue.

"You look like you had consumption," said Fred, who was well uniformed and felt the heat also. Here ride in front of me on my horse and I'll take care of you."

A strange look passed over the man behind him.

"Blessed if the little boy scout didn't do an act of charity," he muttered. "If this war hadn't occurred I would not be what I am now."

For a moment as they reached the top of the hill, the four children and the man were outlined against the gray sky like strange silhouettes. Then they passed over and disappeared in a thick clump of pine trees which hid the house from the eyes of the surrounding world. In less time than it takes for any one to imagine, a big fire was roaring in the cabin fire place for purpose of cooking water was steaming in a big kettle on the stove, and four mattresses lay in one big room ready as of a bed. Fred had made several trips to the kitchen, and came back each time with his hands full. The soldiers occupied the old building never could find it in their hearts to refuse anything to boy scouts. They were too much like their own sons left at home. The soldiers face had wrinkled into smiles when the homeless ones had been brought to the place. In the eyes of all christian soldiers no one seemed quite so near perfection as boy and girl scouts. Therefore when the two boy scouts had come in with a pitiful tale of the poor man who was starving at the very entrance of the christian lines, they had given him and the two children more than even asked for, and almost more than he could carry. The two children and their father were so hungry and their two little hosts so interested in watching them eat, that they forgot all about going back to meet the girl scout. They did not even hear the galloping of her horse when it passed the house.

As Dolores dismounted from her horse she looked around in vain for the two strange boy scouts who had promised to meet her. Behind her was her sister and one of the other girl scouts, (not officers though), and a new one too a little girl about nine years old as unlike all the others as possible and who was one of those whom Gertrude had left behind in Aronburg's army, although it was her ambition to be exactly like all other girl scouts. Mildred too was there and yet she too had still kept all her lively girlish ways and a love of fun that made her charming to everybody, young and old, but hated by the enemy of course. Mildred longed to hear some good news from the front, and especially of what had transpired yet near Evangeline St. Claire but no news came. Mildred always had a graceful easy manner about her, and as all might know she had long golden bobbed hair, and her complexion like a gypsy though extremely pretty. She had hard brown little fists sharp black eyes that seemed always to see everything at once and a tongue that was always getting her into trouble with the enemy. As for the ease of manner she was a record breaker at it. Jane her companion also was with them. She walked up to the headquarters door first, opened it, after speaking to the guard and Mildred till all had entered before she went in. Her big p uniform her plume hat was tipped accidentally over one of her ears because of her hard riding.

"Well Mildred what do you suppose has become of the two boys?" asked Dolores. "They promised to meet us."

"Maybe they were called away," said Jane.

"I heard them in here about half an hour ago Miss Dolores," said Penrod who was in. "I suppose some sudden duty called them off. Better leave your things here and let you before you go. I'll watch them. It's mighty hot outside this mornin' evening."

"Oh thank you Penrod," she answered. "I'll send Jack Teller down after them immediately. The doctor looked over Jean and Jack, and said they ought to be walking around in a week. Jean's shoulder is considerably better, but Jack's leg is bad. Then now Mildred we will have to hasten to General Aronburg. And if the boys come, send them there. There's headquarters."

They had been in the house some time before the boys remembered their promise to meet the girlscouts at the girlscout headquarters. When they saw how late it was they started away on their horses at full gallop.

"I am fairly aching to tell Dolores about those reformers," boasted Fred as they reached the side door. "I am now so sorry that we had to bring you the man not to say anything about them being on the place just then before he sees us again to-morrow or to-night. I wonder why he asked us that?"

"I don't know," answered Penrod. "He seemed to have a very good reason, and he talked about it so that it didn't seem right not to promise a thing like that. And he seemed scared stiff about some thing."

"I wish we hadn't though," said Fred again.

"Gu put it down now," persisted Penrod. "We are bound not to tell and you can't get out of it for he made us give him our word and cross our hearts to die on the honor of two good boyscouts, and that settles it you know."

They were two very dirty boys who clattered up the back stairs and raced to their room to dress for breakfast. Their uniforms were covered with hayseed and straw, and their hands and faces were black with soot from the old cabin chimney. They had both helped to build the fire. Dolores came running out from her room when she heard the boys' voices.

"Why didn't you meet us down below?" she began, but stopped as she saw their dirty faces. "Where on earth have you been? You're black!" she cried.

"Oh about and about," answered Penrod, teasingly. "Don't you wish you knew?"

Dolores shrugged her shoulders as if she had not the slightest interest in the matter, and held out two packages.

"Here are the maps you sent for. You ought to just see the pills that Mildred Maxwell brought. We have the best secret about to-morrow and our plans that ever was."

"So have we," began Fred but Penrod slapped a sooty hand over his mouth and pulled him toward the door of their room. "Come on he said. We have barely time to clean up for breakfast. Don't you know enough to keep still? You little magpie!" He exclaimed as the door banged behind him. "The only way to keep a secret is not to tell like you have done."

Dolores walked slowly back to her room and paused in the doorway wondering what she could do to amuse herself till breakfast time. It was a queer room for a girlscout decorated with Anglinian flags, and Glandelinian trophies captured and everything that could remind her of the military life she loved at the far away army post under Emperor Vivian. There were photographs framed in brass buttons on her dressing table and on pictures of pictures of uniformed officers and generals and Sacred Heart pictures all over the walls. A canteen and an army camp or map with a bullet hole through the drum hung over her desk, and a battered huckle that had sounded many a triumphant charge swung from the corner of her mirror.

Each souvenir had a history and had been given her at parting by some special soldier friend. Though every one had made a pet of poor Dolores they did not spoil her, and often she had dashed from one camp to another on her pony like a wild Ojibwa Indian, and she had seldom ever played with any doll. There was a suit in her wardrobe, short uniform skirt, jacks, leopards, and moccasins all made and headed by her parents. It was the gift of her mother. When Dolores was younger she had not desired to become a girlscout or join any army. Her mother too had hesitated some time but her father was stern on the subject, and he knew it was safer for her than if she had stayed home.

"We are in great enough danger now," she had said to Dolores that two years before parting. "The enemy is murdering children so fiercely that I am afraid to let you outside even a minute. If I had known you would have had to go to the army I certainly should not have had to cut your hair out so short and you should have worn your sun bonnet all summer." Then to the women's surprise her little daughter had thrown herself into her arms sobbing.

"Oh mamma I don't want to go back to the mobilization camps. If I must go take me to the army under the great fighting generals. Please do or else let me stay here at the army post. Everybody will take care of me here. I will just die if you'll leave me in an old mobilization camp, where there is no excitement, and where soldiers are only sent to be mobilized for the army."

"Why darling?" she had said soothingly as she wiped her tears away and rocked her back and forth in her arms. "I thought you had always wanted to see a great big mobilization camp, and the great armies you have heard so much about. There is so much peril in being in the fighting armies, and the battles are so dreadful. It's better if you would have gone home altogether. Dolores and there are all the toys in the nursery that we had when we were children, and the grape vine swinging in the orchard, and the mill spring where we fished and the popular wood where we had such delightful picnics. I thought it would be so nice for you to do all the same things that made me so happy when I was

a little girl. Wouldn't my little girl like that?"

"Oh yes mamma I suppose," sighed Dolores. "But my sister is with Emperor Vivian, and too the Glandelinians might get me at home too," she said. "I don't want to always have to fear at night so at home that a soldier of the foe will steal into my room to kill me in my sleep. I'd rather stay where it is best for me and papa said so. No mamma please let me go to the army. If I'm sent to a mobilization camp, I'll run away."

It had been two years and five months now since Dolores had left her mother and father. At first after her girlscout schooling lessons during the day she had looked herself in her room nearly every day and with her face buried in her uniform had cried over what she had read and heard the Glandelinians do. She had been sick at heart though she then had the gay military life of the army. Now of all girlscouts she was the most dreaded by the enemy. She enjoyed the army life immensely and she liked the great gray camouflaged tents and she liked the thrilling adventures, the comfort and ease of the big stately rooms of the big tents, and when in a general's headquarters she had her own mother's pride in the old family portraits and the beautiful carved furniture. Sometimes some boy scout had seemed so queer and funny to her that she found them a great source of amusement, and all her boy and girlscout friends planned so many pleasant and thrilling occupations outside of girlscout school hours that she scarcely had time to get lonesome. But though she mentioned it to no one, since the combination of flood and fire horrors she had a shut in feeling like a wild bird in a cage, a feeling like little Hildy did when she was in seamen's house instead of on the mountain window with Gout Peter and her uncle, and sometimes the longing to even try and burst through these obstacles made her fret and hate bitterly the thousand little proprieties she had to undergo. Sometimes when she went tipping over the polished floors of the long drawing room in a general's headquarters and caught sight of herself in one of the big mirrors she felt she was not herself at all, but some one in a story. The Dolores in the looking glass seemed so very, very like Hildy. More than once after these meetings with herself in the mirror she had dashed upstairs locked her door, and dressed herself in her regular suit. But that was mostly before she came into adventures with all the well known girlscout friends. General Vivian had felt sorry for the lonely child who had never been so separated from her mother and father before, and Violet and her sisters had devoted their time to her as much as possible telling her thrilling stories, and of their own adventures and entering into her plays and pleasures.

Since she has been in the army and got the rank of girlscout captain general, and since being with so many good boy and girlscouts of all shapes and ranks and with her sister too, and Gertrude Dolores had not had a single homesick moment. While she was at the girlscout military school as girlscout teacher in the primary department all others were reciting their lessons to her. Yet they were all free about the same hour and on time off played out of doors till taps. To day or this morning Dolores had so many experiences to tell these two boys that the boys seemed unusually long in getting ready. And she was so impatient for them to hear her news, that she could not settle down to anything but walked restlessly around the room wishing and saying they would hurry.

"Oh I haven't sorted my pa maps," she exclaimed presently picking up a fancy box which she had tossed on the bed when she first came in. "I'll take them down to the library. I wished Gertrude and the others were here."

There was no one in the room when she peeped in. It looked so bright and cozy with the great windows and the rose colored lights falling from its softly shaded lamps that she forgot the heat of the morning outside. Sitting down on a pile of cushions at the end of the hearth rug, she began sorting her purchases, and then looked over her presents which she intended to send to her loved ones, and her friends.

"The prettiest of these all must go to poor papa," she said or thought to herself. "Because he's been so seriously wounded away down there in Gledernine and this one a picture which has a little girl on it is a purple dress shall be for my dear sweet mamma cause it will make her think of me. And I'll send a letter to them both by telegraph."

For a moment a mist seemed to blur the gray purple dress of the little girl in the picture as Dolores looked at her, thinking of her far away mother. She drew her hand hastily across her eyes and went on, "This one is for general Vivian out at Evangeline St. Claire, and the biggest one with the doves for the Emperor. Dear me I wish I could send one to every Christian officer and soldier out there, and even to Violet and her sisters, but there is no news of their return yet nor of Evans. They were all so good

The pile of lace paper pictures of Our Blessed Lord and His Mother slipped from her lap down to the rug as she clasped her hands around her knees and looked out the window. She wished she could be back again at general Vivian's army long enough to live the good old days. How she loved the little dolls and the wild thrill the boys gave her when it struck up a burst of martial music and the troops went dashing by. Here she heard it too and that comforted her also. She did not even here miss the drills and the dress parades but how she missed the games she used to play with the Vivian Girl Princesses on the long summer evenings and in the winter cold days. Something more than a mist was gathering in her eyes now. Two big tears were almost ready to fall when the door opened and to her joy Angelina Riches and Gertrude came in. In Dolores' eyes both Gertrude and Riches were the most beautiful children any one had outside the Vivian Girls as friends and companions. Gertrude was equally as tall as Angelina, they had the same golden hair, almost forced in the same fashion and both had deep blue eyes, unlike the black of the Abbeonians.

"I couldn't be as stately and dignified as they are if I practiced for a thousand years," thought Dolores scrambling up from the pile of cushions to roll a big chair nearer the open window. As she did so her heel caught something under the rug and she fell back in an awkward little heap.

Dolores then strove to pick it up but whatever she had tripped on disappeared and she could not find it anywhere. While she was picking up her pictures, plans and maps the two boys came in. In dead if two of the cavalier and scouts had stepped down from the portrait frames just then, they could not have come into the room in a more charming manner than Penrod and his brother Fred. Their faces were shining their uniforms spotless, and they came up as was the custom to kiss the cheeks of the girls with an old time courtliness that delighted them.

"I am sure indeed there are no more perfect gentlemen in all the country than all the boyscouts," Gertrude said fondly, with an approving pat of Fred's head as she held to him for a moment. Dolores who had seen that half an hour before, looked at him and dirty smiled and said, "I know they had been out scouting Gertrude."

The boys darted a quick glance in her direction but she was looking over the maps with a very serious face which never changed its expression till dimpled Mildred Maxwell came in, and the boys began their apologies for not meeting her and the others at the door outside. However their only excuse was that they had forgotten all about it. However Dolores smiled at her fingers. "Why don't you tell us what made your faces so black?" Freds only answer was a shaking of the head, and then he ran to hold the door open for the girls to come out to the mess hall for breakfast, with all the grace of a young Chesterfield. When the breakfast was over and they were back in the library, Gertrude opened a box of envelopes, and began addressing them. As she took up her pen she said, "erridy!"

"Now tell your secret you had for me will you Dolores?"

"I was going to make you guess for about three hours," said Dolores. "But it is so surprising I can't wait that long to tell you. We are going to celebrate our safe return to the Christian lines since our long adventure down the flood and we are going to do it to-morrow night in general Aronburg's Headquarters. The general has planned it already, and has secured the things for it while we were unloading our wounded off the raft. Everything on the table is to be cut out in the shape of hearts the bread and butter and sandwiches and cheese, and if we can secure any the ice cream will also be moulded like hearts and the two big frosted cakes will be hearts, one red and one white with candy arrows sticking in them. Then there were we will be all kinds of peppermint candy and other hearts with loving mottoes printed on them, and lace paper napkins with verses on them so that the table itself will look like a lovely big valentine. I thought of course it is not that day this being August. But that is all we could secure for the celebration. We are going to have lovely games too. One will be parlor archery with a red heart in the middle of the target, and two prizes on a for the boyscouts and one for the girlscouts."

"Who are invited?" asked Penrod, as Dolores stopped for breath.

"All the girl and boyscouts who can come. There will be only of course the girl and boyscouts who were with us on the expedition with the raft. There is the list on the table."

Fred reached for it, and began slowly reading out the names. "Who is this?" he asked reading the name that was heading the list. "Jean Turner. I never heard of her. Is she a girlscout too?"

"No she's a rescued child scout from the army," laughed Dolores. "Little Jean Turner---don't you know? She's general Aronburg's girl aide-de-camp. You have surely seen her with her father riding on the horse this morning."

"Was he the man who had the one arm?" asked Penrod.

"Yes the other was shot off in the battle of Fort Donibault. Well when Jean first entered the army, she had a temper against the Glandelinians, and always wore such a dear little Napoleon hat, that everybody in the army called her 'The Little Angelina' Colonel."

"How old is she now?" asked Penrod.

"About Fred's age, isn't she Gertrude?" asked Dolores.

"Yes, was the answer. She is nearly nine I believe."

"I love to hear her talk," said Dolores. "She speaks her words in such a quick professor like way."

"I thought all you Abbeonians do that," said Penrod. "And anyway it sounds lots better than the way those darn Glandelinians talk, leaving out all their r's d's and P's."

"You two boys don't talk like we do," said Dolores. "You are all mixed up in every way. Being foreigners you have found it hard to master our language for some things you say in broken English and it doesn't sound a bit like the Abbeonian language."

"Oh well that is because we have traveled about so much don't you understand?"

laughed Penrod. "nd we have been in so many different parts of the country, and had an Abbeonian tutor, and all that sort of thing, and had so many narrow escapes with the enemy we had no time to learn it properly. We couldn't trip it."

"Yes I know," she said. "I know perfectly well. If I didn't it would not be because you haven't told me every chance you got. Who did you say changed you once all the way to Oliverine, and how many times was it the Glandelinian cavalry that put you? I think you should be more careful. I know all you went through, even the Vivian Girl Princesses have told me. I remember when they told me you wiped a pair of gloves belonging to John Manley and sent them back to him filled with mud and clay. Yes yes I have heard all about it."

Gertrude listened to the conversation but said nothing. She knew the good boys were a little inclined to boast, and she thought Dolores' way of talking might have a good effect. Then she herself said:

"Have you ever heard about the time this little Jean threw a handful of mud on Manley's coat while hiding behind a tree? There's no end to her pranks against the enemy. Get Angelina Riches to tell you."

"Oh yes please Miss Riches," begged Fred with an arm round her neck in his friendly way.

"All about your adventures with the enemy in the past, too," said Dolores. "Here Penrod, and you too Fred there is room on this time for you."

"Now can we tell Dolores about the man and his two children?" was Freds whispered remark to his brother.

"Not till we have seen the man again," answered Penrod. "You know we promised him that."

Then lets go down to night," exclaimed Fred. "Why not go now and see how he is?"

"A little while later Colonel Saunders saw them ride past the window making signs to the girls that they would be back soon."

"Aide-de-camp," he called out to his retainer. "Aide-de-camp," why are those two foreign boyscouts a second time riding down to that old house for it appears as if they have something up their sleeves."

The aide-de-camp who had just been coaxed by the two boys into filling a basket with a generous supply of gold victuals pretended at to hear hear until the colonel repeated his question. Then the aide-de-camp stopped cleaning the colonel's horse long enough to answer. "It's a mystery to me sir." The aide-de-camp well enough did not know what they had gone for on a quest. Still he did not dare to tell the colonel even if he did know. The food, the coziness of the place and the early morning rest had so restored the man's children that they were able more so to show their appreciation for the kindness, although the little girl limped badly.

"Are not the little boy and girl dandies?" cried Fred. "I am sure wish she were my sister and my brother. They seem nicer than our own kind of kids at home, except our sisters. Yet something is always happening to children here because of the enemy, and these Glandelinians are such a nuisance, who once stole our white rabbits, and killed our golden pigs."

"I'd not have lots of things stolen by Glandelinians when we came to think of it!" exclaimed Penrod. "Pet squirrels white mice and the racoon that our Uncle Ben brought us, and even the parrot from Mexico Mexico."

"Yes, and the gold fish, and the little baby alligator which the enemy threw into a fire," added Fred. "Oh I sure hate them soldiers in gray. As soon as papa returns to the army and comes to us I'm going to ask him to buy us something new maybe a bear."

"I'm afraid my little boy is nearly run a for," said the man pointing to the boy who lay curled up in the hay, coughing at nearly every breath. "We ought to stay here another few days if you young gentlemen do not object."

"No we do not object," cried Fred. "Then we can bring the girls and Jim and have some of them take care of your little boy."

"Yes," answered the man. "And I'll give you some good information if you will only kindly wait till tomorrow. Give us one more day to wait up and get in a little better trim. My poor daughter's foot is still too lame for her to walk properly and you are too kindhearted, I am sure sure to want to see her suffer in order to give you pleasure."

"Of course, yes indeed," answered both the boys, agreeing so quickly to all the man's speeches that before they left the house, they had renewed their promise to keep silence until he gave the word. The man was a shrewd Christian spy and knew well how to make these little souls serve his good purpose to enable him to get even with the foe, for shooting both his girl and boy. The boy was shot in the lung and his father had hopes of saving the lad himself, having been a professional doctor in his day before the war. Gertrude Angeline was so busy with preparations for the celebration, that she had no time those few hours to notice what the boys were doing. When they came back, she sent them on several errands, but the rest of the morning hours they divided between the house, and the girls' quarters. Very telegraphic report brought something new to each of them and then the boys were surprised by receiving a military telegram from their father.

"I knew he'd send us a telegram," cried Fred, tearing upon the envelope. "I'll bet papa is sending good news. Yes here it is! Papa is such a tease about his wounds. Isn't his telegram a stunner. And whoops! Here's a ten dollar bill in the telegram. How did he send it to us despite this flood?"

"So there is also in mine," said his brother. "Mamma says in the telegram we are to buy anything we want. They couldn't find anything in Calverline that they thought we would like."

"I don't know what to get with mine," said Fred folding his money piece together. "Seems to me I have everything I want except a camera camera and I couldn't buy or use one in the army. It isn't allowed."

They were half way home when a happy thought came to Penrod. "Fred," he cried excitedly. "If you would put your money with mine that would make forty three dollars, and maybe it would be enough, to pay a doctor to attend to the boy and girl. The Military doctors are too busy and too far from here to go and ask any of the, and a private doctor could keep him if asked to."

"Let's do it, but ask the man first," exclaimed Fred turning a handspring to show his delight. "Come on we'll ask the man now."

But the man shook his head, when they dashed into the cabin and told their purpose.

"No sonny that ain't a tenth of what a doctor would charge in these hard times," he said. "But I'm a professional doctor myself, and I have raised my children from the time they both were tiny babies. I've taught them and fed them, took care of them when sick, and looked to them for loving company. I know my children's ailments, and if I cannot do much for my boy, no doctor outside or in the army can. He's wounded in the lung. The Glandelinians shot both my children as we fled. Couldn't you send one of your girls' friends to stay here with them?"

"It was Penrod's turn to shake his head.

He turned away too disappointed to trust himself to answer any other way. The tears sprang to Fred's eyes. He had set his heart on having a doctor look at the man's children.

"Never mind brother," said Penrod moving toward the door. "Dolores will do something for them when she comes home again and find out how bad they are."

"Oh don't be in such a hurry young gentlemen," said the man when he saw that they were really going. "I didn't say that I wouldn't care to have a doctor if you could get one for that much, as he has the medicine as with him I haven't got. You've been so kind to me that I ought to be willing to make any sacrifice to you and for you. I happened to need some medicines for my children especially the boy very particularly just now, and I've a mind to have you get one but on only your own terms." He paused a moment looking thoughtfully at a crack in the floor as he stood by the fire with his hands in his pockets. "Yes he," he said at last. "You can try and get a doctor for forty three dollars if you'll make him keep him about us being here in the Christian line. You can leave the rest in the hands of the Christians. But I'm afraid the little boy is going to die."

"No, no," cried Fred, throwing his arms around the child's neck. "He is not going to die, and we must make the doctor any so too."

After some thought the man said he would do so and the boys after some time succeeded in getting a doctor who was willing to do it for nothing. In the mean time Penrod himself, the boys' scout captain general coming up from the barn in the rear of Gertrude's headquarters thought he saw several persons stealing along by a clump of pines near the shed.

"But who goes there?" he challenged. "There was no answer and after peering intently through the evening smoky dusk for a moment Penrod concluded that he must have been mistaken, but he called some of the boys, and investigated but found no one. At this time the boys were returning from the house by the still spring, and they had one of their own girls' friends with them.

"The boy is warm and comfortable for to day," whispered Penrod to his brother Fred. "To-morrow the man said we could tell at least our own girls' friends but not everybody. They."

The boys then entered a small barn by the rear of Gertrude's house and while they were rummaging in the hay for something, they were startled by a rattling behind them. They looked into each others' frightened faces, drew their pistols and glanced around the dark barn in alarm. Then a girl's voice betrayed the man's little girl. She had followed them.

"She's here," said, in a whispering voice. "I'm afraid the soldiers will find out that I'm here. Don't you leave any of your doors unlocked to night, and tell your scout friends so if you ever expect to live to see another day. Not only is it true what he told you why we came to you for help, but Glandelinians discipline though they know not where we are know you shelled us, and they'll try to get you. My brother was shot in the lung by a Glandelinian who fired at us in a hush, and though father told you nothing too he himself is shot very ill though he holds himself up as if he is all right. He never had much trouble with the Glandelinians until two nights ago, and he finally gave up about the doctor because he's too sick to do anything for the boy now. I saw the Glandelinians plotting and heard them talking and I just got to come and tell you. You have been so good to me and my little brother. I'll never forget what you have done for us if I live to be a hundred. Now don't say anything or the Glandelinians will see me and kill me."

"Is your father badly hurt?" began Fred, but the little girl started at some sudden noise, sprang to the door as fast as her wounded foot would allow, and disappeared in the smoke haze. The boys looked at each other with surprise and indignation in their faces. There was a hurried consultation in the barn. The boys decided to have a trap laid for any strange men who might succeed in slipping past the guards and getting into the house. A few moments later the boys were giving their orders to a large number of soldiers as they knew well and could trust.

"They want to set the house on fire and kill us all here," said Penrod. "Don't hesitate. Shoot to kill."

All the time they were dressing for the party they were trying to decide how any enemies could best enter the place. What the little girl had told them about the man's own peril, and the plot of the enemy did not relieve them from their promise though they had set soldiers in hiding in great numbers near the man's hiding place with the word "don't let any men wearing my uniform go in there." They were amazed that Glandelinian soldiers could ever have been and longed to tell Dolores about it, still one of the conditions which they had brought the doctor to the man was that for the sake of the whole army they were to keep "mum" and they stuck strictly to that promise. By the time they were dressed, they had decided to put guards in every room impossible.

"No one will ever think of stealing their way in here," said Penrod "and it will be plenty warm for any Glandelinians who would make the attempt."

As he spoke he smiled.

"Don't the girls be surprised?" answered Fred. "Well tell her the whole thing as soon as possible."

There was no time for this however as the first girls' scout guests arrived and the boys were still giving soldiers orders as how to have the house guarded.

"Oh boys," called Mildred from the hall downstairs. "See what an enormous cake Gertrude had already made."

Looking over the banisters, the boys observed that a table had been drawn to the middle of the wide reception hall and on it sat the largest cake that they had ever seen. It was in a bright new tin pan and its daintily trimmed crust would have made them hungry even if they did not have sharp knives immediately after breakfast.

"What a queer place to serve cake," said Penrod, in a disapproving tone to his brother. "Why don't they have it in the dining room? It looks

It looks mighty good but some how it doesn't seem proper to have it stuck out here in the hall. Mauna would never do such a thing at home."

"But we are not at home," said Fred who had run on ahead to look. "But Mildred must have unconsciously fooled us for its made of on paper and its only painted to look like cake. But isn't it a splendid imitation?"

"Mildred was indeed pleased to have caught them so cleverly and she showed them the ends of fifty four pieces of narrow ribbon peeping from under the delicately brown top crust." She said.

"The white ones are for the girlscoots, and the red ones for the boyscoots," she explained. "There is a beautiful present on the end of each one and those on the red ribbons match the ones on the white. We will all pull at once and the ones who have the presents alike will go out to meet together."

The guests came promptly. They had been invited for nine o'clock, and dinner was to be served at eleven. The last to arrive was the little Jean girlscoot coiled the Army's Little Colonel. She came with her friend another little girl her own size. The child was very well uniformed. All the boyscoots had been curious to see her indeed, ever since they had heard so many tales of her mischievous pranks upon the enemy. A few minutes later when she appeared there was a buzz of great admiration. It was not exactly so much for the child's soft light golden hair, the star like beauty of her big dark eyes or the delicate colour in her cheeks that made them as pink as a wild rose as it was for the uniform she wore. It was of a dainty purple tulle thick and shiny like silk and there was a coronet of glittering rhinestones on her long fair hair.

"The queen of the party" announced Gertrude Angeline, leading her forward. "And now she shall open the big celebration paper cake and see if it is as good as her Majesty's."

A big music box of some kind in the hall began playing one of its liveliest marches, the children gathered around the big cake and fifty four little hands reached out to grasp the floating ends of ribbon.

"Pull!" cried the queen of the celebration.

The paper crust then flew off, and fifty four yards of ribbon each with a small pretty box attached flew brightly through the air for an instant.

"Now match them," cried her Majesty again opening her own to read what was in it, and finding a verse and the box full of candy. There was indeed much laughing and peeping over shoulders and tugging of white and scarlet ribbons while the gay music box played on. In the midst of it Dolores beckoned to the little girlscoot called the "Colonel."

"Come up stairs with me for a minute Jean," she whispered "and help me look for something I brought ashore from the raft. Gertrude has forgotten where she put the small rifles and the cartridges that we are to use in the shooting contest after dinner. There is the prettiest prize for the one who hits the red heart in the center of the target."

"Oh do you suppose you can hit it?" asked the girl as she and Dolores slipped their arms round each other, and went skipping up the stairs.

"Yes indeed," answered Dolores. "I used to practise so much with my pistol and small rifles out at Fort Ponohue that I could hit centre every time. I'm not going to join in the shooting though, and neither is Mildred; Gertrude or others as it wouldn't be fair. But afterward when the contest is over we'll show all some of our marksmanship."

When they reached the top of the stairs Dolores went into her room to light a wax taper in one of the silver candle sticks on her dressing table.

"I think that Gertrude must have led left those rifles and cartridges in the big room," she said, leading the way down the cross hall which went to the south wing. "She made the pie there this early morning, and all the other things were there. This building is not much used either I fancy as we have not yet explored all the rooms."

The taper that Dolores carried was the only light in that part of the house as it was growing dark outside from so much smoke in the sky. When she reached the door of the big room she turned to Jean.

"Hold the candle for me please," she said, "while I look in the closet."

Indeed this little Jean made a very pretty picture as she stood in the doorway with the tall silver candle stick held high in both hands. Her hair shone like gold in the candle light and her glittering crown flashed as if a circle of fairy fire flies had been caught in its soft meshes. Her dark eyes peered anxiously around the big shadowy room lighted only by her flickering taper. Dolores, Penrod and his brother were having an argument about her. It began by Penrod taking his brother aside and offering to trade candy boxes with him.

"And why indeed?" asked his brother Fred with some suspicion.

"Because yours will match a yens and want to escort her to dinner," admitted Penrod. "Next to Gertrude and Angeline Riches she is the prettiest girl

as at here.

"But I do not intend to make any trades," answered Fred. "I want to take her to the main hall myself."

"I'll give you the possession of any easy making military codes in my envelope if you will."

"I do not want any such lones," declared Fred almost stoutly. "I'd rather have the little girlscoot for my partner."

"But I think you should trade," coaxed Malco Penrod. "It's mean to also when I'm the oldest. I'll give you that big map which you have been wanting so long if you will."

But a word only shook his head.

Just then a most terrific scream sounded in the upper hall followed by another and then the sound of shots half a dozen times that made every one down stairs turn pale with fright. Two voices were uttering piercing shrieks one after another so loud and frantic, and followed by the sounds of shots that even the guards in the back room came running with pistols drawn. Gertrude Angeline thinking of the candle she had told Dolores to light and remembering the thin uniform she wore instantly thought she must have set herself afire, she ran into the very hall herself, so frightened that she was trembling from head to foot. Before she could reach the staircase, Little Jean came flying down the staircase white as a little ghost, and her eyes wide with terror. Throwing herself into Gertrude's outstretched arms, she began to sob out her story between great trembling gasps.

"Oh there were thirteen old awful, awful Glandelinians in that big room and they nearly got us. They came through the windows and some of the made after us, but Dolores shot them down at least some of them and if I hadn't slammed the door just in time after she got out they would have killed us. I'm sure they would. Oh-oh-oh. They were awful and wore dreadful masks or hoods with half moons on the top."

"Why Jean?" exclaimed Gertrude distressed to see her so terrified. "It must have been only the shadows of our men you saw. It isn't possible for the Glandelinians to get away from you know without coming inside the house. There is Dolores."

"She is up here Miss Aronburg," called one of the soldiers. "She's rescued two little boys up here whom the Glandelinians had brought with them to she says, and there's a girl too who is so scared she is going to faint. I'm afraid it was they who did the screaming. There is certainly some one still in the room. I can hear them moving around now."

All the boyscoots who had come into sight on hearing the screaming and the shots went dashing up the stairs, led by Schofield Penrod and the German boy George, and the whole party of girls followed them at a respectful distance as ordered by Penrod, but with all their own pistols drawn. When Penrod opened the door with a bang the room looked very big and shadowy and six Glandelinians were just making for the windows, while three lay on the floor dead, and one was moaning and groaning. The figures of the men in such such dreadful looking hoods were certainly enough to frighten any one coming upon them unexpectedly in the dark, and when Gertrude saw them disappear out of the window before Penrod could open fire she drew Jean's trembling hand into hers with a sympathetic clasp. Before she could ask any questions the boys began an excited explanation. It was some time before they could make their story understood. Gertrude was horrified, and insisted on sending news to the general at once.

"The idea of such dangerous Glandelinians as those Gargoylish Kurds breaking into the house of girls and boys just to get a head and his two children who are hidden in the camp," she exclaimed above all trying to murder children whom they brought in here on purpose to do away with us. We might have all also been murdered in our sleep."

"But Miss Aronburg," begged Penrod, the other boy "I can't understand this. I can't reason why or how they got in that way. Let's go and look things over and see how they got up and with the two eight year old girls and the boy. It was a good thing they screamed or they would have been slaughtered in that room. Were you frightened Dolores?"

"A little," she answered. "But I fired as soon as I saw them, and so did Jean though she was more frightened. But we didn't scream. It was those whom I rescued."

There was a scattering to all portions of the house but no evidence as to how the Glandelinians got up to the room could be found. Jean forgot her part a little afterwards. Gertrude was determined to send some soldiers down to the house at once to investigate. She had a horror the Glandelinians

could get the men and his children next. But the boys begged her to wait till the next morning saying that the Glend-Indiana couldn't find the place and besides it was dark and the ground was well guarded by hidden soldiers who would fire upon any one even seen approaching toward the house.

"The little girl agreed up that we were in peril for the little boy," said Freda. "I was so certain that the towns about in this big beautiful valley. This is a perfect party celebration. Whichever Angelina please, and dinner is waiting. I'll be responsible for any harm that may be done. If you will let the boys know their way this once, I'll order the horse absolutely guarded, and a search made for the remainder of those men. The dead ones can lay up there till the party is over, then I'll send men to take them out and search their clothing to see who and what they were."

There seemed no other way to settle it just then and so six guards were placed inside and outside the town. Fred took Jean down to dinner and Gertrude heard him sympathizing with her for the night she had worked, and he gave her his opinion of Glend-Indiana. The little girl listened willingly but her colour did not come back for the whole day. It was when Fred came up with the prize he had won, a tiny silver arrow and pinned it in the knot of red ribbon on her shoulder.

"Will you keep it to remember me by?" he asked bashfully. "I will sure of course," she answered with a smile that showed all her rosy dimples. "I will keep it forever and ever to remember how near I came to being killed by the enemy, and how you and Penrod the horse-out leader helped me."

"It seems too bad for such a beautiful party to come to an end," said one of the girls. "The last merry game was played, the last story told and the girls who promised gave an exhibition of their crackshot work with their pistols, and rifles. But there is one comfort," she added, gathering all her boxes together. "There is never is any need to the end to remember it by. I've had such a good time Miss Aronburg."

It was late in the afternoon when the last on horse-back rode down the company street bearing away the last smiling little guest, that the dead men were removed from the room, and a double guard placed inside and outside the house. It was not long until the last light was put out in every room and a deep stillness settled over the entire house. Penrod was alone in a tent, well guarded and he sat bowed over his big geography.

Those who knew about Penrod had habits some times said that Penrod seldom slept, for no matter what hour of the night the guards passed his tent a light was always burning. He was indeed one of the busiest of all boyscouts in the Christian army but he never was always by himself as son of the soldiers thought and said. He had learned a lot despite his early years by the help of general Greathart who had been his teacher and foster father in San Domingo. Penrod really was feared now more by the enemy than anyone else no one knew. He was always with the greatest of all the girlscout leaders, and spent so much time going on scouting parties with them that all soldiers called him "the second Redcliffe," and he sure was a guardian of all the girlscouts known by him. No one knew that he had already written two big books about his own experiences in the terrible war and of the girlscouts that he loved and adored so well, and also an extra book of the history of his experience with the Vivian girls and that he could tell anyone full facts more wonderful than thrilling fairy tales about any adventure he had about the war with the for which was more thrilling than any experience of those in fairy tales. In the adventures with giants, dragons and so forth. To night or this afternoon rather he was busy more busier than usual, and his lamp was nearly out. The smoke from distant forest fires was making the sky darker. When his light lamp showed it needed oil he would go and fill it. He was being unusually busy this time could he do something thrilling while everybody in the camp was too busy to know what was going on.

Over in the big house where the boys had left the spy, and the two children an enormous column of smoke went hurtling from the roof as if it was a volcano in eruption. Then the roof burst into flames the cedar and pine trees caught until the sky was red with an angry glare. The forest fire had come up and struck the place but fortunately was awarvig off from general Aronburg's headquarters. It lighted up the eastern pines of Gertrude's headquarters but the boys and all within fired from the usual party off. The glare spreading like lightning shone full across the room through the window and on Polores bed, but she was dreaming of being chased by Glend-Indiana in his black hoods and only turned uneasily in her sleep.

Penrod on his way to go out of his tent noticed that despite it being twilight it seemed suddenly strangely light on the outside. He went out to look.

"Will for the love of---" he exclaimed yet excitedly as he was in that distance a wall of trees a mile long suddenly and almost as it simultaneously burst into a sea of flames. "That house is struck by the forest fire, and someone will be burned there if I do not make haste and raise the alarm."

He started off like a bolt of lightning into the air, and not waiting to knock the door behind him or even to catch something to protect his head from the flying embers of the burning forest, he ran out across the meadow jumped on his horse and galloped forward. He urged his horse on as fast as it could gallop for the house leaped the fence and down the hill to the burning water by the mill as spring. All one side of the big wooden structure was in flames but the forest fire was running its course. The fire was curling around the front door and bursting through the windows with fierce cracklings but the noise was greater from the burning trees. He dismounted and dashed frantically around to the back door, dismounted, and threw himself against it, shouting to know if there was anyone within. A blinding rush of smoke was his only answer and as he backed away from the overpowering heat two figures fell across the dobsall in limp little heaps. It was a boy and girl. Dragging the children to safety and some distance from the burning building and forest, he ran back fearing that someone else might be in danger but this time a fury of flames met him at the door and it was impossible to go in. His horse shouting roused the camp in this locality but by the time they reached the scene the roof of the house had fallen in and one mill gave way throwing up a big cloud of sparks but there was no danger of the forest fire spreading to the camp as the edge of the camp was in an extensive clearing and also on the shore of the floods.

While Penrod was tending over the little boy and girl trying to bring them back to their senses, Gertrude Angelina, and all her girlscouts and officers and many of the boys too came either running or riding down to the scene. The shouts, the sudden warmth and the crackling roar of the fire had awakened them all and they all had come down to see what had happened and to lend a hand if possible.

"How did it happen for the forest fire to get here?" she demanded breathlessly. "Are the children badly burned? Are any one else hurt? Is the spy in the building?"

No one gave an answer to her rapid questions as no one knew anything. Penrod shook his head but did not yet look up. He was tending over the boy and girl trying to restore them to consciousness. He seemed and did not know the right things to do for them for in a little while the children opened their eyes and looked around wonderingly. In a few minutes both were able to tell what they knew about the fire. It was not much; only a horrible recollection of being awakened by a feeling that he was choking in the thick smoke that filled the room, of hearing shots, and of seeing their father fall dead in the room. Then there had been an awful moment of crouching through the blinding checking smoke and helping his sister both trying to find a way out. Three men sprang to the windows and made their escape and one had a torch in his hand and as the outside air rushed through the opening they had left it seemed to fan the smoke instantly into flames.

The terrified children too choked to scream for aid had struck out at the will of flame with their helpless little hands, and then half asphyxiated by the searing pain dropped to the floor and crawled in the opposite direction. But as Penrod burst open the door. The sight of the poor little blistered face and hands of the two children brought the tears to the eyes of all, and Gertrude called two of her boyscouts directing them to carry the children and place them on her horse and then go at once for an army doctor. Gertrude knew how to prepare the cooling bandages that were needed, and she determined to sit up all night to apply them. She could not sleep now after such great excitement.

"We all seem responsible for the poor kids," said Gertrude. "Since it happened in our camp and my two boyscouts brought them here it seems to me that we ought to have the care of him and his sister."

There was no apple opposing Gertrude's masterful way and the two were placed upon her horse. A number of soldiers were left to guard the ruins lest the stray sparks should be blown toward the tents.

"I wasn't mistaken after all," thought Penrod to himself. "There were some suspicious characters prowling round not long ago. Taking advantage of the fire, they killed the man and tried to kill the children too."

Then he searched the ground all around the ruins for footprints in the mud. He found many tracks presently and followed them over the meadow and across the road and down a railroad track several yards. There they suddenly disappeared.

He does not believe that Minnie would like it," she answered. "And my whole life is careful about their condition you know and maybe they cannot be in beds better bring Jack and Jean here but not as they can come and do not need to stay in there, you can bargain a how much experience this boy and girl must know when you remember how they have been reared by their murdered father," she told me his name in Hender Weaver and his sister's name in Jean too think of it! questioned heavily slowly after he have brought home. He came from the very worst district of the flood horror for days and days he and his sister and father had slept in cellars and in tree tops to avoid detection. He has a

...the slums. I have nobody to care for me. I don't let them shut me up some

"Gertrude won't let anyone else go on your night camp in on us," said Jack. "And you are mistaken as to Miss Gertrude. She has the say. No one can contradict her authority. But the Violent Girl Prisoners are coming in this camp with all these arms of brass around it and orchards and the yards, and all the soldiers here are over us and to us children, and we get plenty to eat and wear and also uniforms as you see we have on, and we have lots of fun putting it over on the enemy."

"Couldn't you get her to make me a riding master?" said the boy asked pleadingly.

"Well yes we sure can for she said she'd do it," said Jack as he heard Gertrude coming back. "She's going to have me on your good, teacher and you'll get along all right. We always help people that is in trouble, and cheat the enemy. And we have a lot to settle with me enemy too. See my leg and hand. And see her shoulder! Well that's a mere trifle of what happened besides isn't it, Jack?"

She merely nodded.

The little boy took his little nose out of the pillow as the girls' scout captain general came in, and looked around defiantly as if ready to fight the one who dared to hint that he had been crying. Jack then went into Gertrude's room while the two boys' scout brothers were seen coming up the companion. Street their arms thrown across each other's shoulders.

"Suppose it was us," said Fred after walking on a little way in silence.

"Suppose that you and I were left of all the family, and didn't have any friends in the world and I was to get separated from you and could never get back?"

"That sure would be luck which any one would call pretty tough," answered Penrod.

"Don't you expect the little boy and girl feel as badly about it as we would, and yet it has happened?" asked Fred.

"I should not be at all surprised," said Penrod, beginning to whistle. Fred joined in, and keeping step to the tune like the two little soldiers they were they marched on in into the house. Dolores found them in the library a little while later sitting on a rug taller fashion. They were still talking about the unfortunate boy and girl, and they could not think of anything else but the loneliness of the little wife, and their pitiable appeal. "Oh don't let anyone shut us up where we can't never be free again."

"Why don't you write to Emperor Violent?" asked Dolores, when they had told her the story of their shielding the boys' father in the burned house.

"Oh it's so hard to explain things in a telegram," answered Penrod, and being off there had said that he left everything concerning the wants of us scouts up to the matter of his beloved daughters for they themselves certainly know best. But they are not returned and if they could see these two—how pitiful looking they are and hear them crying not to go to a home I know they'd feel the way we do about it. Gertrude wants Jack to train them as scouts and Jack put us up to it first till he gets better."

"I called Miss Aronburg out in the hall, and told her so," said Fred and asked her if she couldn't make them good scouts. And she said, that was her intention and she smiled in that big kindly way she always does. She said these unfortunate are lots of good company and she would like them to learn as soon as they are well from their burns."

"Then she intends to make them scouts too," asked Dolores looking surprised.

"Yes," said Penrod. "But that doesn't help matters much for most of all we children are the only ones selected to learn him drill."

"We might try to learn them something even while they are not in," suggested Dolores, after a while, breaking a long silence.

"How?" demanded Penrod. "Now Miss Miss-Hollister, you know as well as I do there is no way for us to do such a thing so soon, with this army moving to morrow to frustrate Mylester's purpose. To try anything now is like trying to pick fruit in the dead of winter, or pull weeds or rake leaves. What other way is there we might then?"

"We might learn him the codes and exhibit the maps," said Fred.

"Now you made me think of it," cried Dolores excitedly. "I've thought of a good way. We'll first to entertain the poor kids give them a good show and a benefit like good singers have. Penrod can be the star performer and we can get all the scouts to not to be and so forth. I love to arrange things. We were always having them out at the fort."

"I bid to show off the maps," said Penrod entering into Dolores' plan at once. "Maybe that'll help us learn something better too."

"I'll help fix the maps," said Fred, "and have one of the girl artists color them, and I will be in anything you want me to be. How many maps are you going to give Dolores?"

"I can't tell yet," she answered, but a moment after she cried out her own shining with a pleasure. "Oh I've thought of a lovely one. We can have the little Abolitionist Girl called the Colonel in it too."

Penrod promptly turned a somewhat on the floor, to express his approval but came up with a grave face saying, "I'll bet that Miss Angelina knows or the other superior abolitionist general will say we can't do it."

"It's got Gertrude Angelina, the highest of them all on our side," suggested Dolores. "She's up in her room now drawing a plan of some kind."

Somehow a little sigh of disappointment escaped Gertrude's lips as she made a slight mistake in her work, and then she heard the rush of feet on the stairs. This was the first time that she had touched her house since all had come ashore from the raft, and she had hoped that this one afternoon would be a successful one for her in her map work. There was no disappointment however in the bright face she turned toward them, and Dolores lost no time in beginning her story. Anyhow she had been elected to tell it but before it was done all three had had a full part in the telling and all three were waiting with wistful eyes for the answer.

"Well what is it you want me to do?" she asked finally.

"Oh just to take a side with us," they exclaimed and "and not let the two Angelinas oppose us. You see they may not feel about it as we do. I know they are willing too to pay a great deal of effort to have their own way of but Angelina knows she doesn't see why any of the boys' scouts of hers wishes to train them when one has been selected already. But Jack's leg may take a long time to enable him to walk around and we thought it would be best to begin it ourselves to help Jack."

Gertrude Angelina answered Penrod's last remark a little sternly.

"You must understand that it is for my own good that she is opposed to the idea," she said. "It was I who selected Jack to do the training, and there is no one in the whole camp so generous, kind and so wise as Miss Angelina. I cannot interfere with her ways even if she is only equal to me in rank."

"Yes," said Dolores meekly. "But you'll ask her won't you please Miss Aronburg?"

Gertrude smiled at her persistence. "I do not need to ask her," she answered. "I'll tell I finish this map and I'll go down stairs and tell her I decided to let you take Jack's place for the present, but only you three. And I'll report the matter to you at supper time. How are you satisfied?"

"Yes," they cried in chorus. "You are on our side. It's all right now." With a series of hearty hugs that left her almost breathless, breathless they hurried away. When Gertrude Angelina kept her promise she did not go to Angelina. With the story of the little boy and girl who was burned most to request her to move her pity, she told her simply what they wanted, and then said:

"Angelina," you know I have selected Jack to learn them something, but it is not easy to tell when he can be on his feet again. I have decided to let Penrod, his brother and Dolores to do the work for me. Dolores has learned every move of girls' scout signalling and so has Virginia. Laurel and the boys will soon know all the pre-ludes of the best drilling. There will soon be a better chance than this for them to do the work, before the army moves, and this would be a real sharing of themselves, all their time and their energies for they will have to work hard to get up such a drilling entertainment as this. It isn't for the sake of the two rescued children I suggest this but it is for their own good. They are safer with us as scouts within the lines, than or then if we sent them away. So I have decided that those three will do it, and Virginia will take her turn to relieve them when so they can rest, and then to relieve Jack when he does it."

Angelina looked thoughtfully out of the widow at the distant note of the forest fire a moment and then said:

"Maybe you are right Gertrude. You are the superior and you know best. I want to have all my boys do what is good and not be selfish. If this little injured boy, and the girl who lost their father cannot teach them something in the way, please their little hearts, they may do it if they want to, and as they have them at the best."

Gertrude knew that what the boys had desired would work good success and gain Jack confidence, and Gertrude decided to take charge of it. There was no lack of course to get ready, as the two children rescued from the preparations would be so beautiful and elaborate that the whole army would talk of it for months afterwards.

Gertrude Sawyer had before this spent a sleepless night planning her suspicions like the phibiscus general she was, and therefore that afternoon at two o'clock had an army of helpers at work. News came that the men who had killed the christian spy, had been shot down by pursuing cavalry as they escaped from the camp, and so that was their end. While the boys were at work she sent a telegram to her father to Jennie Turner.

"Dearest friend Jennie, the letter read "Send me your suggestion if you love me as soon as this letter reaches you" on back in a. unless any at Housheer Bend. All my accounts are getting up means to train two good children a boy and a girl, which will be fully explained on the next letter. There is no time now, as I must hurry as I want Uncle to advance his army to morrow to come to the help of William who is resisting Hyatt's advance in vain. I am supplanting a force of men to secure the country for enemies who might seek their lives and am also helping Miss Richer secure the country for more children to bring out: into the army. The whole camp is like a ant hill in operation constantly, there is so much work, and so rich scurrying around, drilling, and so forth but I know that is what you always enjoy. You shall have a finer in every pie if you will help me to make this a never to be forgotten occasion by their suggestion is

I want to make the old days of chivalry live again for all of our surviving scouts, and especially for poleros, Virginians and others. I can having "Wildred" to explain things for them therefore give us the benefit of your talent for sweet chivalry sake and for the sake of the country's cause and your devoted friend, and loving companion!!!!

Get Gertrude Angelino,,

Alas Angelina

Aronburg. If she is there give

my regards to , well you know who is Radcliffe. But reveal nothing to no one
Your Loving Friend....."

"She'll be sending some suggestion here," said Gertrude as she said the note nodding confidently to Annelise Jennings who had come to help in her plans. "I suppose you remember Jennie Currier do you you not, I guess took the prize in every scouting work she accomplished and was always in demand for something violet, and her sisters wanted done. She is the most charming girl scout leader I have ever known and as for spying expeditions - well even violet, and her sisters often said she's better than even they. You must list all the girl scout leaders come over tomorrow if possible."

General Aronburgs batch of boy and girlscouts arrived back in camp about three o'clock that afternoon, and their appearance was a time of continual sight to the other boy and girlsouts.. They followed them wherever they went until Angelina "chies laughing" called their leader the "Pind Piper of Hamelin" and asked them what they had done to bewitch the whole w forces. At ten after three they gathered around the tables in the big room as all as busy as honey an andumble bees, but as silent as if they were not there. Fred and the little girlsout known as the little Angelina colonel were cutting papers to be made into codes later on for the training of the rescued girl and boy. Penrod was gilding his spurs which they looked so old as rusty, Angelina Rich-ent stringing something us unusual like beads that gleamed softly in the candlelight like great ropes of pearls, and Gertrudus was painting the map she had not finished with she had intended to use to help general Aronburg survey the advance of Iner Nylsten. Angelina niches who had been busy at times with pasteboard and glue for som reason only known to her and also with tinfoil tinfoil and scissors held up new uniforms she had sewed, and to which she had just been finishing the last decoration.

"Isn't that fine" said Penrod. "It looks exactly like the one who is spinning
wear is will appar like a prince or a princess doesn't it Joan?"

"I've thought of a good riddle," exclaimed Dolores. "Why is Gertrude Angeline's head like the little magic lamp that Aladdin had."

"Cause its so bright and clever, and because she has only to rub it and then everything she thinks of appears" said Jean who was sitting on the bed "I don't see how it is possible she can think of so many things to help our christian army along and make plans almost out of nothing."

Dolores looked admirably unworldly at all the party's "ideas for making the world a better place." A beautiful day in the city.

[illegible]

"Think how grand Violet and her sisters must have looked "the boy said to the lad." Yet none of us are dressed like them. No," said then war even for uniforms in suit of white velvet embroidered with seed pearls, and literally blinding with jewels---even the buttons being great brilliants. From their shoulders as I have seen them hung a cloak of azure pur in velvet the color of our National uniform richly wrought with gold but only in winter and on cold days did they wear anything round their necks and then they wore the magnificent collars of Princesses which was the personal gift of their father His Majesty the Emperor. Think how splendid it must have been. Remember when every time the Vivian Girls came in the camp on good peaceful days the procession came in to the music of grand Abyssinian Bands and pipes and silver flutes and even scottish bagpipes and other musical instruments. Wouldn't you like to have seen the bands marching by two by two in cloth of gold with a escort of the guards of the Vivian Girls following all of Abyssinia's best and bravest were there, and they sat on their magnificent horses while the cowardly accords followed in the rear with their gorgeous banners drooping over them. Oh don't you wish you could have seen them. Remember when they came riding in, the bravest and prettiest little girls in all the world, and the goddesses."

"It was all Greek to Handara, and his little sister. The descriptions pulled him and her too, but he enjoyed Freds description of them and the uniforms of the rainiers. Fred remembered how often how he had seen Violet and her sister dressed either in beautiful velvet uniforms of white blue, or purple, and lavender ablaze with rhina stones and glittering jewels and other things only in plain uniforms as scout sones. Violet had been wrapped in his mothers cape, and as she had thrown it off Freds eyes had opened wider and wider with wonder, and forgetting her dignity he had said:

"Hi. You li look like a wale."

"Hi. You li look like a whole jawl jewellers window, dazzled by the precious sights," she had laughed at his remark and had answered: "Pretty cha! But I'm only imitation," she explained, "but it looks just as good as the real things." "I have left at home which we even dare not wear in the enns, for fear of the day at selling it. But if you boys want to see glitter com to our home sometime. I'll show you some sights, and so will my sisters."

But Fred never yet had the opportunity, he did not even know, and the chances had to tell him of her home in Angelina Agathia and therefore he remembered many things, and the way she and her sisters were he had longed to have been their brother. Indeed any boys had the same desire, not because they were so pretty, and so richly dressed at times but because a despotic high office, their riches, and so forth they were like Skits of the middle names they had. Fred now was greatly interested in watching the bargains of weapons pass by, and the military carpenters and engineers were making pontoons across a narrow stretch of the inundation and of the carpenters fixing up the big raft at Gertrude's request so that it could be used as a float in case of necessary during Aronburg's advance toward to oppose Mylletia and Malvivianian. He had never seen the raft before and was astonished at its immense size.

"How do you suppose the Vivian Girl Princesses felt?" he said to Henderson. "When so many troops falling in battle so often day after day and the country held here despite all the noble deeds they have done. They must have been badly ashamed and they felt they would have tried to do something worthy of their country's cause if they had died for it."

"There was one thing that Fred did remember." Something, -- it may have been
 that rich color of the jewel broided velvet that the vivian Girl Primo-ess
 wore, or maybe frequently the flush that rose to their cheeks at the
 still of such noble thoughts---something had often brought an unusual beauty

into their faces. Fred remembered that as he himself stood there, with hand held high his dark black eyes flashing, his face glowing, and in that princely uniform purple coat and uniform he had looked to them every inch a noble knight to him there was something so pure and sweet too in the expression of their faces that the light upon it to him seemed to touch them into almost unearthly fairness. Also the lad had remembered that one of them had been watching him with a tender smile on her beautiful face, and she had embraced him by drawing him to her and brushing the hair back on his forehead.

"My good boy," she had said, "Your own heart heart will I hope never be blank and bare. Already you have blazoned your own flag with the beauty of a noble purpose and you are like to me a second girl Gwendolene."

It had been his turn to be puzzled but he did not like to ask for an explanation, and yet there was something so solemn in the way that little Princess put her hand on his hand as she spoke almost as if she had been bestowing a blessing. He was suddenly aroused from these thoughts by Gertrude's new aide-de-camp George, Jimmensen coming in to speak with Henders and his sister. By three thirty everyone of the girl scouts and boys who could get into the big room of the building were present.

"That will be jolly for Henders and his sister," exclaimed Penrod, peering out from behind the door as he was changing his uniform coat. "We counted up that tenper d cent of the scouts would be here, and now more have come than I believe we have room for. We will drill them as suggested and show them how we do it. Now to get ready. Where's that Jon say. I told him to come at three. He hasn't showed up. I'll put him on bread and water for being late if he doesn't come sooner...."

"Hurry up Penrod," called Fred. "We are first on the program to drill our company, and its time to begin."

"But I'm waiting for my sergeant Jonsy."

"He can't come. Gertrude placed him on guard at her uncle's bedroom."

There was a great bustle as all who received the command rushed out into the company street, and then formed into line. The "little Angelina Colonel" was to drill her own girls, and when she clax in sight leading her force of girlscout troopers such a cheering and clapping and yelling and tossing of hats began that they all looked round, some half frightened at the sudden din, but the boys followed bravely behind her. Angelina Riches ordered a hush of the noise and the "little Angelina Colonel" dressed in her best uniform and almost looking like one of the Vivian Girl Princesses halted her column and her aide-de-camp rode out to meet her and the great drills all girl and boy scouts know so well began. The other scouts waiting their turn but just now being as an audience stood on tiptoe in their eagerness to see this Jean's troopers perform and were so wild in their applause that she had to do it over and over again. Over the rustle of these drills, and the hum of conversation that followed the first scene, there presently fell from some unseen spot sweet and not a of some much musical instrument.

Later came Penrod, that is Scholefield Penrod himself seated on his famous charger pony looking like a prince of fairyland with his gilded hat that flamed so bright with its plumes and the gilded dorys on top. It was really a beautiful picture he made, and Gertrude his friend leaning over or forward from her horse her face beaming with pride at the boy scout generals noble bearing compared him with Radcliffe "herself" with sabre shouldered from spur to plume a perfect star of tournament.

"No one at the moment could not see his face it was then turned aside as he was giving an order but as he rode on he was then suddenly observed. His dark golden hair was like a regular glory and his uplifted arm held the banner he carried high in the air and the staff had a burnished star with these great drills caused every one to stand spell bound.

"Could you really understand who he really is Taddy?" asked a boy scout.

"Course, indeed," exclaimed the boy, who had followed his sister Sally in her own drilling with the rest. Indeed an an amazed smile went round the audience when they heard the "little Angelina Colonel" gave her sharp orders. She was saying to one of the girls who had blundered the act, either through a mistake from not watching or through carelessness.

"When you are at drill hours Lloyd you seem to go through the performance just to get ride of the drill or because you feel you have to, and if so it doesn't count for anything. But if you drill properly it is like dividing some thing you have got with a friend and though you would like to keep it all yourself because you love to. Therefore you must keep your eyes open and do not throw the whole rank out of line. So please don't do it again."

Other drills from the rest of the boys and girls followed in rapid succession and then came the prettiest and most splendid drill of all being the one in which some of the leaders were to show their own displays with their scouts.

The girlscout leader Virginia Haid looked like a little queen in her full dress uniform her long black hair in curls and her jeweled belt and collar. Dolores, and Jean Andragon and many others of the girlscout leaders thus appointed helped to fill out the drill program while all the boys that could be persuaded to take part were dressed up for Angelina's drill, in gardenia garb and so forth. That drill had to be shown four times, and then the audience of men and officers and those not up appointed to drill kept on applauding as if they never intended to stop. Then by the girlscouts on horse came a display of dragoon drills. Then Gertrude Angelina came out on the company street and told the story of her experiences of the flood, and the passing and many of the greater part of Gwendolene. She told it so well that many listened with their mouths open as if to see the great flood. Then she finished with "True the flood still remains, but though Gwendolene has almost gone to her death, her ad our own armies have not passed away but have grown day by day. The flower of chivalry is blossoming blossoming anew in this new war, and we will give Gwendolene all the war she wants, and set the child slaves free." Then came a troop of boys and girls in white and yellow uniforms and on their breasts each was fastened a picture of some well known christian officer or general who was helping to crush the wicked power of Gwendolene a long long line of them, and the first was General Vivian, and his Brother, the second the Princesses, and the last was a funny picture of general John Manley, with the noise of camp, a high stove pipe hat six feet taller than his head and a pair of eye glasses that had ribs three times bigger than his eyes. For all the other pictures cheer after cheer went up but at the appearance of the comic, the air was shaken with the screeches of laughter that came from every one who saw it. Then to satisfy the military loving little Dolores one more drill was added. This time an aw inspiring scene was presented. Angelina Riches herself lay on the ground with a sheet thrown partly over her with the words "GALVERINIA" in big letters, while above her stood Gertrude dressed in long flowing robes with a great crown on her head and an immense sword in her hand holding back an enormous monster with the words written on the crown of its head "Dragon of Gwendolene", while a little dark eyed girl knelt at Gertrude's feet as Angelina vine State while at two boys a who stood for army and navy said to Gertrude: "Yes Miss Abhinonnia I will help you keep the Dragon off of your little sister. A large sheet was lying on all sides of Angelina Riches, with imagin images of broken houses strewn on it smothering the flood, while not far from it lots of rubbish was burning signifying forest fires."

It was late when the military performance closed about near to five o'clock later still when all the scouts reached their respective places. The girlscout Virginia Haid rode up and down in her uniform directing her boys and girls to close ranks and march off, and Penrod that is the captain general still remained seated on his horse admiring the handsome little figure that Jean herself showed him who had drilled too despite her wounded shoulder.

"When this war is over," said Jean "I'd hate to take of f this splendid uniform. I'd like to be a girlscout always, and ride horses and wear a sabre and spurs every day."

"So we can if we choose to do so," said Angelina Riches. "I hope the two burned children enjoyed the scene. Isn't it splendid the way the drills and the performances turned out so well. Gertrude said there is plenty to remember for us all now and it will get us a chance to do better work if general Langbury thinks best, and she hasn't any better line."

"I wish there were enough boys and girls to bring here to increase the size of our force," said Dolores. "Would it not have been lovely if we had not lost no any on the raft."

"Well I should say," answered Penrod. "Maybe we can recruit a number some day and make up enough for that by getting the money some day."

With this pleasant prospect before them, they laid aside the dress uniforms and prepared for the coming of the supper call. During the drilling and other performances flash light pictures of something going on had been taken by some of the officers, and therefore when word and his brother got into possession of one of them plates and carried his away to his room to admire in private. "It is so comely and handsome that it do not seem to me he could be a girl scout but it up on the desk before him. I wish I could look that way myself. A few moments later Angelina Riches went in to the room

[illegible][illegible]

with a mistle look for her answers
 "Why don't you try a little
 boys a kiss on the forehead"
 up to the motto you have chosen
 all things are worthy that title as you are to n days

What does that man though Miss Rich- if he asked "What is too late to explain to day" she said "I will tell you some time, but not in a moment I wish to give you something"

They obeyed. Then from a little narrow case lined with purple velvet she took two pins that she had in her possession long time. Between a little white enamel flower with a tiny diamond cross in the center like a drop of dew.

"You can't wear anything but uniforms," said the sergeant. "But this is the fastest one on the list of each boys uniform company. But this shall be the badge of your honest work--wearing the white flower of a homeless 1st. The little pin will help you to remember, maybe, and will remind you that you are pledged to right the wrong wherever you find it in little things as well as great."

It was a very earnest talk that followed. The boys came out from their room afterwards waving the tiny white pins in their hands, and with a sweet seriousness in their faces. A noble purpose had been born in their hearts. The first thing they did was to tell Dolores and others the fact that she should be wearing a pin also. Though she in stated she could never be a knight because she was only a girl the boys laughed and Pedro said:

"That's all rot. You can be a knight anyhow whether you be a girl or a boy and girls in this army are lots better than boys, now what do you think of that?"

"But," she began when Angelina picked her up in time to hear the

"The boys are right, Dolor-s. They ought to run the same thing exactly in this day of the world." Dolor-s you should have a badge, too. Run into my room and get that little lamplike flag of our country on its cushion."

"I think that this is the very prettiest place of jewelry you have," related Dolores coming back with the phat. "It is a little ring, where red, green, yellow, purple and white was made of tiny settings of garnets, sapphires, and diamonds. It's beautiful."

"Yes, I think that because it is the birthright of a fighting man. Angelina picked up an amused smile. "Well it is a shame for yours. How will it be a reward you of the boys' knightly motto of boys' mottoes? I mean no soldiers' little daughter needs to be told that the colors stand for when her own brave father has spilled part of his good red life blood to right the wrong on our fields of battle."

"Oh Miss Riches" was the all that Dolores could grasp in her delight as she clasped the pretty pin tightly in her hand. "Is it mine, for my very own?"

"Yes, your very own dear!" was the answer.

"Oh I'm so glad," cried Dolores, "thanking her with a kiss. "I'd a thousand times rather have it than any like the boys. It means so much more."

THIS REPORT HAS BEEN CLASSIFIED "SECRET" BY THE FBI

Early after the Mass there came out surprisingly for a few minutes in the west the sun through the smoke in the sky looking like a great red ball.

"Exactly the kind of a gun suggest they must have in Hooten." Holman said. "If it was our gun, it did not have any number yet let's get in the big gun over there."

It was decided on, by the two boy friends of home, and they piled the hay that was left up on one side of the front air room, set wide the big double doors and went it clean.

"It's clean enough now for even Violet, and her sisters to sit in if they ever should care," said Florence as she spread a cloth on the table, some of the boys could not care but for them. "It's good enough for even a queen. Oh I'll tell you what's the best of that's have a sort of banquet and while we are eating we can let our knight who was a good man and carry us off on horseback."

"That's all right," consented Fred "but for the eating part. How can we get out share of the supper?"

"We will save it for you," answered Virginia who was with them. "I shall go my assistant and help me rescue her. We can have John with us too. I'll go ask her now. We might as well play some game while we have the chance for tomorrow the army advances and we won't have the chance. If it don't go we are on duty tomorrow anyhow."

Then day had made a great change in little Jean's rounders. With plenty of care for her wounded shoulder she had grown much more better quicker than those were expected for the little heroines, even though she said she still had lots of pain and fever in her arms. With plenty to eat her face had grown plump and bright again. There was a good humored twinkle in her sharp eyes and being quick as a monkey at doing anything she was asked she was the pride of the whole force. Having recovered Jack she was the "Fair Heroine of the party." Their pride in her was something unusual. By the time Fred was back again with Jean, the other guests had arrived. The banquet began in a great style, but in a few minutes was interrupted by a fearful shrieking from a dead, food line.

"Help me somebody" came the words. "My leg is all bined up. Get me out out. Get me out. Quick who ever you are in the barn."

All in the barn looked at each other aghast. Penrod Fred brother sprang up but was promptly motioned to stand back by a warning shake of the other hand.

WIFE, DAUGHTER, SON, AND GRANDSON.

"A girl" gave back the answer in a word of distress. "I run away from the band-lindans for they were going to do something awful to me."

Seeing that the child who ever she was was really suffering, the boys opened the door of the bin which was locked on the outside. The child was brought from the bin red and angry. Fred brushed the cobwebs from her face and hair, and he persuaded her to climb a ladder into a loft just above them until he was ready to take her to be looked over by Penrod.

"Hi there untill you are looked over," he said coolly. "Remember untill remember
1st the girl untill we have a knowledge of you you are for this time being a
prisoner. Keep on that pile of hay before the open window where you can see
across a peaceful meadow. Remember you don't try to go untill we know who
you are. We want to know what you were doing in this barn, you a stranger
and not a scout either."

#1 'all you + was a Divitly"abe state/prod

"I'll listen to explanations afterwards" he said. "Are you hungry?"

His answer: "Yes."

A few minutes later Panrod came up the ladder with a plateful of the choicest morsels of the feast, and she began to enjoy her once in her life good meal. Virginia was sent to inform Panrod if he was one of the new crew members, and if he was not there, she was to tell Gertrude, and then she went out again.

distance from it and for an instant he stopped working the handle bar up and down too frightened to know what to do. If he was an older child he might probably have noted differently he might have jumped from the handcar and King the girl made for higher ground. But Fred had only one idea left, that was to keep ahead of the torrent of water as long as possible hoping the car would stop before it reached the high rise. The flood seemed so far away from the breach he thought they could surely reach the camp before it caught

Virginia found one of the scouts (not leader) sitting below the barn with his pony tied to a tree. On the other side of a long rail fence, he railroad the track which in this section had not been washed by the flood and which skirted the back of General Ardenburg headquarters for over half a mile.

"Do you see that handcar?" asked a boy scout named Jones pointing with his riding whip to one on the track, which sometimes was used by one or other of the boys. "The general sometimes allows me and others to ride up and down on it when there's none of us on duty. Some of the soldiers left it on the switch some time ago after using it, and while you were a pup the handcar got two soldiers to move it back on the line for me. They didn't want to at first thinking the officers might object but I know there is no train running on this track because the rest of it is submerged in the flood, and told me so, and they finally did it for a dollar apiece. As soon as you come I'll take the girl prisoner to Gertrude on the handcar but I'll go it to it with my pony and with her behind or in front of me. Then we'll go through the fence and get on the handcar, and he out of sight around the curve before the rest get here."

"It's down grade all the way to Gertrude's headquarters so you can push it easily enough myself but I'll need your help coming back with her maybe if everything with her is all right. In case she tries to escape suppose some of you cut across lots to the headquarters as soon as I start from or to the barn and meet us there. It isn't half as far that way, so you'll get there as soon as we do."

"All right," said the boy scout. "I'm your kid."

"Are you sure you can do it?"

"The boy scout Jones grins."

"I'll be on time," he said, then as Fred untied his pony, started on a run across the fields. The girl prisoner had not finished her repeat as the boy scout appeared but she put the plate down at his orders, and obediently climbed down the ladder hop had placed for her. They reached the fence and flying the pony's bridle over a fence post when they reached the edge of the field the boy scout crawled through the fence and pulled the girl prisoner after him bearing her across much to that delicate little lady's extreme disgust, but she could not say anything until she could prove her innocence. In a few minutes they were on the handcar. It moved slowly at first although Fred was strong for his age and his hardly little hands were untiring.

"Despite knowing herself to be part prisoner and part host the little girl cried as they now moved faster and faster and swept round the curve. "Isn't it lovely. I wish we could go all the way to Angelina's house on this."

The warm August wind fanned her pink cheeks and blew her light light soft hair into her eyes. Jones was waiting near Gertrude's headquarters and waved his cap as they came into sight. "The girl wants a ride so we're going around the next bend before we'll come in," shouted Fred as they passed him. "Woop! this is fine, and not a bit hard to work."

"What will the wicked Glandolinians do when they see us?" asked the little girl, laughing happily as they sped on down the tracks.

"They won't think or do anything," said Fred.

"Then if you are sure, you ought to prove it some day to pay them back for chasing me into that barn and shutting me up in that bin with spiders." Yet she seemed to be delighted with this new experience. For the time she almost lost in imagination she was really escaping from Glandolinians. Faster and faster they went. Little Jones who had followed to the second curve on his horse stood watching them with watchful eyes indeed wishing he could be with them. They passed the camp and then the handcar seemed to grow much smaller and then still smaller as it rolled away until it was only a moving speck in the distance. Then he turned and rode back to the barn.

"I believe I have gone far enough," said Fred after a while. "Better turn around now and go back the way we came or Glandolinians who may be patrolling the neighborhood may see us and come after us. Let's wait here a minute till I rest my horse, and then we'll start."

The place where they had stopped was the most lonely part of the track that could be found in miles on either side. It too was in the midst of the thick

"Oh Miss Riches" was the all that Dolores could grasp in her delight as she clasped the pretty pin tightly in her hand. "Is it mine, for my very own?"

"For your very own dear!" was the answer.

"Oh I'm so glad," cried Dolores, thanking her with a kiss. "I'd a thousand times rather have it than any like the boys. It means so much more."

"What lovely beautiful flowers on that bush," said the little prisoner. "Would it not make a beautiful bouquet for your girl friends down by the barn?"

"I'll get so," said Fred hastily springing from the car and clambering up the bank, forgetting that if she was a girl scout she would have the opportunity of making her escape. Taking out his knife he began to cut as many as he could hold. Then he suddenly recollected, he had left the girl alone on the handcar.

"I forgot," he said to himself. "If she has escaped—!" He looked toward the car, and was surprised to see she was still there, and had not even moved where she had been sitting.

Down in the basement room, sitting at the head of his bed, he looked into the ground and looking impatiently down the road. Presently he got out and searched the towns interested in the burned boy and girl since the fire, and the benefit had made them so well known. The boy scout with all the fourlemen of the other answered. "I don't know any more about it than I know about the fire." "So you want to be an unusual boy scout around here do you?" said Dolores pleasantly with a smile. "Maybe I can help you be one. Know anything about flag signaling?"

"Heaven answered Henderson. Well I ought to seeing as I've seen scouts do all that so often and spent my time so often dodging the Glandolinian patrol scouts when I was trying to steal planes and on other things from the enemy officers and such."

"Is that why your father and you and your sister was hanging round here?" asked Virginia with a good natured twinkle in her eyes.

"No, but see that boy Jones?" He's waiting for the Fred scout to come back this way. He won't leave the track a bit on a handcar taking a girl toward Gertrude's headquarters."

Dolores sprang up with an exclamation of alarm.

"How far has he gone with her?" she demanded. "I was down there about an hour ago, and at any moment the flood is breaking going to break through a dam up section. If it goes when they're down there—!" Even while she spoke there sounded far away in the distance so far that it was only like a faint whisper or echo the noise as of the breaking of a dam. Dolores was about to get on her horse and then stopped.

"What do you suppose they'll do?" she asked. "There are so many hands in this road, the flood may come on them before they see or hear its approach if it breaks through that levee. Suppose they'll try and come back or will they jump off and climb a tree to save themselves?"

Virginia herself planned around wildly for a few seconds, and then sprang forward toward Dolores.

"I know you have it, give me the switch key quick," she cried in a high shrill voice in her excitement. "Your horse can't run down hill fast but I can on foot. Give me the switch key."

Perplexed by the sudden turn of affairs and the little girl commanding her, Dolores took the key from her saddle. She realized her own helplessness. Nothing as her horse would stumble in running down the incline, and Dolores had a sore foot and couldn't run herself, and there was nothing in Virginia's manner that inspired confidence. She felt her friends pick it had grasped the situation and formed some sensible plan of action. She could hear the strange whispering whip whispering noise, and watching the key in Virginia was off down the track like an arrow. Dolores standing beside her horse walked after her as fast as she could pulling the horse along by the reins. In the meantime Fred, and the little girl having gathered the handful of flowers and started back toward the camp were rolling leisurely along still talking of Glandolinians and their ways.

"What if we should meet a squadron of Glandolinian dragons?" cried Virginia girl. "These Glandolinians you know with the hoods over their heads and the whips on their breasts. What would you do then?"

"I'd try to cut run them with the handcar," and Fred looked back to the car at the bright laughing face beside him. Then he caught sight of something on his shoulder that made him pause.

"Oh look!" he cried pointing over the tree tops behind them. Something like a long white cloud like snow dashing forward and upward trailed along the horizon like a long white ribbon. At the same time there was a rumbling swirling noise. The track behind them had so many turns, he could not judge it of their distance from it and for an instant he stopped working the handcar up and down too frightened to know what to do. If he was an older child he might have acted differently. He might have jumped from the handcar and king the flood ahead of the torrent of water as long as possible hoping the car would be washed out till he reached the high rise. The flood seemed so far away from the breach he thought they could surely reach the camp before it caught

up with them in the lower land and his sturdy little arms bent to the task. For a few moments however there was real pleasure in the exertion and he felt an excited thrill and had also the imagination that he was running away from the enemy with the little girl and rescuing her from a great pursuing danger. The noise of the waters sounded louder and nearer and this time seemed so close behind that the little girl gave a terrified glance over her shoulder and then screamed at the sight of a great foaming monster rolling over the lower plain from the main flood beyond. It was still far down the track but they could hear its terrible rumble as it rushed over the land, could see trees give way before it and even heard the singing of wires overhead from the force of the torrent.

Indeed Fred was straining every muscle now but indeed it was like running in a horrible dream. His arms moved up and down at a furious speed but never halted it seemed to him that the handcar was glued to one spot. It seemed too that it had been many hours since they first discovered the fall of the flood was after them and he felt that he would soon be too exhausted to move another stroke. Would the rise never come in sight? Just then they shot around a curve and caught sight of a little Virginia at a switch wildly looking with her cocked hat and shouting for them to come on. At that sight with one supreme effort Fred therefore put his fast failing strength to the supreme test and sent the hand car rolling forward and now upward faster than ever. Finally it was on high and shot past the switch and got on a viaduct - Virginia having unlocked the switch and the handcar was just up to the highest level just as the flood bore down upon them around the last bend. There was barely time to reach that high level before the flood thundered against the high ground and then was deflected in its course. As it went roaring on, a soldier attracted by the sudden waters below the camp cast a curious glance at a handcar on the side track. A little girl sat on it a pretty golden haired child with dark black eyes big with fright, and her face as white as her dress. He wondered what was the matter as he did not see the rescue. For a moment when the flood slightly lowered at that section everything seemed deathly still. Fred sat leaning against the embankment white and limp from exhaustion and the excitement of his close escape. Virginia was a panting and wiping the perspiration from her red raw face for she had run like a deer to reach the switch in time that would enable the handcar to get on the highest rise.

"I couldn't have held out a minute longer," said Fred presently. "My arms felt like the way they had gone dead, and I was just ready to give up when I caught sight of you. That seemed to give me strength to go on when I saw what you were at and it would only be a little farther to go before we were safe. How did you happen to be at the switch, and know how to set it?"

"I haven't been all my life around engine yards for nothing," answered Virginia. "Why didn't you jump off and go for the hill yonder?"

"I was so taken by surprise that I didn't have time to think of that," answered Fred. "The only thing I knew was that we had to keep ahead of the water as long as possible. You've saved our lives Virginia, and we'll never forget it as no matter what comes."

"I've been rescued a twice to day," said the little girl, taking a deep breath as she began to recover from her fright. "Virginia ought to be a officer too."

"That's so," exclaimed Fred springing to his feet. "Come on and let's go to the headquarters. We'll tell Gertrude our adventures, and then we'll go through the ceremony of making Virginia an officer. She certainly has won her spurs."

"Going back to the headquarters on the handcar?" asked Virginia.

"Not much, the way my arms feel now," answered Fred with a sickly smile. "And besides somehow such fast traveling with a chasing flood behind you doesn't seem to agree with a fellow. Just now walking is good enough for me."

"Yes too," cried the little girl heat tyeing on her white sun bonnet. "But the first part of it was lovely---just like flying."

Virginia ran back to give Dolores the key and was kept answering questions so long that she did not catch up with the other children until they were in sight of the barn first.

"After all," said Fred as the three trudged along together. "Maybe we had better not tell how near we came being drowned. Gertrude and Angeline might, and especially Mildred Maxwell would be dreadfully worried if they should hear of it. They are always worrying for fear something will happen to any of us and it often does in this war you know."

"Mildred would be wild," exclaimed Virginia. "If she knew I had been in any danger. Maybe she wouldn't let me get out of her sight again for all the war."

"Then let's don't tell anything at all," proposed Fred. "It will be our secret just as it was."

"All right," the others agreed. They dropped the subject then for the big barn was just ahead of them and the gay supper being partly over those within were running out, desiring to know where they had been so long. Evidently word would be stiff for a full week to come after his exciting race on the handcar, but nevertheless he did his grooming in private for he knew what a commotion would be raised if the matter came to Mildred's ears and he might even be blamed for the little girl's near escape. Mildred had always had constant dread of the dangers that the scouts faced. She had remembered that even June Wellfort had been sixteen times carried into camp in a senseless state, each time from some reckless encounter with enemy patrols once during a chase from having been thrown from her horse, and once from falling from the branch of a tree, when hiding from the Gladiolins. Even her other charges had fallen through the ice in the rivers during wintry days in California, and also Virginia had been shot in the wrist while scouting and walked in half a score of times with the blood streaming from some wound on her head or face. Dolores had never been hurt but her hairbreadth escapes would have filled a volume.

A really amusing one was the time when out raiding near the fence line they met what she had learned a young calf Indian fashion. It's angry mother was however in the next lot, but as long as she had her pistols with her Dolores had felt perfectly safe as she swung her lariat and dragged the bloated calf toward the Christian lines. She did not then stop to consider that if a cow saw its calf in danger it might easily leap a low hedge. A warning shout of one of the boys scouts came just in time to save her from being plunged to death by the angry animal who was charging at her with lowered horns. He only however had time enough to save herself by drawing her pistols and shooting the cow it was so close to her before it fell dead.

That evening after supper it was with some misgivings that Gertrude Angeline and Angeline Angeline started to the other part of the camp. It was the first time since the trip on the raft had finished that they had both gone away at once and nothing but urgent business for general Aronburg would have made them consent to go. The children that is the scouts promised at least a dozen things. They would keep all strangers away from the barn the live stock in the camp, the railroad, and other places and have extra guards set out, or allow any one without a pass to go outside the camp and they would keep a sharp lookout for scouting patrols coming too close.

"Where to me the way things are there's mighty little safety even in our camps these days," said one of the boys, when the long list was completed. "Already to day a Christian man spy was killed within our very camp by enemies. What next?"

"Oh the time will soon pass when such spies will not dare come in," said Mildred, who was preparing to saddle her horse. "Anyhow it will soon be supper time for us officers. This is the day for each of you girl and boy scout officers not coming along with me to write your weekly telegraph letters to your parents, you who have any and it is so pretty in the woods now that I am sure you will enjoy looking for white flowers. But if you do go look out for fires. You know for as fires are not far off from here. Look at that cloud of smoke. Well goodbye. Be back soon."

Time passed quickly, as Mildred had said it would until it was past supper time. Then Virginia herself one of the scouts officers began to wish for something more amusing than the quiet guessing games they had been playing on the outside, before it grew too dark. Some of the boys scout leaders had each picked up a book or a paper, and Jean herself after having her shoulder redressed had strolled off upstairs in search of a livelier occupation. In a few minutes she came down looking like a little uniformed princess in her new uniform, but this time she had a long bow and arrows slung over her shoulders.

"I am going down to the woods to practice shooting," she announced and as she stopped to look in at the door.

"Oh wait a minute, not alone you ain't with that shoulder," said George Zimmerman, throwing down his book. "I'm responsible for you. Let's all of us go down too. We'll rig up too in our best."

"You can come on when you get ready," answered Jean. "I'm going now because it is getting late but you'll find me near the spring when you come. Just yell."

"Isn't it a monster of a dog?" exclaimed George when a light revealed it at last. "It's lot bigger and finer in shape than any wolf. Oh isn't it a big one too."

▼ several owl flipped down from a branch above by r with such a diabolical booting.

that she gave a nervous start and a fearful cry of terror.

"Oh that frightened me, but I thought it was the call of the Glandelinians," she sobbed. "I don't believe I can stand it to be caught here all night alone with so many horrible dangers everywhere. And that red light is getting brighter. And it seems as if no one cares now. Nobody, but papa and mama and they are so far away, a great except papa who is in the army. May I'll never see them any more." At that the tears rolled down her face and she could not move a hand to even wipe them away. To be so little undisciplined and so forsaken so worn out with waiting and so helpless among all these unknown and yet real horrors that these dark woods might hold was worse torture to the unfortunate child than any bodily pain or the tortures of the Glandelinians could have inflicted upon her. It was just as her last bit of courage oozed away, and after she had at last given a louder scream of fright and she began to cry, that the wind brought the sound suddenly and very distinctly to the child scouts who had only half finished skinning the woods.

"What was that?" gasped Dolores looking suddenly as pale as a ghost.

"It must be as dark as a pocket in the woods by this time," exclaimed Jean.

"Yes, what do you suppose was that cry?"

They listened but heard nothing more. Yet that did not make them feel or think the sound was false.

"Fred got our weapons," said Jean. "We'll go into the woods and investigate. Get my big knife on the table too. I'll get something in the dining room that will do."

The boy was rushing out again with a carving knife in his hand when he came face to face with Gertrude Angeline and Angeline. "Achee!" The boys had been so interested in skinning the wolf that they had not heard the return or the sound of footsteps coming up the front veranda. George the Aldo-dump was lighting the hall lamps as the girls cut leaders. And Gertrude gave a gasp of astonishment and sank down in the nearest chair as Fred came dashing into the bright lamplight shouting to her. "We heard a cry of distress in the woods. Sounded like a little girl or some one in trouble."

"A cry in the woods?" gasped Gertrude. The boy gave an excited explanation but was stopped by Angeline Riches's question. "Where is Jean?"

"She's outside," answered Penrod. "We heard a cry in the woods, and we are just starting down there to investigate."

But Angeline Riches wanted no more or waited to hear no more.

"The poor little thing," she exclaimed. "I'll bet some one is shut out there along in alone in the dark woods. How could anyone be so cruel. It's enough to frighten her into spasms."

"I'll awfully sorry too," Miss Riches. "We'll find her if it is so. We'll yell and call, and she'll hear us." But Angeline Riches was already out of hearing. Out of the door she ran, through the grasses and the stubble in the field beyond regardless of her dirty uniform skirt or her new shoes.

Dolores, and the others of course dashed on after her on ahead, and kept calling, and were relieved to hear an answering cry of help me please and just as they came into sight of the tree before Angeline Riches had climbed the fence into the wood land, the boys and girls saw ten Glandelinians creeping toward the tree. "Fire quick!" whispered Dolores, to Jean, and suddenly her pistol blazed again and again, and six of the Glandelinians dropped, while the rest started to run. They did not get far, as the others fired and brought them all down with shrieks of pain and fright. The poor child was not crying when the boys were the first to reach her. She remembered she had once called her little brother names because she caught him crying over something that seemed to her a mere nothing, and she did not intend to give these boyscouts a chance to see her for fear they might look upon her as a coward. She was glad too that it was too dark for them to notice her tear swollen eyes.

"How it's dark down here," said Fred. "Were you frightened little girl?" he asked as he helped Penrod out the cords that bound her. But the poor child could make no reply to his questions. Between them she walked on in dignified silence too deeply hurt by her experience, too full of a sense of the wrong the Glandelinians had done her to trust herself to speak without crying, and she intended to be game to the last. Soon there was the same rustling sound again, and the girls and boys suddenly halted behind trees pulling the frightened girl behind one too. They waited but as no other sound was heard, they stole off from tree to tree. Sometimes when there was a sound, they blazed away with their pistols in that direction but no result. Finally they came to the camp and Gertrude headquarters, and when the child was brought to Angeline Riches and suddenly found herself folded safe in her arms with pitying kisses and comforting caresses she clung to her new found friend, sobbing as if her heart would break.

"Oh it was awful so awful," was all she could say, but she repeated it again and again until Gertrude who had never seen a child so excited before was alarmed and took her into possession. The boys who had run on ahead to the house again before the child gave way to her feelings were inclining to look upon it all as something beyond measure for they had an idea how she must have suffered. When Gertrude came out of the house a little later the boys felt queer when she told them told them the fright had given the child a nervous chill and that she had cried herself to sleep.

"I didn't think, didn't believe Glandelinians would be mean enough to do it," said Fred in a voice as if he had been the one who had left her there. "We just forgot and I am mighty sorry truly I am Miss Gertrude. We were of Foreign birth, Miss but afterwards we are more heart and soul in your cause now than we were ever before. I am afraid they were going to murder her."

"You did not hear much about Glandelinians," said Gertrude. "But if I wore either of you boys I wouldn't wear my best uniform for supper to night. You might be needed to help us patrol those woods. You were the protector of a distressed little mad maid as the old knights would have said--and not only she has the Glandelinians ever done a serious wrong, but to all of us--a more serious one than we can say I'm afraid--as as we thought that wrong wrong ought to be made right as far as possible we have made ourselves worthy to wear the badge of girl and boyscouts."

"We'll go and see her right now," said Penrod.

"No she is asleep now, and I do not want her to be disturbed. Besides a rare visit to her would not be enough. We got to make some kind of an atonement. The first thing I've done was sent a large number of soldiers to scour that wide and capture or shoot any prowlers found there. The first thing I want you boys to do to night after our supper is to get some turpentine and paint. Where do you think you can get any boys?"

"What do you want us to do it or do with it?" asked the boys.

"Disguise yourself and go out into those woods and patrol a little. But you'd look the right part if you put a little paint on yourselves to look like some sort of savages."

"Where can I get the paint?"

"You can't get it out of my paint box," said Gertrude. "In case of need I don't care but you need only a little but if it soaks in fast you can use two tubes of it."

"I could use more than that," confessed Fred looking at her with his big honest eyes. "But how can I pay you for the use of it?"

"You do not need to pay anything. You are doing this as a service to your country."

A few minutes later no wilder looking little "savages" ever uttered a warwhoop than the two which presently dashed into Gertrude's presence. Penrod had to disguise himself at her suggestion had ripped some variegated fringe from a table cloth to pin down the sides of his leather leggings. He had taken a roman blanket from Gertrude's couch to pin around his shoulder, and emptied several of her tubes to streak his face with hideous stripes and daubs. A row of feathers from the dust brush was fastened around his forehead by a broad band and a hatchet from the woodshed provided him with the strange weapon she had directed him to use. Fred had no time to arrange feathers. He had taken off his flannels in order to put on an old striped bathing suit which he had found in the attic and stored away intending to use it for his disguise. It had no sleeves and the short trousers had shrunk until they did not half way reach his knees. Its red and white stripes had faded and the color had run until the whole was like a dingy crushed straw terry shade. As Penrod had emptied all the tubes of red paint in Gertrude's box, Fred had to be content with some other color. He chose the different shades of green, squeezing the paint out on his plump little legs and arms and rubbing it around with his forefinger until he was once clad with as many stripes as a zebra. Although the day was not so warm now and there was a southeast wind blowing the sudden sudden change from his customary uniform to nothing but the airy bathing suit and "warpi" paint made him feel a trifle chilly, so he completed his costume by putting on a pair of heavy bedroom slippers edged with dark fur with the drooping of their uniform the boys seemed to have dropped all recollections of their professed boyscouts hood and for a moment pretended to be the little savages they looked to be.

At the sight of them Gertrude turned away to hide a smile. The earnest little faces above the striped bodies were so very comical. Picking up several of the empty tubes that had been squeezed quite flat she red the labels.

"Rose madder and camellia," she said solemnly. "It would have been better if you had used yellow."

The scouring of the woods however brought no good results and that night when the boys came down to dinner they were themselves again, though it had been a work of time to scrub off the paint and then it took almost as long to get rid of the turpentine so that supper was ready long before they had been back in their uniforms.

"I can't get over that poor little girl we rescued at night," Fred complained to Penrod at bedtime, but he did not mention it to anyone else that night. He sat on the side of his cot a moment or two before undressing, with one foot across his knee staring thoughtfully at the lighted candle. Presently with one shoe in his hand and the other half unlaced he hopped over to his trunk and opened it, taking out two pictures and looking at first one picture and then another. He had however twenty different photographs of his parents, some taken in uniform of his father and of those of his mother in day time dress some in simple street costume and each so beautiful that it would have been hard to decide which one had the greater claim.

"I sure wish memma mamma were here to night," said Fred to himself softly with a little quiver in his lip. "Seems like I've been gone from here her always. Bern, damn this war and Glandelinia. I wish she was in---" He checked himself and picked up a large Abbeismian locket of beaten gold that lay open in the trunk. It held two beautiful and most exquisite painted miniatures on gold and ivory. One was the same sweet face that looked out at him from each of the photographs, the other was his father. It also had a handsome young officer in uniform with strong clean shaven face, with eyes like Fred's and the same lordly pulse of the fine head that Penrod had.

"Goodnight, pappa, and good night mother," whispered Fred, touching his lips hastily to each picture while Penrod's back was turned. There were tears in his eyes. Somehow to night he was miserably homesick.

That hour when they were preparing for bed a report had come in that the little girl as a result of her fright was burning with fever. That following morning too as the result of her fright she was too ill to get up and Fred himself at Gertrude's look, sent for a doctor.

"Most persons we have rescued have turned out so perfectly well, and seemed to have such strong constitutions that I cannot allow myself to believe this will be anything serious," said Angeline, "Riches. Of course she's so much worse since last night that Mary Glorinia will be needed to nurse her. And we will do our best to stave for what she has suffered from those dirty Glandelinians and will be it that for what Glandelinians do to children, we scouts have never made up our minds to give any quarter. I believe now the poor little thing is too ill to remember anything about her horrible experience last night. She does not know any of us, and she only tossed restlessly about, talking wildly of things we cannot understand. It is the first time any one we have rescued has ever become ill from her or their fright and experience, and we will need some one to watch her for it seems she's burning with fever, and growing more white and thin. I'm afraid she would never get any better."

The others did not put that fear into words, but little by little it had crept from heart to heart like a wintry fog until the whole house felt its chill, and because of that one child, the army was not to march that day.

The strange forest sounds, and smoke odors and all other sounds and smells came rushing in at every window from the dreary country outside, but it might as well might as well have been midwinter. No one paid any heed while that little life threatened to hang in the balance. The aid camps and the boys went through the house on tip toe. Penrod and the aid doctors and others haunted the halls to discover from the grave faces of the soldiers and the other girl and boyscouts what they were afraid to ask and Gertrude Angeline was kept busy answering the inquiries of all others. Scarcely a minute nor an hour had passed that someone did not come to ask about the little girl that had been rescued, to leave flowers or to offer kindly services. Everybody loved the girlscouts and their winning manner had made them a host of friends.

Even during that night there had not been any lack of attention. Angeline Riches and Gertrude Angeline, Dolores and others had watched every breath, every pulse beat, and a dozen times in the night Penrod or even Jean had stolen to the door to look anxiously at the wan little face on the pillow.

"It sure is so strange," said Gertrude to Mary that night. "She keeps talking about being tied to that tree and that the Glandelinians are going to murder her. I suppose she has visions of that in her derelictum."

Mary however shook her head, for she did not understand. Just then Gertrude heard her name called softly. "Gertrude." And Schofield Penrod beckoned her to come out into the hall. "I want to show you something in Angeline's room." He said leading her down the hall to Riches's apartment. On each side of the low writing desk stood a large photograph which had been found in the

possession of the little girl, the two boys had rescued from the trees. One was a picture of a little boy in a suit of mail, the other of the little girl herself in a costume of jewel embroidered velvet like a little princess.

"Oh Penrod how beautiful," she exclaimed, as she swept the room and knelt down before the desk to get a better view. Laying her arms on the desk she looked into the little girl's face with hungry eyes.

"Isn't she lovely?" she repeated. "Oh I'm afraid she'll never look like that again. I know it. I know it," she sobbed, remembering how white was the little face on the pillow that she had just left. Penrod bent over her his own handsome face somewhat white and haggard. He looked all himself from that night's constant watching and anxiety.

"I'd give everything in the world that I own," everything he had promised. "I'd do anything, sacrifice anything to see her well and sturdy as she looks there. Those Glandelinians are sure dreadful. And I wonder who her parents are and where are they. I suppose those blood thirsty scoundrels had stolen her to bring her out there and murder her."

Then suddenly he caught up the pictures. What is this written on the back of the picture?" he asked. "It is in English and no doubt in the girl's own handwriting. Gertrude you can read a little English. Tell me what it says. What does it mean?" and he handed the card to her. She looked at the writing and then first reading it in English to herself she said. "It's the Prayer On Mary Concealed without Sin Pray for Calvernia who has all resources for Thy Protection from Thy Foe as well as here."

"What does that prayer mean Gertrude?" he asked turning to Angeline Riches who was standing by an open window. "It's written also in the back of the little girl's brothers picture too."

"That is hard to tell unless it's a prayer asking the Blessed Mother to help the Christian armies drive the foe out. This also we found in her possession." She took a small little pin and reaching over dropped it in to Penrod's hand. It was a tiny diamond pin.

"Why all us boys and girlscouts wear one like it," he said astonished.

"Something is queer here. This little girl will need us to stand by her. Last night when Jack who is still in his wheelchair you know whaled in to me and said. 'Mama, I'm wearing this white boyscout flower emblem of a blue dress. I have life isn't as easy as its cracked up to be under these depressing circumstances but having this little pin helps me a lot to bear the pain of my injuries. I just put my hand on that like the real soldiers do on their dagger hilts and repeat my motto. It will be easier when I can walk around again. Since I've had a pain as my little heroine, and heard her tell about the hard time the child slaves have it seems to me there's an awful lot of wrong in this country for our country to set right. Some nights I can hardly go to sleep thinking about it, and wishing I were grown up so that I could begin to do my part. I wish my papa could be here now. He'd make a splendid soldier, he is so big, good and handsome. I don't suppose any man was any better or braver than my father is.'"

Angeline splashed down from Jean's eyes as she listened and falling on the tiny white flower as it lay in Penrod's hand glistened beside the dew drop centre like another diamond.

"Oh Penrod," she exclaimed, in a heart broken way. "Something very like a scout shook the boys shoulders, and turning abruptly he strode out of the room. On the dim green library, where the blinds had been drawn to keep it cool he threw himself into a chair beside a small round table. Propping the little girl's picture up in front of him against a pile of books, he leaned forward gazing at it earnestly. He had never realized before how much he loved the little girl rescued by the two boys who now hour by hour seemed on the point of death from her fright. The pictured face looked so full into him as if it would speak. It wore a sweet trustful expression and the same childish purity other good little girls have. All that gentle birth, school and boyscout school breeding, experience, and military affairs could give a boy were Penrod's Schofield Penrod's, and yet measuring himself by the standard of the others he felt something in his whole former sadly lacking. He had given liberally to the Glandelinians, and he hated the grievous wrong and sorrow caused throughout the country by the Glandelinians. Never before in his heart was there such a bitterness against them now. Penrod had often troubled his mind as to how the war raged in the country outside the powerful Christian armies, and how many who had fortunes laid up for them by hard earned savings had seen all swept away in the twinkling of an eye. Penrod had always been troubled by all the horrors he had seen, as he now stood restlessly up and down the room. He was not thinking now about the military things that usually occupied him, his military duties, his own army at Viviana

or other things. He was not planning anything new according to military intentions he was wondering what he could do to be worthy more of the exalted regard in which he was held by all his followers and the general and even the young girls in his band. What would he do to be worthy more of the regard in which he was held by all his followers and the general and even the young girls in his band. What would he do to be worthy more of the regard in which he was held by all his followers and the general and even the young girls in his band.

"What have I tried to do or how I have done, to prevent this, what happened to this little girl," he asked himself. "To make them all think more of my talent. If I were to be taken out of this world by this war I would be leaving it exactly as I found it to day. Who could point to my grave and say, 'children are safer, there for scouts are better, because this one boy scout general would show the glendelinians his own might and power as far as the might of one strong little life can reach.' But they will see that of Penrod and his brother Fred--and if that little girl lives--ah if she lives."

An hour later the door opened, and Jean came in softly. "The little girl is asking for the boys who rescued her Penrod," she said with a surprised glance into her friends haggard faces. Then she came nearer, and slipped her hand into the boys' strong fingers, and together they went up the stairs to see the sick child.

"Did you want to see your heroes little girl?"

The little golden haired head did not turn on the pillow. The languid eyes opened half with a frightened start, but unseeing his uniform there was recognition in them now, and one little hand was raised to lay itself lovingly against the boys' scout's cheek.

"What is it little girl?"

The weak little voice tried to answer but the words came only in steps. "My rescuers know--about my being tied to--tree--keep us from being captured again. Please let me be safe, boyscouts--do that for me please!" "What is it little girl?" asked Penrod bending over her. "I do not exactly understand. But you can have everything you want my little girl. Anything. I'll do whatever you ask."

"My rescuers know" was the answer. Then the little girl's voice seemed somewhat stronger for an instant and a faint chill smile touched the child's lips. "I will pray for them. They saved me from a cruel death."

"Is this your's?" asked Penrod showing the "white flower with the diamond in the center."

"She only nodded her head, and yet a pleased expression flitted over the child's face as she saw where it had been resting on Penrod's coat lapel and when it was fastened in the front of her little embroidered night shirt her hand closed over the pin as if it were something very precious and she were afraid of losing it again."

"Penrod Mary Constance had without sin pray for us who have recourse to Thee" they heard her whisper, and then the little child slept. It had been thirteen hours since she had come to again hours when the faintest noise had not been that night allowed in the house, when the soldiers had been placed on guard, and others stationed at the front gate that no one might drive or ride up the company street. The girls' scout's outside scarcely dared draw a deep breath till this morning she heard the doctor coming down the stairs, just before daylight. Then she knew his face seen in the deep fire that prayers and skill and tender nursing had not been in vain, and that the little child who had been rescued would live. So much can happen even in one night. An hour or later when the little girl grew stronger she was propped up in bed, and then General Aronburg came in to see Gertrude on something important. The whole army indeed had rejoiced when all the girls and boys had come ashore the morning before from the raft. Military arrangements had to be rolled in and out of the great entrance gate all day long, for Gertrude Aronburg and her followers had always been favorites with every one, and they had given a warm welcome to her and her gallant leaders, and regretted heartily that she had suffered such awful losses in her adventures on the raft. The girls' scouts who had not been with her but remained in the army followed Gertrude around like a loving shadow and all had been so interested in the wonderful stories they told of their experiences on the raft that they never noticed how rich other things were going on. Sometimes they had been busy always. When Gertrude saw the child was all right she consulted her uncle, and it was decided to make an advance to support Vivian on the morrow, for recently Aronburg's army had been rapidly growing and it was hoped Myletze would be checked. General Aronburg had never been more surprised than he was when Gertrude unfolded hers and the plans of her leaders to him. It did not seem possible that these good children could have thought of it all and arranged every detail without the help of some older heads.

"I can easily think of many things," said Gertrude in explanation. "First 714 Angeline Richee said how lovely it would have been if we had enough soldiers under some very good fighting general to have helped her father general Vivian keep Heidi Myletze at bay, where other christian armies could have a fair chance to go against Myletze from elsewhere. You have an immense army here, your army is out of doors all the time, is fresh and strong from having not been engaged often. Then we said it would be better if we could chase our own battle ground and have or find some way to force Inner Myletze to attack us, and meet disaster. We talked about it every evening on the raft before we went to bed and kept putting a little more, and a little more till it until it was as real to us as if we truly had seen such a god successful battle ensuing. There are immense bodies of cavalry to your army Uncle and we have lots of provisions. We told a many of our leaders, and Virginia B Virginia, Dolores, Angeline Jenin a Jennings her sisters thought of a lot of more things. Dolores said we ought to call our experience a "fair chance because if we go through the plan it would mean for Angeline's father and his generals a good relief from Myletze's continual hammering blows, and too it was Virginia who first thought of this plan. She said that your army though sometimes so long inactive is all always the biggest, and that she knew you would be glad to do it just for the sake of your country's cause. Virginia said if we could do all that and keep Myletze from advancing too close to Angeline's Agathia it would be serving our Country just as much as any of the other generals are doing, and the country depends more on you Uncle than anyone else. Virginia is a crack about being a christian spy and she has done a lot for us too and knows the lay of any Glendelinian army within sight. You ought to hear her talk about it. And Minnie Jean's sister said that four of our country sake "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, and that to carry through such a plan would be a deed worthy of any true soldier of Christ...."

"How are you expecting to bring this wonderful thing to pass?" asked her uncle as Gertrude stopped to take breath. "Concerning this flood you do you expect to wave a wand and see our army on the other side as if it jumped across."

"Of course not Uncle," said Gertrude a little provoked by her uncle's teasing smile. "We were going to ask you to carry the plan through by putting pontoon bridges across the narrowest part of the flood. Besides we will do lots of scouting in the meanwhile. We won't need to do anything else while the pontoons are in construction for we can earn plenty of credit for ourselves then, and still more gain the confidence of the Princesses, and it seems too bad to have the army laying idle here doing nobody any good, when we need it to set to right this wrong of our Country. Look at this flood. There is no evidence of course, no clues to discover, nor of the explosions at Abiesenn, but I positively know Glendelinia is at the bottom of all this and so does all in the Beautiful Heaven too."

"Put this army had not been lying idle," answered General Aronburg. "It has been advancing in such a way that it is earning you more confidence every day and more than that the army is always left in trust for you, so that no one has any say over it through the orders of Violet, and her sisters but you. I am at your command, but how in the world can I pontoon an army across this flood where's the lumber to make the bridges, and where can the boats be?"

"Oh Uncle," cried Gertrude, bitterly disappointed. She had hard work to keep back the tears for a moment, then a happy thought made her face brighten. "Angeline Richee is a good guide, and she could lead the army through a region and get on Myletze without crossing the flood. You know you promised us anything we would want, without even anything impossible and that is what we are asking for. Otherwise we will hear it said in the papers before long 'Extra. Angeline's downfall. The enemy won the war. Angeline Agathia is captured by the enemy. Extra.' You would not like that would you. Yet without your interference I can prove that it'll happen before this month is out. And this is the 17th already."

General Aronburg put his arm around the earnest little girls' scout, and drew her to his knee smiling down upon her or into the upturned face that waited eagerly for his answer.

"I only asked that to hear what you would say my little brave Niece" was the answer. "You need have no worry about how we'll get there. I'll keep my promise to you all, and we shall get in the way of Myletze some way if the army had to swim or wade to do it. I'm not a knight of course, nor am I any such man as Napoleon or Alexander the Great, but I'm proud to be the Uncle of such valiant little champions of the Princesses. I was waiting purposely Gertrude for them, as Evans telegraphed he could only get to me first before he came to emperor Vivian's army. Then before they go you can have Jack leaders the cowardly boyscout tried. Please God and His Blessed Mother you'll

not be alone in your battles after this to right the Country's wrongs. Your losses on the raft, and the tragedy has inspired me to take it out on the enemy and I will by giving Myletse a bad check and destroy him if I can. I'll be your faithful "squire" or as we would say in these days, a sort of silent partner" in the enterprise. I'll wait another day first if necessary as I'll take time to make the move, and to get the trees to make the bridging."

"What shall we do first."

"Let's hold a council" suggested Jean...."

"How is your shoulder little Miracle girl." asked General Aronburg.

"It sure pins but I do not complain" she said bravely. "This is not the only time I've been wounded. Violet has a long list of the injuries and narrow escapes I've had."

The council was held right after breakfast. They held it in general Aronburg's headquarters which had been a county court house which had a large piece of property and general Malcolm and Keith Mac-Intyre were to conduct the construction, they being the chief engineer generals. After some long discussion they came to where the flood did narrow considerably near a place adjoining a place called the Locusts belonging to old Colonel Lloyd on which stood a fine old homestead missed fortunately by the flood and which had been vacant since the break of the war. The council had lasted an hour, and soon afterwards all the army engineers were set to work first to sound the depths of the flood there, and to use logs, and old army wagons and what boats might be found. The others of course knew nothing of what was going on, and wondered at the heavy preparations of the army to get ready for the march and were still more surprised at the long conversations which took place between the highest generals. It was general Canner who found some means to even form the pontoons by means of the old wagons. He recommended also a countryman of great scientific skill who had been an construction engineer on all sorts of bridges. He was a gentle great old soul who loved all children and understood them, everything thrived under his management and he had no patience with laziness or waste. Any bunch of men under him would be able to make progress in the work when the time came for it, but the general was notified it would take at least two days to construct it safely.

Dolores and Jean helped choose the spot best to lay the starting point but the girls' scout lieutenant Virginia Dudley felt that the pleasure of the plan was all hers for she was taken to every spot of convenience to show what was best to be done, and allowed a voice in everything. She laughed to think what a surprise lay in store for Mr. Heidi. Several trips were necessary before the first section of the pontoon was complete, and meanwhile all scouts were out to prevent any surprise in case Glandelinians might start something if any troops were in the neighborhood. It was indeed the "fair chance" that the girls' scouts and their leaders had planned so long, hoping for its best results. Nothing whatever had been forgotten. This morning though it seemed and was somewhat surprising Jack Sanders was able to walk downstairs for the first time disregarding the thoughts and verdicts of the doctor that he might not be able to walk for weeks, and week weeks. Gertrude had gone out scouting taking Jean with her because Jean was determined on nothing else despite Gertrude's protest about her wounded shoulder. They had hopes of meeting with Jack Evans and the escort with him bringing Violet, and her sisters, and the 10,000 rescued child slaves as he had telegraphed to Evans. It was however several days ago that he had received the telegram. However Gertrude returned without them, and Dolores met them at the edge of the camp and there were three boys with the two girls when they returned three boys dressed in the uniform of the Glandelinian boy scouts of Manley's command. Dolores eyed the new comers with curiosity and she asked Gertrude:

"I thought we gave no quarter, and took no prisoners no matter what Glandelinians they were. Is it?"

"They are not prisoners but Christian boy scouts from some other part of our vast army and they joined us on their return," explained Jean. "They have learned a lot believe me. Last night before returning to camp they had slept in a barn dangerously close to the flood. With the flood rising again we did not wish them to proceed on their adventure although we didn't have much coaxing, and we also didn't relish the idea of their being too far out side the lines. Would you believe it the youngest one never thought Myletse's army was so near as it is, never thought so until he discovered it yesterday near Flenor Creek. He had never let the enemy out of his sight not even at the risk of exposure, and even remaining where the enemy could have seen him. These boys were on foot and it was too far for them to walk back alone, and as other

horses and so forth were out of the question we let them ride on behind."

"Myletse's army so close and without us knowing it." Said Dolores with a thrill of horror in her voice that a danger could be lurking so near. "Oh Gertrude how much more time will we have then to put our plans into effect. We are in danger and did not know it. Did he lick Viviania?" wonder.

"No" said one of the boys. "After the battle just past he slipped off in the dark got up with the rest of the big new army coming to him slipped one over on Viviania and even done so much damage that Viviania cannot progress an hour a day in pursuit."

They rode directly to general Aronburg's headquarters. It was late in the morning and general Aronburg's Aide-de-camp or orderly was sitting on the front porch talking with some of the girls' scouts. The same customary hot breeze was blowing from the southeast stirring the white window curtains behind him with soft flutterings. A colored cook of the general's in the kitchen was singing as he moved around preparing breakfast and his voice floated cheerily around the corner of the house as she was singing the Christmas Hymn out of season. "Still night Holy night." A cow looking much like a Jersey lowed at the pasture bars, and from away over the in the woodland came the cooing of a dove.

On hearing of the news general Aronburg looked from the scout countenances of the gray clad boys to Gertrude's noble face.

"Vurplan after all is a doubtful experiment," he said. "It may never amount to anything, but at least the poj pontoons shall continue to progress and at least we shall try to take the chance to see what can be done."

And then there swept across his heart, with a warm generous rush the impulse to do as much for other communities in peril from the enemy. He had seen much misery caused by the flood during even his shortest marches. The misery of the refugees, haunted him night and day, and he felt sure it was the foe who was guilty. Gertrude took Jean over to where the pontoon was still in progress. There were six of the bridges being constructed now two for the artillery to pass across and wagons.

"I've no doubt but there'll be some excitement coming soon," she said to one of the chief constructing engineers with her unusual smile.

"Yes," he answered, "but be cautious girl, when you ones let a little water trickle through the dikes you know the whole sea is apt to come pouring in."

"Happy the heart that sees Myletse swept away by our own hide tides in purple color," said Jean. "The country will be left richer by such strong purple floods."

That morning as the army was to get ready every one who were able were invited to come in to the flag raising. The great silk flag was the gift of Dolores, and general Aronburg made the presentation speech. He wore his best uniform in honour of the occasion. This was a part of what he said:

"This will be a great memorial day for all us us, and throughout this wide spread land of ours over every mound that marks a soldier's dust in honor of the return from long and dangerous adventure my beautiful and brave niece Gertrude Angelina as she calls herself, but who really is Angelina Ann Aronburg. Over her own heroic dead who perished in the bloody and fatal adventure down the flood a grateful country and army wreaths the red of her roses, the white of her lilies and the blue of her forget-me-nots repeat lag even in the sweet syllables of the flowers the symbol of her patriotism the red yellow and purple of her war stained banner which my Niece defended more nobly than even the armies. My friends so far I have followed the flag into more than one battle, though it is true other generals have fought more often than I have. I have seen countless thousands of men charge after it through blinding smoke and hail of bullets that killed and wounded them in numbers as thick as rain falling in a storm, and I have seen immense droves of men die for it. No one feels more deeply than I what a glorious thing it is to die for one's country, when it is at stake with such a wicked destructive foe as Glandelinia but I want to say to these little boy and girls here assembled in all their regiments, and their officers so who are all looking up at this great flag fluttering over us that it is not half as noble half so brave, as to live for it in horror, sorrow suffering and dreadful experiences as my niece and all her followers have done to have given themselves in untiring every day service beyond comparison to their country's good, and made themselves a terror to the enemy. To let Glandelinia get away with this what has happened to my Niece's forces on the raft, I would rather say than I am a traitor to my country, to my God and an unfaithful child of Mary. I would rather have that said of me that I did that than if I let such things go, and I would not be a general then. I have her records here she started out with 10,500 boys girls, and men, of course mostly men. On the raft when she returned to me she had only a hundred child scouts and not only that but far less than that of the men, and one cow cowardly scout Jack Saunders who will be turned over to the Princesses. Therefore

may the girl and boy scouts of my army, and all other christian armies go on, gallantly throughout the land, carrying their mottoes with them, untill the last wrong is righted, untill Glandelinia is no beaten and humble and trailed in her own bloody dust, and wherever the flag floats every brave scout may be found wherever anyone breathes beneath it. As may these emblems of Our Religious good old Catholic Nation Abhisannia as they rise and fall on the winds of this a war torn n nation whisper continuously that motto untill its lessons of truth and purity and unselfish service have been blazoned on the hearts of every boy and girl scout who calls this home. May it help to make Glandelinia atone for these disasters which we all know she is guilty of, though there is no proof and to make Gertrude a true girl knight in her Country's cause and to help her carry on the work for the Princesses."

There was a band playing after that, and then a general Hansonia Heid made a speech, and Angelina niches and others gathered roses out of the garden near by so that every boy and girl scout could wear one. A little later they had breakfast on the big lawn in front of the general's Headquarters in picnic fashion. With the little rescued girl softly covered up in a hammock the girl scout leaders lingered on the porch long after break breakfast the girl scout leaders were planning too and all the good that grew out of was over. Every general were planning too and all the good that grew out of that quiet morning talk could never be known untill the day came when the awful battle resulting in Gertrude's plans made Myletze realize General Aronburgs was his match.

It has been such a beautiful morning in spite of the smoky smoke "said Dolores to Virginia leaning her head happily against her shoulder. Then she started up suddenly remembering something! "Oh Virginia she cried "We forgot to end the ceremony with the bugle call. I'll run and get my bugle and play taps. All us scouts know that you know."

A few minutes later the silvery notes went floating out on the warm morning air, through all the distant valley, over the woods in the fields and where even the far distant enemy was encamped. Over the woods and fields they floated, suddenly bringing all soldiers within hearing into a line with salutes untill the sounds reached the flag that kept its fluttering vigil over the army. Jack who was back in bed sat up to listen. Many a reveille would sound before his full awakening to all that all the girl scouts had made possible for him but the sweet dim dream of the future that stole into his grateful little heart was an earnest of what was in store for him and Jean for their unusual heroism of defending one another. When he rescued Jean, when Jack Saunders deserted her, and when she rescued him in the shell swept fields near Sainitary Creek. Then though it was a morning the bugle call falling through the air like a benediction, closed the happy morning, with its peaceful "Good morning."

Fighting girl and boy scouts. Even boy and girl scouts are not exempt from skirmishing. Something unusual St Andrew mountain

"Well Penrod I'm sure we don't know where we are now," said Gertrude. "Our army soon is supposed to be on the march to repel Myletze's movements which had been attempted against general Viviania."

"Well Gertrude I'm sure I don't recollect myself," replied Penrod. "If we was down near Evangeline St Claire I'd reckon I would not be surprised. Too bad we didn't take our girl scout guide Miss niches with us."

"Well we must find out very soon where we are if it is for our own good," added Gertrude as she reined in her horse at a point where three roads branched off one to the northwest, the other to the southeast, and the third direct northeast.

"There isn't any houses any where about here Gertrude, and look we are close to the menaced forest."

"Well I don't want to lose my way now, for with these conditions flood and fire, and enemy patrols and what not I have no time to spare."

"There is some one coming up behind us," Gertrude said Penrod, whose quick ears first heard the sound of oncoming horses approaching in the direction from which they had just come. In deed Gertrude Angelina heard them too. Penrod after having received the agreeable intelligence of his appointment on the staff of the general Aronburg in whose division too he had served in the Vivian Wickey Peninsula campaign, had hastened with Gertrude to find traces of the approach of Evans with the Princesses. He had had hardly time to bid good bye to his scouts and was obliged to content himself with a short visit on Jean though he had had an invitation to spend the evening with her extended for the purpose of enabling the young boy scout leader to cultivate a better acquaintance with the beautiful little girl's elder sister.

As we all know Jean's sister Minnie was certainly a very estimable girl scout, and because Jean had done the heroic deed of saving back every one she revered her with a fervor which was almost enthusiastic. It was quite natural therefore that she should wish Penrod---for whom she had knit a pair of socks which had become small portion of his inspiration in the how of battle and for whom she had contracted a friendship---it was quite natural that she should wish to have the boy scout captain general acquainted with her elder sister. She loved all her boy scout friends and companions, and of course so brave and a handsome and loyal a person as her friend Jack had proved to be. He did also share her reverence and respect. Besides she and her sister remembered all the past history of the dreadful war with the rebellious Glandelinian States. Many of her boy friends were even sent to help construct the pontoon bridges across a portion of the flood so that general Aronburg could so cross the dangerous water. She or her sister could tell a very good story, and as Penrod was a well trained military boy it was also highly important that he should know all about the dreaded invasion of Myletze leading through Northern Angelinia State, and intended for Angelinia Agathia in southeastern Calverinia.

Penrod had been obliged to deprive himself of the pleasure of listening to her sister's history of those stirring and horrible events, for more exciting news were in progress on the very day on which I write. Myletze was victorious, he was pushing Viviania northward, unknown to all yet a frightful battle had raged at Evangeline St Claire, win-Wharther and other places as will be seen in a next volume and the forest fire had struck Evangeline St Claire in the east, and was racing for Aronburg's camp. It would have been bitter if he had not then followed Gertrude's plan for he'll have to fight both way and fire. Penrod was sorry too of course for he anticipated a great deal of pleasure to converse with little Jean and her sister though whether he repeated to derive the whole of it from the presence of her sister no one could be informed. Jean was entirely sincere and that it was quite proper to offer some extra inducement to secure the gallant boy scout leader's attendance. The boy scout did not need any extra extraordinary inducements. All girl scouts to him were like Fairies of old, like little celestials and he loved them all as if all were his sisters. He would surely have cheerfully have spent the evening with her and others but the high sense of duty led him to postpone it, and then too she had to do some duty and the engagement was taken off. The rebel hordes under Heidi victorious so close to Angelina in

State border and elated by the signal successes they had recently won, were now pouring in great armies menacing Angelina Agathia, Dorothy Gale and Hon. Umbi. It was a time which tried the souls of all Abhisannian men-- a time too when no man who loved his holiest country could rest in peace while there was a work which his hands could do, and grant new armies were forming in the north to strike Glandelinia. Before parting on this new adventure

Penrod had called the girls out before him and stated his situation that he and Gertrude were going forth to meet if possible the coming of Evans with the Princesses. Jean herself blushed as she always did in the presence of her superior, but gave him a God-speed on his patriotic mission. She hoped ardently that he or Gertrude would not be killed or even wounded, and that God and His Blessed Mother would bless him as he went forth to find them. She was pale when he took her hand at parting, her little bosom heaved with emotions to which Penrod found a response in his own young heart, but which he could not explain. He heard news of general Viviana, and that this gallant army which had suffered from the pangs of some defeats, and no encouragement in some victories but yet strong in the cause they had espoused had tried to resist Myletze but not successfully now. Of course Penrod had already been provided with his boyscout uniform of staff to the general. The roads here were so cumbered with artillery trains, and baggage wagons left by a recently defeated army of the foe who had contended with Aronburg, while the scouts were having their adventure on the raft, that his progress with Gertrude and the party of soldiers with them was very slow. He knew the nearest of Myletze's army was at Heidi City, and their cavalry in large and small squadrons were scattered all over the region, gathering in supplies and robbing the refugees of the war. Being too close to the Christian army there had been no fear of theirs of meeting with raiding foes. The party led by Gertrude had ridden as rapidly as the horses could go but when they had reached this triple cross roads, they were doubtful as to the right way. And now the sound of horses behind them, and they did not know whether they were foes or friends.

"Are your pistols ready for good use, Penrod?" asked Gertrude as she too heard the sound of the horses feet.

"Yes indeed, I always keep the pistols ready. What do you think? But what are you going to do with pistols here? They'd be of no use. I'm afraid if we got attacked by a squadron of Glad Glandelinian cavalry," replied Penrod as he drew his pistols from their holsters.

"You know the country outside the Christian camps is full of raiding Glandelinian cavalry, wheeler patrols and many other soldiers of the enemy, they may shoot at us from ambush you know as they won't take us child scouts prisoners no more than we will them. I can't spare a risky adventure with them you know."

"Guess not Gertrude" laughed Penrod as he examined the lock of his pistol. "I have never seen you in any fight yet close quarters Penrod. Do you think you can stand up to it, and not need a little girl to rescue you?" she asked jokingly.

"Well Miss Aronburg I don't boast much about anything but I reckon I will not run away any faster than you do."

"If I get into trouble with these Glandelinian wheelers I shall want to know whether I can depend on you or not, or whether you can depend on me."

"Well Miss Aronburg, you can depend on me as much as I can depend on you," exclaimed Penrod. "I do not like to say anything about it, but if the patrol coming is an enemy and wants to fight, I'll run away but in the direction they're coming from, and they from me."

They don't look much like Glandelinian patrols added Gertrude, and I believe they're girlscode like me for she had obtained her first glimpse of them and saw they were children. "But you can't tell much by the looks in these times, and Glandelinian soldiers have dressed boy and girlscode than we ever can be you know, and the little villains have robbed us till half of them wear our own colors even. These girlscode certainly wear the uniform of our girlscode."

"There is only two of them, Gertrude. I reckon they won't attack us. They don't look like enemies either."

"I only wish to be cautious, very likely they are some other Christian girlscode not of our own army and really for loyal and true," replied Gertrude, as the strangers came too near to permit any further remarks in regard to their probable character....

With the travelers were evidently girlscode officers in the army too, though as Gertrude had suggested it was impossible to tell what anybody now days was by their looks or uniforms, pretty or not in face or even if he or she whether soldier, or boy and girl was seen to take the oath of allegiance. As they came around a bend in the road, and discovered Gertrude, and her strong party of troupe and the boyscode, they reined up their steeds and seemed to be disturbed by the same doubts which had troubled the first party. But they advanced after a cautious survey, and each of them touched her esp, when they came within speaking distance. Gertrude promptly returned the salute, and moved or horse toward them.

"Good morning little girlscode," said she to the two. "Then to try them to see what their answer would be? Can you inform me which is the road that is directly leading toward Evangelina St. Claire city, by which we were expecting to meet some important persons and a guardian of them."

"You are on that road right now, Miss." "If you are going in that direction we will not let you for your own good but we shall be glad of your company as I believe you are all right." replied the prettiest of the two girls.

"Thank you, I shall be glad to have you with us."

"I see by your very handsome uniform that you are the head of all girlscode leaders." added the girlscode who had done the talking.

"Yes indeed I am or should be, but I'm not." There's seven others higher than me," and Gertrude without reserve informed the girl who and what she was.

"My Gosh the famous terrifying Angelina Agathia, Aronburg whom the main enemy generals dread like poison," exclaimed the strange girl with a real start. "I have heard lots of you before. Perhaps you remember one James Radcliffe of Emperor Vivians army the boy called by the enemy the 'Rattle snake.'"

"Well Miss I sure do know him," laughed Gertrude.

"Well Miss Aronburg he is inquiring for you and Penrod."

"Indeed? I took you to also be a girlscode officer of the Abhisannian army."

"So I am, but Radcliffe is taking care of a little child slave who someone rescued last July by the name of 'Jennie Francis Lillian.'"

"Radcliffe is a very good sort of a boyscode, but he is an awful terror to the rebels worse than I am," one of the Glandelinian generals bears any good will toward him nor any one of his followers."

"I should say not." And since he is a great spy and scout and a very pestilent one too to the enemy I enjoy it quite as much as you do."

"I feel very grateful to him for what he helped her do to me," said Penrod.

"I was locked into a den of den of rattlesnake by two Professional spies of the enemy. When soldiers of the enemy tried to get me exchanged to them for a important prisoner they had he saved me again. Of course we have no taste for Glandelinian prisoners for the Glandelinians don't always manage their prisoners very well."

"I have heard the whole story. It's rich. If you please we will move on."

"With all my heart little girl Major" Gertrude replied who read her rank from her shoulder straps.

"I am Major Jane Maryland, of the Imperial Guard of the Abhisannian army--- and we have some detached duty here just now. We were sent to see general Aronburg on an important mission."

"I am glad to know you Major Jane Maryland--- especially as you are the friend of the Vivian Girl Princesses."

"This is Mildred Heidi, my aide-de-camp."

Gertrude saluted the quiet girlscode, who had not spoken a word during the interview. The girlscode Jane Maryland was dressed in an entirely new uniform, and rode a splendid horse, which led Gertrude believed she belonged to the Imperial guard of Emperor Vivians army alright. On the other hand though both were very pretty gracefully formed girls they both looked as though they had seen more hard service than was healthy for them and their faces were bronzed by exposure of all kinds of Galverinian weather.

The party were excellently well acquainted with each other before they had ridden a mile. After the top topics suggested by the first meeting had been exhausted Gertrude mentioned her fears of the wheelers and the Glandelinian patrols and rebel marauders who kept a little in advance of the main invading army of Myletze. The travelers were some distance off from the Christian lines and some distance from the flood itself. The same road they had come to ride on was not one of the great ones of the state consequently it looked as if it had been not often used.

"I don't object to meeting a small party of Glandelinians," said the girlscode Major. "For Miss Aronburg if you are of the same mind as I feel I am I should show them what we girlscode are like."

"I hope we shall not even encounter any, especially the Glandelinians known as the Gargoylian Kurds or Whalers, but if we do I am in no humor to lose my horse or allow ourselves to be massacred by them." growled Gertrude. "I don't know how you girls are in Major Vivian's army, but we of general Aronburg's army do not give the Glandelinians any quarter, and never did. But of course we may meet many of them, and so many of them that it would be better to trust to the good quality of the horses speed than to show resistance."

"True indeed Miss Aronburg, I agree with you, too many would sure be very disagreeable and put us at a disadvantage, but any we would not fear a dozen or twenty of them. We could with your force of men here whip that number without the slightest difficulty. The fact is Miss Aronburg we girls and boys here in the army fight as much as soldiers or even more perhaps. There has been too much of this looking at our Glandelinian enemy and then running away. I repeat we are all fighting girls and boys. As you say you don't give them the enemy quarter. Neither do the scouts anywhere. Emperor Vivian has forbidden us to do that because we are related to the whole swarm of kids massacred by the enemy in the war. If we give quarter we are no scouts."

"I am glad to hear it and am glad to have met you for I am told there are a good many of these Glandelinian plundering parties loose about this region, and I would rather fight than lose my life." laughed Gertrude.

Three "Three of us girls with your soldier escort can do a good thing," said the girl scout major.

"Four girls" suggested Gertrude.

"Four!"

"This one too can fight," pointing to a girl scout.

"I didn't see her, by heavens it's Helen my sister," exclaimed the girl scout major, glancing back at the girl. She for some reason or other did not seem to be well pleased to discover her younger sister at this distance from home for with many other shivarious girl scouts she did not want all to go out when some one needed to be home, but she did not scold her but riding up beside her, and spoke a few encouraging words, but did not seem to enjoy it at all.

"Yes we can whip at least twenty of the Glandelinians added the girl scout major as she resumed her place between Gertrude and her aide-de-camp. "What do you think," she continued turning to her aide-de-camp.

"I hope we shall not meet any. Of course none of us are cowards but a brush with an enemy is no joke, though we fight like the devil if we are attacked, for though we are girls we can wield our sabres as good as our enemies," replied the girl. "Of all things I dislike these small skirmishes, these hand to hand fights."

"No one likes them but sometimes they cannot be avoided," said the girl.

"I am afraid we will have to test our mettle," said Gertrude. "Those fellows though they are not uniformed are Gargoylian Kurds if I'm not mistaken" added she pointing to four horsemen who were approaching them. The horsemen who had attracted the attention of Gertrude were hard looking fellows. They were not dressed as Glandelinian soldiers but in a miscellaneous manner, their clothing being partly civilian and partly like those of hoboos or tramps in our country. Portions of the garb of some were new however and probably at no distant period had been part of the stock in trade of some industrious clothier in one of the invaded towns and portions were faded and dilapidated bearing traces of a severe march through flood. It was not easy to mistake their character. The strange party perceived the small squadron of Christian soldiers, and the four or five child scouts almost as soon as they themselves were observed and strange enough too they adopted no uncertain tactics but instantly spurred to the fore and spurred to their horses and galloped up to the squadron of Christians, and too the Glandelinians appeared to have no doubts whatever in regard to the issue of the meeting for they did not resort to any cautious movements, and made no prudential halts. They had evidently had everything their own way in previous encounters, and seeing four girls and a boy among them seemed to be satisfied that they had only to demand an unconditional surrender in order to destroy the little band. Their long sabres gleamed in the air and Gertrude could see they were Gargoylian Kurds for they flew that banner. Gertrude had already one of her revolvers in her hand and before the leaders of the Glandelinians had reached her she presented her weapon and fired as quick as flashes on a lot of lightning. The leader dropped from his horse shot through the head, and his pistol was discharged in the act, but the ball went into the ground. Almost at the same instant the others of the party fired killing and wounding fourteen others of the forty five Glandelinians. The others were apparently astonished at this unexpected resistance, and discharged their own pistols, and pressed forward, with their

long sabres in their hands to avenge the fall of their comrades. Gertrude fired most rapidly on emptying the other barrel of her small revolver and so did the others but without the same decisive effect as before though two of the assailants were killed. For the soldiers who threw themselves in front of the girls to defend them there was no further opportunity to use fire arms, and the troopers therefore drew their swords as they fell back before the impetuous charge of the savage Glandelinians. The girl scout major followed their example and for several moments the marks flew from the sabres of the combatants. All the troopers were accomplished swordsmen but the furious Glandelinians appeared to be getting the better of them. The girls too contrived to wheel their horses and were so fortunate as to get out of the melee with a whole skin. Then they raced backward a short distance and at this point when victory seemed about to perch on the enemy standard, Gertrude, and her three other scouts brought down six more of the Glandelinians at once discharge of the other pistols. The girls were cool, self possessed, and collected. After getting out of the melee they had waited until the troopers were not between them and the assailants and then fired and had taken deliberate aim at the rebels bringing one after another of them down. The new girl scout, who was though a little girl nearly as strong as one of the men succeeded after a desperate hand to hand fight in wounding the man who had attempted to kill her, badly on the arm. The fellow dropped his weapon, and turning his horse started to flee with the utmost precipitation but Gertrude fired and brought him down. So fierce however was the contest that the rebels themselves were threatened with annihilation, and then the only remaining ones finding that the selves alone fled. The battle was won but six of Gertrude's escorts were killed and five wounded. "I'm going to follow them," cried Jane Maryland rushing madly up to the spot in this decisive moment. "Let's hunt them down."

"Halt" said Gertrude. "It's madness. There might be another of the party and if we run into them unexpectedly we are gone."

"Don't you think we had better retrace our steps?" said the leader of the escorts. "Here comes another party of soldiers."

This was true but before anything could be done they had rode up close.

"Halt you party with the children," said the man at the head of the party.

"Your business?" demanded Gertrude. "Sorry to trouble you, gentlemen with the children, but we mean your encounter. Did you take any prisoners?" said the leader as blandly as though he had been their own.

"No we don't take prisoners. Who are you gentlemen?" asked Gertrude.

"Who are you?"

"I don't like to be uncivil to such pretty little girls like you, but as I do not know who you are, why should I tell you, and therefore can't be stopped to be questioned. In one word, are you Christians?"

"We are nothing else but I'm Angelina Agathia Aronburg."

"Oh. Then my mistake for not trusting you. Do you need my assistance further. Trusting you are all right I wouldn't mind."

Though she spoke Gertrude was so much out of breath with the violence of her exertions in the conflict that she could scarcely say the words.

"Next time you are attacked little girl don't let them escape," said the man. "Cut them down. Don't let them plunder the country or destroy children any more. And give me your hand little girls. You are trumps."

"Thank you and I am happy to receive the compliment," replied Gertrude as she took the proffered hand of the new comer.

"As a rule we have come to think much of girl and boyscouts," continued the man "but you in particular and your other girlfriends there (pointing to Jane) are stunning girls, and as plucky as Spartans."

"I am obliged to you for your good opinion," said Gertrude.

"Well anyhow anyway to you girls can sure fight."

"We can when we are forced to do so." Then turning to Jane's girl companion "You remarked a little while ago my friend, that you were a coward by nature didn't you?"

"I am afraid Miss Aronburg that I am, but it was safer to fight than it was to run."

"Humph. So you say. You did not behave like anyone who is a coward by nature. You was a perfect wild cat to those Glandelinians."

"But I am sure a coward, and I dislike these hand to hand encounters with no dangerous foe."

"Well you didn't appear to dislike such fighting at that moment," added Gertrude, who was filled with admiration at the gallant bearing of the girl scout. "It was you who saved us all, and you alone."

"Yet I do dread these combats. Yet war is a science of any kind. We all play it as we do chess or checkers. By the way Miss Aronburg do you play any checkers, chess or any card games?"

"I play all."

"Well any of them 'liss- Aronburg are noble gents, and I may have the pleasure of letting you beat me sometime at playing checkers. I like to see a well planned battle, and even take a part in it. But these little skirmishes where everything depends on full and brute force are my particular horror and abomination. There is no science about them, no strategy, no chance to flank or any other spar smart thing."

"Here's come Penrod. 'I'll bet he didn't catch the last of the rebels," said Gertrude, as the "fighting boyscout leader" was seen galloping toward them.

"He is a dare devil boy," replied one of Gertrude's soldiers. "I wish he was my son."

"He is a Canadian."

"As much as an Abbinennian to me," promptly returned Jane Maryland.

"Why didn't you follow us?" demanded Penrod, almost in a reproachful tone, as he reined in his venting steed.

"We had got enough of it," answered Jane.

"We might have brought the rest of them skunks down if you had joined me in the pursuit."

"That just reminds me," said Gertrude. "Of that Jack Saunders who didn't stand by little Jean in the fight, and ran away when she was wounded."

"Didn't stand by who?"

"A little girlscout by the name of Jean Saunders."

"Who was the deserter. If he was her brother he is a fine one," exclaimed Jane. Her face flushed with anger. "Do you really intend to insinuate that he brother did not stand by her own his own sister?"

"Well he deserted her," but he's not her brother," said Gertrude. "He raced away to a safe distance, and another boyscout rescued her, brought her in camp and reported the desertion."

"Did he get away," foamed the girlscout.

"Certainly he did not," replied Gertrude.

"To save her whopere the whole brunt of the assault at the beginning."

"That boy Jack Sanders, his brother, and two of my aide-de-camps."

"Did he alone fight like a tiger till--?"

"Unquestionably he did. His rein got tankled in his spur and whirled his horse around but he saved her and bore her away from the peril. He behaved like a lion."

"He sure is a fighting boy that Jack Sanders."

"He sure is. But he dislikes marching and counter marching very much in the face of any enemy. He believes in pitching into an enemy, and when he is beaten in following him up till there is nothing left of the Glandelinians."

"I regret that you did not join in the pursuit of the remaining Glandelinians with me," said Penrod. "We might have annihilated them easily."

While the conversation was in progress the others had removed the dead bodies of the Glandelinians from the road, and placed those who were wounded in a comfortable position under trees. They had filled their canteens with water from the edge of the flood which ran alongside the road a short distance from the spot and left them to live or die as the future might determine. They had also transferred good clean saddles from the horses of the rebels to their own animals which had not been before provided with one. The party now reinforced moved on again. Mary Land talked about the deserter Gertrude had mentioned; for some reason or other she could talk of nothing else.

She called the boy a coward and said that he would pay the penalty especially at deserting a girl when he should have fired the most effective shots and struck the hardest blows which had ever been given. Gertrude agreed with him or with her in all things.

"Never trust a forger who you don't know, for it is folly," said Jane. "He of course was a coward. There has hardly been few forgers in our arms that has not shown a cowardly streak. You don't know what forgers are and therefore we can't trust them, until we find out their mettle."

"Perhaps you are right."

"I know I am. I am no coward myself but I know nothing about anybody else."

"Your companion there calls herself a coward."

"You don't know anything about her. None of us would ever love you ever or over much if you yourself turned out the yellow streak. Those who are cowards make an enemy out of us best and the most tender hearted scouts. Especially when it's a desertion of a girl. That's dragging our flags into the dust."

Half an hour after the encounter they had returned to camp.

"Well my niece I see you had had a hard ride," said her uncle as they entered the yards of his headquarters.

"We sure have had a hard ride," said Gertrude. Then turning to Mary and her escort "You will permit me to offer you the hospitality of my

uncle's headquarters."

"Thank you I accept for one," replied Mary or Jane. "I am not tired but I am half starved."

"And you to the other girl."

The other young girl had been in the saddle all day, her health from being reduced by hardships was feeble, and she was very much exhausted by the journey. She had hoped to reach the headquarters of the 1st army corps of girlscouts that morning early and she had been several miles distant from her destination when meeting with Gertrude, and her physical condition did not seem to admit of this addition of the travel. With many thanks she therefore accepted the invitation so cordially extended and now the party had halted in the ground of a great mansion which was General Aronburg's headquarters. The tired horses were therefore driven into the keeping of the army orderlies, and Penrod allowed the girls to lead the way into the house. They were then ushered into the drawing room, where Penrod excused himself to inform the others of their arrival. He left the door open behind him.

"There are two new girlscouts," exclaimed the voice "that sounded like jeans." "Get ready to meet them you others."

A door leading from the entry then closed, and the others heard no more. Then all of a sudden from somewhere else "Good night christian dogs!" for the open window. Get on of sight George Turner as fast as you can."

Gertrude and the others paid a attention to the remark, and the others with her followed their her example. Gertrude though she said nothing to her companion about the strange remark to which they had just listened but could thin not help thinking of it. She and those with her had been all alluded to as christian dogs within General Aronburg's headquarters. It was evident that some one had been present who ought not to be present, but as she had two new friends with her it was not then right for her to investigate the meaning of the suspicious words. Penrod presently returned to the drawing room, attended by General Aronburg himself, and with him was the beautiful but majestic little Jean Saunders whose voice was always as musical as the rippling of a mountain rill. General Aronburg was happy to see his niece had returned, and whose presence was more than welcome to him after her long stay away from him. He hoped that her plan of enabing his army to cross the narrow part of the flood would enable him to drive the Glandelinian invaders from the soil--conquer capture and even exterminate them. General Aronburg's words were always strong enough to prove his royalty, and these added to the fact that Jane Maryland was an officer of one of the brigades of girlscouts under the Princesses satisfied Gertrude that she had sure gotten into good company.

"The more true girlscouts we have the better--for we have been completely overrun by these Glandelinians," said the general, alluding to the news of General Myletze's march.

"I'm not afraid you use overconfiding words general," added the little wounded girl whose bright eyes flashed as she spoke.

"I say what I mean," continued the general.

"Is there any doubt of the fact that the whole state of Calvernia has been invaded by the Glandelinians Jean?" asked Gertrude with a smile.

"None whatever, but general Aronburg says Myletze can be driven out," replied Jean.

"Is there any doubt of that fact?"

"Yes indeed. Myletze is a fighter. Our troops are fighting for the dearest rights of our country. But do you think anyone yet can whip that crazy and terrible Myletze?" demanded she warmly.

"Undoubtedly not. But we can have the generals try anything for once for otherwise if Myletze continues to advance this war will be long drawn out."

"I beg your pardon Gertrude," said Jean. "I think he will. Permit me to add, he is advancing already. We are in peril ourselves, and Calvernia is forced to give way."

"I am very sorry to hear it," said Gertrude, pleased with the spirit so less the beautiful beauty of the frail child scout.

"I know you are, and so am I," replied she. "Abbinennia is fighting for to suppress the horrors of child slavery--and Calvernia is fighting for its own existence. The right to set free child slaves is just as evident to me as the right to live. And yet from his character and his military genius Heidi Myletze is our main danger all over. If Glandelinia is to win the war which I ardently hope not, it will be by the genius of Myletze."

"I'll kill him then the first chance I get," retorted Gertrude. "I'll put them Napoleon or Glandelinian Robert Lees out of the way..."

The question of this situation was fully discussed by the two girlscouts but both of them were in the best of humor. Neither playing playful contestant succeeded in convincing the other on a single point, and when the party were

called to breakfast they had advanced just about as far as any statement by saying "Well Gertrude to settle our dispute on this subject as we cannot now convince each other it will be a matter for all our armies to adjust by very hard fighting, and so we shall not attempt to settle the matter but let the subject drop."

The whole in the mess hall as Jane H. Arnyland could judge were good girls and boys indeed, friendly and loving and so on. The Imperial young girls and Jean who was a fit type of a brilliant kind was her main attraction. Though like a princess in her bearing, and manners she was not proud and haughty and was a very friendly and agreeable child, and the two new girls and visitors entirely loved her society at once. They questioned as how her shoulder was wounded and she however just then declined to explain and only smiled and said "But I am a heroine, and it is sorely against my will, I confess that I cannot now tell you the reason. But we are new together, and so I let us be good friends."

"With all my heart," replied the gallant young girls and captain.

A very pleasant early morning was spent in the drawing room during which little Jean affected the company of the new comers. She Jane she was lively, always happy, witty, and fascinating and was very much delighted with the society of all girl and boys and she then after the breakfast told of her rescue and then of how she later had rescued him in turn. He was then called for, and to Jane he was an exceedingly good looking little boy but he was a true Abbeismian, and she liked him too. She compelled him to relate the history of his rescue of Jean and of the desertion of the other. She laughed at the chagrin of the Glandolinians, when he told how he grabbed up Jean and not only now rescued her under fire, but kept her keeping her on his horse then followed and chased after the deserter with two others and captured him. She took no pains to conceal her sympathy with the cause of Abbeismian. Finally the girls and Gertrude announced their intention to depart again after breakfast and therefore they took leave of the building leaving the two new girls there. They both were so kind as to hope they might meet the girls and captain general again. Then before the time for the sun to rise Gertrude and this time Mildred Maxwell were in the saddle. Perrod, whose route lay in a different direction, was no longer their companion. If not explained before general Aronburg's headquarters were on the ground near the edge of the floods, and the two travelers wended their way again in another direction, and went through a beautiful section of country which excited the admiration of even Gertrude, though it was no new scene to her. They had hopes of meeting Evans with the Vivian girls returning from the captivity. As they were leaving the reveille was sounded in the camp within hearing and also they heard it as they passed through on their way first to the tent of the commanding general in charge of that section, general Blain Nightlinger. They stopped here first, and they names were sent in by an orderly in attendance as Gertrude first wished an interview with this "fighting man".

"Why, Miss Aronburg I am more than happy to see you have returned," said the general immediately coming forward out of his tent to meet her. "You were gone so long I was afraid you had met with fatal experiences."

"Thank you general. I am very grateful for the kindness and consideration you and your army has always bestowed upon us girls and scouts," replied Gertrude. "I want to use for a time if you can spare him your trained aide-de-camp for I need later to give you an appointment because you are a good general and greatly feared by the enemy."

"I will lend him to you since knowing your's was killed, and I will do my best also in whatever position you may place me."

"I will leave that to the fair little Princesses when they return," laughed Gertrude.

"You and your followers were sure terribly unfortunate in your trip on the huge raft, but you accomplished the work, that even the fair Princesses never expected you would do one third way. We shall do some hard fighting in a day or two if your plans are carried out."

"And there will be sharp work for you to do before that comes off," laughed Gertrude.

"I am ready Miss Aronburg. Every soldier is ready to march or fight as long as he can stand while you and your fair girls and scouts are here to inspire us."

Gertrude smiled at this and said;

"Thank you for the compliment general. I will see you again when I return and I hope I come back with the Vivian Girls."

Gertrude long before this had made the acquaintance of the general's whole

"military family". His position and rank were defined highest next to general Aronburg and duly promulgated. From those around her after she first had returned to camp from the raft she had obtained all the current knowledge in regard to the situation of the vast Glandolinian armies under Mylata which was an unknown place just now, but ever pushing Vivian's help before him with a range of the forest fire in his rear. General Blain Nightlinger was a tall straight well formed man, with a bright complexion and a strong frame. His eye was full of energy and he spoke with his eye as well as with his voice. His military history was familiar to every one in the whole nation. Besides he was a very decided man and his decisions had won him his first appointment in Constantinian Aronburg's army. He always was winning what he said, and also meant anything he said. His own energy of character had made him success from the beginning. His faith in himself, in God and his faith in the army was unbounded and he fought and conquered not only by his force of his mighty will but by his prayers, and trust in God to help him pull through. He also attempted only what was possible and won victories through his faith in God more than in himself. His military judgment was unusual and of the highest order and when he decided anything that could be done it did it. His conclusions however suddenly reached were not the off spring of impulse they were carefully drawn from well founded premises. His quick eye and his solid judgment rapidly collated all the facts in regard to the strength of the enemy, relative situation, who the commanders were and the advantages of their position, and from them he promptly decided the conclusions whether to fight or not—how, and where, and when to fight.

The general's pet name was "fighting lightning" and by this nickname he was known and loved throughout not only the various armies he might be appointed to serve in (for he never was commanding the same army or wing) but throughout the whole nation. But he was not a rash man nor an over cautious one he made no unconsidered movements. If the term implies rashness and blundering impetuosity it would be a mistake, but after Evangelina Grandis, Jennie Vivian, Jennie Turner and other places who could mistake its meaning for his battles were uniformly successful to be the issues of merely headlong courage, recklessness and unmannered strategy. All his operations in any other fights too many to be mentioned here where he had so gloriously distinguished himself exhibited on head as well as an arm carefully considered plan as well as bold and determined execution.

The mention of "fighting lightning" wound the hearts of all the Christian soldiers who knew him and who fought under him. He too was far more popular than any other general in our armies excepting Aronburg and indeed all the Christian soldiers were thinking of him as well as brave ones. None of the Angelinians could love and honor a general or any leader who led them into the forefront of battle to be entrapped and slaughtered, and also they could not and would not believe in a man whose highest recommendation was brute and reckless courage. "fighting lightning" was also one of the most able strategists of Constantinian Aronburg's army, and wherever he has ever justified his title as a fighting man he has also always displayed the highest skill and judgment, and a profound knowledge and appreciation of the science of war. Yet this great general had stood before Gertrude Angelina with a certain feeling of awe and reverence which one experiences in the presence of a truly favorable princess. Too there had never been any time to talk of the past for the present and the future were full of trials and cares—were full of a very nations life and hope. General Blain Nightlinger was always cool and self possessed as he had always shown himself in the mad rage of the hottest battle but he was also earnest and most anxious. He was even now preparing to do that work which his battles quite as much as the fiery onslaught. General rancid Turner was in command of the extensive right wing which occupied the vicinity of Hiedi Run. The rebels of Mylata's van guard had just been arriving as far as Hiedi Run but it was evident to all the generals that it would be some days to pass before there would be any pitched battles with Mylata. Gertrude not only desired to watch for the approach of Evans and Violet, and her sister's but she wanted to obtain certain information which she thought Perrod was smart enough to procure for her, and she had sent him on ahead in another direction. A map had lain on the table in the tent and in a few telling words she had explained to him what she wanted.

"But don't be rash Perrod," said she as she rose to depart on her own mission. "Like you have always shown intelligent courage is what we want and nothing else. Therefore Perrod I shall depend on you for all the skill and discretion as well as dash and boldness as you can show."

"I will do the best I can!" He had replied, and then he had left the tent and mounted his horse. While Gertrude was gone off on her own mission he had dashed off toward night o'clock in the morning and completely with his instructions pursued a southerly course until he reached a point beyond the active operations of General Baldwin's Christian Cavalry, which was scouring the country, leaving his horse at an abandoned farm house he advanced on foot to the westward of the creek and suddenly discovered large squadrons of Glandolinian Cavalry. Cautiously approaching in an endless column and Penrod was obliged to dodge out of their sight. With the style of their large square hats they looked to him like an enormous army of mounted College students just coming through with their professional training and having passed the examination. He had obtained his information; Mylet's army was closer than supposed and Penrod fully acquainted himself with the nature of the country and the situation of the Glandolinian army to the north east and southeast of the stream beyond the narrow stretch of the flood. It was nine o'clock when he had completed his reconnaissance and he was nearly exhausted by the long walk he had taken and the excitement of his occupation. He was at least two miles from the old abandoned farm house where he had left his horse. He had eaten nothing since his breakfast and he felt faint from the want of food. He walked one mile and stopped to rest at a very magnificent mansion which evidently had belonged to some great man long before. He was tempted to visit the big house and ask for some refreshment, but then as he was alone, and knew nothing of whom the occupants may be he did not deem it prudent to do so. After resting a short time and watching the smoke clouds far in the distance rise to an enormous height into the sky as if it was a great volcanic eruption he continued his weary walk toward the farm house. As he passed the very door of the large house a squadron of girlscouts stopped at the gate, and a young officer helped the leading one down from her horse. A side-saddle led the horse away. The girlscouts passed at the gate, and appeared to be observing him. At first Penrod could not understand the reason while the girl who should watch him and he continued on his course until he came within a few feet of where he stood.

"Captain Penrod!" exclaimed she. "How come you here? I'm delighted to see you again so soon."

"I have accomplished my mission, Gertrude," replied he not a little surprised to find her here when he thought she was out looking for the Vivian Girls.

"This is an unexpected pleasure to know of your alien success," added she, extending her hand which Penrod looking at her in surprise took.

"I should hardly have expected to meet you at this distance from the army," he said. "Did you find the Princesses?"

"The Princesses, what Princesses do you mean?—oh I remember!—the Vivian Girls. Oh I heard they were coming to stop in this place. You are some distance from the Christian Army."

"As you are my friend Gertrude Angelina I'm hardly under par for me to inform you why I am here," laughed he. "I am hungry and looking for something to eat." "Did you have breakfast this morning?"

"Yes."

"And hungry so soon."

"It is not well then that you are away from your army then, for they shall be moving away in a few days."

"Perhaps not Gertrude," but I shall be with the army before noon."

"Not if I can help it," thought the girl to herself and she said aloud:

"This is my new Aide-de-camp Major Hanson, and," and she turned to the boy scout who had followed her orderly to the stable and had just returned.

"How do you do Major?" said Penrod.

"Happy to meet you, Captain General Penrod," replied the major but to Penrod's surprise not very cordially.

"Now you must come to the house, General Penrod. It is just breakfast time with us," continued the girlscout.

Penrod was too faint and hungry to refuse. The girlscout leader conducted Penrod to the sitting room of the stream house. He was followed by the aide-de-camp, who judging by his looks and actions, regarded the boy scout with no special favor whatever, and was not even by his looks anything like a friend, indeed far from it. Penrod had noticed the look and said nothing, thinking the aide-de-camp was just jealous. Gertrude did all the talking, however and seemed to do it too with the sole purpose of keeping the aide-de-camp in the shade, for she most carefully turned aside two or three strange and hostile observations he had made as though they were of no consequence or as though they might provoke a very unpleasant

conversation or argument.

"I am particularly delighted to meet you again on your return trip," Penrod said Gertrude, as they entered the apartment.

"Thank you Miss Aronh," Aronh replied he, though he could see no good reason why she talked this way all of a sudden, and was a little herself at all. And her hair to his surprise did not appear so decidedly golden as it did not smile when she spoke as was her customary way. He was also a great boy scout leader, and though far from loyal to the Abolitionist cause, and so was she and with strength and mind enough to regret that her own complicity was to be nothing but a girl scout leader, and she couldn't be a general like her uncle. Gertrude was always to him a magnificent and dignified little girl scout, beautiful in her manners, even to Penrod whose knowledge of the higher order of beauty among little girls that float about in the mists of home and abroad was very limited. She was as fascinating as any pretty child could be to any boy, and never since he first met her could he resist the charm not only of her society but in the present instance he was too much excited exhausted by over-exertion on the raft to be as brilliant as he usually was.

"This is very unexpected considering the distance from the place at which we parted company early this morning," said he.

"Oh it isn't a very great distance to the Christian times. My horse rode me down this far in three hours," replied she. He looked at his wrist watch, and saw truthfully it was only two hours since they parted, and believing she made a mistake said nothing but suddenly the aide-de-camp said, "It was three hours and on a quarter, Angelina!" and interrupted this apparently harmless he might have felt the necessity of saying something to avoid being regarded as a mere cipher.

"How do you still feel this morning after the little brush we had early this morning Gertrude," added Penrod.

"What brush do you refer to, a hair brush?" asked the girl rather surprised.

"The little clash we had with the Gargoylian Curdies."

"My dear friend really your're mistaken you have."

"Now Angelina will you excuse me for a few minutes or so?" said Gertrude. Aide-de-camp very implicitly breaking in upon her remarks.

"Certainly," replied Penrod. "But you were rude to break in our conversation like that. As to you Gertrude you sure are a fighting girl, and the affair of the earliest moment of this morning was pretty sharp work for a few minutes."

"Of course I'm a fighting girl scout, and also I'm a good horse back rider, but—"

"Angelina, don't you remember you promised me something, and you should remember," said the aide-de-camp who still lingered in the room. "And he is the best time for a girl scout leader to redeem her faithful promise."

"What do you mean boy?" demanded the girlscout.

"Why don't you remember that?"

"Cross my heart, and hope to die I don't."

"Perhaps Captain Penrod will excuse you for a few minutes or so, while I'll tell you what you promised."

"Certainly to be sure," added Penrod, and the aide-de-camp moved toward the door, Gertrude following him. Penrod saw her whisper something to him as she took him by the arm in a familiar manner. Then he whispered something.

"Oh yes indeed I remember it all now," exclaimed she, with sudden vivacity.

"You may go, and I will return in a few moments Captain Penrod if you will excuse me," said she to Penrod.

"By all means don't let me interfere with any arrangements you have been making."

They therefore retired, and the door closed behind them. Penrod was quite informed by the conduct of both Gertrude and the boy scout. Several times too she had interrupted him and the aide-de-camp, and too the aide-de-camp seemed to show that Gertrude was starting to have an exceedingly bad memory. She did not seem to remember the fight with the Gargoylian Curdies on the road, and too she seemed to be equally forgetful of what had passed between him and the aide-de-camp. He was equally forgetful and the girlscout leader at some period antecedent to the present.

He noticed too for some reason or other they were both quite intimate and slightly varied as the young boy scout officer was in affairs of love and matrimony he had seen he had no difficulty in arriving to the strange conclusion that the interesting girl and boy scout who had just left him were not mere third hands but were conspiring in something secret which evidently they did not want him to overhear or suspect, and though he did not at all have the skill to determine what particular secret they had made, he ventured to believe they were not as friendly to him as Gertrude usually was. Though

it seemed to him a rather a rough and unpolished conclusion or rash judgment, was something a correct one, showing that young boys know many things by intuition. And what Penrod did not like was that some how or other Gertrude Ameline did not appear at all as she had appeared the earlier hours of the morning. Her uniform did not look quite so new in its color, her hair seemed strangely less golden and not so handsomely arranged as she ordinarily fixes it; her manner was more brusque and less polished and respectful, and she spoke with a harder and more solid tone of voice. It then he reckoned girls are not always could not always be the same on one hour that they may be on another, and therefore he believed it was quite probable that Gertrude must be suffering for the want of his own breakfast or from some exhaustion not apparent to others. Of course Penrod too wanted his breakfast, and still, too, at as a king is impatient for the feast that is to satisfy his hungry army, but he a boy who knows and feels that food is strength, he put out supplication and so forth could endure the hardness of an empty stomach for his whole body seemed to derive their power more directly than usual from that important organ. He did not however worry himself to obtain a solution of what was happening in the conduct of the girl and the boy, though he felt apprehensive that she was going rather back on him. And they were absent but a few moments before Gertrude returned. If she had been cold even more and passed through a Abdominal Uniform school in the entire her tone and her manner could not have been more changed than it was now. She looked and acted much like the original Gertrude of a few hours before, she was even all sweetness and civility now, and what was far more strange still her manner was as perfect as though she had all the memories of the studies of a life time.

"Captain Penrod that was the worst fight for a while and Gertrude's skin mish that I ever happened to be in," said the girl, after the event had been terribly rehearsed.

"It was short indeed for a few minutes. By the way Gertrude, what is your opinion of little Harold Jean How?" asked Penrod.

"Well I was rather surprised to see him go into the fight as he did. He is a brave little boy."

"Indeed you are either dreaming or mistaken. He was not in the fight, and neither is he a boy!" a girl said Penrod.

"So she is? I made a mistake, but I did not know whether she was in the fight or not but I thought she was when you asked me the question."

"But she was not along with Ursula's would in the shoulder you know. Wake up Gertrude what's the matter?"

"Oh I was sure of it."

"Were you? Before the fight you seemed to be far off the opinion that some of your followers were of no account."

"That was said concerning strange foreign boyscouts in general always had a great deal of confidence in Jean. When she found her own I knew what the boy meant."

"Listen Gertrude I'm telling you she was not in the fight."

"You are right it was possible she was not in the fight," said Gertrude with more confusion than her trifling mistake could justify.

"In the pursuit of the Glendalins?"

"Yes in the pursuit of the Glendalins," continued Gertrude, taking the words out of Penrod's mouth. "You forgot again Gertrude, you conducted the pursuit alone." Wildly added Penrod looking at her closely to see if she was perfectly sane or so dumb from lack of sleep that she did not know what he was saying.

"Oh yes so I did not mix up this matter with another affair in which your boyscout team chased the Christian dogs."

"Chased the what?" interposed P. H. Penrod, confounded by this singular and unbecomingly startling and most inappropriate remark.

"The Glendalins I said," laughed the girl out. "What did you think I said?"

"I understood you to say the 'Christian Dogs'."

"Oh how Christian do a dog? I am one myself," said Glendalins, Gertrude or Ursula whatever you call them."

"If you did I understood you, or you are out of your head this morning. I called the only Glendalins. But Gertrude what's wrong? You never seemed like this before. Are you sick, or too sleepy to think? If so why didn't you rest up?"

Penrod was disposed to be polite even at the sacrifice of the point of correctness; therefore he did not hardly contradict him companion though he felt entirely certain in regard of the language language used and that something was decidedly wrong with her. Yet he thought the hardness of the past and

or no consequence or as though they might provoke a very unpleasant

her losses on the raft was burning her mind.

"Of course you could not be a saint Christian dogs whatever you said," added Penrod.

"Certainly not. Do you know why I didn't catch those Christian dogs--those--those Glendalins?" continued Gertrude.

"I do not replied Penrod, but he had a strong suspicion that it was because she was not really in the pursuit or that it was because she did not want to even try to catch them because it would be more prudent not to catch them and become lost. It would have been in the highest degree exceedingly dangerous for her to catch them."

"I'll tell you why I didn't catch them," added the girl without rubbing her hands as a man does when he had a point or an appointment to make. "It was because there were no one to catch."

"Good night," exclaimed Penrod to himself. "The girl must be nutty, and then Penrod who had the judgement even how or other too to suddenly perceive that this answer might be intended for a joke and who was polite enough to render the homages due to such a tremendous effort--a laugh as earnest as the circumstances would permit."

"Oh possibly it was because their horses were too fast, or that mine went slower than theirs," added the girl seemingly with the evident design of perpetrating a joke even more stupendous than the first. We must have to suggest to our readers, young and old that any person can and does always lay himself open more by his jokes, his puns and his witlessness than by any other means of communication between one person and the other with which we are acquainted. Sometimes a man can be talking about business, politics, morality, or religion and you may have a very inadequate idea of his moral and mental resources. Hear him jest, hear him make a pun, hear him indulge in a witticism and you would have his brains popped out before you if have often heard a man get off a witticism and feel an infinite contempt for him. It is not the thing said and it also is not the manner in which it is said it is not the look either of which it may or is said. It is all three combined. We who would counsel himself from those around him should neither get drunk or attempt to get funny. Gertrude Ameline had now revealed herself to Penrod more completely in that unguarded joke than in all that had passed between them before. Penrod was not a moral or even a mental philosopher, but that night he had given him a poorer opinion of his companion than he had before entertained. It was even suspicious that was fortunate for her that her hideous Frank returned before he had the opportunity to launch another witticism upon the ears of Penrod's charity or the latter might have absolutely learned to despise her or think she had lost her mind.

Another thing that came to him as a shock was the next.

"If I hide-dump we have not lately been honoured by the voluntary presence of boyscouts leaders at breakfast," Penrod and you will pardon me for lingering an extra moment before my his looking glass." A maid said.

"Strange place," said Penrod.

"Thank you captain that sounded a pretty serene note."

"Radiant," said the hide-dump who seemed to be hungering and thirsting for something funny, or smart.

A bell rang in the hall at the moment, which Penrod never heard before for the call of bells, even bells were sounded with the high but nevertheless he was thankful for however much despite her extremely sudden queer ways he enjoyed the society of the fascinating Gertrude, he could not forget that he owed a solemn duty to the outraged member of his body corporate which had been kept fasting since the afternoon before having had no time for supper.

"Now gentlemen oh I shall I have the pleasure of conducting you to the dining room."

"Gentlemen!" thought Penrod "strange way to address boyscouts, sounds Glendalins to me," but he answered "Thank you."

"Your arm if you please captain Penrod," said the brilliant little lady.

Of course Penrod complied with this strange but reasonable request, though he had not been in the habit of observing them in the courtship in the army and that he had always offered her his hand first. It seemed to him that it would have as he always did but somehow he was utterly unable to settle the difficult question.

They passed through the hall and entered the dining room. The table was laid for only three, and while Penrod was wondering where the rest of the scouts were who had accompanied her, a tremendous knocking was heard at the front door.

Penrod was disposed to be polite even at the sacrifice of the point of correctness; therefore he did not hardly contradict him companion though he felt entirely certain in regard of the language language used and that something was decidedly wrong with her. Yet he thought the hardness of the past and

or no consequence or as though they might provoke a very unpleasant

"Somebody is in trouble," said Gertrude. "Or is 'knocks like some officer who comes with commands. Take this seat please captain while I sound answer it."

"Thank Miss Aronburg," replied Penrod as he took the appointed place. "I hope it isn't any christian dog after me." Added the aide-de-camp to himself as he seated himself opposite Penrod. "I don't want them to catch me yet."

"You shall not be in any such danger," answered Gertrude who had almost read to the boys mind, and as a boy scout entered the room with a document in his hand.

"For your aide-de-camp," said the boy as he presented the note to him. The aide-de-camp took the letter and broke the seal, apologizing to Penrod for doing so and douching too in the meantime. Then his eyes suddenly opened wider than their usual spread and it seemed as if his chin dropped till mouth and eyes were both eloquent with astonishment. He then sprang out of his chair and assumed an attitude in the highest degree dramatic. Penrod had expected him to shout out a joke.

"What is it Francis?" demanded Gertrude who seemed to be enduring the most agonizing suspense.

"I must go this instant," exclaimed the boy scout pout still gazing as if with fright at the momentous letter.

"What has happened?"

"Don't ask me Gertrude," answered he in excited tones. "I will be back before this evening, perhaps I'll be back even in one hour. You will excuse me captain Penrod."

"Certainly," replied Penrod.

The aide-de-camp rushed to the door attempting to cram the letter into his pocket as he moved off, but Penrod saw the document fall to the floor, apparently or absolutely without the notice of the owner.

"What does it mean I wonder?" said Gertrude with a trouble look.

Penrod surely did not know what it meant, and if he had it surely would have been doubtful whether he would have had the courage to stop to breakfast. "What in the world could have happened?" said Gertrude, apparently musing on the event which had just been transpiring. "My aide-de-camp is not often so deeply moved as that and he appeared to be very excited just now."

"Maybe he has received a letter of great importance evidently," said Penrod. "He has dropped the letter on the floor."

"So he has," said she glancing at the document. "Thus far I have always resisted the temptation to know more than the laws allow and I think I will not yield to it now. And it would not be honorable for me to read his letter without his permission after especially the boy had refused to inform me what the letter has. But whatever it may be, we will have some breakfast." Whatever opinions Penrod may have entertained on some of the other points suggested by this fair little hostess he had none in regard to the last proposition. He was absolutely and heartily in favor of the breakfast without regard to the curiosity of Mother Eve. And besides the breakfast was a very good one, hot cakes and molasses even though the two opposite sides had so recently gathered up all the provisions which the country outside the disaster zone appeared to contain. With every mouthful he ate Penrod's strength seemed mysteriously to return to him. The breakfast was so good but yet was not so formal as might have been expected at home and did not occupy over half an hour, but in that half hour he had grown more stronger and more vigorous and felt equal to any existing moment or emergency that might occur. However agreeable the society of his girl friend Gertrude had always proved he began to be very impatient for the moment when he could without outraging the laws of propriety break the spell which bound him. He had faithfully discharged his duty to the inner man and he bethought him that he owed another and higher obligation to his country, that the commanding general of Aronburg's left wing was expecting to hear from him though the time given him by Gertrude to complete his mission had not yet expired. While he was considering some fit excuse with which to tear himself away from his interesting companion, which had not ever detained him like this before---for it surely anyway was not prudent to inform even any person that he had been engaged in collecting information for the use of any christian general, and must return and report the result of his mission---while he was thinking what he should therefore say to her he heard something which sounded marvelously like the tramp of many horses feet on the walks which surrounded the building. These sounds might have been sufficient to create a tempest of alarm in himself if he had not believed that he was far enough away from the camps of the Glandelinian army to ensure the estate from a visit of their scouting savorly parties or squadrons. He did not know exactly where he was in relation to the line of either army, but nevertheless he felt a most

reasonable assurance that he and Gertrude too was out of the reach of any danger from the enemy. He therefore listened, with tolerable coolness to the clatter of the feet of many horses, and finally at first concluded that the animals must belong to the estate. This conclusion however was soon most unpleasantly disturbed by other and more suspicious sounds than the tramp of horses---sounds like the clatter and clang of savorly equipment. More than this, Gertrude too looked looked on anxious and over excited when there appeared to be not the least reason for anxiety and excitement on her part.

"Won't you take and her apple please captain," said she glancing uneasily at the window, and then at the door.

"No more I thank you Gertrude," replied Penrod "You seem to be having more visitors."

"No," I think not," answered she mildly, and yet with assumed carelessness.

"Then what is the meaning of all those sounds outside then?"

"They are nothing Penrod, perhaps some of the boy scouts leading the horses down to the meadow."

"Do those horses wear savorly trappings," Gertrude. You know we never have those on our horses even though we carry the customary weapons."

"Not that I am aware of. Do you think there is any Glandelinian savorly around the house?"

"I'm positive there are, and with your permission I will step out and learn the occasion of this visit," said he, rising from the table and making sure that the two revolvers, he wore in his belt were in good working order.

"I hope you do not intend to leave me to them Captain Penrod," remonstrated Gertrude.

"I am only desiring to see to whom the savorly belong."

"I depend upon you for protection," said Gertrude as she rose from her seat at the table. "Ah here is some one coming, who will explain it all to you," she added as the front door was heard to open and then close again rather violently.

"I do not think it will need much to explain things," replied Penrod as through the window to his consternation he discovered two gray back savorly men with hoods on their heads. "We are in peril of capture. It is quite evident that the house is surrounded by Glandelinian savorly. Your aide-de-camp I'll bet was an enemy in disguise and has betrayed us."

At this moment the door of the dining room opened and the aide-de-camp stalked into the apartment. He looked at Penrod and then at the little girl scout. The troubled expression on his face went he went away had disappeared and he wore what Penrod could not help observing as a smile of triumph.

"Well Gertrude how is it now?" asked the boy scout aide-de-camp, as for the sixth time at least or more he glanced from Penrod to her. The brilliantly beautiful little girl scout leader made no reply to this indefinite question. This time she did not even speak as a real civilized girl would speak to her friends but threw herself in to a chair with an unusual abandon which would have been very unusual to even a first lady of a first class comedy which was highly discreditable in a first girl class girl scout leader. She threw herself into a high chair and began to laugh as though she had been suddenly seized with a fit of hysterics. Penrod looked surprised and somewhat annoyed. A less susceptible person than himself indeed would have been surprised to see an elegant and most accomplished girl scout leader laugh so violently when apparently there seemed nothing to be laughed at. He could not understand it, a wiser and more experienced person than Penrod could not have understood it. If the aide-de-camp from the great humor and unusual humor in his subtle brain had launched forth one of the most tremendous of his words of wit or comedies, the mystery would have solved itself to him or if the boy had uttered anything but the most common place and easily explained remarks Penrod also would have evidently thought that he had told a sort of joke which he was not keen enough to perceive. The house was surrounded by Glandelinian savorly. Glandelinian savorly that was no joke to him nor Gertrude. I either he fancied for he was an officer in the command of the Princess Princesses' detached service and proved more dangerous and fatal to one would prove equally as dangerous a fatal to the other. But the aide-de-camp did not seem to be the least apprehensive by these circumstances that the house was surrounded by the Glandelinian savorly.

He stood looking at the girl scout leader as though he was waiting for her next move in the developing of the strange game.

"What in the world are you laughing at now Angelina!" asked he when both he and Penrod had watched her until his own patience was somewhat shaky or tried, and that of Penrod had become what cow convulsed.

"It is sure comical and very funny," said she as she struggled for utterance between the great fits of laughter.

"If it is very funny," replied he, obediently though it was quite plain that he did not regard the scene as so terribly amusingly as the girl did; why "why don't you tell me what it is?"

"You would not laugh at all then."

"I would miss if I had the time but I must proceed to business."

"Don't spoil the good scene yet please," she said with great difficulty.

"Hurry it up then please Angelina. I'm getting tired waiting."

"Captain Penrod" added she, repressing her crazy laughter to a more reasonable limit. "I am supposed to be your most obedient servant am I not?"

"Thank you, but you are supposed not to be but I am supposed to be," replied he, beginning to apprehend for the very first time that he himself was individually and personally the very victim of the full joke which has so excited the merits of the girls' scout. "But whether I am, or you are, will you oblige me by giving me the desired information of what you are laughing at."

The girls' scout broke forth anew, and peal on peal of laughter rang loudly and frantically through the room. Penrod was nervous but he tried to think what he had said or done that was so comical and astoundingly funny, having satisfied himself that his own humor would therefore certainly make his fortune when given a wider field of operation. And therefore it was evident that it would not do for him to be as funny as he could thereafter in the presence of girls' scouts and the like or any one of them might yet die of hysterics.

"Do you swelly and honestly want to know what I am laughing at Captain Schoofield Penrod?" asked she at another brief interval of apparent sanity.

"I am in particular desire of finding out. Did I do anything funny, or make a funny face that would disturb you, said anything funny, or—"

"No indeed I am laughing at the very situation. At least Penrod you know that there is something most irresistibly ludicrous in such situations. Captain! I delight in situations—least very funny situations I mean to tell you."

"Really as far as I can observe I do not see anything very comical in the present situation," replied the puzzled boyscout officer.

"Too bad then if you do not, but I'm afraid you won't appreciate the situation from your own standpoint. What a pity we have not a good and reliable photographer to make us a scene of this, for future inspection—"

"Well Miss Aronburg, for some reason or other you sure seem to be making merry at my expense. Well if so I am joyful to have afforded so great a girls' scout leader so much mirth and amusement, but I am afraid I am still your full debtor for the bountiful hospitable hospitality you have shown me here."

"You need not mention it, captain, and also you won't wish to mention it in a few hours hence."

"I assure you I shall ever gratefully remember your kindness to me."

"Perhaps not," laughed the little maiden maid.

"Captain Penrod, interposed the boyscout aide-de-camp, "I surely believe we have carried the joke far enough, and we will not have to proceed to the most serious part of the business. In a few words to say you,—"

"Stop, boyscout general if you please," interrupted Gertrude almost sternly. "This is my affair and not yours."

"For the love of Jupiter hurry it along much faster than if you will Angelina. The people will get tired waiting outside."

"Don't you interfere. You forget that you are a Glandelinian officer of boyscouts belonging to the Concentinian Home Brigade. Many insist that you are, and of course therefore you are or must be."

"Of course I am, I had almost forgotten the circumstances," laughed the aide-de-camp.

"Well Miss Aronburg since it seems you are to manage the affair I will thank you most brilliantly to give me the information of what you are trying to drive at!" demanded Penrod with the least evidence of impatience in his tones.

"Indeed, and with the greatest pleasure, indeed again, with a pleasure which you cannot yet appreciate I will inform you all about it. But my dear Captain Penrod in deference to a girls' scout who has always admired you, feted you accompanied you on campaigns and so forth on the raft, dined you you will therefore answer a few questions which I shall be asking you before I proceed to explain matters." "....."

"For the love of Mike and Ike be in haste Angelina," said the aide-de-camp very impatiently.

"Francis Turner if you hurry me, I shall be obliged to demand you to leave the room," answered she angrily, and with a resumption of the imperial dignity she had partially abandoned.

"I'm silent, Angelina." "...."

"Keep silent then. Now Captain Penrod you are one of the famous boyscout heroes of all the Abbeismian armies, a great favorite of the Vivian Girls, and a full fledged rose of boyscout cavalry better than that of any knight of old. At Jennie Vivian you were inside the Insurgent lines doing duty as a spy. You were rescued by me from two Professional spies from an attic. First question was this not so?"

"That should be positively for a Glandelinian court martial to bring full proves if I should happen to be captured."

"Unfortunately you have evaded the first question. Also taking advantage of the hospitality of some of the Vivian Girl Princesses and the kindness of Emperor Vivian who had pledged his honor that you should be delivered up to the proper authorities as soon as you were able to be moved you escaped his custody. Second question! Is this true?"

"I was never wounded, under no pledge, was not a prisoner in their hands, nor was I ever paroled."

"You have unwisely and foolishly even evaded the second question. You are on the staff of Emperor Vivian and you have been sent out to procure information for general Concentinian Aronburg. Third question! Is this true?"

"You have said it not I."

"Third question evaded. By your own confession made to me you are a great christian spy making me very jealous of you. You have resorted to certain christian tricks to escape the penalty of your misdeeds, and have tried to make yourself better than the Vivian Girls or even me and others and make me a fool. Now fourth question indeed, would it not be fair for Glandelinians to capture you by resorting to a trick such as those you have practiced?"

"I have played no trick. And yet it would depend on the trick."

"You have crassly evaded the fourth question. You have abused the sacred rites of hospitable hospitality at Emperor Vivian's, and the Vivian Girls' headquarters. Should you regard it as anything more—fifth question, then man destroy men if you should be captured near the christian lines by a similar abuse of the sacred rites of hospitality?"

"That would depend on the circumstances of those lies."

"Why evade the fifth question boob. All of them evaded as I supposed all of them would be, for a dirty foreigner can no more avoid provocation than he can avoid talking through his hat with a hole in it."

"Thank you indeed for the handsome compliment Miss Aronburg. I cannot forget that I am speaking to a little lady and therefore I can make no answer," replied Penrod with gentle dignity as he bowed to the tormentor.

"That is more than I expected of a foreigner," said she a slight red flush upon her fair little cheek assuring her victim that his rebuke had been felt. "I am a little girl, but before the girl I am what you never thought a Glandelinian girls' scout always, having a cause though wicked dearer to my heart than anything save only a woman's honor."

She spoke proudly and her head rested with imperial grandeur on her neck as she uttered her impressive and startling words, which shocked and surprised Penrod and cut his heart like a knife. Gertrude turned traitor. How could it be. Was she mad?

"Now Captain Penrod, you understand my position, and you understand your own position," she continued. "I invited you to dine with me for a great purpose. The house is surrounded by Glandelinian cavalry. Captain Penrod I'll surprise you by telling you you are a prisoner among the enemy. I have captured you for them."

Long before the imperial and now imperious "Gertrude an geline" announced the conclusion of the whole matter, Penrod had realized that he was the sole victim of a conspiracy, that he had been invited to dinner in order that she may cause his capture. He had listened carefully to the fallacious argument embodied in the five questions, and had been and was prepared to refute it if the occasion required. He had no difficulty in perceiving that he had gotten into trouble. The house was surrounded by three squadrons of Glandelinian cavalry, and he knew from their uniforms they were the dreaded "Mangaboos" the fiercest Mic-Hollesinian-Zimmermannians there were, and he knew that either Gertrude was envious of him, or that he had not shown to her some causes to win her, or that she had all the time been pretending to be a christianian christian and was in secret an enemy. He was broken hearted over this, and yet never considered whether he was mistaken or not. If Gertrude Angeline truly had a double—Nevertheless Penrod had coolly

and most decisively made up his mind not to be made a prisoner by her. He felt that he had been invited into the house under the guise of her best friend. He had believed and thought her to be the best friend he had next to Violet and her sisters. The girl scout leader had however all the time he knew her pretended to cherish an excellent feeling, amounting almost to love, toward him. He had always treated him more than if he was a friend, always had accompanied him in his mission, helped him out as he had helped her out, and now here he had detained him until the cowardly could be sent for. Because she was jealous of him the trap had been set, and he had certainly fallen into it. The circumstances were not at all like those under which he had been accused of and whatever she had accused him off his conscience therefore did not reproach him for any violation.

"You sure are a prisoner and mine, Captain Penrod, I repeat," said Gertrude. "My prisoner if you please."

"Miss Aronburg, I have always before this cherished a feeling of admiration and regard for all girls of Abbeismia but I regret in the present instance to be compelled to contradict you. You who have been so often aided in by me as you have aided me called me a dirty rascal. I am not your prisoner if you will excuse me for daring to say you," replied Penrod calmly.

"The whole house is surrounded by large bodies of Glandelinian cavalry," added she severely. "What could you do to escape. It only remains for me to call them in and end this scene."

"Is that so Miss Aronburg. Well allow me to also observe that the part which remains will be much more difficult than the part already performed. I am not a prisoner and will not be taken."

"Am I to understand, Captain Penrod, that you propose to resist two hundred and forty men who stand ready to capture you?" demanded the girl scout with a triumphant smile.

"Excuse me if I evade that question also for the present. Perhaps if you will also farther pardon me if in this most difficult and dangerous business, I venture to dare ask you a few questions, which you will also evade I suppose or answer as you please."

"With the greatest pleasure I will submit to be questioned, Captain Penrod," answered she, with a merry twinkle in her eyes, which told how much she still enjoyed the situation.

"Thank you Miss Aronburg. After all you have shown yourself by this action to be one of those brawling girl scout Glandelinians who have done so much to keep up the spirits of the chivalry in this dreadful war on the side of Glandelinia by pretending that you are an Abbeismian scout, and that your Uncle is General Aronburg. You too I suppose are one of the feminine Don Quixotes who have unsexed themselves in the cause of treason and child slavery by charging with your lance at the wing of a windmill. Pretending to be a friend of mine all the war down on the raft you--"

"I never was on a raft sir and--besides," Listen to me interrupted Penrod. "You were on the raft and you deny it. You are absolutely crazy. You have turned traitor and still now may say you even don't ever remember me at all."

"To day is the first day I ever saw you."

"I will not hear this if you will Angelina," said the aide-de-camp. "Sir," he then exclaimed advancing toward the bold and ungallant speaker, "your foul little mouth will be slapped till your blue in the face and--"

"Stand where you are make believe aide-de-camp," said Penrod, fiercely as he pointed a pistol suddenly at his head. "If you stir a step or open your mouth again I'll kill you where you stand."

The boy scout was taken aback by this unusual and decided demonstration and Penrod had a murderous gleam in his eyes. The aide-de-camp had no pistol about him, and therefore Penrod was pretty well satisfied that he would remain quiet until it was safe for him to move. Judging from her looks Gertrude seemed to be taking a slightly different view of the sudden change of the situation.

"Excuse my unusually rude words, Miss Aronburg," continued the captain with a gentle inclination of the head. "But as this is your affair, I will thank this little 'gentleman' not to interfere. Shall I repeat what I said before?"

"It is not at all necessary Mr Penrod," she replied coldly. "Well therefore, we shall proceed. First question. Did I correctly state your position?"

"Is a little girl scout who strengthens the hearts of those who are fighting for the full right to exist."

"First question is now evaded," interposed Penrod half tearfully. "You invited me to this house near the very enemy's lines, and by the laws of hospitality which even the heathen respect you were impliedly pledged to treat me as a friend, and not as a foe. Second question. Is this so?"

"Did you learn to respect the laws of hospitality at Empress Viviana?" sneered she.

"You have evaded the second question. I have never been unfaithful to any

friends. None of those things of which you accuse me of is true. To proceed by your own confession you invited me to dine in order to make me a prisoner after all these months of our going together as the best of friends and now you intend to take my life by having me hanged as a spy by the enemy. I don't understand your method of this treachery. Gertrude but if you sought to have me captured by a simple trick, would it not--third question--be especially fair for me to escape you by a trick."

"But it is utterly impossible for you to escape," replied she, glancing through the window at the big force of cavalry on the lawn.

Third question evaded my dear Gertrude. You are supposed to be a little lady, and as such under ordinary circumstances you are entitled to be treated with the delicacy and utmost consideration due to your sex. But as you have ceased to be a Christian girl scout and are proved to be actively engaged in the war on the side of Glandelinia, conducting the business of capturing me if you can--under these circumstances after all I have done for you would it not be entirely fair for me to treat you as a traitor precisely the same as though you had not unsexed yourself and was a Benedict Arnold?"

"You seem to have already forgotten what is due to a girl scout," replied she, her cheek flushed with anger.

"Fourth question evaded."

"Sir I decline to hear any more of this course abuse," exclaimed she stamping her foot.

"You will have to indulge me for one moment more, and I will endeavor as much as possible Miss Aronburg to avoid talking through my nose and making pretensions as a horse of the Christian army, or a small piece of cheese. Perhaps you call yourself a lady, but you are not. You are a she devil in human form."

Perhaps of course the Imperial little beauty thought that these expressions borrowed from her own elegant discourse were not especially refined for a little girl to use but she made no acknowledgment of the fact.

"Your silence consents, thank you, Miss Aronburg you speak with treasonable contempt of what you pleased to term 'Christian tricks' at the same time you were thrown into convulsions of laughter by the apparent success of one of your own fiendish tricks. Now permit me to ask whether you would equally appreciate--fifth question--a trick quite as smart, or smarter than your own?"

"You have insulted me long enough sir," replied she most haughtily haughtily. "Now sir,--"

"You have evaded the fifth question. I have no more to ask."

"Now sir, I will hand you over to your enemies," said she moving a step toward the door.

"But excuse me if I dare take the liberty to decline being handed over to my enemies," said Penrod a tapping between her and the door, and now occupying a position between the girl scout, and the discomfited boy scout of her own.

"Mr Penrod what do you mean?" demanded the girl, her bosom heaving with angry emotions, as she found herself confronted by the young boy scout officer, who looked as firm and as immovable as a mountain of granite.

"I meant what I said, and much more than that," answered he, with an emphasis which she could not fail to understand.

"Sir I demand to be allowed to pass out the door."

"I positively forbid you to dare approach that door. Do so at your own peril."

"Sir," gasped she, almost overcome by her angry passions.

"Miss Angelina Aronburg," replied he bowing politely. "You are no gentleman."

"When I first met you when you rescued me from the attic with the snakes I regarded you as a lady, as my heroine and thought you was one of the brightest ornaments of your sex. What I think now I shall keep to myself."

"You are driving me mad."

"I do not care, though I fear you have been tending in that direction for the last hour."

"Major Francis," cried she turning to what was known as her aide-de-camp. "Will you stand there like a statue and permit me to be unseated in this manner?"

"Major Francis will stand there. If he dares to move hand or foot or open his mouth to speak I will blow his brains out. He is a villain and a traitor as you, and of course he is a cringing coward."

"The Major boy scout winced under these strong words but there was death in the sharp snapping eye of Penrod, and he had not the courage to even make the slightest movement, or even speak, and perhaps also he thought that as the girl scout had insisted on managing the affair herself it was quite proper that she should be indulged to the end.

"I will not endure this one second longer!" exclaimed Gert Gertrude, and she took another and more determined step toward the door for the purpose of calling in the Glandelinian troopers.

"Stop Miss Aronburg," said Penrod, suddenly pointing pistol at her head with his left hand, while that in his right was ready to dispose of the "aide-de-camp."

"Is it absolutely possible that you can raise your weapon against a girl who once has been your best friend?" cried she shrieking back from the gaping muzzle of the pistol. This to him was a surprise as Gertrude had never feared a dozen pistols.

"Let us understand each other, Miss Aronburg. You never was a friend or you would not have treated me like this. I am not to be captured. If you attempt to leave the room or call in the Glandelinian soldiers, I will shoot you as gently and considerably as the deed can be done, but I will shoot you as surely as you stand there, and I stand here." He cocked the pistol, and she heard the click of the hammer. She stood in mortal terror of her life, utterly unlike the brave Gertrude Angeline she really was. Was she the original?

"You forget that I am a little lady," said she in tones of alarm.

"I did not forget it until you had forgotten it yourself," answered Penrod.

"You have abused and insulted me after all I had done for you. Under the long nearly two years of more than perfect friendship you are not turning suddenly against me and attempting to hand me over to my enemies who will put me to death as a spy whether I am really one or not. Your treachery has been a dreadful shock to me, and I must confess that I am terrible upset and heart broken. And yet did you think notwithstanding that you would be able to drop me gently into the arms of the Glandelinian soldiers out there, so that I would be hung for a spy? If you insist on pursuing your dreadful plan to the end it will surely and positively be death to you or to me. I am not at all willing to die for any Glandelinian girlspy or scout and especially not for one who is seeking my life by such treachery. It would grieve me to shoot on a so far and fascinating as you, and especially after what I thought we were between each other, and I should and would remember it to the very end of my days, but my duty to myself and even my country requires the sacrifice, and I would shoot you if it broke my heart."

"Are you in earnest, Captain Penrod?" asked she still struggling under the violence of her extreme emotions.

"Angeline!" said the aide-de-camp.

"Silence dog," added Penrod sternly. "Miss Aronburg I am more than in earnest. The situation has changed. And would you like a good photographer to preserve the scene for future inspection?"

"You surely would not kill me after all the friendship I have shown you in the past?"

"I would, as you would kill me by handing me over to those cavarly men." "But the soldiers are impatient outside, and they may come in without my call," suggested she glancing at the window while her muscle in her frame shook with terror indeed unlike Gertrude of old.

"If they do it will surely cost you your life, unless they are more reasonable than you are."

"Good heavens, you mean to murder me."

"No I do not mean to murder me, but you mean to allow yourself to murder your once upon a time boy friend. When I fire it will be from solemn sense of duty only for your Glandelinian outthroats would hang me to the nearest tree if they knew as much of me as you do."

"Then what in the world shall I do?" asked she wildly, as she looked desperately around the room.

"Now you are reasonable. Let one of your followers bring you pen ink and paper."

She ordered a boy who had waited on the table to bring the required articles and Penrod gave him a charge to be very discreet as he left the room. In less than a minute he returned with the writing materials, and laid them on the table. This boy was even more terrified, than the girl or her aide-de-camp and therefore there was no need of fearing that he would venture upon any bold enterprise.

"Now my dear Major Francis sit down at the table," said Penrod very sternly and giving him an awful black look. "You will remain where you are miss Aronburg."

"And what am I to do?" asked the boy Major.

"You will write what I dictate. Did you call this Glandelinian cavarly?"

"I did."

"Then you are really a Glandelinian boy scout helping your mistress with a vengeance and you are a worthy officer of his Imperial Majesty and I'll warrant there is not another such little culprit in my view."

"That is a personal insult for which I will--"

"Silence sir. Who commands the cavarly outside?"

"Colonel Turpo."

"How many men has he?"

"Five hundred."

"Five hundred. Yes."

"Yes five hundred."

"Funny it takes five hundred to capture a boy. What was your design?"

"To help her make you a prisoner. It was her plan all through."

"Now write, Colonel. The matter upon which I called you was all a mistake. Your service shall not be required and you will retire from the house without delay. Sign it Major major as you please."

Penrod Penrod looked over his shoulder to satisfy himself that the major wrote what he said, and nothing else.

"I hope it will be probable that we may get through this business without shooting at either one of you," added Penrod as the scribe folded up the note.

"Give the paper to the boy scout."

"Go to the front door boy and deliver this note to the Colonel in command of the Five Hundred," continued Penrod.

"Yes sir."

"But here stop a moment..."

"Yes sir."

"You remember you are not to say a word to him."

"If one of those Glandelinian soldiers should come in to the house by front or rear it will cost your mistress and her aide-de-camp their lives."

"I hope not sir."

"Do you understand me boy?"

"Yes sir. They will not come in. I will see to that."

He departed on his mission. Penrod still stood in the attitude for action and Angeline and the aide-de-camp surely looked as cheap and crestfallen as though they were surely lost souls. They waited with even more impatience than the boy scout officer for the departure of the Christian cavarly both of them fearing that some unfortunate accident might bring the desperate young boy scout to the execution of his horrible threat. In the colonel outside luckily was not of an inquiring mind so the clatter of horses feet and the clanking of sabres were heard again and the cavarly dashed down the road to more hopeful scenes. Penrod returned the pistols to his belt as he listened to the sounds of the retreating Glandelinian cavarly. This action on his part seemed to afford Angeline and her aide-de-camp an immense relief. Death no longer stared them in the face, and both of them began to grow bold again.

"Now Miss Aronburg write when you see your good uncle General Aronburg again you will have a fine story to tell him," said Penrod.

"I shall not likely tell him of it."

"And why not?"

"Because I have no Uncle."

"Then thank God General Aronburg is free of you."

"Just the same I think we have obtained some very new ideas concerning Christian dog boy scouts to day," added Gertrude spitefully. "I had supposed we Glandelinians alone make war on women and children but it appears to be absolutely true of your set too."

"Pray am I to regard you as a woman or as a child?" "Miss Aronburg!" asked Penrod. "Or as both?"

"I sure hope I shall have the pleasure of seeing you hanged," exclaimed she with the same expression of a woman rather than of a child. "Laughed Penrod."

"How long before we shall be rid of your undesirable presence captain Penrod?"

"How long will it take your orderlies to bring up the horses on which I saw you drive?"

"Not less than ten minutes if that will hurry your departure the horses shall be brought up instantly," replied she directing the waiter present to give the orderlies the necessary orders.

"Thank you Miss Aronburg. May I trouble you also to get ready to accompany me?"

"Accompany you sir.?"

"I did not regard myself entirely safe yet," replied Penrod taking one of the pistols from his belt. "Before I am out of sight my friend the major may feel justified in calling for the cavalry again."

"They are five miles off, or will be by the time you have started" said the boy scout major.

"I do not believe you. When I fall among people who are as sharp as you are I always use extraordinary precautions. It is also part of my purpose that you should go with us my dear Major."

"Go where?" demanded the boy intensely alarmed.

"I will not trouble Gertrude to go any farther than the farm house where I left my horse. In regard to yourself I shall have to insist upon you going with me to headquarters."

"Why so?"

"You are a traitor too of the blackest stamp and it is quite proper that you should be attended to before you have done any more mischief."

"You are quite mistaken Captain Penrod. I am."

"I will pledge myself not to prevent your escape." Interposed Angelina apparently unwilling that the aide-de-camp should say too much.

"Excuse me if after what happened I decline to trust even you Gertrude."

"This is insolent sir."

"It is that I will admit," said Penrod as he picked up the letter which the major had read with so much astonishment. It was a blank sheet but the direction on the outside was in a girl's handwriting, evidently Gertrude's. It was nothing but a blind to afford a reasonable pretense for the aide-de-camp's speedy departure. Penrod put it in his pocket for future reference.

The horses are ready Penrod," said Gertrude.

"So am I but you are not."

"My hat and shawl are in the entry" replied she sullenly.

They passed out of the house when she had robed herself for the ride. Penrod assisted her graciously upon her horse.

"Where is your aide-de-camp or the major?" asked he turning to the spot where where he had stood but a moment before. Gertrude's reply was a silvery laugh which was a sufficient explanation that he had taken himself off.

"So much so much the better" said Penrod. "Good morning Gertrude" He added as he walked rapidly up the road in the direction of the farm house.

By this sudden and unexpected change in the drama she was so surprised and taken aback that she could not find words for reply. And she did not know whether the movement boded good or evil, whether the boy scout had gone in pursuit of the aide-de-camp, or to the place where he had left his horse. Penrod however when he discovered that the aide-de-camp had escaped him was afraid to trust himself to ride along with Gertrude which would too surely betray his movements to a pursuing force of Glandelinians, for the boy traitor could find one in the near neighborhood. Therefore he had decided that it would be safer for him to walk and then he could avoid the public road if it became necessary for him to do so. He would indeed have been glad to hand over both the treacherous scoundrels over to the military authorities for punishments as traitors and deserters or for giving aid and comfort to the enemy, he would they both would have been a great danger to him on the road. As events often happen for the best he consoled himself with the belief that the traitors' escape was not the worst thing that could have happened. He walked rapidly until he obtained his horse. Whatever his late "friends" had done to secure his capture he was not molested on the road neither did he discover any pursuers behind or anywhere near him. His horse was fresh after the long rest he had had, and Penrod rode at breakneck speed till he reached the headquarters of general Nemo. On the way, after he carefully arranged in his mind the information he had obtained he could not help thinking over the exciting events of the early morning, and indeed he was broken hearted to think that Gertrude had so treacherously deceived him. Besides her conduct had been very strange.

Up to now she had been such a loyal girl scout leader, now she was apparently in full sympathy with the enemy. It was a sudden change if it was a change at all. One thing wanting Penrod was so upset that it never came to his mind whether he was mistaken or not, and that something might be out of the ordinary or that Gertrude might have a double. But to Penrod Gertrude now like a lobster had a boy scout at her head and it seemed to him quite impossible to tell what a girl scout or a lobster would do, with a boy scout aiding. Penrod had after separating from "Gertrude" had again met her in that house and the best solution which he could give for the matter was that the aide-de-camp might have converted her from one side to the other. As this seemed to be a satisfactory explanation of the singular conduct of the fighting girl scout leader

he was satisfied with it and gave the subject no further consideration. There fore he felt like a boy who had lost his sister by death. His ride was not so long as it had been in the morning, for the army had advanced some miles and therefore in a few minutes if not longer Penrod reported his information to the general and gave him advice. Then he also told the story about the attempt which had been made to capture him and in the course of his narrative involved Gertrude Angelina in trouble and dishonor. The general was not a little shocked at the story, and hoped that other boy scout officers who were invited to dinner by fair girlscoouts of the enemy, and then entrapped would resort to similar strategy. But just then the information which Penrod brought was the most interesting and valuable part of the proceeds of his trip, and the general was soon busy in the study of his maps in the new light he had obtained.

"Well Penrod you sure have done most beautifully very admirably, and have fully justified the selection of you for the important and difficult positions to which you have been assigned by Violet, and her sisters" said the general.

"Penrod bowed but he did not feel happy as his memory still lingered on Gertrude."

"I'm accomplishing one more task to night general. I'm going to ride to the main headquarters of the army give my compliments to general Aronburg, ask him whether Gertrude Angelina really is his niece, tell him the affair and inform him that I have discovered Hyltze's movements."

Then Penrod saluted the general and securing a fresh horse urged forward toward the general's main army. He found the commander in chief still in the saddle, and delivered his message and congratulated his friend with advice to follow up the work and use to employ general Beardsdown which had been sent for ward to report to him in this world if the condition of his own troops required it. Then he asked: "Your Excellency, is Angelina Aronburg, who calls herself Gertrude Angelina really your niece?"

"Indeed she is" he answered. "And I'm mighty proud of her."

"You won't be after what I tell you" said Penrod, and he gave the full story. The general could not believe it, and though he could not understand it he said "I'll investigate this, and if she comes I'll have to hold her prisoner. But are you sure it was she?"

"Positive."

"Couldn't she have had a double posing as her?"

"Impossible" answered Penrod.

"Well it's my duty and I'll have to detain her until the mystery solves out."

Penrod made his salute, and was riding off thinking very sadly over what had just occurred and was fully absorbed in his thoughts; and softly crying to himself when a girl's voice pronounced his name.

"My Penrod I was afraid you'd never return." said the voice. "Why didn't you meet me at Heidi's Crossroads as we proposed" said a girl scout officer urging forward her horse to intercept him.

Penrod looked at her, and was not a little surprised to recognize Gertrude Angelina, who he knew should have been the numerous number of the girl scout staff of Violet's divisions. Perhaps it was fortunate for Penrod that he had already faithfully finished his errand or the appearance of the "girl traitor" would have forever driven it from his mind.

"Miss Angelina Aronburg"

"Exclaimed him very coldly hardly able to believe the evidence of his own senses. For she must have flown over since his experience with her and her uniform was again altered. It was plain to him after all that he had she had not been fully converted to the Glandelinian cause by the blandishments of her aide-de-camp but he was but she was now occupying a worse and more sinful and disgraceful position, in Penrod's estimation than to have stood square up with the Glandelinians. It was most disgusting and audacious in the girl scout to hail him after what had occurred at that mansion, and Penrod now regarded her not only as a Glandelinian but as the most dumbheaded scout he had ever met.

"The same my dear boy." replied she familiarly. "Ride on and I will go with you a short distance to hear the news. Did you succeed in your mission. Did you find Violet, and her sisters. For I did not."

"I'm sorry to same we are both out of luck." replied Penrod coldly.

"Evans is a brave fellow, and a splendid option general. You looked as if you had met a warm reception somewhere."

"Rather."

"You seem tired or upset Penrod. Can't you talk decently?"

"I can't and do not like to talk at all to you," answered Penrod bluntly.

"To me! What in the world is the matter Penrod?" demanded the girl scout with apparent surprise.

"Plenty of matter indeed. How does it happen that you are here. I thought you would be arrested when you came in."

"Why should I come back here? I arrested."

"After the awful affair this morning?"

"Affair. What do you mean?"

"He looked at Gertrude as if he thought she was possessed. He believed she had absolutely lost her memory for she did not seem to remember about the adventure at the mansion with the side-decamp. Indeed Penrod was so completely bewildered that if the mountains around him had suddenly commenced rising up and down as if during an earthquake he would not have been more surprised and if the trees, horses, tents and houses and myriads of men all about him would have suddenly turned bottom upwards and the whole order of nature had been reversed he would not have been more dumb founded. He was entirely satisfied on full reflection that the event of the earliest part of this morning morning had been a reality, indeed entirely satisfied that Gertrude had been a party to the infamous conspiracy by which she and her side-decamp had sought to capture him and turn him over to the Glandelinian authorities and the unblinking impudence of her in denying it now passed his comprehension.

"I think surely you must have been having night mares, Penrod" said she with a light laugh.

"Either I am or you are, I will not pretend to say which at all!" replied Penrod, almost convinced by the words, and especially by the easy assurance of the girl scout leader that no attempt at capture had been made to capture him. But of course any traitor would deny the guilt that was always easily to be expected. It was a rare not to be supposed that she would dare to engage in such a dreadful scheme as that which he has just been a victim of, and then confess her participation in it. Gertrude had actually returned to the Christian line and had the courage anew to take her place in the ranks of the defenders of the Abbeisennian cause even while she was not only in heart but openly engaged in the serious of Glandelinian which was treason and rebellion.

"Now Penrod what ails you talking to a friend like me." Continued Gertrude "For some reason or other it seems to be positively that you are trying to pick a quarrel with me."

"I cannot be any friend to a girl scout who is not only a secret enemy to her own country, she being an Abbeisennian too, and who also turned out to be treacherous" replied Penrod stiffly, and with a great display of dignity.

"Why Penrod, I'm surprised to hear you say such things. I don't even understand what you are talking about."

"Don't understand me Miss Aronburg?" Penrod began to be stern and savage.

"Upon my word, Cross my heart and hope to die I don't!" protested the girl earnestly. "If you who is supposed to be such a faithful friend of mine insist on picking a quarrel with me, a girl scout, and you a foreign boy pray tell me what is it all about...."

"This is all idle talk Miss."

"You have insolently accused me of being a treacherous enemy to my own country. The girl scout began to be slightly indignant and there were tears in her eyes now.

"Most distinctly I accuse you of it."

"That's a very grave charge."

"I am positively aware of it, though I'd give anything if I was mistaken, and I speak advisedly when I make it. If I had met general Haldi Nyletze himself within our lines, I should not have been more astonished than I was to see you after what has happened."

"Penrod, will you be so kind and good as to inform me clearly what has happened?" demanded the accused girl scout manifesting no little excitement.

"At the nearest possible coming opportunity I shall do so before a court marshal. I must sadly inform you you are under arrest. I have my pistol ready if you resist."

"Why what do you mean. What have I done Penrod that you should act so and point a pistol at me?"

"Have you any doubt whatever in regard to my meaning?"

"Upon my word and honor as a girl scout, and a little lady I have not the remotest idea of what you mean."

"Miss Aronburg I'm returned returning to your Uncle with you and will denounce you as a traitor. Just this morning you told me general Aronburg is not your Uncle."

"I never said such a thing. And Penrod those are words and action which even no man can use to me with impunity." replied Gertrude indignantly. "I shall hold you personally responsible for them, and especially for you, who are supposed to be my dearest friend, putting me under arrest for nothing whatever and having the insolence of pointing a pistol at me. If I so desire I'd get away any how. I'm afraid of no pistols."

Something struck Penrod as queer. Before Gertrude cowered before his pistol like a cowardly cur, and now she defies him.

"I am willing to be held responsible for what I say and do." Answered Penrod, coolly. "If you mean violence by that remark, I shall not be off my guard. I again tell you you are a traitor. Break away if you dare and I will surely shoot you where you stand Miss Aronburg."

"Captain Penrod, you are a brave boy scout after all. You have proved your self to be a brave and true boy" said Gertrude with more calmness. "Are you sure you have not been hoodwinked by the enemy?"

"No."

"I think then you are too noble a boy scout to vilify me without giving me an opportunity to defend myself."

"Of course you will have an opportunity to defend yourself. Your Uncle told me to bring you to him. You'll be his prisoner too."

"You propose to denounce me as a traitor, you say?"

"I do."

"You are aware Penrod that I have many enemies among the for which are worse than that of the enemy. I have more enemies than you think. All I demand is fair play."

"You shall have it Miss Aronburg, for deeply as you have injured me I assure you I have no personal ill will towards you. War is war and I have to do my duty as well as you. So I have to say again you are my prisoner."

"Thank you for so much but you say I have attempted to injure you this early morning. I am not conscious of any such attempt, and never met you again since we first parted. I believe you have been double crossed and think it was me who did it."

"Miss Aronburg I'd know your face out of a hundred million. This is all idle talk while you assume that position---while you pretend to be ignorant of the matter with which I charge you, and I must decline holding any further intercourse with you at present. Let me add however that I will not make charges, even after you are confined until I find more proofs against you and you are present to defend your yourself."

"So far your conduct is very honorable, if you would go a step farther and state most distinctly with what you charge me Penrod I should be greatly obliged to you."

"That is useless. From a girl scout like you have shown yourself to be I should not, and could not expect such duplicity as you exhibit in pretending to know nothing about the charge. Either you are trying to avoid consequences or your hardships have made you turn mad."

"I have pledged you my fullest honor that I am perfectly in ignorance of what you mean, that I am not conscious of having given you any offense much less done anything which can justify you in calling me a treacherous traitor."

"Do you know a boy scout ---your side-decamp---called Francis Turner?" demanded Penrod.

"Of course I certainly do not. You should be perfectly aware, since my side-decamp was killed George Zimmermann is my side-decamp."

"This morning you told me to my face you never was on the raft." said Penrod.

"I did not."

"Good heavens how you start in telling falsehoods Miss Aronburg. But come general Aronburg wants to see you."

He brought her to the general's headquarters, and then what transpired within was not known but later Penrod had put spurs to his steed, and was dashing along the road leaving his prisoner to infer what he meant from her conviction from her denials if she needed anything to enable her to explain the nature of the charge. Penrod was excited and indignant that the traitor should attempt at such denials. It was almost incredible that she should have the boldness to pretend that she did not know what he was accusing her of. There was no room for a doubt or a mistake. Gertrude had positively received the blank letter, her side-decamp had positively gone after the Glandelinian cavalry, had positively sustained him in her attempt to capture him. It was not possible therefore that he had done the culprit any injustice. Thus assured that he had not wronged the girl scout, though he had left her crying bitterly, Penrod again turned his attention to the message which he was

to deliver to another general and urged forward his weary horse at his best speed. He found the troops of this portion of the army preparing for a march. He delivered his message. Part of the army already was advancing, and even then Penrod could not form his experience and how he had left Gertrude crying. In that he'd have given his right foot to know it was a mistake. But how could it be. He sure knew her face. The generals were doing much of their own reconnoitering on this occasion, though the members of their staff were kept constantly employed. The enemy was seen moving in between Mass, Vivonia was falling back in good order from the regions of Sanitary Creek, but it seemed to be that at the same time the advance of the first corps of the army was coming into sight. General Granier of Aronburg's army was too far in advance of the main body to make an attack upon the enemy to relieve Vivonia. Flenor creek was to have lain between the two armies and three half torn away bridges was already believed to be protected by the batteries which the Glandelinians had deplaned to bar all approach in that way. The enemy army appeared to be advancing in two long columns on the west side of the creek, and were believed to be about fifty million men, and the brave christian general impatiently awaited the arrival of the rest of the christian forces. It looked like a good opportunity to fight a successful battle with Myletia and he was determined to cross the ponies being bulldozed across the narrow part of the flood at the first opportunity.

"General the enemy are breaking into column and marching toward Somers," said Penrod as he rode up from the point at which he had been surveying the movement on the other side of the creek.

"The enemy is on the advance then," replied the general.

Penrod and several officers of the military engineers were then sent forward to examine the creek in search of a ford by which to transfer the troops to the other side as soon as the force of rebels should be sufficiently reduced to justify an attack. The general chafed under the restraint which the circumstances imposed upon him but he was too prudent to risk an attack while the advantage was so strongly against him. A flooded ford was found near a mill, farther up where the creek was nearly a sea, and the officers reported the fact, but the arrival of the main commanding general at this time prevented night linger from ordering an advance.

"The corps must remain at this place until the afternoon of tomorrow," said the general. "Then I'll give the orders to cross the creek. The troops then must proceed some way up the stream and go over by the pontoon as to cross by the river is impossible because of the flood there. I'll have the fords examined by the staff officers. The outposts of the enemy were said to have been driven in after having been discovered but it won't be necessary to proceed any further as the flood is too dangerous at this spot. I will complete the plan to-morrow, according to the way Myletia had made it."

In fact he had not made her a prisoner, because he knew Penrod was mistaken but he did not intend to do anything but let Penrod discover himself.

Some bodies of the weary troops had laid down to rest in cornfields where they had halted. The Glandelinian army was quite some distance away yet but nevertheless there was no rest for the general Aronburg and his staff, for it was evident that sooner or later a great battle was to be fought a battle on which the destinies of the Christian cause fully depended. If

General Aronburg's grand Abhannian army was defeated there would be nothing to stay the march of Myletia toward Anglinia Agathia. The fair fields too and the prosperous cities and towns north of Anglinia Agathia would then be open to them. The great heart of the southern Calvernia State beating timidly as the great hordes of Glandelinians advanced advanced, sickened by previous and horrible disasters of all kinds, by fire and flood and so forth was already sinking into despondency and the bright hopes of the people seemed about to be forever crushed. It was no time for the brains of the army to slumber when that night came.

"We must obtain some sort of information," said the general that morning at eleven o'clock after he had sent an inquiry aid to general Aronburg to announce his intention to attack as soon as possible. General Aronburg himself always wanted information for he never moved in the dark. His great brain and his own two twin brothers in all conflicts and movements of the army. That is why so far he was never defeated. As no one seemed to wish to try anything Penrod and even Gertrude's aide-de-camp George Zimmermann volunteered to procure the information desired, and left the headquarters for this purpose. It was a long way to go, they had to cross by means of Gertrude's raft to get to the other side where the fog may be, and then it was found useless and even suicide to attempt to penetrate the heavy picket line of the Glandelinians in the farm fields and they descended a hill beyond a farm shed till they came to a long ravine through which flowed a considerable volume of water trickling in from

the distant flood.

"This is our only chance," said Penrod in a low tone.

"That is so, but you know I am a forlimer and can only speak two languages. And too this looks like a risky business," replied the German boy.

"Of course George if you are sure you are scared, I do not think you need to go through. You don't have to go to you know."

"Oh indeed, I scared," he answered. "Far from it. Why my dear fellow I'll go through hell with you."

"Maybe you would, but I think it would be safer for us both to separate here."

"I agree with you."

"Then I will take a passage through this long ravine and you may see what you can find further to the north or south. But look out that you do not step into the flood in this smoke fog wherever it is coming from."

"Good. I'll be careful. Now be scientific, my boy, we want to know the topography of the country as well as the position of the enemy."

"Certainly, I believe I understand what is required," replied Penrod as he descended the steep bank of the ravine into the water. The banks of this new stream were of course occupied by the pickets of both armies, and his course led him through both of them. It being daylight, it was a extremely dangerous undertaking for he was just as much exposed to a shot from one as from the other. Fortunately the fog hid him from them. But Penrod however was a boy who had great and trying experience in this kind of business. He always had carried the reputation as a famous boy scout and spy, and had on numerous occasions brought in valuable information of the utmost importance to all various christian commanders, and also to Violet, and her sisters, and had once captured seven boys who had tried to disguise as they they. Indeed his skill in this particular branch had procured for him his unusual promotion and his present honorable position on the staff of Violet, and her sisters. But he was now to undertake a fearful risk--more fearful absolutely than any he had ever attempted before, not from the spying to the foe, but also from danger of surprises from his, or from a break of some point during the flood and letting a torrent of water upon him, but the greater danger, the more valuable the service rendered, and the result of the coming battle might also depend upon his success with which he discharged his difficult duty. He wore his long boots, and therefore continued to feel his way on the verge of the flood stream without going in beyond his depth. Fortunately for him the ravine was fringed with thick masses of trees which shielded him from being discovered by the contending pickets, but nevertheless the slightest sound or discovery would expose him to the fire of the men. In many places the trees branched an arch over the stream and the smoke fog was so intense that he could hardly distinguish an object six feet from him, and it was becoming suffocating down there. He did not walk, he crept to keep under the pall as much as possible, putting his feet down as fast as when she is on the point of pouncing on her prey. After advancing a short distance, the fog began to clear before a breeze and then he suddenly heard low voices on the banks above him. He was passing the first line of pickets--that of the christian army at that. His progress was very slow but he succeeded in his purpose without drawing the fire of the guards. He was now between the two lines, and he quickened his pace a little. While he was thus creaking through the shallow water he discovered in the partial fog a dark colored object before him in the form of a girl. He paused for at first he was uncertain that it was a human figure of a girl--who had also stopped, but whether friend or enemy he was not sure. He feared too it might be Gertrude Angeline who might have escaped and was not close to the foe lines.

Whoever the girl may have been she stood stock still, and therefore did Penrod also stand stock still. Apparently too each may discovered the other at the same instant, and there was not the slightest doubts that each were disturbed by the same doubts in regard to who the other might be. It was a dead lock, to all intents and purposes for neither was willing to advance and betray himself or herself to the other. Penrod had his automatic pistols but if he was compelled to shoot the stranger the noise of the shot would call forth the fire of the pickets on both sides.

Therefore it was at not at all for either party a very handsome situation and therefore they stood like black statues each waiting for a movement on the part of the other. The only thing possible that Penrod could do was to retire in the direction he had come but if he did so he would fail in the enterprise which he was now being engaged, and without the slightest doubts bring danger to general Aronburg's army in the coming battle. Therefore he was not intending under any conditions to go back--for if the worst came, he could take the chances of shooting the stranger if she or he appeared to be an enemy, and then throw himself down under the bank of the ravine to shelter

himself from the fire of the pickets. He therefore was compelled to wait a reasonable length of time for the dark girl who dressed stranger to any or do something, but as she seemed to be created with even more patience than Job himself, Penrod decided to take the chance himself.

"Friend or foe?" demanded Penrod in a low tone, for he was compelled to start the conversation and then to bring it on between themselves.

"Friend of course I'm . . ." replied the other.

"Penrod thought this strange language for the other spoke it in plain English.

"Speak your own tongue if you have it in Abhiennian," demanded Penrod surely. "I'm not English and cannot understand a word you say."

"The answer then came in broken Abhiennian. Penrod thought this very strange indeed.

"All right, English, which side do you belong to, friend?" asked Penrod, domineering the stranger's language rather indefinitely.

"To the Christian side, in course I'm," replied the stranger, with retreating promptness. There was no non-committal about her as might have been expected half way between the lines of the two armies, and therefore Penrod was therefore pretty well satisfied that she was what she claimed to be, providing she was not Gertrude Angeline, whom he would fear here no more than any place else.

"Where are you going?"

"That's rather a very difficult question, Captain Penrod, my dear fellow," responded the stranger. "You are evidently at your old common boyscout tricks, captain."

"Who are you?" demanded Penrod not a little surprised, and also completely disconcerted at being recognized in his present situation.

"Don't you know who I am?" added the stranger, an advancing very cautiously toward the boyscout.

"I sure do not. I even haven't that pleasure!"

"Yes you have though it's rather smoky with fog for a person to own name cut his best of friends. I am Angelina Aronburg. . . ."

"Are you indeed?" exclaimed Penrod, taking all aback by the sudden announcement. Indeed he would rather have met any of the Manleys or even Myletze under the circumstances. He could not to save his own life imagine what Gertrude Angeline could possibly be doing in such a place at such an hour of the late morning unless she was crawling into the enemy's line as to take a part with the foe in the coming battle. He was sorely and desperately tempted in his sudden fear and rage to shoot her down on the spot, and thus while he removed a dangerous and treacherous obstacle in his own path ride the country of a traitor and a dangerous enemy, but Penrod had never had the nerve to do even this though under the present circumstances he might have been justified.

"Miss Aronburg you are something strangely akin and mysterious to me," said he.

"So I am to all who know me," replied the girlscoot. "Come boy let us sit down and talk this matter over. If we speak low, the sentries will not hear us. You are a boyscout after my own heart, and I desire to have you understand me better."

"I understand you very well, Miss."

"No indeed you don't, you just now told me I was very mysterious to you," chuckled the girl.

"I meant to say I understand your object--- that you are a traitor to your cause and ought to try."

"Is that so, listen boy, you never made a greater blunder in your life in calling me a traitor."

"I do not see where a blunder has been made."

"You'll see it sooner or later in the course of ten minutes, if you will hear me."

"It is useless for me to hear you. I shall not believe a word you say after what passed between us this morning."

"What was that my Penrod?"

"Didn't you deny all knowledge of the affair at the mansion this morning?"

"You did not?"

"No indeed."

"You sure must have the worst memory of any person in this country."

"That may be according to you."

"Did you when we met the second time after that spy rascal quarrel?"

"This is the second time we met," interposed the girlscoot.

"Indeed. You sure have a very bad brain. I denounced you as a traitor."

"I was not not kind of you to do that," touched the girlscoot.

"Perhaps not but it was true. You didn't know what I meant you hadn't the least knowledge of the affair until this morning."

"Of course not."

"And didn't I place you under arrest?"

"Oh I do remember that," said she. "But you did no one else."

"Didn't general General Aronburg confine you in his headquarters after I took you there?" asked Penrod, feeling as if he had seen a ghost.

"No, you had no proof of the charge to brought against me. They all believe you are seeing an optical illusion, or my double. That's why I am here. You are double crossed by me, in another person. I want to catch her or him."

"You denied that general Aronburg was your uncle this morning."

"I did that in dead. And I suppose I didn't see to the making of the raft either. Didn't Jean fall for Jack in rescuing him. I sure remember that."

"Very good I have good hope of you at last. Now can you recall the event to which I alluded?"

"Perfectly not."

"That you in connection with the hide-deneap Francis Murat attempted to procure my capture by the enemy?"

"I acknowledge no such impeachment but the affair might be susceptible of a different construction from that you put it."

"I think not."

"Upon my word of honor it is my dear friend Penrod. I came here with the purpose to prove it and clear myself, and I am sure you will agree with me. After you left me at the cross roads, near Heidi's Junction we did not meet again at all until you accused me in the Christian lines. I can have it proved by Dolores and every one else. They were with me when I returned. And besides---"

"Fast you will explain to me then how you have happened to be in this ravine at this hour of the morning?" asked Penrod.

"I could explain it to your satisfaction my dear captain Penrod, but you must excuse me for the present."

"I can't excuse you and we may as well have it out now as at any other time. Either you are a rebel, or have turned one or I and you both have been double crossed by your double. In the words of my boyscout friend if we are what we were the second meeting this morning in that hour there is an irrepressible conflict between us. If you so you have caught me, and I have caught you. I don't propose to shirk the responsibility of my position, but I suppose one of us must die or be severely wounded to insure the safety of both. If you have really a double, and you are the original Gertrude Angeline then I owe you an apology for my insults to you this morning."

Penrod cocked his pistol. He had already made up his mind in regard to the presence of Gertrude Angeline at this place. His theory was that Gertrude had also always been a spy girl like himself a spy boy both were professionals that at the time she and he or her double happened to meet she was passing over from the Christian to the enemy lines either for the purpose of bringing to general Myletze information in regard to the strength and disposition of General General Aronburg's forces or she was really not the traitor and was there for the purpose to try and see why she was accused and who her double may be. He really began to see the light now. Gertrude in the Christian lines had a different way of speaking always than the one who had arrested him that morning early.

"For heavens sake, Captain Penrod don't fire off that pistol accidentally!" exclaimed she as she heard the click of the pistol. "You'll bring the fire of the enemy pickets, and of our own too upon us. Those damn Glandolinian dogs are too close."

There could be no doubt of the sincerity of the girl in the use of these words. And therefore Penrod judged from what he had seen of her when he pointed a gun at her in the house that she was one of those persons who were born to creep, but by some blunder had walked upright and thus doggedly declared the world in regard to their true character. She there had been a clinging coward as Penrod had twice before had occasion to observe when he scolded her in the Christian lines and even pointed a pistol at her there, she did not even wince but said that she would make the best of her there, she did choose to do so. Therefore which was the other Gertrude Angeline, and was this one now with him the true good one. He felt as if he was trying to solve a puzzle which was almost impossible.

"I have no wish to shoot you Angelina Aronburg. If you are truly the one I know you to be from the start I would much rather be spared that pain of

shooting one whom I loved as well as the true one," said Penrod. "Either it was you the duplicate who have crossed my path, and interfered with my plans, or other wise now you are the original and come to aid me. Will you explain everything so I can know whether I am right."

"I propose to explain everything Penrod and then we shall understand each other perfectly. You first said recently I said General Aronburg is not my uncle. I never said that. Why my own father and mother are living. He is the Grand's grandest Uncle I ever had. And this morning you said I told you I never was on a raft. How ridiculous. You know yourself I never was off that raft until we reached the line. You are a Christian about, and so am I. For as obtaining information, I am out to clear my good name before you. You are a true Christian soul, so am I. And any one who would dare call us "Christian dogs" I'd shoot them down like cats."

"I hope I can believe you. I'll give anything if I made a mistake and you were not treacherous."

"Here's my pass, that will convince you."

"It's getting so dark from the smoke in the sky I can't see to read it."

"I will light a flasher. It will not be seen in this ravine."

Gertrude handed him a paper and struck a match against the inside of her stiff girls' coat hat.

"Now read quick."

Penrod read:

"The honored Captain General Angelina Aronburg, sister of Anna Aronburg of the Vivian Girl Princess Brigades of girls' scouts is one of the best and truest and gets well loyal girls' scouts over two in and as she is entitled to receive honor, protection, and respect respect and assistance from all officers, generals, and soldiers of the Abolitionists."

Signed,
Violent, Juicy, Angelina,
Jennie Catherine, Daisy, and
other authorities of the
vivid girls.

It was written
in person by Nellie
vivid."

Seeing that this document was duly signed and countersigned by these high authorities and the date was within the current month and year, and also from the nature of it that Penrod was astonished beyond measure for now he had no doubt of the correctness of this safe conduct. It knocked his little theory all to pieces and he was now absolutely certain that he had misjudged Gertrude, and that in that hour of the morning just past, a duplicate of hers probably her double only in clever disguise had tricked him.

"Where are you bound now?"

"I will go with you now if you'll trust me."

"Do you carry this paper with you?"

"Always, my life would not be safe a moment without it."

"I should say your life would not be safe with it if it were discovered upon you within the Glandelinian camps."

"As long as I am careful there will be no danger on that score. I took good care of it. I brought it for the purpose to show you in case we happened to meet. If you still doubt me I'll prove further your mistake. Did that person whom you say looks like me speak like we do?"

"I should say not."

"What did she say?"

Penrod then told the whole story.

"That will prove that you were bamboozled," said Gertrude. "I want to get that villain of all Christian enemies and I'll bet my right eye that duplicate is a boy. Are you satisfied Penrod?" asked she showing her Rosary and prayer book which he had never seen her without."

"I am perfectly satisfied now but how could it be anyone can disguise as you to expect to entrap Christian officers as shepherds he did in that confusion."

"My dear Penrod it was probably your fault. You fell into the trap by going with her into the house. That boy side-dreamer was either a part of the transaction or apparently was the main conspirator. Now that I understand the story you told me I will explain the second. You say the boy's name was Francis Turner."

"I do not know for sure," confessed Pedro Penrod. "She called him some other name before that which I forgot."

"Well that doesn't help then. You of course know Miss Jennie Turner well?"

"Certainly I know her."

"She is a beautiful and brave little girl isn't she?"

"There can be not the slightest doubt on that point but I suppose you will tell me next if you please how it can be possible if you think so how a person could double you. If I am not mistaken then the one who trapped me was your double."

"There can be no doubt on that point. I wish Miss Turner was by me. She is a professional spy working for the Abolitionist Government, and if she had been with you when my double got up that little donkey and attempted to have you captured, Jennie would have captured her and her side-dreamer instead. On the fact she is sure a spy herself. Violent, and her sisters are not more through going spies, and she is fully in earnest in what she does. I was sorry and cried the day she left us."

"But you assisted her."

"Apparently only, there was no keeping her. Delivering her as it seems is officially handed over to the enemy as it was, as I supposed it would be, and therefore it is her privilege as well as it is her duty to get out of country out of the scraps, which she could easily have done and will. Jennie regards me as her equal."

Penrod could not help or could not help thinking that she was more than right, but he did not give voice to his thought on this subject.

"Your double surprised me for I thought you even said early this morning that you never rescued me from the den of snakes where the enemy placed me for refusing to reveal where Jennie had gone."

"Unquestionably I did and with the intention that you should not suffer for those professional spies. You are aware that she planned the scheme of your rescue here. If I was asked into it and I could not resist after what you had done for her and me. That doubles denial proves to you your mistake in taking me for a traitor to my country."

"I'm heartily sorry but how in the world could I do otherwise? She exactly looked like you and dressed like you and had hair and eyes like you. On this thing now I realize which I paid no attention to before her voice did sound kind of mannish and not girlish."

"That proves again your mistake."

"We value very highly the confidence of Jennie Turner."

"For her sake and my suffering country I surrender. And besides Jennie is a beautiful girl you acknowledge that. Well the Glandelinian officers think so too, in another way. Added she?" In a way that they would give anything for her capture or destruction."

"They must be tigers of taste," was the comment Penrod deemed it necessary to make.

Jennie too is an enterprising woman or girls' scout I mean. To say to us we are Christian dogs in her face is like well to say as if I stopped on a rattlesnake in the dark. She takes a deep interest in all army movements and worms out of the Glandelinian officers much valuable information, which I too worm out for her for I need hardly tell you that the relations between Jennie and myself are of the pleasantest character."

"Like two lovers?" added Penrod.

"Yes, if you please. If she was only a boy."

"It seems to me that your double was using a very secret relation for a very vicious purpose." replied Penrod whose fine sentiment was badly shocked at the thought of the disgrace he had almost caused his dearest friend Gertrude. "I wouldn't want to be your double. We know the penalty for such. We do not shoot unsuccessful spies, either in their own uniform or in disguise, even but when they fix themselves up to look like someone else on our side it's just too bad for them."

"We got to do it for the sake of our country Penrod."

"Go on Gertrude."

"Don't you understand it all now?"

"I certainly do, Gertrude," she said taking her hand. "I realize what a grave mistake I have made in accusing you as a traitor. I even realize it enough to comprehend your position. I thank God and His Blessed Mother that not only in the mistake found out, but I never told any one except your Uncle."

"And he, believed it not either," said she. "When I was brought there he told me of your suspicions and said 'Penrod means well don't worry. He's been

decided by your double. I then proposed to make all efforts to either capture or shoot my double before he or she does any harm to the cause."

"Penrod in spite of himself was not now entirely satisfied with the situation, certainly not, with the purpose of Gertrude despite the common sense of her mission. It was to him a too dangerous a stunt. Entering the ravine lines to shoot her treacherous enemy who made himself or herself look like her. It seemed incredible, but he knew he couldn't turn her down."

"Which way were you going to come when I met you?" asked he.

"I was going another way," replied she, with some hesitation as they heard suddenly suddenly other voices. "If you please we will separate."

"No," said Penrod sternly. "If you are going to carry out your dangerous scheme we must go together. Afterwards you report to one general, and I to another but whether the existence of our love affair is to be a secret or not, I need not say at an opportune moment. You know very well I have the strength of good sized men despite my age and size. We will go on together, and if not returning together, die together. But I'll not let you leave me. Your mission is more dangerous than mine."

"I don't know about that," said Gertrude. "I am entirely safe within the rebel lines. If we have passed our pickets, which I believe were some of my own, we have nothing more to fear."

"Her own pick pickets. This proved to him she surely was the good Gertrude and it cut him to the heart like a knife to think he had accused her as a traitor."

"I owe you an apology," said he.

"For what?"

"For denouncing you as a traitor to your face and placing a pistol at your head."

"Oh forget it. How often have I faced pistols. Don't worry about your mistake. It cannot be helped. Supposing I had been a traitor you would have done your duty. Suppose I had been the one really who had tried to arrest you and turn you over to the enemy after all we have been together these years! You would have been perfectly justified to have shot me dead. We good as we are certainly are not perfect, and cannot help mistakes when we are deceived. Your treacherous treacherous enemy disguised exactly as my double I suppose, unless he or she is exactly the same. But we'll find out later. I'm bent on capturing her or him or him killing one or the other."

"So far I think we had better keep within the ravine."

"Very well but I am sworn a rebel safe-conduct and I know the counter sign."

"Is it possible?" stammered Penrod.

"What possible?" demanded Gertrude smiling sweetly.

"That you have a real rebel pass," replied the bewildered boy scout gazing at her attentively, and surveying her from head to foot.

"Certainly."

To him he was more sure now for she wore the same now and bright uniform which she had worn when they always went out scouting it was not the same the traitor or spy girl had worn when she took him prisoner, but her face had been the same, the eyes, the mouth were the same the hair was the same in cut and color, and Penrod in spite of the doubt which was still slightly unanxious him was even now ready to make an oath that the one who had arrested him or tried to was not Gertrude at all.

"Are you still worrying about that on such a pleasant morning," asked Gertrude with a pleasant and friendly smile.

"I can't get over it, even though I am perfectly satisfied Gertrude," replied Penrod, though he was still in a bewildered state of mind. "I cannot help repeating I owe you an apology for the rude treatment to which I subjected you this morning when we met again in our lines. I am firmly convinced you are not the one I mistook you to be and I hope you will pardon my rough speech and sudden unfriendly manners, and for pointing the gun at your head."

"Most cheerfully, Captain Penrod. Here is my arm. I'm giving around you again," replied Gertrude evidently as much to please as to forgive as the scout was to be forgiven.

"I am satisfied now and do not feel so upset."

"But I am not," responded Gertrude.

"Why?"

"Because I must get my double or she or he'll do a lot of damage to us yet. If he enters our lines and starts his work I'll be ruined. I must stop him before it is too late."

"Of course because of my mistake, and of the spy doing it so cleverly in

disguise as you I was still willing a moment ago to give my affidavit that you were the person. I surely was seriously mistaken as I was when I accused you as being a traitor. Surely we must get that double before he does any more damage or traps others. By the way Gertrude, I found them in the house where she tried to make me a prisoner. I took them from her side-decamp. And Penrod took from him pocket two strange passes which he had then from the side-decamp in the house and selecting the "Christian one" handed it to his girl companion. "Is this document yours?"

"It sure is," replied Gertrude, glancing at the pass. "How did he secure this?"

"I do not know. Is this yours?" continued Penrod, handing her the other pass.

"I should say not. It's a Glandolinian pass of the highest order, and by god signed with my name on it," she said turning white. "Haven't he thanked you secured this. I never saw it before and have no occasion for a pass of this description. Where did you get the other?"

"Your Aide-de-camp was forced to give it to me this morning," laughed Penrod jokingly.

"I'm sure he did not. My aide-decamp is George the German Boy. I have no Francis Turner. But I'll have to destroy this rebel pass or if I'm caught with it within the Christian lines, my friends will think I'm sure turning out to double crossing. And she tore it to shreds."

"Would you let me see your proper pass if you please?" asked Penrod.

"Certainly if you desire it," replied Gertrude, and she produced them both with the remark that it was not necessary to waste the time to read the true one again, but Penrod wished it and she yielded with a sigh. Penrod read both due documents.

"What's that," asked Penrod suddenly springing to his feet with the papers in his hand. It was a shot or two from the pickets but there had been quiet all this time till now. Penrod had thrust the papers into his pocket in the fear of a sudden onslaught of the pickets, but the alarm passed without any consequences, serious or otherwise.

"We are perfectly safe, Penrod," said Gertrude. "I believe you did not give me back my papers."

"Here they are," replied he handing her back the papers. "We are losing the whole morning, and we had better move on. I am satisfied with the proper prospect but I would not like to expose myself to the rebel pickets."

"As you please we can go through this ravine without being seen or heard. But I am well known through the Glandolinian army, more than you are Penrod and therefore we both must use the most extreme caution. You know too how good I am at the guns Penrod."

"I sure do, and you will prove a useful friend to me."

"That is what I have been trying to prove to you. Perhaps even I ought to say that I actually hold a commission in the Glandolinian boy scout cavalry also which enables me to stand absolutely square with our enemies while I give information to our own people and soldiers. But when I go to the command I disguise myself as a boy. You understand me?"

"Perfectly. That'll make it better for me."

"I have told you what no other living person knows except my generals, though the highest authority that employs me has some conception of the very means by which I procure my information. I have also always trusted you because you are a boy after my own heart. What you did in the army so far endears you to me as if you were my own dearest brother. We are kindred spirits, and it is proper that we should further understand each other, and make sure by investigations before we suspect each other of treachery because our enemies humiliate us."

"I remember you now," said Penrod hitting him. "You were the one hoodwinked not I. You were hoodwinked by the one who pretended to be you either consciously or unconsciously. For if that girl claimed herself to be you there can be but little sympathy between us and her. Besides she was a coward and a brag and what did surprise me more than anything else, which did not make me think at the time was how she cringed so cowardly when I pointed the pistol at her in that house. And you ever even since before a cannon. She told me more lies than even her dangerous profession desired or required. He even used the sacred features of yore for her own purposes. We cannot be satisfied that until we either capture your double or get her or him out of the way. Your entrance is easy now for us both, for you have a safe conduct from the authorities of both sides. That enables you to get all the information which has surprised us. Each pass seems to be neutralized by the production of the other and therefore the capture of that spy ought to be easy. It is impossible that you have procured it for the purpose of doing Christian work in both ways, but just the same Gertrude we must be on our guard and run no risks."

Gertrude Angelina cautiously led the way up the ravine both of them creeping and crawling at a snail's pace so as not to attract the attention of the pickets on the banks above them. Penrod would not have been very much surprised if the Glandelinians had not suddenly surprised them and made prisoners of them both but he stood prepared for such an emergency and so did she, and had their pistols always at the ready for immediate use, and if a smoke occurred she trusted she did not to the derision caused by smoke clouds high up and the friendly shelter of the ravine to promote in their escape. His highly respectable friend kept better watch however and they passed in safety through the line of the Glandelinian pickets and emerged from the ravine into a group of pines.

If any numbers of Glandelinians would have set a trap to make them prisoners, and they would have had to fight for their freedom there would be no longer any need that they should keep up better guard for the campfires of the Glandelinians were to be seen in every direction. Only a few rods from the spot where they stood there was a large body of Glandelinian-Chaurian Revolutionary Infantry bivouacking on the ground.

Penrod and both Gertrude were a prey to the most painful doubts. Uppermost in their minds was the wish to discharge with good purpose the difficult and most dangerous task which both had imposed upon themselves, and Gertrude was of the most valuable assistance to him. Her two passions one from each party in the great strife, proved nothing for or against her. It was therefore utterly impossible to reach just the same a satisfactory conclusion in regard to his companions safely nevertheless, and he had told her it was not prudent to place herself into any situation where she could easily be captured. She had answered all she could do so far was to permit affairs to take their own course, and to commend all in the hands of God until some further development should enable both to act most intelligently. As they were now actually within the Glandelinian armies the conclusion of the whole matter must soon be reached.

"This is sure dangerous business," said Gertrude, as they stepped from the bank into the pine grove.

"Anyway we must proceed with the utmost caution," replied Penrod nervously, as he gazed earnestly at his associate to obtain if he could any clue to her wiser purpose.

"If you confide in me Penrod, you and I will be safe unless some sentinel takes it into his head to fire upon us, which is really the only danger we may face."

"I think therefore we had better avoid these camps and squads of soldiers as much as possible. Do you know where the main line of Myllet's is?"

"Certainly I do not, neither do I wish to go so far."

"Is he fortified strongly?"

"We might find out in a short time."

"How many men do you think he has?"

"That is what I would like to know."

Penrod felt the same way.

"Now follow me," said Gertrude. "And whatever happens don't be alarmed."

Gertrude led the way through the grove of pine trees but they had advanced only a few paces before there came a loud cry "Halt who goes there? Friend or foe?"

"Meow, Meow, Meow," said Gertrude imitating a cat to the finest perfection.

"Oh it's only a cat," said another sentry. "It's all right. You were alarmed for nothing."

"It's all right" now whispered Gertrude but "but we got to be more cautious as they or we crawled through an open field beyond the grove covered with high grass."

"I thought you said they know you very well."

"Not the sentries."

"Does your own Glandelinians know you very well?"

"Certainly they do."

"If you know all about the situation and the force of the enemy, what is the use of going like this any further?"

"Because you wear your staff uniform," replied Gertrude, rather confused. "And that is a mistake Penrod. It will expose yourself and me. As she showed the appearance of alarm. If I had seen what you had on before, I should not have left you with it on. Turn it inside out quick."

"I don't intend to show it I'm sure," he answered complying with the request.

"But we were challenged only a moment since, and if we were seen, or if I had not imitated the call of a cat they would have had us."

"If I had been alone I should not even then have exposed myself."

"It's a sort of a mistake Penrod Penrod and we must correct it."

"If it of the Glandelinian officers wear our own colors. They rob our soldiers of their coats, and as much as they hate us don't scruple to wear them."

"But a staff uniform."

"I think we had better separate here, I will take care of myself, and you compare your investigations in your own way."

"Nonsense. You would be taken in less than half an hour. There seems to be a house over here where if we can secure an entrance without being seen I can get you some sort of disguise, or so something of that kind."

"Then Gertrude if I am taken, I am an officer in disguise too, and it would go hard with me."

"I t would anyway."

"It sure would!"

"Yes indeed."

"You are pretty well known by reputation," said Penrod. "You too had better change your name."

"Perhaps I will if I have to give my name."

"Who goes there?" demanded a squad of men, as they were on the point of crossing a rough rough road. Not having been seen yet, Gertrude again started her new meowing.

"Damn those cat's," said one of the men.

"Oh don't bother about a cat," replied another. "Why have just caught this christian spy---a fellow or awing into our lines, and can't delay because of an old cat."

Gertrude could see there were eight of them, that they had a soldier prisoner whom they were conducting up the road toward the main body of general Myllet's army.

"Where did you capture him?" Gertrude heard another man ask.

"Up near the flood yonder. He was crawling on his hands and knees between the rows, and had almost succeeded in getting through, when we surprised him. We shall do some hanging in the morning. What shall we do with him major?"

Penrod and Gertrude looked with interest and sympathy at the poor fellow thus entrapped and Gertrude was thinking out some plan to save him from his fate the moment he she could consistently with the duty of keeping up with appearances.

"Take him up to that farm house yonder," said the Major, and Gertrude saw a prisoner of war in uniform Glandelinian point in the proper direction. The men obeyed. Their dangling sabres too indicated that they belonged to the cavalry, and the obedience they rendered to their major further indicated that they belonged to his troups.

"How come these Glandelinians to capture him?" asked Penrod wishing to settle this point.

"Gertrude shrugged her shoulders. "I believe he was not cautious and got surprised by these men."

"I understand."

"By the way positively Penrod are you sure you have seen my double since we parted early this morning?"

"I certainly did."

"Where?"

Penrod told the facts in plain words.

"Well I must capture her that's all."

"It's dangerous Gertrude."

"Can't be helped. She's a woman to our cause."

The house was now in closer view, and there was a light in one of the back rooms. Showing her pass Gertrude was allowed to enter and the four cavalry men followed her with the prisoner.

"Come in," said she to Penrod.

"Who is in this house?" demanded Penrod shrinking from the light which he saw within.

"I do not know. I want to see this prisoner, and find some means for letting him or getting him free." Replied the girl in a whisper.

Penrod entered the room, where the prisoner had already been conducted. To his surprise and chagrin he discovered that the unfortunate was one of his scout teachers.

"Two of you hold the christian dog," said the major to the soldiers as they entered the room.

"Now you, the girl and boy," he added, when the prisoner had been placed in a corner with two men holding him tightly. "Allow me to add that I know at least you, that we have carried this farce too far, and that you two are also prisoners."

At this moment to the astonishment of Penrod "Gertrude Angelina" the second entered the room to learn the cause of the commotion-----for it appeared

afterwards should have been nursing a couple of officers who had been wounded in some skirmish. 752

"Why Major I did not expect to see you so early in the morning," said "she."
"I have brought up to two of your acquaintances or at least one," added he pointing at Penrod. "You sure remember him?"

"My precious friend Penrod," exclaimed she as a smile of triumph lighted up the features of the beauty. "This is an unexpected pleasure indeed. So you have a girl friend with you. I hope you are quite well Captain Penrod."

"As well as usual, I thank you," replied he looking at Gertrude too.
He was sure bewildered by the new situation, and roundly con-demned his own folly in permitting himself and his girl friend to be led into such a trap. It was quite evident that the major had allowed them to enter this house for the purpose of permitting "Gertrude Angeline" the second to enjoy the success. Penrod and Gertrude were determined not to afford her much satisfaction. Penrod whispered "When the opportunity presents itself I'm going to pull her hair. If it's a wig and comes off you fire. If not we'll try and capture her alive."

"I understand," she said. "That girl's voice sounds manly manish to me."
Gertrude was determined to rid the country of that doublet therefore both she and she and Penrod felt herself self warranted in resorting to the most desperate remedy. It was better for both sides by a bullet or a sabre cut than perish by the way of Gladiolusian children.

"I'll bet that doublet of your's Angeline," said the Major "that has been entertaining her captain friend for the last half hour with an account of her services to the Christian Dons all of which he should have swallowed like a wish dew a worm, without seeing the hook within. Both came into the trap like lambs and as you had had some sparring with him as you told me on a former occasion this morning, when he rather got the better of you I thought you would like to see him before I sent him, the girl and the other christian spy to the rear."

"I am delighted to see him. And the other gentleman is a scout teacher. I can see that by his uniform. He belongs to the command I suppose under those pesky Vivian Girls."

"I never saw him before," replied the major.
"When the major had announced that he and Gertrude were prisoners both had fallen quietly back into a corner of the room behind the door by which they had entered. The man prisoner had been thrust into the center of the room, while "Gertrude Angeline" the traitor and the Major stood diagonally opposite him and near the door by which "she" had entered from the chamber of her "pet patients." The three cowering men who were Secondaries and who were not employed were standing half way between Penrod, Gertrude, and the man prisoner.

"I'm sure I'm delighted to see you, captain Penrod," laughed "Gertrude." "I came over to take care of wounded soldiers, two of them my friends who were shot in battle at Sanitary Creek and expected nothing but a sad sad time. Your capture fills me with satisfaction."

"I suppose I should be greatly obliged to you, and thankful that I am able to do something more toward discharging the debt of gratitude I owe you for your kindness on a former occasion. You are fond of strange situations and I am again the central figure in one," answered Penrod curtly and without any apparent appreciation of the difficulty and danger of his position.
"Would you like me to ask you any more questions Miss Angeline Aronburg. This with a sneer."

"I cannot stop to question you now, with a girl friend in my presence belonging to you. And you would evade them if I did, besides this is Major Turner's affair this time not mine," replied she with a mocking laugh.

"And I will take care that this affair don't go wrong this time," said the Major. "Soldiers secure the three dirty christians dogs."

The three men advanced toward Penrod and Gertrude in the corner.
Penrod made one quick leap toward "Gertrude Angeline" and pulled at "her" hair. Need not say the actual result. There before Gertrude's astonished gaze stood in all appearance a man of her own size, a man the size of a tenor eleven your old child. The critical moment when everything depended upon the wisdom and energy of the next move arrived. As Penrod pulled off the wig, he himself had stepped back in a rage at the result, "randoms of his own" pistols and taking but hasty and careful aim at his treacherous enemy fired. The ball struck "Gertrude" in the head, and he fell with a shock that caused the rude structure to tremble. A sudden half suppressed shriek from the other room assured those in that apartment that others were aware of the proceedings had commenced, though they could not have known who was the first victim in the encounter. The three soldiers who had been ordered to arrest the girl and boy scout were bold enough to advance upon their intended victims

but they only rushed upon a barrel of two revolvers, pointed by the hands of two killed in the business and collected enough to do their work carefully and effectively. Again Penrod fired, and the foremost of the three soldiers fell dead upon the floor. Gertrude killed the second, and Penrod firing a third time hit the third soldier in the shoulder and he shrunk back. The boy scout in charge of the men prisoner however had been too often in the midst of death and courage to be appalled by these exciting events.

"Hold this man," exclaimed the more decided of the four. "and I will make short work of that boy and his scout."

"Shoot them!" replied the others. "Do it quick."

He attempted to do it quick, too quick for his missed his mark, and Gertrude brought him down. Another man fired, hit the man prisoner conscious that the time was ripe for a demonstration in favor of his two friends had come, with a sharp nervous movement freed himself from the grasp of the Gladiolusian soldier in his charge of him, and struck him a tremendous blow with his deep he sprang upon the other soldier who was now in the act of firing upon Penrod. He grasped him by the shoulders with both hands, and brought his knee violently into the small of his back, and threw him down with a crash. Seizing his pistol, he struck the heavy blow on the head with the weapon.

"Please don't shoot christian dogs!" I surrender surrender," said the wounded Gladiolusian-----who was the only one of the eight soldiers in the room in condition to speak-----as Penrod moved silently toward him.

"Surrender nothing," said Penrod. "You don't give us quarter," said he knocked the man on the head with his pistol, and took the sabre from his belt, and opening the window thrust it out. All active operations had been conquered, all of the men except the midget were killed and in a short time he would probably be able to speak and act for himself.

"He goes to the christian lines with us impossible," said Penrod.

"Captain Penrod I would hug you if I had time," said Gertrude. "What shall we do next?"

"I can't tell," replied Penrod. "If we leave this house to-morrow we may either have to fight it out or fall into the hands of the first number of fresh men we meet. Besides we have at it not done our work yet. We must first look after you my prisoner," he added pointing to the fallen duplicate.

Penrod stepped over the body of one of the Gladiolusians Gladiolusians which lay near the door. First he entered the apartment occupied by the so called wounded officers. There was no light there, to his surprise, and he returned to bring one into the room. He found the aide-de-camp Francis Turner standing in the middle of the room, apparently terrified.

"Francis Turner. You are a prisoner. Gertrude here is another officer who needs your care," he called aloud.

"What do you mean?" asked he in husky tones.

"I have outwitted your girl friend "Gertrude Angeline. She has fallen. And you are my prisoner."

"You a Christian dog, have shot a girl."

"No I did not shoot a girl stupid. Your master disguised as a girl. And a fine duplicate at that. But I have killed him. You are to come along with me."

He uttered a faint scream, showing he was not so brave. He was so enfeebled by terror that he did not seem to have the strength to do anything. He was more at talking than at acting.

"What shall I do?" asked he.

"You are to come with us," replied Penrod.

He hastily followed him into the adjoining room and gazed with fear and trembling upon the forms of the dead Gladiolusian aid soldiers and the Major in the room.

"Are-----are-----they all-----dead?" gasped he.

"I don't know," replied Penrod stooping down, and glancing at the wound at the duplicate head. "No I don't think he is at least dead, and probably will not die of that wound."

"What shall I do? Will you call a surgeon?"

"I will not for no Gladiolusian skunk. You are to come with me. Never mind them. They would not care us at your expense. I believe it was you who informed the major so he recognize me."

"We have no time to spare captain, Penrod," interposed Gertrude, with a smile at the simple question of the frightened Gladiolusian boy scout.

"We will make out escape. We will go by the pine trees to the south of the farm---to the south," said Penrod with peculiar emphasis.

"To the south of the farm, that's good," repeated Gertrude, with the same emphasis though she did not seem to understand the strategy of her boy companion.

"There is no need to hurry, for the more hurry, the less speed in this dangerous business," replied Penrod, as he bent over the prostrate form of the duplicate of Gertrude. This time he took from his body the large loose coat which the transverse Glendoliner officer had worn, and picked up the felt hat, adorned with the black feather, which had dropped from his head. "He is killed," said the side-decamp, who was beginning to recover his self-possession.

Perhaps he is, but that is his fault not mine at all," said Penrod as he led the way out the door, followed by Gertrude. "If you attempt to make any break for escape from us, or leave the place where we are going to confine you it will cost you your life. Hail me with your master."

"What are you going to do?"

"None of your business. Hurry help me carry him or I'll shoot you."

"Are you going to send for a surgeon?" asked he, with a sneer which ill-comported with his former imperious manner.

"Not here I won't do."

"But the little Colonel will die."

"I can't help it. He's lucky he is not dead already."

"I will not say anything about you if you will let me go."

"No," answered Penrod. "Here we'll bring him here. Come with me," added he to Gertrude, when they reached the open air. He led the way to the rear of the house, where there were a number of sheds, and many other out buildings used for various farm purposes. One of these he entered, and the prisoner obeying the wounded midge, followed by Gertrude who seemed to possess unlimited confidence in the tact and ability of her young companion.

"What next Penrod dear?" asked Gertrude in a whisper.

"Nothing just yet. There will be a tremendous squabble round here in the course of a few minutes or so or at most half an hour. If we wait just now is a snug place to lie by in until the heaviest blows are over."

"But you surely are not going to stop here--are you?" demanded Gertrude in a tone which sufficiently expressed a her astonishment at such a plan.

"This seems to be the best place for us. I am not a good strategist as you are Gertrude but I have a very good and fixed principle for us. In cases of this kind and that is to stay myself away where they are least likely to look for me."

"Very good Penrod, but where is that place?"

"Here in this house."

"That's backless after what we did."

"But it's the best plan in the world. I don't want to influence you in your plans Gertrude, but I don't intend to return without the information which I came out to procure. If you want to return to the Christian line I will tell you how you can manage, though I think you had better remain with me. We can tie the prisoner to a post and keep him so he cannot cry out. We'll come back for him and the wounded Colonel later."

"I am entirely of your opinion," whispered Gertrude, with a suppressed giggle. "You are an old brainy head at this business, and a good a friend as I am, I am as green as it is as a two months old baby."

"As you please Gertrude. For my own part I feel tolerably sure now I was a fool to be tricked by that scoundrel in making me believe as was you early this morning."

"He is an infernal villain."

"Hush," said Penrod, finding his companion was becoming a little too chatty for safety. "I must find a place to stow this prisoner away and tie him up."

In the back of the house which he found was only a shed attached to the rear of the building. Penrod found a large closet which seemed to be a kind of tool room. In this he bestowed his prisoners, tied up both and rolled a large chopping block up before the door. While he was engaged in this operation the door leading from the kitchen into the shed opened, and a ten year old girl, dark in complexion, rushed out, a girl who was apparently deeply moved by some circumstance which Penrod had no difficulty in fully understanding. She had a lighter on her hand which at once revealed to her the presence of two strangers confronting her.

"My Dear God in Heaven help me," exclaimed she starting back with great alarm.

"Silence, slave. Don't speak again," said Penrod in a low tone.

"Gracious that is little Colonel Wentworth with you," added she shrinking back, and pointing with a trembling finger at Gertrude.

Gertrude's presence with the same features the Colonel had seen in his dream seemed to explain the terror of the child slave.

"Where have you been sent, slave?"

"Not a doctor, sir," said she almost beginning to cry. "But if you are the lost soul of Colonel Wentworth, no use to go for the doctor, for he must be dead."

"No matter what I am, old girl, come with me," said Gertrude.

"Hurry help us."

"How come you speak like that in a Glendoliner camp?"

"I am a Christian."

"Would you like your freedom?"

"I sure would but you a spirit. How can you give it to me when you're in hell by now?"

"Gertrude could not help laughing at this."

"I'm not a spirit, and neither am I the Colonel," she said. "If you behave yourself, and don't make a noise I will take you with us to the Christian line if you'll help us guard two prisoners." And Gertrude, as she led the way into the shed where she had left the two.

"What shall I be doing, Miss?"

"Just keep them from sleeping."

A few steps from the door and they were in the shed. They told the child slave to go in, and Penrod closed the door upon her with an injunction to keep entirely quiet, watch the door where the block stood against which she faithfully desired to obey. Then closing the door upon her after having given her a knife to fight with in case the side-decamp should try to escape. Penrod and Gertrude returned to the house, satisfied that the child slave would keep her promise. The girl slave had left the kitchen door open, and they walked in, Penrod with the candlelight in his hand. There was a fire in the stove on which there were several dishes of fruit, and other at kitchen necessary for the sick room. It was evidently that the farmer and his family had been scared off the premises for no other person appeared to disturb their operations. Their job a heavy riding, hooded men not favorable to stealthy movements, and they retired to the back room to remove them. After satisfying themselves by a further examination in regard to the structure of the house, and the position of the doors and windows, Penrod extinguished the light, and passed from the kitchen kitchen to the front entry. The door connecting with the front room where the few moments of waiting were to have occurred were open. They heard some one inside apparently in the deepest distress talking to one of the officers who had been in and saw the dead man. He heard alone was unable to do anything, and he left immediately to call for help. Penrod and Gertrude concealed themselves under the stairs, and waited for further developments. They were not long called to wait long for presently they heard foot steps which indicated the arrival of at least a score of persons.

"It's hardly time for the return of the United States," said one of them.

"We are rather too early, but when he comes he will bring us the best news we ever heard of intelligence," added another, as they entered the front room.

Then suddenly there was a commotion which was produced by the discovery of what had taken place in the apartment. There was nothing but a thin board partition between the two child rooms and the interior of the room and they could distinctly hear everything that was said. No one however would guess what had happened in the room but they were sure of it that the soldiers and the Major had been shot in their attempt to either capture or hold two Christian prisoners and that the "man" who had done the deed escaped. From what was said it was evident that one of the prisoners was a general of high command a general of division, if not Wentworth himself. All the others simply called him "general in chief" and Gertrude and Penrod could not determine who he was. The officers with him were probably members of his staff. The general immediately dispatched one of his officers to start a strict search for the slave who had done this "terrible" work. He regretted deeply that it had not been discovered before--for the "miscreants" as he called them in the most complimentary terms were probably a good distance from the house by this time.

"Which way do you think they went, general?" asked one eagerly.

"I'll guarantee they went to the north of the house."

"To the north. Very well please them toward the north. But don't say a single word about what has happened till tomorrow. It will help us in the search."

the speaker proceeded to give very careful directions for the permit and the search to all of which Gartrude and Penrod listened with the deepest interest. A colonel who had been charged with the duty departed.

"What do you think of them all, doctor?" asked one of the surgeons revering to the two listeners the fact that one of the officers was a surgeon.

"None of them are alive. The balls have passed through their heads or body. It seems as if it was a personal assassination, a massacre. I don't believe this was done by any two persons. I'll bet it was done by a number."

"Indeed," Penrod and Gartrude too heard all that was being said in the front room, and judged from that and the sounds of other kinds which reached him what was taking place there. The dead ones were sent off for it appeared that the general wanted to the next night for a consultation with his officers. It was expected that the duplicate of Gartrude would be present at this place with fresh information from the christian lines, and both Penrod and Gartrude contemplated themselves that they had been able to disappoint themselves immediately in this respect. Gartrude had with him someone the ravine for her passage through the picketlines, and it was now evident that they both should be able to accomplish much. Gartrude was armed with two pistols, and Penrod will know was regarded in the christian lines as a girl scout captain general of the virgin girls in troop of girls and therefore being a duplicate officer in the frontier should be able to go where she pleased even into the very councils of the generals of the various glandelinian armies, and the reason why she never was discovered, and if not captured at least frustrated was sort of miraculous to him, and therefore therefore he sure did admire her.

Penrod believed he had made a great discovery. He always wondered why, how and where any christian general who might have been serving with anyone knew precisely when and where a massive glandelinian army was going to move, its intentions, and all activities it might accomplish upon itself.

"When general Hanley had been in once made up his mind to attack general civilians too small an army at Haidi's, they suddenly disappeared."

All of the movements of any of Hanley's armies or his greatest christians and generals were always mysteriously communicated to either the christian officials or to Violet, and her sisters even before the general officers of any of the glandelinian generals were informed in regard to them. All people of the christian country wondered, the press commended joyfully, and the christian community government was glad though dumbfounded.

Penrod thought he understood it all now, and believed he had beside him the very girl scout who had done all this mischief to the enemy. Much as he admired Penrod, he was compelled to say that he was partly mistaken. How about himself and all the rest of the scouts, and Redcliffe, Angelina, Nicholas and others. He himself had helped to do much of this injury to glandelinia's most wicked enemies as past and for future pages of this story will show. But he believed that Gartrude was the girl scout who conveyed all this information he believed he had made this great discovery, accomplished this big thing, and he took courage accordingly. Of course the "Gartrude Angelina" he had shot and killed was not there to speak of what the "Christian Doggie" had done. (Glandelinian Skunks) and what they intended to do but for all this the consultation of generals

general officers proceeded. Penrod and Penrod and Gartrude heard them discuss their own position and that of the christian armies, and of how general Vivian was defeated he heard them suggest all manner of all probabilities and possibilities, and how to meet them, how to be a minute the nation of Vivian, but they did not speak so correctly or loudly as he wished they would. They alluded to a line of field works to be erected at Elmer Creek which was possible for Gartrude and Penrod to locate.

NOTE: IT IS HERE STATED IN THE FIRST LINE.

THE IMPORTANT VALUE OF THE HELP OF GARTRUDE...
THE CAPTURE OF THE FIRST WAGON TRAIN, AND THE SLAUGHTER OF GLANDELINIAN CAVALRY.

Penrod and Gartrude were coiled up behind a chest of drawers, and did not seem to concern themselves at all about their personal safety. Indeed they were too deeply interested in the labors of the glandelinian a unit to think of themselves. They had a tolerably good idea instead of the plans of the enemy and wondered whether the man, who was so often only called "General" was really the dreaded Mr. Haidi. He could not reach a satisfactory conclusion on this point but he was strongly in favor of the supposition.

"It is ten o'clock and we must get a little breakfast," said the mysterious general, and Penrod heard the rattling of chairs when they rose from the table.

"Hundreds of thousands of us will probably make a long sleep of it pretty soon," added one of the officers.

"Please don't make such matters a trifle now," continued the general in a solemn tone. "Ah here is the colonel." He added as a door opened and six persons entered the room. "What news did you bring? Have you captured those christian spies?"

"I have neither captured them nor heard a single word of them. And not a soul within our lines knows anything about them," replied the colonel in tones of disgust and mortification....

"That was in very strange. Our sentinels must be sleepy or have fallen asleep, they must be stirred up. The dangerous spies have not been gone from this house more than twenty or thirty minutes when we arrived, according to the statement of some of our slaves who saw the occurrence."

"Nothing was ever more thoroughly done than the search we have made, but I am positively sure they have not through, though I don't see how they could in this twilight."

"Perhaps not," suggested the general.

"I and my men have searched every house, every grove and clump of trees, every hole ditch, ravine and cornfield within two miles of this spot. I am satisfied, but I believe either there are traitors within our camp or child slaves helped them in order to escape with them. Anyhow they could not have got through without help from our side of the line."

"Some one look into that matter immediately," replied the general. "Those spies must be captured. They left this house and I know it."

They soon left the house. A body, and all was silent within. Gartrude and Penrod had done all they could in this place and they were satisfied that the search for himself and her had been abandoned. They crawled out of the corners in which they had been coiled away for over three hours intent upon the great duty which was still in a great measure not performed. Both had some doubts whether the child slave left to guard the prisoners had been patient under the long delay, and they were in haste to relieve her from the uneasiness and discomfort of other situations. There apparently was no one in the house, and therefore there was nothing to fear, and they crept toward the door leading from the entry into the kitchen. Penrod softly opened it to make sure the coast was clear and both were stealthily making their way toward the shed when the door of the front room was thrown wide open, and some Glandelinian girl scout apparently in a great hurry, stepped into the kitchen. She had something in her hand and was intent upon the object which had brought her there so that she at first did not see Penrod or Gartrude, who stood in the middle of the floor. When she discovered the strangers she screamed and started back in astonishment and terror, dropping the dish, but she still held the light which for some reason she had been carrying. Not knowing who she might be both Penrod and Gartrude regarded the meeting as a very unfortunate occurrence, and wished he had been prudent enough to go out at the front door, but it was too late to indulge in vain regrets, and the situation was indeed sufficiently dangerous to induce them to resort at once to decisive measures for the tongue of any glandelinian girl scout was hardly less dangerous than a full squadron of glandelinian wheeler cavalry.

"Who are you?" asked the girl scout, when she had recovered herself sufficiently to speak.

"It matters not who I or my companion are," replied Penrod.

"Captain Schofield Penrod," exclaimed she shrinking back still further. "I am sorry for your sake Miss, that you have recognized me," replied he dropping the collar of his coat which he had drawn up over his face. "Who ever you are my girl scout your duty

Who ever you are, or what girls you are your discovery endangers our lives, and therefore we are compelled to either shoot you or kill!"

"Why to shoot me?" exclaimed she with horror.

"What is the matter Hattie," said a voice from the front room, which was followed by the appearance of some other girl scout, whose head was tied up with bandages, as if a surgeon had dressed it.

"It is captain Penrod, and his companion Gertrude Angeline within the rebel lines," said she in trembling tones.

Penrod was surprised and so was Gertrude in the words she used "Rebel lines." Was she a spy too.

"It seems that something is mysterious about you two," added Penrod, to bring a pistol from his belt.

"Don't fire, Penrod don't," said the other girl in tones so feeble and pathetic, that Penrod could not help being moved by them. "You got us wrong for we are not Glandelinians."

"Well if you are not Glandelinians prove it," said Penrod. "Your uniforms are of the enemy, though I'll admit your voice sounds mighty familiar. But it is your life or ours, and I have no time to argue the matter. If you are what you say uniform signifies in five minutes or more you will have the whole Glandelinian army at our heels. I will run no risk with any one within the Glandelinian encampments I do not know," replied Penrod.

"Don't fire, begged the other girl. "We are not enemies, nor Glandelinians. We will do anything you desire if you will not ask us who we are. It must remain secret."

"It was something strange to see two girls in Glandelinian uniforms, who if they were, are the most pestilent and inveterate enemies of the Christian government had in the contest in a pleading posture, when Glandelinian girls who would have rushed them both at sight. If they were girls of the Glandelinians, then it was some something to expose the ridiculous pretensions of two of that army of female Glandelinian soldiers fiercer and more vindictive than the men or boyscouts, and to demonstrate that she or her companion seemed not to have the courage of which they might have boasted. What these girls were neither Gertrude nor Penrod knew. They knew too that to the enemy government the Vivian Girls were more pestilent and inveterate fiercer and more vindictive than any girl scout on both sides combined but surely when they were far away with Evans they could not be here spying on the enemy already. Yet these two were "frightfully" striking in their surpassing childish beauty.

"I wish not to take the life of either of you, but as you won't tell me who you are, our own safety compels us to use strong measures," said Gertrude herself, as she drew and cocked her pistol.

"For mercy's sake Gertrude don't fire," begged the girls. "If you do you'll commit a tragedy that'll stun the world, and a big blunder at the same time. Don't be foolish and kill us too Penrod, I will pledge you my word and honor that we are not enemies, and that we will not expose you. But we don't want to be revealed here in the camp either."

"What are your word and honor good for girls if after what has happened here already, and we don't even know who you are!" sneered Penrod.

"We will give you all the information you require, if you will not make us reveal ourselves now."

"That would not save the life of myself and my companion."

"I will give you the countersign."

"Don't need to. We got it."

Gertrude and Penrod did not know what to do. Did not know whether they were friends or enemies, or whether these girls were traitors to both sides but all this, and more Penrod and Gertrude would give in exchange for their lives to know who they are. To find out whether they would tell anything (which Glandelinian scouts would not even at the cost of their lives) Penrod then questioned the two girls in regard to the position of various portions of general Hylets's army, and the two answered him promptly, and truthfully and even finally ended with "It was general Cannonia who held the council in this house. Look out for him. He's a rattlesnake."

"Since you two girls mysteriously know me, you should then also know that we both go about with our lives in our hands. I am not trifled with and will not be trifled with. I will not take your lives since you seem to be loyal to our cause."

"I will swear never to reveal your presence to any living soul," exclaimed one of the girls.

"You need not you have given me better security than anything else that you will not expose me. If I am or my partner are to be taken or are taken we shall be taken with the countersign which we received from you. If you have given me the wrong word we might be turned back...."

"I have perfectly given you the right word," interposed the girls scout.

"You'd shall have my pass."

"I have one already. I have not yet exhausted all my resources," said Gertrude producing the passes.

"Who ever you are, if you are loyal to our cause then all I ask of you two girls is to keep still," continued Gertrude.

"I will," replied the first girl, eagerly.

"And I will too," captain Penrod. What we would do here would ruin us and you too. If you wish to learn our identification meet us in the Christian lines to night."

"I think you two girls are coming to your senses now."

"May I also ask you and Penrod, to also keep quiet in regard to what we are here for?" for you know the penalty of that which I could not have done if we had not stood on the brink of an open grave."

"That we will too."

Perhaps some twinges of remorse had induced both Penrod and Gertrude to let the strangers off easier than they would otherwise would. The fear too of killing some one whom afterwards might have turned out their best friend had deprived them of keeping their threat to the two, and under the pressure of that terror of the danger of by mistake shooting friends in disguise, they had forbore more than it was possible for them under any other circumstances. Penrod was a boy of excellently excellent nerve and a boy of much nobility of purpose and his severe encounters of this morning had worked a great change in his moral and mental condition. He feared that by the extreme beauty of them despite their disguise they might have been some thing of the Vivian girls and if he had even accidentally shot them by mistake even if only wounding, he would have felt as if he had absolutely betrayed the cause for which he professed so an earnest and sincere devotion. Many times too his misnamed enemies would be a blunder and just a few hours his suspicion of Gertrude being a traitor had been a rank delusion. This was an exceptional experience even in the ranks of any Christian heroes. Penrod being satisfied with what was promised and with what had already been performed, restored his pistol to his belt and then said to the one who wore the bandage around her head: "Violet Vivian it's you or I'll be found bound."

"Suddenly she put her finger to her mouth and this gesture confirmed his suspicions. He hastened back to the house this time followed by them and Gertrude, and he entered the shed where the prisoners were to be under guard by the child slaves. He had feared all the time from fright or disloyalty she might have either liberated them or deserted her post, but there she was still.

"Comout little slavy," said he as he threw open the door.

"Is that a child scout in disguise?" asked the new girl friend.

Penrod though he could not guess how the two Vivian girls could be here nevertheless did not let his astounded astonishment and wonder keep him from telling of his fullmornings experience. He explained as briefly as possible the events that had transpired, how finally he had killed Gertrude's double to which the two girls listened with wonder and great admiration. It was now near noon and there was still much to be done before they could return to camp. Penrod still wearing the coat and feathered hat of Gertrude's Duplicate left the room followed by the two Princesses, and for three hours wandered about the camps of the rebels. They were often challenged, but Penrod gave his name as Colonel Handi and produced the passes when called upon or gave the counter sign.

But they could not yet succeed in trying to make out what information they wanted, though they made some examination of the camps.

"We will have to take the chances to remain in these camps a long time," said Penrod, when Gertrude had explained to the other two of the ravine through which it would be necessary to pass on their return, for it was not likely that the Glandelinian pickets would permit any one to go over to the Christians.

"I'm afraid we'll be here too long, too long," replied Gertrude, rather nervously. "I'm afraid we'll be in a ditch because we killed at double of nine."

"That Glandelinian general grinds up in informations rapidly. We must try and get out if possible."

Slowly and carefully the four of them worked their way in the direction of the ravine for they felt they were treasure houses of information which must not needlessly be exposed to destruction, and a little hurrying not only imperiled their own lives but endangered the good cause to which both the scouts were devoted. Yet they could not find the ravine.

Suddenly something flew through the air and struck Gertrude knocking her down.

"Did something wound you Gertrude Gertrude?" demanded Penrod, who could think of nothing at this moment but the amazing fact that he again stood in the presence of two strange girls who may be the Vivian girls.

"Something hit me, but I'm not hurt," replied Gertrude.

"You was knocked down by something. I hope you are not wounded!"

"No. It felt like it was thrown. It was not a shot. It was a rock."

"Upon my word Gertrude I was not aware of that. But then let us continue on."

In the meantime Angelina Riches had rode up to Jean Saunders.

"What's the matter my dearest girl scout friend?" demanded she, as she rode up to him. "Is your shoulder bothering you more to day?"

"No," replied Jean languidly "but indeed I do not know what is ailing me. I feel much weaker however, and my chest is as stiff as wood."

"I'm scared," said Angelina "for you are as pale as death. Are you sure your wound is not setting in gangrene?" asked Angelina, tenderly and anxiously.

"I don't think so. I feel queer all over."...

"Dismount and let me overhaul you. I am sure you are in a bad condition again." Continued Angelina as she took Jean's hand.

"I'll confess I don't feel very well but I don't believe it's my wounded shoulder. I have a fever of some sort."

Things began to look very shaky when she suddenly felt a deadly nausea, and before she could get off her horse she sank fainting into the arms of her girl scout friend. Angelina with the help of another scout a boy took her from her saddle, and laid her on the ground. Angelina Riches was alarmed, and tore open her wrist near the wounded shoulder to examine that part, but there was no pulse, no signs of the wound growing worse or even a spot to indicate any even slight complications. She therefore feared Jean from her recent hardships on the raft had taken a fever of some kind. She uncorked her canteen of water, sprinkled her face, and then rubbed her temples with her hands.

If she believed that Jean had only fainted from exhaustion consequent upon the severe trials of the preceding trip on the raft and the dreadful adventures she had gone through and the excitement and the fatigue, and her wounds, and her rescue work, and her care of Jack night and day. However the skillful attention of Angelina Riches soon restored her to her senses, but she was now as weak as a helpless child and as feeble as an infant. She had eaten only one of the hard tack biscuit biscuits she had taken in the morning and had performed her regular duties despite her wounded shoulder on an empty stomach. Her health already shattered by her hardships and her severe wounded conditions both arm and shoulder was not equal to the fatigue she had been called upon to endure.

"There is nothing further for me and you to do here. We have won our adventure so far, and when Gertrude and Penrod returns we shall have the day," said Angelina Riches. "Now we will go and have you taken care of."

"I am perfectly willing, for I can't stand this pain any longer," replied poor Jean feebly.

Angelina helped her on her horse again, and walked by her side, as they slowly rode their way toward Gertrude's headquarters. Every house within the vicinity of the recent battlefields were filled with wounded soldiers. Angelina got some refreshments for Jean, which in a measure restored her strength.

"I'm afraid you are going to be good and sick Jean," said Angelina anxiously as she gazed upon the pale face of her friend.

"I don't feel so Angelina. It's only my fasting that did this. When I've rested up I'll be all right. I feel better already."

"Nevertheless I am bound to see you in a comfortable place place never the less. Would you rather be in Gertrude's headquarters or your own tent?"

"Better in Gertrude's, where I am near her and the others. I must report myself at headquarters first."

"Right, and you will find your little aide-de-camp and probably your sister there."

They went to the place where the headquarters had been located, but the general was out scouting, and therefore Jean reported some news to the chief of staff, and found Mildred Maxwell....

"Angelina Riches, you look worried or sick," exclaimed Mildred.

"No I'm all right," said Angelina. "but your friend Jean is sick or something of that sort, and we must look out for her. I'm afraid she's overworked herself, or it may be her shoulder."

Mildred did not like to hear this, and she proceeded at once to saddle the extra horse. As yet nothing had been or could be learned of where Gertrude could have been gone after she was accused by Penrod of treason, and the little party moved off in search of accommodations for the sick girl scout. Angelina Riches declared that she must get away from the scenes of any coming battle. She was girl physician enough to understand that the news of her friend were such a shattering from her present experience and reproach of her efforts that dreadful day to rescue Jack under fire, and that she needed absolute quiet.

"I believe Gertrude's headquarters is the best," said Jean.

"So much the better if we can manage to get there," replied Angelina "but it's eight miles off from here."

"I know but I would be very welcome there. But Angelina who was Gertrude accused."

"As they rode slowly along Angelina told Jean of the exciting events which Penrod told of his time that early morning..."

In return Jean related the incidents which had happened westward of the march of general Cannon from the north, and of the terrible baptism of blood of his army at Anderson, where general Wilson fell mortally wounded, and other red fields in which countless regiments had been reduced to mere skeletons. There were a thousand things for each to tell, and Jean almost forgot her weariness in the interest also which she felt in the history of Angelina's experience, and his regiment.

"But, Jean, who were those seven pretty girls who came into camp this morning in a strange gray uniformed disguise with a man, who brought whole wagon loads of child slaves?"

"I never saw them before though they looked kind of familiar to me," said Jean.

"Did they speak to you," asked Angelina.

"They nodded but said nothing."

"Well but how did you get on?"

"Got on!"

"You sure know what I mean."

"I'm sure I don't," replied Jean faintly, though a soft blush colored her pale cheek.

"You were speaking to them of course?"

"They only mentioned my name, asked me how I was, and told me they were going back to general Vivian's army in two days."

"That's nonsense. They couldn't do it. Were they refugees?"

"I know it's nonsense but they could do it maybe. But many of us girl scouts are given over to reckless deeds."

"I'm not."

"Pooh."

"They seemed to be friendly, and sort of sad, especially the prettiest one on a."

"Of course they were."

The "The tall powerful man who accompanied them with those wagon loads of children and an escort seemed kind of familiar to me but I couldn't place him. I have no idea of whom they could be. Maybe he rescued them that's all."

"Haven't you indeed? Let me tell you Jean. If they were the daughters of Emperor Vivian I would be surprised."

"What all those rescued children?"

"Jean it's your favor that makes you talk like that. I mean those seven pretty girls with the big man."

"That's nonsense Angelina."

"Maybe it is. What did you think they were Jean?"

"Plain girl scouts."

"That's a pretty idea of them. If they are so good to talk to a little wounded sprit like you and me--"

"But we are not sprites."

"But we look like them, and we might be angel sprites before the war is over."

"No shall not, you are so absurd Angelina...."

"Perhaps I am."

"I don't feel though as I might be anything much longer...."

"Don't give it up Jean, you will be as good as new in a week or two. your doctor said so...."

"I promised to write to papa, and mamma."

"Good, do it then. You can telegraph it wireless to Calverline."

"I have no home in that quarter. Calverline is out a off from all communication by the disaster you know. I'd like to be there again, but so far away. This is the second time I've been ill since I was on the raft."

"I say Jean dear, when you get a higher commission, and have made your fortune in the war, you will need a excellent cook of breaded to sugar."

"I a girl scout, when I get a commission. I'll get it."

"Certainly all girl scout heroines like you, I and others will want one and must have one. All great girl scouts have one. Violent, and her sisters always live one."

"And you would put your character and heroism on it?"

"Certainly. That's the idea. But where did you say we were going Jean?"

"To Gort's Gortrudes headquarters, and we are nearly there," replied the little sick girl scout.

Jean had chosen this place on account of its retired situation, and because she could not think of any other suitable place to lay down in in case she was sick or again wounded. In spite of her cheerful nature she had some dismal forebodings in regard to the future. And nothing but the inspiration of her lively sunny companion's presence kept her from sinking under the pain and weakness which assailed her. On the road, by the prudent advice of her girl friend she had stopped a number of times to rest and refresh herself. She had never felt so weak and shattered before, and she feared (foully) that it would be many a long day before she would be able again to take her place on the saddle, or in the line of her regiment. Yet her only trouble was just overtired, and she needed rest badly. Toward ten o'clock in the morning, the little party reached Gortrudes headquarters. Angelina Riches took upon herself at this time the whole charge of explaining things. Mildred took the horses, and Jean followed Angelina into the mansion. To the surprise of both they were immediately confronted by a beautiful girl in a gray uniform. Something struck Angelina Riches as strange, and she wondered if the party who had once owned the house, taking advantage of the protection of the Christian army had not again moved to their own home. Angelina Riches not knowing who she was politely stated her business at the same time asking as though her stay was a settled thing whether the "family of the house" were willing or not.

"This is Miss Aronburg's Headquarters, and she and I am willing to accommodate you dear Miss Angelina Riches my dearest friend," replied the gray costed girl, as nicely and pleasantly as though she had been a celestial from heaven.

"An Angelina Riches stepped back aghast. She knew the voice."

"Joice Vivian--"

"Sh-h-h-h, sorry for it Angelina but I don't want to be revealed yet but I shall be obliged also to take my or to take possession. And we have three sick rescued child slaves here too."

"They are little children."

"They are child slaves Angelina, and if it was not for Evans, and his soldiers I, my sisters, nor they would be here. For we will explain. To-morrow night we head for general Vivians. Evans went to find location a now. Getting over her surprise Angelina said:

"I have brought here who fortunately is not a child slave, my friend Jean Saunders must too be accommodated Joice and I have brought her here. She was injured some days ago and she was or is sick."

"How come she got hurt?"

"She was rescued a boy scout by the name of Jack."

"She rescued who?"

"A boy scout."

"That's strange. I thought boys rescued girls. What's the reverse. He come. I'll help you with her."

"Good. Now wait till I find a room for you Jean."

"I feel a little faint again Angelina."

"Don't faint just yet."

Angelina was entirely at her home, and she brought water, cologne, a smelling bottle, and finally set up her friend for another brief period. She then went up stairs selected a front room, which she knew from its contents was evidently the apartment of Gortrude's herself. Angelina knew Jean needed more than anything the comfort of Gortrude's. Mildred was at work preparing the a room for the reception of the sick girl, while Joice went elsewhere.

Angelina then conducted her little patient to the comfortable quarters he had secured, and put her to bed. All the house could furnish she obtained and did all she could to improve the condition of her friend. An hour passed peacefully and it was expected by this time that Jean would be in a riding fever, and others were greatly alarmed at her condition, but it was not that no developments occurred and that she no far was only in a sound sleep.

Jean was so sound asleep that she knew very little of what took place at Gortrude's headquarters within the next four or five hours. Angelina Riches, though it is not mentioned here yet found out how the Vivian girls and Evans found their way first to the Christian lines under Aronburg, and obtained all the news. An old but skilful army physician was procured who pronounced the verdict over Jean that her case on was a severe case of severe exhaustion but which did not present any alarming symptoms and that with a good sound sleep and plenty of rest she would be all right by the morning. Angelina was a tender and a skilful nurse, but she felt also that another person was needed to be present than herself alone. The blessed needed the soothing care of her elder sister, and she sent a telegram to her in the further part of the afternoon she had gone for the day containing a full statement of Jean's not serious condition, but that it was advisable she should be there anyhow. And within another half hour she came. The four Vivian girls who were in the building were elated over the success of Gortrude's trip over on the raft, all which was told by Angelina Riches, and Angelina afforded them every convenience, and wished Gortrude and Perce would soon return so they would be surprised. Nothing was to be said, until Gortrude came and then the subject of their lone prisoner Jack Saunders the "Yellow Strake" would be reported. During this time the four girls who add their three other sisters were elsewhere performing duties, doing their own regalia, and distinct still informed all others that if any necessity required they would do anything asked even if they are the Princesses.

Then Angelina broke this news.

"Since you Princesses came back I have had bad news. Since since the last two months Calverline's situation is seeming to hang only by a thread. The flood won't subside, the forest fires are sweeping on, the enemy is winning; the Christian effort to take Mic-Whirther was repulsed, and we have heard no news from Evangelina St Claire where the army you are seeking is. The very world is trembling over us during these long and weary months. Joice and your sisters here I must say Glandelinia is possessed. Because the floodwaters all approach Abbiennia is not able to take care or rescue her suffering sister. As to us by the Glandelinians it seems as if we are as much avoided as though we carried a pestilence in our garments."

"We will do what we can to straighten matters since we got back," said the Vivian Girl Catherine. "The enemy called us the mad hills of Abbiennia when I was held a prisoner. We were so separated there could be no communication between us. From what I heard Jennie here, poor Jennie got the worst of it all. I'd like to meet that Augustinia St Claire, such insolence. I'd lash him as he lashed her."

Some hour after dinner time Jean was awakened, and she felt no signs of any sickness, but Angelina would not permit her to rise. Just as dinner was brought to her for Jean needed it had indeed for her last caused this trouble more than anything an orderly announced that someone wished to see Jean. At this the Vivian girls politely bowed themselves out as is their custom and the person was admitted.

Jean looked surprised it was Jack her wounded boy friend on crutches.

"I am glad to see you Jack," Jack said. "But sorry you find you so ill."

"Thank you Jack, but I was only exhausted. I thought I was ill but I feel all right now."

"You were fortunate in having the attention of your good sister and Angelina."

"I'm afraid I would have had a rough time of it if it was not for them," added Joice glancing affectionately at them both.

"I learned that you were badly ill and I intended to call upon you before this time, but the doctor who attended my leg, lost the bag I gave him and I had to wait until he could secure some others for which he sent," continued Jack. "I hear too that the Vivian girls have returned here; but that they are not tonight yet. You know we have between them and ourselves a little affair that needed clearing up."

Outside the door, where they stood the Princesses overheard this remark.

"What affair?" asked Angelina.

"About that gosh damned coward Jack Saunders. He deserted Jean when she fell in Glendale you know."

"It would do no good to bring the subject before them now, as Gartruda isn't back yet. Of course you had an awful time of it too - another hit her and catching him too and nothing but our blessed Lord saved her and you from the army even then." Interposed Mildred wiping away the tear that started in her eye when she thought of the day in which from her would receive them. Jack trembled between life and death, and yet Jack had deserted her. "If I only saw her again, I would do her what she deserves. Gartruda could have saved her. Gartruda could have saved him, but she wanted to leave the matter up to them when they returned. We intend to tell them when the other three arrive, even if Gartruda is not back yet."

"Gartruda is a very useful girl about court. I'm surprised she didn't punish the boy herself." said Angelina Riches.

"Well I suppose she is, but she thought there would be no harm to it nor reason to it either in doing it herself. I can't understand how she went off like that and let you lay there in such pain. Jack has added she added."

"The memory brought the tears to Jane's eyes, but she shook her head and said, "He's a coward. Few foreigners we have in our army are brave at all. And only when they turn out to be French, German, or American, or a few scattered ones they are brave. But these English, I speak of them."

"Most of our girlabout leaders didn't like it we kept holding him so long," said Mildred with a smile. "We were all afraid too I suppose with them that he'd escape. But he didn't try it. All the scouts and soldiers on the fort had their instruction and if he had made a break, he would have failed. "Virginia's didn't like the adventure on the fort so very well."

"Why not?"

"Because of the desertion. She was always afraid he was possessed, for all the Abolitionists kids are not afraid you know, and Virginia believes he is. I forget that none of you know anything about it. I will tell you how Jack and I'm sure you'll not think me or others what might happen to him for his desertion of you, especially when you understand the matter."

"I believe I understand," said Jack. "And Jack you did the fair thing when you saw my plight. He rushed up to where he lay on his horse, followed by Dolores, and some of the boys, picked me up under the tree, shot a number down including a major of the enemy, and then placing me on his horse in front of me, called to some of his boys and Dolores to follow and chase. I ask and caught him. Everyone has now spoken to Gartruda about the affair, and no one regards Jack the deserter with any favor whatever. Yet no one can explain how he could have deserted. He was a horse and rider, but it is not so. I now impart secrets to his horse as I tell him the secret."

"I can't explain it myself," added Mildred. "I only know he deserted you, when you was shot by the foe."

Jack Sanders then related the history of the affair of how she fell, the desertion, and so forth never however telling of his own work of rescuing her. He only spoke of the deserter. Angelina Riches listened to the narrative with deep interest, as did John and her sisters outside, until unknown to them, though not with interest, and John paused when she heard it. "She's alive" whispered Catherine, frowning as if she had been asleep in the face. "Who ever heard of such things, a boyabout deserting a girl. It's a wonder that Jack wasn't killed. But we won't say we overheard. We'll wait until Gartruda comes, and they all take up the matter with us, and then it'll be just too bad for him."

"Will he face a firing squad?"

"It depends on his age," said Hattie.

"I understand it all now, Jack and Jack," said Angelina Riches, holding the room, though she was rather disconcerted. "Though the deserter is to him in all cases, it should should not be the world."

"I can never forget it," said John.

"There Jack, you didn't talk about it any more now." Interposed Mildred.

"I won't say anything more, but we must settle his head Mildred. The army won't tolerate a deserter, you know no matter what age he or she is."

At this moment the door opened noiselessly, and Angelina Riches was on the point of entering, but when she saw that the room was already occupied, she turned to retire.

"Jack is sick again because of the enemy. With a contemptuous pronouncement of 'Rascals the enemy' but loud enough to be heard by all in the room."

"No matter Angelina go in if you wish in there," said another person behind her. "She won't mind."

"She is there, she is taking care of Jack, and Jack's sister is also there," said she, as she walked into the apart a apartment as though she had been a superior being.

"How are you Jack?" asked the person who followed Angelina Riches.

"Violent, violent," exclaimed Jack, almost rising from the bed.

"Goodness Jack be careful!" ejaculated Angelina Riches, fearful that the excitement Jack showed would throw her into another depression. "Don't excite your nerves."

The girl standing with her had her head tied up with a bandage.

"You are certainly the person at whom I land," said Mildred, as she gazed at the form and features of the new comers. It was too bad we thought you were an enemy, but your disguise at the time fooled me."

"No doubt of that Mildred dear," replied Violet. "And a very nice time of it I had too. I'm positive positively I did not succeed in my return. I luckily only hit your horse."

"For goodness sake do you shoot at Violet," exclaimed Miss Sanders the sister fearful in the gathering events that someone would warn Violet in the same way. "What have you done Mildred?"

"We were out scouting two hours ago, I saw her and saw others coming toward the lines in disguise. I and she opened fire, and I must confess though she brought my horse down, I got the best of her and she had to retreat. Violet it's the first time a girlabout has won a prize."

Violet laughed at that.

"What if you did your duty and I'm not the one to blame you for it. I forgot I had it on. You pressed me so hard, as you will know I had a to a dead back in the enemy lines with my sister. I brought Gartruda and Patrick back."

"I hope we will all do our duty, Mildred, and a get even for our losses on the fort, if the circumstances ever allow us to do so."

"We will, surely, and no one will blame us for it."

"Certainly not," replied Violet.

"Where did you get the wound Princess?"

Mildred gave it to me as a compliment. Yet saved her life and mine for when after the shooting affair, I suddenly discovered a near view of her face and knew why she was attacking me. I had forgotten my motto never again to approach the lines in a gray uniform. Why my own father would shoot me if I did. He would not let me fight. I will fight as they do in you know. Soldiers and we are not different. Fight the enemy."

Mildred's poor Mildred was still and still over the mistake, while the others gazed in wonder to see that now in the very end about the affair Violet was not.

"You understand it now, girls," said the Princess.

"I do," said Mildred.

"But you know, Violet, you just acknowledge I made a very serious mistake in firing on you."

"Don't worry Mildred. This is not the first time I or my sisters have been taken in disguise as enemy girlabouts by any of you. We have felt found every body even to our own risk. But for the cause we must take the risk. Anyway not knowing you then Mildred, you know I fired the first shot."

"So you did."

As they looked at it, they saw that Violet had grown thinner and fainter under the suffering induced by her wound which she reported she received three days ago, and which was quite confirmed by Mildred. Indeed Violet had changed so much during her own illness, that though she was stronger, and though she retained her wit on duty, she looked worse than Jack.

"It never occurred to me that you had ever land at my sister before," said Catherine.

"If I had I should have understood the whole matter."

"I understand it perfectly," added Catherine.

"I too understand the situation," added Violet. "I confess too that I took advantage of the circumstances of discovering who you were Mildred. That is why I got worried. I would not want to shot a shoot down any of our best and loyal friends."

"Put how did you and Kate and your two sisters have got out of the lines?" asked Angelina Riches.

"Evans brought us through. He first found me, child slaves helped him by information, to find the rest of us, and he put a pair of disguised men in the row lines together, and they helped him through with the pick to return us, and get away free with the slaves too. We passed through the mine of the fort. For fire. But Angelina where did you get my safe conduct you have been using to get through with your work."

"I picked it up on the ground the night you and your sisters disappeared," replied Angelina Riches.

"That was hardly safe. If you were found with it in your possession by the enemy you'd have been out of luck on both sides."

"I'd take any chance for the cause Violet."

"Well then it's one of the disadvantages of having to be a girl scout, Violet. That name Violet reminds me that I heard it somewhere else too, in Frederickburg."

"Miss Jennings," said John very seriously, after a moment's consultation among her sisters. "Remember we were gone so long we may think we are not as full of news as we ought to be. Angelina visited our seventh, was not taken prisoner with us, and that she was left there very ill. If she had been taken prisoner in her condition she might have died, and then we would not have heard what would have become of us. You might have heard. Now is she."

"She is recovering, but your return to her will make matters better."

"Said Angelina Jennings. A little girl slave probably you know, her little Jennie keeps her company."

"Jennie? Jennie who?"

"Don't you remember the little 'hunch of a clothe' Gertrude brought into the lines some time ago?"

"Oh Jennie Francis Hillman," said Violet. "I thought the general had left her in general Archiburg's lines. I'd expect to see her here."

"General Archiburg sent her there to take care of your sister. She's a scout and funny you know, and helps keep up Angelina's spirits."

"I didn't think she could do any such thing. Child slaves are kids of sorrow."

"I have nothing to say about that, it's your own affair." "Indeed Angelina wishes," "I need only to say I regard your sister Angelina as well on the road to recovery. Her lungs would be healing up, and even everything will turn out the better. If you wish we could telegraph a letter to her telling of your coming."

"No thank you," replied "Hattie." "That might be a blunder. Suppose you did, and we would fail to arrive after all. That will be a dangerous journey you know. We have three big perils, flood, fire, and the foe, and many other little or big perils to encounter. If Evans discovers the way to get there we won't move from this spot. Then we'll communicate to her as we are able, but cannot come."

"By the way, Captain Mildred," said Violet, "there is a matter to be settled between us." And she smiled.

"What is it?" asked Mildred.

"We must not try to shoot one another again. Next time we must use cannons instead."

"Everybody laughed at this remark."

"But," said Jenn herself. "There too is a matter between us also."

Violet looked at her in surprise but she said:

"What I agreed in honor and confidence to do I always have done, and am confident in us to do."

"What is it?" asked Jenn.

"There's just you promised to say nothing until Gertrude came." interposed Angelina.

"Well," said John. "We are not news droppers but we heard your full conversation. You have been rambling for two or twenty minutes with your adventures out in Glendale. When we return to Emperor Vivienne's lines, Jack said she accompanied us. We are disappointed with his conduct, and dissatisfied. I had hoped that all boy scouts would be able to do more than their share and be found to rescue a girl in peril."

"What will be done to him?"

Violet only shook her head and replied. "Depends on his age."

Violet was conducted to a room by one of the girls who insisted that she too should like down for a while, for it was true that her sisters greatly feared the effects of the excitement to which she too had been also subjected. In the meantime Gertrude, Angelina and Penrod who had returned to Christian lines with the two Princesses, with a number of strong boy scouts and they had started for general Archiburg's headquarters. Penrod and Gertrude were notified from their morning adventures, especially Penrod that they were compelled to travel slowly, and to take a rest for a few minutes for every block as they passed through the camp. Onsequently it was nearly noon time before they reached general Archiburg's main portion of the camp, where the heroines and hero were duly welcomed.

Indeed everybody was actually crazy with happiness over the return from captivity of Violet, and her sisters. They were as good and as beautiful as ever, and when he had seen the six of them they had smiled so sweetly upon him, and pitied him and John so tenderly that Jack Saunders almost found it in his heart to rejoice at the suffering which had procured him such a blissful meeting again with his beloved Princesses. Violet had told him how disappointed Emperor Vivienne was at not seeing them, and that she had hoped that her sister Angelina still lived, and that she and her sisters hoped to get back to Emperor Vivienne soon. Of course Jack too had suggested that they write to Angelina and tell her of their safe return but they declined as they also said to him that what would she do when they were not able to come and she was disappointed.

When they had first entered the lines after their return Violet and her sisters had been accompanied by Jack Evans, who had fast seen general Plain Night Linger and manifested a hearty interest in the officer and joined warmly with his staff in the invitation to visit the prisoners. This was hopeful indeed, and would afford the officers many pleasant reflections, the nature of which no one need not explain to our cunning readers. Evans then departed to see if a way could be obtained to bring his friends and the child slaves to the proper army, so that poor Angelina could see her sisters and more....

It was nearly a full month or over before Violet, and her sisters who had been so far separated had been able by the help of Evans to get away from the Glendelinian camps, and Jennie's constitution had been almost severely shattered by her trying experiences with the Hound Augustina St. Claire and by the strain of the exciting events she had run through.

Early after he had visited each Glendelinian army several times during this period to try and find them but to no avail. It was Evans after all who could do many wonders, but how he managed to bring them he wouldn't tell any one and when questions were pressed he became aroused and would say--"I'll find out for yourself. I can't tell." Indeed many had wished to even get Violet and her sisters to tell of their many varied experiences during the later month of July and into August, and they all except Jennie told that their time was not so hard, and that they had been forced to serve in the Glendelinian army as girl scouts within the lines, while being prisoners to obtain all the information they desired. It was indeed an interesting narrative, but Jennie was too upset still over her trying times to say anything and she only answered that she would tell the affair some other time.

Many of the girl and boy scouts of Gertrude's command had abundant opportunity now to tell the Princesses of their own harrowing experiences, and perhaps it was fortunate for Gertrude that she was not present at the time or she might have been called upon to tell of her own experiences. On this occasion however Jack and Jennie were also in the same room and something indeed passed between all the boy and girl scouts which seemed to make every one very much pleased. What this was, the readers may possibly be able to divine, but as the story relates mainly to the military histories of our heroes and heroines and all the rest, and as the Vivienne girls are the main it cannot be introduced properly.

Jack himself was certainly improving in health but so slowly that his leg that there was no present prospect of his being able to join his regiment or report on the staff of his beloved girls' scout leader, Angelina Jennings. And besides his physician which was also Jack positively refused to permit him to even go beyond the headquarters. Jack however felt that if something was not done his continued absence would not only deprive the regiment of his services but would prevent some deserving boy scout officer who performed his duties of rank from receiving the pay and promotion to which he was justly entitled. Therefore he had stated to Jennie Vivienne that it was best some one would take command in his stead until he was able to be in position again. But he did not take this decisive step until he was assured by Jennie that he could have an appointment on the staff as soon as he was able to discharge the duties of the position, as he did not resign his command.

While this all had been going on, a few days past, the great battle at Evangeline St. Claire had been fought, and as will be stated in the volume to which the battle belongs, the brave noble, and Christian general Vivienne, and his brother, perplexed by the treachery of seeming friends who turned out to be rank spies, by the over zealous movements of the

enemy leaders, and by the machinations of what was thought to be envious and jealous officers but which were secret enemies in disguise, and who should have been the forces foremost to support him, badly defeated Federal Glandelinian army anyhow. The rank and file of the Christians behaved most nobly, fought desperately well, and the way was won for the Christians to counter charge the enemy, disjuncted the Glandelinian army destroyed parts of it put Manley's arriving army in such a state that it could not not in concert, and caused portions of his own to be mercilessly slaughtered. Federal however for his recklessness should demand the full responsibility, and there was danger of him stepping down from the exalted military rank to which he had been raised without ambition, and against his own desires.

Before he fought the battle at Evangeline St. Claire he was supposed to have been supported anyhow by general Johnston Jackson Manley--the "bravest of the brave" among Glandelinian generals, and one of the ablest soldiers which the war had developed on the side of the Glandelinian army. He however had fought and lost the battle of Mis-Whirther on the landside, and therefore was so impaired in strength that he was unable to come to Federal assistance. The culmination of this battle was not however fought at Mis-Whirther proper though it received the name never theless. The Glandelinian fleets in its defense won a decisive victory too record breaking degree, but Johnston Manley lost on the land side, and this it was hoped would prevent the defiant foe from penetrating the very heart of Calvernia for there could be no trifling with the facts terrible as it was that was already staring the Christian nation in the face. The Christian generals and the army fought Manley's army nobly, and the smiling Glandelinian armies as that volume will tell were hurled back, shattered and discomfited, toward the south. The battle of Mis-Whirther had been simultaneously followed by the surrender of Romingtons, and Port S. Stanislaw, and other operations in the west and extreme southwest of Calvernia was now attracting the attention of the country, while for nearly three months general Concentinian Aronburg's army had been comparatively quiet. A battle at Ophelia had been fought simultaneously, and the Glandelinian army defeated, the battle was a farce as a million battles in a day, and the Glandelinian army under Tamerlane and others was only saved from an immeasurable disaster by the skill and firmness of general Thomas Phellinia.

The Glandelinian authorities, taking advantage of the lull in the storm of war in the extreme east, was sending as news reported vast armies to the west and many Christian armies were being despatched under the chief command of general De Riff (Count De Riff) to counteract this addition to the force of the wicked Angolinian insurgents.

Jack Saunders and others had all the time during the trip on the raft waited impatiently for the news of the progress of events in the east and the west, and was now mourning over the necessity which compelled him to be crippled up. He didn't know when his wounded leg would ever be restored and to day too he was suffering much pain from it, and he had to acknowledge the fact to the doctor who had looked it over and said it was "Pussy."

In his earliest days he had always employed much of his time in all kinds of athletic exercises for boys, in rowing, in gymnastics, and in hard labor in gardens before he entered the army as a scout, and he was a very strong boy for his age, having the average strength of a good sized man in his entire frame. He was ashamed he had to receive the wounds just for that little trip out into the field, where Jean had to rescue him at her own risk and now had to remain in idleness when the country needed his services.

Now Violet, and her sisters had informed him that as soon as it would be possible he would receive a commission as a captain in the regular army of boyscouts, and an appointment on Violet's staff as senior aid-de-camp. To this agreeable intelligence was added the hardly less disagreeable fact that any one he chose could be members of his military family.

"Glory to God, hallelujah," shouted Jack, waving one of his crutches as he sat up in his bed.

"What on earth is the matter now Jack," asked Jean dropping the book she was reading as she sat up in bed in her astonishment.

"Read that Jean," shouted the boy scout captain.

She took the offered paper.

"A captain in the regular army of boyscouts. When grown up a general for life. What will the others say to that? Violet wrote that I can choose all of you under my command. What will Gertrude do now?"

"Dear me. Well that is good news," added Jean who had a clear regard to the distinction between a regular and a volunteer officer. "I suppose

Gertrude will say you are a pretty clever boy. I hope though it won't make me as proud and vain as Jack dear."

"I wouldn't pay to be either, Jean, and especially it won't make me vain. Yet I'll tell you what it's no small thing to be a captain in the regular army of boy and girlscouts, and we all are of that army you know. I think Gertrude won't like me any less for that."

"None of us could like you any more than we do now. If we don't we are not the girlscouts you took us to be. And do you suppose she will want you to be off all the time, when you're here?"

"Come, Jean, you are getting a little nervous," said Jack with a blush.

"Well I wish the papers would come, and my leg was all right for I am in a hurry to be at work again."

"You'll get well soon enough, and so will I," added Jean sadly, as she thought of the loss of so many dear comrades of hers, and the dismal hours of many days before that had been spent in waiting for intelligence of her parents when she feared they had been drowned.

"At first when I became a scout it was somewhat hard for me to leave home," said Jean. "When my commission and appointment followed, and I had put on my uniform, the hardest thing for me was to leave home in the city of Abbeville which had been very dear to me and my parents too. I had only once seen my brother, but he's grown, and in the navy. I have never seen or heard of him since. You know we cannot get communications anywhere now."

Jack was a boy of tender feelings indeed, and as Jean told how she had wept bitterly as she bade her big brother good bye and gave him into the keeping of God and His Most Blessed Mother, who had so far protected him and preserved him through so many past perils. Jean had a deeper interest in Jack than ever before, even though she was still always sad and hopeful. She had said many earnest prayers to God and His Blessed Mother for his safety was to be added daily and nightly to those which went up from all the girl and boy scouts in the army.

"Do you see this small bundle, Jean," said Jack, as he opened the parcel in his hand.

"What is it?"

"Don't you see?"

"A small Catholic Prayer Book."

"These prayers, are the banner, under, or rather over which I fight my scout," said he handing her the prayer book, and pointing to the prayers he spoke of.

"The books not hardly worn at all," replied she, with a sad smile.

"But I have carried it on my person in battle and through every adventure in which I have been engaged."

"It is a beautiful book."

"It sure is," said Jack trying to be as cheerful as possible. "These prayers have helped me to do my duty, and they also introduced you or me to you, which is the best part of it. When the war is over I am going to put these prayers in a picture frame, and keep them in my room, to remind me of the scenes of the past."

"You are a funny little boy, Jack," said she.

"Perhaps I am, but I mean what I say."

Jack then remembered his own little sister, and he remembered seeing the tears she had shed when he was going. He had been followed by the prayers and hopes of his devoted friends when he had proceeded on his journey to the army. Now he was also learning nicely to get over his strange awkward manners which had so often got others provoked at him. When he had spoken to Jean of his past strange antics she laughed. He knew that this headquarters were at Bridgeport near the flood, about nearly seventy miles from Evangeline St. Claire, which was the point at which the military operations were still centering. Though the country between Evangeline St. Claire, and H. N. Henrietta was in military possession of the Christian army it was in a very disturbed condition. There were strong Christians there but the Glandelinians predominated, and the region was infested with dangerous bodies of Glandelinian savagely fiercer than irremediable guerrillas. The only open military railroad despite the flood by which the army received its supplies was necessarily guarded by troops through every mile of its course.

Having returned into the Christian lines Gertrude and Penrod proceeded toward their own headquarters. The destruction of a bridge about twenty miles from Bridgeport forced them to make a detour on horseback.

"The air is getting so smoky I am afraid we shall not be able to find out why to your headquarters," said Penrod, as they rode along.

"You forget that I am at home in this part of the camp," replied Gertrude. "I remember that."

"I have even born and raised me twenty miles from this spot, in the town of Millon, over in that direction," she added, pointing to the northwest. "I know every foot of land about here and I am indebted to that fact for my appointment on the staff of Violet's."

"Then we shall not be lost."

"No but the Gladelinian caverly are as thick around here as the camp as flies on a dead body. I suppose I have an excellent opportunity to be hung if any of them should catch me."

"That did you take the chances of coming down here to then?"

"I ought not to make any difference to me. I really rather enjoy the excitement of the danger, besides I like to help restore Galvarbia to her normal condition."

"It's getting awful dark and smoky, Gertrude. It's a good thing out headquarters is in sight. I don't think it would be prudent for us to beat about this region in the dark outside the camp."

"Yes Penrod, but it's safer to beat about than it is to lie down and go to sleep, but there is our headquarters as you said a couple of miles from here. We may as well hurry on."

"I think we had better do so," replied Penrod.

"Perhaps we had, especially as it looks like its going to get good and dark again."

They reached the house, which once had been the residence of the owner of a large plantation. It had been an elegant establishment before this great war but now it looked like waste and ruin around it. The two stopped before the mansion. Penrod dismounted, and throwing the bridle rein to his aide-de-camp, walked up to the front door after saluting the sentry. The sentry made it the door open, and went in without further ceremony.

and Gertrude followed him, Penrod remaining on his horse to await for Gertrude to come out. It was now quite dark though it was noon time, the wind was howling savagely through the trees, and the air got more, smoky than usual.

"Bad sign, Captian Penrod," said one of the aide-de-camps.

"Yes, but we expect to go in this house as soon as Gertrude comes out," replied Penrod, and at this moment he was called.

A little later a lone man came in to the ground, showed his pass and was told to wait a few minutes till he was summoned, and asked to know his business.

"Jack Evans sent me with this note to the Princesses," was his answer.

"I heard he traveled through a forest fire."

"I think not. He fled before it you mean."

"We all must be careful sir," said the aide-de-camp. "I reckon the fire could come up and surprise us too."

"I don't know," replied the man, carelessly, for he was thinking that the sentry was absent a long time upon his mission. He waited a quarter of an hour and then began to be impatient at the sentry's long absence. He thought the sentinel must be having a very pleasant interview with the Vivian Girls themselves, and had forgotten that there was a messenger out side waiting for the permit to enter. At last his patience was completely exhausted, and he had it in his heart therefore to rebuke the thoughtlessness of the sentinel.

"Here, aide-de-camp hold my horse," said the man, as he dismounted. "The sentinel must have gone to sleep, and forgotten that I am waiting for him."

"Yes sir, but that is not much like the sentinel to forget you," replied the aide-de-camp taking the rein.

"No I'm afraid it is not, but I'll venture to say he must be having a good time in the house, or he may have been detained for something else."

The man walked up to the front door, and knocked with his fist. It however brought no response, and so he repeated the summons with the butt of his pistol but with no better success than before. He believed that it must be evident that those inside the building were becoming suddenly very deaf, or that all were for some reason or other in the rear of the house where the sound could not reach them. He therefore opened the door and entered. At the end of a long handsomely furnished entry he saw a light through a crack which he followed till it brought him to another door, at which he knocked.

"What do you want here?" demanded a rough uncouth looking boy scout, who presented himself at the door.

"There is the sentry that went in here half an hour ago to tell of my mission!" asked the man rather impatiently.

"He was detained for some duty," replied the boy. "What gave you the nerve to come in here unannounced. Don't you know there is a penalty?"

"Put I have a mission. Jack Ambrose Evans sent me," repeated the man.

"I'm not acquainted with any body here."

"I should think you were," said the inquirer in a low tone to himself after which he uttered his question again at the top of his lungs.

"I tell you I don't know him," failed the boy scout in return.

"And I need where the sentry was when went into the house half an hour ago."

"I told you he's detained. You should have been announced yourself before entering. If the Princesses know this you'll--"

"Are they in this house?"

"They came four o'clock this morning."

"When?"

"Heavenly days dumbbell. Four o'clock," screamed the boy.

"Have you seen any one else come into this house?" shouted the man.

"I seen someone who was blind in one ear and deaf in three eyes," returned the boy with sarcasm.

"Who lives here boy?"

"No one does. This is a temporary headquarters."

"A temporary what?"

"If you like Mr I'll write it down for you."

"Who's the guard inside here?"

"I am."

"Who?"

"I am," shrieked the boy.

The boy thought to himself "Is this man possessed?"

"What's your name boy?"

"Scholfield Penrod."

"You mean you are the Penrod of Mr Tarkington?"

"Now I know he's possessed," said the boy to himself and loudly "I never heard of the man."

"What are you?"

"None of your business."

"Do you live here alone?"

"What is that to you?"

"I want to see the sentry that came in here a while ago. I am sent to tell you by General Jack Evans who is the guardian of the Vivian Girl Princesses."

"Oh that's better," said Penrod. "Show me your pass."

The man did so.

"Come in," said Penrod.

The man not knowing where he really was did not like the looks of things, and if he had not been interested in his mission whatever it was he would have retired in disgust from the house, as it was he entered the room. There was no sound anywhere and he wondered whether the boy was the only occupant.

"Master Penrod," said the man absent mindly "I wish to see if it permitted the Princesses, who came in here before me."

"Oh you do," said Penrod putting his hand on his pistol.

"I do."

"What's my name?"

"Pen-in-the-rod."

"Do I look red sir?"

"No."

"Baffrey you called me Pen-in-the-rod?"

"I don't remember your name boy."

"Well get a dicto dictin ary then. And besides this is not a deaf house, you needn't yell any more, there is no one deaf here. You can see them, but you will have to be careful."

"Where are they?"

"Oh good night," said Penrod to himself.

"I told you they were here somewhere. They are in the room yonder" and he pointed to the door of a room from which there came streamers of light.

"In this room!"

"Yes."

Indeed those in the room heard that and jumped to their feet.

The man had a great many doubts in regard to the situation. There was apparently no one in the house as all was as quiet as a death.

"Mr. Penrod."-----

"I ain't Mr. Penrod. I told you air what my name was. My name is Iain Penrod, and not finished with 'In the red' either."

"Well Penrid or Penrod I mean."

"That sounds more like it air. Now what's your name?"

"Frank Herdrudes."

"What are you air?"

"None of yer your business kid."

"Where did you come from?"

"What's that you to you kid."

"All right stranger. You won't tell me you would go in that room."

"Now Penrid, are those Princesses really in there?" asked the point man, good naturedly in spite of the circumstances of doubt, and a possible peril, which surrounded him as he pointed to the rear room. He couldn't tell whether secret Glandelinians were in here or not.

"I don't know if they are or not!" said Penrod. "I suppose they are not or I don't know even who they are. What are they?" Penrod decided to be silly too seeing that the man may be a bonehead.

"Well boy who are the Vivian Girls?"

"They are Violet, and her sisters."

"What else are they?"

"Gir's of course. What did you think they are mules?"

"Are they not yer friends?"

"They certainly are."

"How many of them are they?"

With evident disgust Penrod said "Better go in and count them all. There may be fifty of them. What do you want to know for?"

"A boyscout in these great times don't generally seem to have so many friends as you may have."

"No. Well all girls and boys are my friends here."

"Says which."

Forgetting he stood at the door where they were in, Penrod literally screamed the answer a second time finishing with the words "YOU WOODEN HEADED IDIOT!"

"Well whatever you call me I'm a good man nevertheless, and they all like me" replied the man.

"Well did you say you were seeking the Vivian Girls."

"Yes."

"How come you now them to be in here?"

"You said so yourself boy."

"Well sir I can't always know who's my friends these days. I got fooled badly once this morning already."

"Who fooled you."

"APRIL THE FIRST." said Penrod with a sneer, being disgusted at the man's queer questions.

"Put I tell you boy I have a pass here, Evans sent me to bring a note to the Princesses, would you be so kind as to call them out."

"I cannot do that," said the uncouth boy, very positively.

"Ad why not?"

"Where did you learn your manners. They are having a council with the girlscouts in there, and I don't want to disturb them. If you do you'll be like touching a phenter at his grub."

"If you'll tell them a messenger is here, she will not take offense."

"Yes she and they will. They are good, but they won't be disturbed. They will give me the signal when they are admitting any one. You wait out here and I'll speak to them. If they can't see you I cannot help it."

Penrod went in, but he returned in well about ten minutes, though to the man it seemed ten years.

"You may go in but how when you enter," said Penrod opening the door.

"Do which?"

"BOW," shouted Penrod, while to himself "I'd like to kick him like a foot ball to wake up his senses."

The men now seated around a long table on which there was a plenty of books and papers about twenty girlscouts, and boys too, with the Princesses occupying the center also. This man had never seen the Vivian Girls before, and he stopped back breath.

"Well what's the matter?" asked the one who looked like Gertrude "Are you shy of us?"

"No but those seven girls sitting there in the center. They are persons of the other world I tell you."

"Come in if you have a message," said Gertrude severely. "Ghosts indeed. Are you crazy? We heard all your foolish talk outside. Come in, and we will make room for you while we look over your message."

The man still hesitated, and Penrod suddenly gave him a shove sending him flying into the room with a crash, and said

"You'll have to excuse him girls. He never saw girlscouts before, and we came from another world, so you see it don't agree with him. Have you any of my old time French Brandy. It'll bring him to his senses?"

"Not a drop" they said, almost laughing as the bewildered man got to his feet looking embarrassed indeed. He indeed was bewildered by the scene before him, but he readily understood his mission, and he did what he could to hold himself together, and destroy the optical illusion of "Seven Ghosts" while he waited an answer to the message. He stood there like a statue.

"Sit down on the chair there" said Violet.

"What chair?"

"Over there" said Impatience.

The man looked around for a chair and sat on a sofa.

"Did Evans sent this note."

"Yes Miss Princess."

"Just call me Violet."

"What color?"

"I'm purple of course" she said. "You may call me anything but don't act or talk so dumb."

"Here's to the health of our Country's cause," said Gertrude who sat at the opposite end of the table, addressing the Vivian Girl who appeared to be the commander of them all.

"All up" said the latter.

"Every one (except the man) rose to their feet with a glass and a small glass of wine in their hands."

"All up you" shouted Penrod to the man!

"I am all up now."

"Stand up you goose. Don't you understand."

The man rose then, with a glass of water in his hand. Penrod knocked the glass out of his hand.

"Here" James said he to a boyscout. "Get a glass and fill it with wine. It won't hurt you/ it's not intoxicants you boobies. It's rooth bear wine."

The man was really so dumb he did not know what it was to drink the health of the country.

"To the health of the Nation," said Joice.

"Is the country sick?" asked the man.

"Yes very," said Joice. "Calvernia has, Hydrophobia, Angolonia State has the Measles, Abhisennia has Scarlet fever, and the other states have complications of them all."

"I'm sorry," said the man. "Is it catching. Will we get it."

"You'll get it silly if you don't shut up," said Gertrude.

"To the Health and success of our country," said Violet.

"Hurrah for our Vivian" added the others.

"One more," shouted Joice as she filled her glass again and her example was filled by all present. The man didn't want any more for fear he'd get jagged, but Penrod filled his glass to overflowing.

"Here's confusion to the Glandelinians."

"Confusion to all Glandelinia," repeated the whole assembly.

"Confusion to the wit---" asked the man but this time they did not pay any attention to his silly remark.

The whole assembly as if satisfied that they had firmly established the country's success already and hurled confusion among the foe rose from the table. Joice came over and said to the man

"Who did you say sent you?"

"General Jack Evans."

"Are you sure you are from him," replied the other.

"Yes."

"Well go and tell him to come. We will be waiting for him. Penrod will conduct you out. Don't make a mistake though and mistake a tree for him."

When the man was gone, everybody burst out laughing as hard as they could, even Jean and Jack who were in their beds.

"That man is a real goose," said Penrod. "I doubt he means well, but oh he's so dumb."

"Are you going to join our caviary again some day or will you remain here?" asked Joice.

"What ever you wish," answered Penrod.

"We would rather make it worth your while to stay with us," continued Gertrude. "You are a good boy, and you sure can fight. You even arrested me this morning, and then killed me too."

"Everybody looked at her as she said this, especially those who knew not the affair, and then Gertrude explained it all."

"Well I'd like to go or remain but Violet, and her sisters may expect me and I don't wish to disappoint them. I'm going on their staff. You can come to us any time you know."

"Well before you go, there is something up to night," said Joice confidentially. "And you may gain a new commission if you help us to be successful."

"I don't object to helping any one out."

"I'll tell you about it if you like."

"I don't object."

"I don't know as I or my sisters will either it would hardly be prudent for me to do so. You may mistake us for your enemies doubling for our faces like Gertrude. You know you arrested her this morning and then shot her too."

"There was good laughter at this and Penrod said:

"I tell you I was born in Canada thousands of miles from here, and did not think any person could make themselves look like another."

"Well you may be fooled again. Many have tried to make themselves as our doubles," said Jennie. "You can't spoil the job even if you may mistake us for foes, for we'll do things so we won't. I'll give you certain bywords no one else knows so you'll not be fooled. You are a very reliable boy scout and we want you more than we even want any one else so far. I've got the smartest set of boys and girls that ever scouted or rode the saddle but you, Gertrude and all these here of Aronburg's command beats them all. They are all Girl Scout Rangers. Mine or my sisters ain't."

"I see and know full well they are," added Jean herself, glancing with admiration at all the girl scout leaders in the room.

"Violet, and your sisters are very good scouts," said Jack.

"Maybe so. But I've got the keenest scout always on the lookout for me and my sisters you can find anywhere in all scouts of every army we might have. You have got her among you too, and always on and des go inside the Glandelinian camps like a native. We go in for making a monkey out of Glandelinia, while we do a good job for the south of this country."

"Of course," said Gertrude carelessly, hoping Violet would mention it is she.

"There's a Glandelinian squadron of De Banyan caviary coming down from Cross Roads Heidi with a covered wagon train with a heap of provisions and munitions to use for the Glandelinian army we hear is nearest us. We want those wagons and we shall have them too."

"Who's going to get them?" asked Jack Saunders.

"We will try to."

"If you can get them," suggested Angeline Riches.

"I didn't say we can, I said we'll try, and if any one of you want your share of them you have only to join my company. If you will I'll tell you the rest. First thing we want those wagons to use for our disguise trip with Evans to Emperor Vivians army at --- where did you say he was encamped --- oh yes Evangelina at Claire."

"I'm yours," replied Penrod.

"And you," asked pretty little Daisy turning to R. George Zimmermann who had been listening eagerly to the conversation.

"I'm very willing for the adventure. I owe you a depth of gratitude for aiding me in trouble...."

"Good. Gertrude, she's my scout I was speaking of -- will scout and find which way the train of wagons are coming down. We will ruin a bridge which point I know, the wagon train will stop there, Gertrude will come over here with her information and all I have to do then will be to pounce on the escort with a large party of troopers, and take possession of the wagons. The provisions we'll keep, the munitions we'll park here. What do you think of it?"

"It's a tip top idea, and I'm with you," said Jack.

"In your conditu condition?" Surely we couldn't think of it."

"I mean I'm on your side in the plan. But I sure wish I could go."

"I expect according to this note Evans will be back here to-morrow."

"All right." "I can help you about this business," said Penrod. "but it's risky."

"You can, now if you could disguise as a genuine boy scout of the foe and ride up and tell the man in the lead of the wagons you are on his side, and with that smooth tongue of yours prevent him from coming forward with too much caviary, you would earn your share of the reward. But I want to remind you it's a very dangerous undertaking. More dangerous than our plan of trying to find out the mystery of these explosions up north."

"I will do it."

"I know you can make those Glandelinian dogs believe anything."

"Very well I will go at once."

"Oh no Penrod, there is no need of going till Gertrude finds out about the caviary." "Will you go now Gertrude?"

"Yes," said Gertrude, and she ordered her maid to get her horse and in a few minutes she was gone.

"I think I had better meet the wagon train on the way."

"N ot at all," said Joice shaking her head. "You mustn't attempt it till we know the situation better than we do. And besides Gertrude's gone, and you may meet her double again in some other person, and have a fatal adventure."

"Do you think it's that dangerous?" "I'm not sure."

"Not yet, but it will be. And besides Penrod, don't think we are going to secure those wagons like eating ice cream. It's going to take a desperate fight. We are to take a strong force of caviary."

"Very well," said Penrod easily. "But Heavens I forgot all about my horse and servant. I left them all this time out side in the company street. I will take care of them."

"We will go with you," said Violet, and they followed Penrod to the place where he had left his servant and his horse.

"On the way out of the house Penrod whispered a few words in the ear of Hettie, while they were in the dark darkness of the entry. There was very great danger that things might get a little mixed, and therefore no blunder must occur."

"We must invent signals among ourselves so we won't mistake each others for foes. You know Mildred shot Violet by mistake," was the substance of the communication. When they reached the spot where the horse and aid-de-camp had been left, Penrod told his aide camp to clean his horse and get it ready for a long ride. The horse was then taken to the stable, where it was placed with the others, after which the party returned to the house followed by the aid-de-camp.

"What's the officers name in charge of the wagon train you wish to secure," demanded Penrod.

"Captain Perkins," replied Catherine.

"What Glandelinian squadron is he captain of?"

"The De Banyans."

"What Glandelinian army did he come from?"

"Myletze's, I suppose."

"Is Myletze very close close here?"

"He certainly is, dangerously near. He's a right smart and most dangerous general."

"What way is he advancing?"

"Don't know yet. I wish I knew. I hear Viviana cannot hold and is retreating before him."

"How long has Myletze been advancing?"

"Since he began his campaign."

Penrod asked many other questions, and Catherine gave prudent answers, she did not know much about Myletze's purpose, and what she did know about the man individually was plenty. Her five sisters answered in similar terms, and Penrod got very good opinions of Myletze.

"He is known by Glandelinia as a 'George Washington of their army, and by us as a double of Napoleon,'" said Daisy.

"Violet told Penrod too that she had learned from various members of her own bands of scouts recently before she and her sisters were carried away, that the Glandelinian caviary squadrons of Myletze's advancing armies were great organizations, as fierce as 'Confederate and Union Guerillas of our own late time Civil war, and the Glandelinian caviary were always engaged in a bitter warfare. The talent and address of Violet, and her five sisters had attracted the attention of Penrod

Penrod who affected always both strategy and bold and a dashing police. The conception of Violet and her sisters were creditable to him and Penrod was to prove to be an invaluable assistant to their purpose.

"To be so far away from their fathers army made the Vivian girls feel as if they were actually prisoners in General Aronburgs army. They had made inter changes of council, but to take a step for their future safety was even dangerous. Evangeline St Claire was far from here, general Aronburg gave them the direct distance, and the flood, and fire was partly in the way for on a peril, or other, and too many too narrowly were in the way for the other. The six of them were anxious to reach Emperor vivians army, and especially see Angelina who they knew was ill or had been but the delay was not voluntary on their part. They had presented as they always did a bold front, and disarmed suspicion in the beginning by their skill and address.

For their good Penrod always affected strategy, and had always treated his Princesses friends with more consideration than he would have and did treat himself. He knew the future movements of Violet, and her sisters depended upon the information to be brought by Gertrude Angelina. It was some time after dinner that Gertrude returned. All the girlscouts were at the stables, the boys in their manly manner attending to theirs and their own horses, when her return was announced. Every one was ordered to be ready to mount at a moments notice, while Angelina niches herself has tened to the house to receive the news brought by Gertrude, who was eating her dinner in the dining room.

"Dolores I shall want you," said Angelina niches, as she saw that good girlscout leader rise up. "your work will commence about this time. We are going on an exciting adventure. It will take that Glandelinian train two hours or so to get ready for a start. Come with me."

"I am ready for anything," replied the girl, and followed by Mildred, she went into the house with the girlscout chiefs. They entered the front door, and taking possession of the drawing room, Angelina ordered Angelina Jennings who seemed to be the commissary general of the gangs of girls, to ask of Gertrude could come into the room now.

Angelina Jennings left the room, and then for the first time since she had returned from her own work not noticed the presence of Jack up and walking around on his crutches and told him it was better for his leg to remain in bed.

"He's all right, captain Jennings, it won't hurt his leg any," said her sister, with a little dignity.

"Just as you please Dolores," replied Angelina with a smile. "But I'm greatly worried about his leg. It's been serious."

"It's too bad it couldn't go along," said Mildred.

"Nothing is more unfortunate than that," said Dolores. "It is just as regular for him as it is for any one of us who might be wounded. I don't ask him to remain behind and none of us do but there might be a fight, and then something may happen to him. He is my right hand boy and I can't do anything without him but I do not want him to get hurt worse yet or even killed. I am just as willing to take him as he is to go but you see he can't go."

"I am sorry but you see I have to anyway, the doctor said so," said Jack. "It's my hard luck that's all. I always wanted to be with you girls on adventures you are so brave. But I shall pray that your raid will be successful, and without loss. But I believe in strategy in a case like this."

"So do I," said Angelina Jennings. "But I must not forget Gertrude is wanted by Angelina Riches."

"At the call Gertrude entered the room and she sure did look as though she was capable of a doing all that was claimed of her. But she had not eaten her dinner at all in any haste and yet she had not finished it when she presented herself in the drawing room for her mouth was even now crammed full of corn cake which she was trying to dispose of so that she could so speak. While she continued to eat her mouthful Gertrude looked at a map first, crunching the food in her mouth in the most vigorous manner. From the map she glanced through a geography, then glanced at Mildred who stood next to her and pointed at a small map. Penrod had walked away to a window on the other side of the room, and as he turned to come back the girlscout general looked at him. Penrod looked at the map.

"Well what does this mean?" demanded Angelina niches.

Angelina Riches glanced at Penrod, and saw him give Dolores a very slight, but energetic shake of the head accompanied by a look which seemed to penetrate to the very soul of Dolores. Dolores improved this very opportunity, still gazing intently on Penrod to swallow the food in his in her own mouth.

"Why don't you ask Penrod?" she demanded impatiently for she was waiting for her to explain this singular conduct.

"It is too dumbfounded I cannot ask," replied Dolores, exhibiting a great deal of emotion in her tones.

"Cannot speak. Is there something wrong about the maps?"

"There sure is."

"What is wrong please?"

"Let Penrod answer for himself. It is not for me to speak of some thing which he alone knows."

"What does all this mean?" said the Girlscout leader, bewildered by the new aspects of affairs. "What is wrong about the map that you cannot explain it?"

"There is nothing wrong with the map," said Penrod. "But there is something wrong in our situation. Myletze has a bigger army than Viviana and general Aronburg together."

"What's the situation?"

"That we cannot tell. But Violet's plan is a most desperate one." answered she mysteriously.

"That may be but I command here for the time being. Are we going to back out of it or not?"

"No," almost shouted Penrod. "We are going through with it even if we have to fight the devil himself."

"Good," exclaimed Angelina Riches, apparently much pleased with this confirmation of what Penrod had said.

"Hurry and give your information Gertrude please," added Dolores with an awful exhibition of dignity, as though she were the "big scout" whom all other scouts had represented her to be....

"Not yet," said Angelina Riches. "Violet, and her five sisters must be here so we can understand this matter better. You said it's to be a desperate undertaking, Penrod. If?"

"Yes, I and Gertrude have been out scouting together this morning. We have worked together for months and have become experienced. It will be successful no doubt, but we'll need a strong force of good swift cavalry men. Otherwise the undertaking is suicide....."

"Oh that is the idea---is it---?" said Angelina Riches of the girlscouts. "Then you sure are a good scout v scout indeed to make such a discovery...."

"I have done a great deal of hard work not withstanding of almost shooting Gertrude twice by mistake because her double hoodwinked me. I have stood by the flag of your country almost from the beginning. Returned Penrod. "And General Great heart has learned me a lot, being a scout all his life."

"But is the undertaking so dangerous?"

"Positively. Whatever he says is right," said Gertrude.

"Gertrude I am satisfied now," said Angelina Riches extending her hand. "We all have had implicit confidence in all your work, but then we'll have to use prudence in our expedition. But Violet, and her sisters must have those wagons, to convey the slaves to Emperor Vivian's Vivians lines."

"Now tell your information Gertrude," added Angelina Jennings.

Jack indeed was confounded by the events which had just transpired before him. He did not know what to make of them. Gertrude too had always a wonderful power over the others, which he nor even she could not explain, but whatever occurred, she knew that or he knew that Gertrude had discovered something worth while, that the recognition of the peril were no evidences of untruth. He knew too Myletzes wagon trains were always guarded by strong bodies of the "De Banyan" cavalry. He could not understand the situation but every one could trust Gertrude to bring them always out of a tight fix.

"Shall I go on Angelina?" said Gertrude appealing to Angelina Riches.

"Certainly proceed," replied the girlscout chief.

Gertrude's explanation of her mission was short, and to the point. The wagon train had arrived within two miles of the Christian lines passing in the direction of general Myletze's army and there was present a force of about 10,000 cavalry of Mounted "Whalers" instead of the De Banyans to convey the train to a place of destination.

"100,000" exclaimed Angeline Richee, vexed at this startling information. "Gertrude are you positive you counted right?"

"I didn't count them. Penrod did."

"We shall then need thirty thousand."

"You bet," exclaimed Dolores. "Or the adventure will be a fatality in the end. As it is, she discovered a boy scout looking in through the half opened door with curiosity."

"James Linvher" cried the girl angrily.

There was no reply, and Dolores repeated the call half a dozen times, as loud as she could yell.

"Did you call me Miss Jennings?" said the boy coming to it the door which was now discovered to be partially open.

"I did rubber neck, you have been listening in at the door."

"I'll catch them as soon as I can Miss Jennings."

"Now a of that with me now," added Dolores angrily.

"Hey Ret your life there isn't Miss Jennings."

"Are you trying to get sassy," said Dolores advancing threateningly toward him, having picked up a rule from the table.

"Take care Miss don't hit me."

"Can't you hear what I say James. If you can't I'll open your ears."

"I ain't deaf."

"I know it, and you have been listening to all that has been said in this room."

"I was afraid you girlscoouts might forget something, and might want me you remind you of it."

"Come here."

The boy obeyed.

"Do you know where the rest of our scouts are?"

"Yes Ma'm."

"Ride over there as fast as you can, and tell Virginia and Irene to meet me at Apple-tree road with all her force of girlscoouts. Do you understand?"

"Yes Miss Dolores."

"It will only take you ten minutes to go, and another ten minutes for Virginia and Irene to reach the cross roads."

The boy went off.

"How many men do you think we'll need to carry the plan through?" demanded Penrod in business like tones.

"About thirty or forty thousand," replied Angeline Richee. "By that number we can make a sure thing of it for we shall outnumber the Glandelinians and choose our own ground besides."

"Ad And where are the rest of the force of girl and boy-scouts now?"

"At St Vincent's Junction, on the Big-Girl Knoll Road. I have driven them hard lately, and I gave them a rest since the day we left the raft."

"I know the place. It's near the south of the camp."

"So so just so. We believe in strategy, and I thought we should do better with forty thousand men too than we should with an equal to that of the enemy, for Violet, and her sisters desires to take the whole train if possible."

"Their plans are good, but do you send only one boy on such a message. Suppose he should fall from his horse, or be shot by a Glandelinian skunk."

"I can't spare but one for we may have to do the job before the rest of the force of girlscoouts arrive. All of us are going to join the soldiers."

"Send George the German recruit," suggested Jean Saunders.

"What good would that do? We don't take them where he would know, and probably he wouldn't find the girls."

"Do you know where St Vincent's Junction is George?" asked Angeline Richee.

"Certainly I do Miss Richee---just by the spot of the Red Riding Hood woods near the southeastern part of the christian camps...." "Replied the German boy, who had given good attention to the conversation, and who knew the route as well as his own nose."

"Right indeed. You will do," added Angeline Richee.

And the German boy went with Mildred.

The German boy readily understood that he was sent off by Angeline Richee for a purpose, but Penrod had no opportunity to explain his intentions before he went. It was plain however that a very important part in the plan for frustrating the object of the Glandelinians of getting to the Glandelinian army with the wagons had been entrusted to

him but he had not a single word of instructions. As the German boy mounted his horse, he saw Penrod and Gertrude Angeline leave the estate and rode off in the direction of the lone railroad, and he doubted not that they had went to delay the train if possible. After the full and unequivocal endorsement of Gertrude the others were fully established in the confidence of all the other leaders whom servedly communicated to him his hopes and expectations. George joined Mildred Maxwell, who was to be his companion in this early after noon ride. He always had known since he had been taken on board the raft that Mildred Maxwell was a very sweet child, good humored but dignified and severe at times, and yet immensely fond of jokes.

Every one had great confidence in her, for there had never yet been anything that she could not do. Yet the girl was armed from head to foot with the long girlscoout rifle, two brace of pistols, and three different kind of knives, and hand hanging in a hanger and had a bang And she had beside the horse a bag hanging full of hand grenades and she looked like a moving arsenal. Though so sweet long, and graceful, despite her age she was a formidable girlscoout, and strong.

The young German boy did not like this duty, for it was so perilous but there was only apparently one way he could discharge it, and that was by going along with a girlscoout who would be his inspiration. All the carnage and death he had when a prisoner in the foe camp seen in the course of the war---and he had seen much of them---had not impaired his respect for human life. He could not wantonly sacrifice even a Glandelinian enemy though he knew the rules "Girls and boyscoouts" Give the enemy no quarter, for they give children no quarter."

Yet he was afraid for her safety too. Glandelinians might suddenly descend upon them the least they suspected danger, and his chivalrous little soul revolted at such a peril. The Glandelinians to him for what he had seen in war were like possessed men to him, and has as much respect for a little girl or boy of the christian countries countries as a scared woman has for a rattlesnake.

Thus he reason on the one hand, and therefore he was determined to aid Violet, and her sisters to procure a force to capture the wagon train for the sake to use the wagons to convey the rescued slaves to the main army at Evangeline St Claire and to secure the provision intended for the Glandelinian troops upon which even the unfortunate refugees could receive their daily bread. This to him was an unusually frightful war. He had known of wars---fighting and ruins only of what the custom of civilized nations justified, while all this he had seen brought on by the Glandelinian armies seemed an act of treachery from which thought he even shrank. War had debased Glandelinia and he feared exceedingly the results in the future if Glandelinia was not whipped soon. George did not understand how Glandelinia could do this need, the murdering of little children as he had seen them, destroyed so often by the wholesale and in baseless ways which could not be decently even written. It was revolting, worse than barbarous, and yet it was not only done, but flood, fire and all other horrors were now seen. He could not settle the troublesome question and he wondered what would be the next move.

"Well My German friend I thought you might like some company on your mission, I supposed, so I came along to help you," said Mildred.

"Help me?" replied George in his broken Abissinian.

"Yes. Don't you think I should help you?"

"Why yes, if you like," said the boy. "But the fact is I should help you."

"Well that's more manly," and she smiled sweetly at him. "Have you got any liquid gun in your pocket?"

"I have not. I never use one."

"So I heard Gertrude mention, but have you got nothing stowed away about you besides pistols and your rifle---any squirt gun or such like?"

"I have not wies."

"Well George I tell you it is a great mistake coming off without a squirt gun."

"I don't think so."

"Don't you George."

"I can get along very well without it."

"Maybe you think you can George, but you can't. Neither can I. They come in more handy with ammonia when attacked suddenly and at close quarters by Glandelinians. It's lucky I had one."

"But you and I got grw grenades."

"That is true George but sometimes that don't do any good either. Enemy cavarly carry them too. They are like dragons feeding on us kids you know, and if we were overwhelmed we could no more take a chance without squirt guns than we could to go into a big sink hole in the dark, for I take it it can't be taking chances. Didn't any one supply you with one."

"No. I will have to go without it. I don't want to ask you for yours. It ain't right."

"I suppose not." exclaimed Mildred. Look there's a house over there a good distance. That's the place where Virginia and the other scouts may be assembled. I sure like to beat the glandelinians up good and proper. And besides making merciless war on us kids they always have food and plenty when we poor kids has to hunger for meat and thirst for water, and he compelle to drink a little brandy because the water is spoiled or poisoned by the disasters. My let's it is a terrible sort of general. But we should not need to have any fear. I have a safe conduct and can dare to go into his lines if I choose to do so to find out information."

"But if you even have a safe conduct you can't even then compell the glandelinians to give you anything."

"I know, but I can show the cavarly at the rear of the wagon train the paper and we won't be suspected or molested."

"I bet they won't trust us, or won't read it," said George.

"Why not?"

"Well Mildred, they ain't well up to print I'm sure, from my experience in Manleys camp, say nothing of writing of passes they know nothing about."

"Well if they make a fuss about it I can tell them it was all a mistake---don't you see George. Maybe I might play half wit too."

"Perhaps that won't fool them either."

"Then we would go to the other world for certain."

"Very likely they might give you what you want if you asked them and did not approach them in your purple uniform."

"No they won't George," she said laughing. "I just said these things to try yer wit. I know them glandelinians more than you do. They hate us kids of the Abbiannians worst than poison, and if they got hold of me you'd be shocked at what they would do. We girls and boys ain't supposed to hate them I s believe, but its the rule just the same for us all not to give the glandelinians any quarter."

"What would the Glandelinians do to us if they had us prisoners."

"I don't you ever hear of the massacred of children in this war."

"Yes. I sure have."

"Well they'd do the same to us. It stands to reason such Glandelinians ought to be hated as much as they hate us."

George decided not to discuss this question, and said "Let's not talk of such awful scenes Miss. It's more than I can hear. It sickens me at the stomach."

"All right. But she added---"Have you ever seen our Girlscout Irene?"

"No is she a new girl?"

"No but she's not been on the raft but a r i red ra remained in camp here."

"Is she an Abbiannian girl?" asked George.

"Bet she is."

"You don't think any glandelinians will come in sight and meddle with us I hope."

"What makes you fear that?" demanded Mildred suspiciously.

"Don't you remember Penrod saying, that the scout country is being swarmed like flies on a dead body with parties of glandelinian cavarly here and there."

"Yes."

"Are you a very shrewd girlscout, Mildred?"

"I couldn't con I confide myself on that. But I try to be."

"A true blue good soldier, respects a girl little or big, whether she be a friend or a foe."

"Georh George, your ideas is a little too fine out for me," said Mildred. "If you think that of all Glandelinians then you didn't have much experience with them."

"Have you had any bad encounters?"

"I should say so. A Glandelinian once ran at me with a drum sabre and another almost strangled me to death one day."

"Have you a mother Mildred?"

"No. Not a mother."

"Is she dead?"

"She was killed by a Glandelinian."

"Have you no sister, nor a brother?"

"I did have but they too were killed by the same man. That's what made me become a girlscout."

"See here Mildred, you can draw your charge on that. We all one way or the other have some grievance on the enemy, and I'd like to see them draw any string on me now. Germans are tough Mildred, don't you know that Mildred."

"Very well, I have nothing to say, only that, if you propose that we are in danger we can be very cautious. But I am your best friend and as advised you to be watchful."

"How good are your weapons?"

George took a pistol from his belt, and deliberately aimed it at the branch of a tree and brought it down with two shots. It was a narrow one at that. It was naturally supposed that a boy scout who like Mildred carried such an armory of weapons on his person was as dangerous as dangerous a foe to the glandelinians as any others of the girls and boy scouts.

"So if any glandelinians come at you first," said the boy "I can get them fast."

"Don't shoot too often," said Mildred with a laugh. "The noise might bring glandelinians upon us."

"We are not quite ready to put it up," replied George for he had made up his mind that the time to execute any task imposed upon him had come. "When a Glandelinian soldier draws a pistol upon a girl companion of mine he insults me."

"I can see what sort of stuff you are made of George," said Mildred. "I am not satisfied with anything yet. I would like to know what sort of stuff those Glandelinians might be made of."

"Sometimes from what the Glandelinians have done I believe the whole nation is possessed by demons."

"I am positive you are right. Glandelinians has insulted the whole christian world."

George had put up his pistol. He had discovered that Mildred was as game as he was, and he felt sure he and she would be just the right sort in an emergency.

They rode along in silence for some time till they reached a house much superior to most of those they had seen on the road, at which Mildred hearing sounds inside halted.

"None of the girlscouts seems to be around, George," said Mildred as she reined in her steed.

"Is this the house where we were supposed to meet Virginia?"

"No. James was sent there. This is near the cross roads where we are to wait for the train of wagons coming into sight. I only want to investigate this house," and she rode up the lane by the house, followed by her companion. I won't stop only for a second."

Mildred dismounted and throwing the bridle rein of her horse over a post, she entered, when there was no knocking no response to her knocking. When she had gone in, George rode forward till he came to the window of the house for he was fearful that enemies might be inside and he was disposed to defend her in case she was in danger even at the peril of his life. Mildred was absent some time---longer than a due regard for the urgency of her mission would have tolerated. It was evident that she had not procured whatever she went in for, and if enemies were within he feared she might meet with some violence. He feared the delay indicated trouble within the house, and just as George dismounted and fastened his horse to the gate and was walking toward the house, she came out. Just as she did so they heard a piercing scream somewhere outside in the woods beyond.

The two child scouts mounted their horses and rode hastily in the direction of the sound.

"Don't yell you little gutter-snipe!" They heard some one cry out as they came closer. "I only want you to sign this paper. Anyhow no one is here to hear you if you do yell."

George stopped at the edge of the woods where he saw the scene presented before him, for indignant as he was, he and also Mildred were always prudent. They cocked their pistols and took survey of the situation.

"I tell you I do not know anything about the Christian army, and have not never been near one," replied a young girl who appeared to be of about eighteen or nineteen years of age, and who was well dressed, and who was quite attractive.

"You can tell that to a moaning ghost, and he'd take your life out for it," added a man who appeared to wear a Christian uniform. "You ran from the house but - caught you."

"I have told you the truth, I do not know anything about the Christian army that is so close to my home."

"It is not so, all my comrades know you know something about those dirty Christian dogs. Now give us the information woman!" and as he spoke he grasped the lady by the arm roughly. She evidently regarded his touch so worst than the rottenest pollution, and she screamed again most lustily.

"See here Father, Christian dog don't be so darned touchy. I ain't going to hurt you if you tell me what I want to know."

"Father, Mother!" cried the terrified girl, shrinking from the man who evidently was a spy who attacked women to try and get the information out of them. George and Mildred would have fired, but they feared the report and the death of the Glandelinian brute before her face would be too great a shock for the lady, she evidently was badly frightened, but as the children hoped she had perfect control over herself.

"Say girlie won't you give me the information," continued the Glandelinian; and again he attempted to seize the arm of the girl who fled before him through the woods toward the house.

"Father, Father!" she screamed again. "Father!"

The two child scouts stepped into the room to intercept the rascal as he should enter, and at the same instant an elderly man and still more elderly woman rushed in by a door on the opposite side of the apartment.

The good gentleman and woman who entered the room from the opposite side were evidently her parents. They both were unarmed, but there was a long army rifle hanging against the wall. The old gentleman was out of breath from hurry and excitement, and was hardly in condition to confront the Glandelinian scoundrel, who was just as bold to defy him as he was of any one else for though he could torment a timid woman yet the scoundrel though could be called a coward was as daring as a lion and would face the mouth of a machine gun.

"What do you want here?" demanded the old man, in a most excited tone.

"Nothing square, but an information concerning the Christian lines," replied the rascal, glancing at first the girl and the man.

"I'm a professional Glandelinian sir, and you Christian dogs cannot cheat me. I was born among even you Christian dogs, and I can smell a Christian army twenty miles off."

"I have told you the truth. And so has my daughter."

"No you haven't. Give me the information squire," added the man taking one of his pistols from his belt.

"I have a safe conduct from the general of this department," said the old man. "Here it is."

"I cannot waste time to read it stranger. I don't want to read it either."

"Perhaps you will read it kids," said the man thinking at first they may be the scoundrel's mascot, walking across the room, and handing it to George.

"Don't you touch it kid," said the Glandelinian angrily. George sneered, took the paper, glanced at it, and handed it back to the owner.

"Are you satisfied?" asked the old man to the rebel as the boy had read it aloud.

"I am," said George.

"That ain't none of your business kids. And see because you are kid scouts it is not your business that you should spoil my efforts. But I'm going to have the information. Now squire will you tell us who is in command of this vast Christian army here or will you refuse?"

"I do not know, and I would not tell you if I did."

"You won't?" said the Glandelinian, raising his pistol, and before the children could realize he intended to fire, he discharged the piece at the old woman.

"Oh my poor Mother," screamed the young girl, rushing toward her.

"What do you mean you? I am William," cried George, elevating his pistol, and instantly firing.

"See here kids, that ain't your business," replied the Glandelinian. "I'm not interfering with you. Who are you? Christian dogs too?"

Of course in the smoke that filled the room George had missed his aim and the Glandelinian was entirely concealed from him or Mildred.

"Leave the house you male cur," shouted Mildred.

"Not till I get my information. I'll get it too. I haven't killed the 'old woman' though I'll confess I meant to kill her, I only scared the old cat a little. My boy now you'll give me the information now Squire."

"I have not as I told you a moment before," replied the old man. The girl and boy walked up to the rascal with leveled pistols and demanded:

"Now will you leave the house?"

"Come boy and girl, don't be so touchy, I want him to give me information," said the rascal evidently not pleased with the newscaps of affairs.

"Leave this house," replied Mildred with utmost dignity.

The Glandelinian finding that it was of no use to argue the point with two child scouts armed like arsenals and realizing they were Christians slowly backed out at the door by which he had entered.

"Shoot the scoundrel!" Mildred said George.

"He deserves to be shot for this outrage but I can't shoot a man down in cold blood," added Mildred indignantly.

"You two Christian sprites will pay for this," continued the rascal as he left the house and walked toward the horse.

"Begone or you are a dead man."

"I thank you for your timely assistance," returned the man. "You are my friends."

At this moment the door by which the owner of the house had at first entered was thrown wide open, and the two children discovered the rascal, who had without their knowledge gone round the house, and snaked in by another entrance. The dirty wretch, which shows how Glandelinians are instantly raised his long rifle and opened fire on both the children.

The shots missed George and Mildred, the old man dropped heavily on the floor, his wife followed suit, and his daughter uttered a dreadful scream of agony as she threw herself on the bodies.

"That is the way we Glandelinians settle the stake of vile Christian hound cur," shouted the man adding of course a volume of words which decent people do not wish to read or hear. Mildred who had returned the pistol to her belt holster drew it again, and opened a return fire in the direction of the door, though the smoke prevented her from seeing the form of the lone Glandelinian. He however had time to rush out of the house, and disappeared.

"Quick," gasped Mildred. "I'll follow him. You George try and cut him off. Understand?"

George didn't answer but followed the scoundrel, determined to be the first to get him. Unfortunately the scoundrel turned to the right, while the Glandelinian went to the left, and when he had passed around the house to the meadow, he discovered the scoundrel, already mounted and spurring his horse away from his bloody scene.

Both Mildred and George sprang into their own saddles, and started wildly in pursuit. They were determined to avenge the poor old couple and to discharge a duty which was imposed upon them, now made easy by the crime of the Glandelinian wretch. They urged forward their good horses to the utmost speed, and gained rapidly upon him. Mildred going one way, and George the other. The Glandelinian who could insult a young girl, and shoot an old man and woman, had a terrible fear of his two little pursuers, for he knew that though only like little children, child scouts in the Christian army were worse than even two tigers. He saw that George was the first to gain upon him, and he unloading his rifle, and while his horse was at full speed turned and fired at George. The bullet hit George's horse and killed it under him, and George was thrown. He got to his feet and fired again and again but missed the scoundrel. Mildred did not stop to

see whether George was all right just then but urged on her steed. The rascal for some unknown reason of his own, perhaps for some purpose of putting into operation some method of dodging his girl pursuer which he had learned in cavally fighting now turned into an open field. Whatever might have been the results of the scene under other circumstances, it was fatal to him in this present instance, for while the Glandelinian soldier was proceeding in a direction at right angles with the road, Mildred dashed full speed into the field and cut him off by taking a diagonal of the square, while the rascal was following the side. He had not noticed a low stretch of grass partially

covered with mud and water which compelled him to give Mildred this advantage. He turned and fired at Mildred three times while his horse went faster but the bullets did not come near her. Mildred then elevated her own revolver, and taking careful aim fired twice. The Glandelinian was seen to throw up his arms, spring upward into the air or from the saddle and drop to the ground, while his horse dashed on at an increased speed, when relieved of his heavy burden.

At this moment, George came running up.

"Good work Mildred he said, "Now our work is done." as Mildred drew in her panting steed.

The boy led the way back to the spot where the Glandelinian had fallen. Mildred then dismounted and bent over the body to ascertain the result of her shot. The ball of George's must have been the one that struck the Glandelinian in the left side, and had evidently passed through his side or his heart too, while Mildred's shot had struck him in the head, for he was evidently evidently dead. The old man and woman were avenged. Mildred herself took from the open corpse of the Glandelinian, two rifles, four pistols and six knives. There was something projecting from the breast pocket of the rascal's coat which looked like a bundle of papers, and the little phylloxera, ever intent upon procuring all the information she could get drew it forth. She was not mistaken, it was a very large bundle of papers, and among others there was a note from General Cannonia to General Reppo Evans, but it was only an order for him to proceed forthwith to join Myletie as soon as possible, stating that the "Wrath of God" army was barring the way near Elmor Creek. Inasmuch as the Glandelinian was now dead Mildred believed the remainder of the papers could have no connection with the bearer, but Mildred was too much impressed by the nearness of the dead man, and by the necessity of prudence in her present condition to waste the time to examine them there, and therefore slipped them into her pocket for future inspection.

Slinging the two rifles upon his back, while Mildred placed the other weapons in her belt, he helped her mount the horse, and then she got on herself. As they were about to depart, the animal which had been ridden by the Glandelinian, came walking leisurely up the road, as if in search of his lost burden. When he saw the two children he went up to him, and allowed himself to be taken. He was a docile creature, and had been well trained by his late master. Leading the horse they returned to the house where the tragedy had occurred to ascertain the fate of the old man and woman, and to report the result of the pursuit.

"He found the house in great commotion. The few servants which the old couple had been able to retain were bustling about the house but as is always the case with a panic doing absolutely nothing. Mildred gave the horses into the keeping of a servant, and having placed the weapons taken from the dead soldier in a back room, entered the house. He found by the direction which the servants had taken, where the dead or wounded couple lay, for both Mildred and George had not waited to learn their fate before they went in pursuit of the wretch who had done the wicked deed. The girl and boy entered the apartment and were glad to find that their worse fears had not wronged. The couple were not dead, but the old lady appeared to be the more severely wounded. Her eyes were open, and she was gazing with a languid look of affection at her daughter, who was bending over the bed.

"There he is again," she faintly exclaimed, as the two child scouts entered the room.

"We are not Glandelinians, Mrs." said Mildred "On the contrary contrary we are girl and boy scouts of the Abbeismian army on the staff of Miss Angelina Aronburg commanding the eleventh and Twelfth Corps."

"Impossible! You are that Glandelinian." Groaned the poor woman who was still half unconscious.

"No Mother! They are the two little child scouts who defended us Mother!" interposed the daughter, "And I heard the little boy order the man to leave the house."

"If you do not believe it, you will find the rascal's horse in your stable, and all his weapons in your back room."

"Go and see Mamma!" said the old man, "For we know not whom to trust."

George was selected to conduct the lady herself, that is the young girl to the back room, and showed her the weapons, then led her to the stable, where the servant had taken the horse.

"If you still think it is not true Miss, you may send one of your servants to a field on the right of the road about a mile and a half from here, and he will find the body of the dead Glandelinian soldier. For such he was, and a spy, well rid of."

"I believe everything my dear boy-for I noticed the horse when the rebel rode into the yard," replied the young girl. "How did you come in time to protect your us?"

George told her, and then finished with "I and my girl friend fired at the scoundrel a moment after he discharged his pistol at your mother but the smoke in the room spoiled my aim, and I was unfortunate to miss him. I and my girl friend also fired at him when your mother and father fell, as you must have noticed."

"I heard four shots, but I was not sure who had fired them."

"I thought he had gone when he left the house, but it seems he went round and sneaked in again by another door. I should have known these ruffians are base enough to kill an old man or woman like your father and mother, when they are cruel enough to murder children, and we should have shot him in the first place when I saw him tormenting you in the woods. I did not wish however to do so in your presence."

"I sure indeed would have enjoyed it."

"Is your father and mother badly injured?"

"I do not know how bad their injuries are, but father was struck in the back near the spine, and mother was struck in the shoulder. I and they have trembled every day for fear of these Glandelinians, but we did not think any would come as we are so close to the verge of the Christian camp."

"Have you sent for a surgeon?" asked George.

"We have no horse at home, and the nearest surgeon lives fifteen miles from us."

"Take the dead man's horse, and go into the Christian camp for a doctor."

"Thank you, I will send a man at once."

A man was immediately dispatched on the horse toward the Christian lines for a doctor, and both George and Mildred went with the lady to the room of her wounded father and mother. George himself examined the wounds and ventured to assure the two sufferers that they were not dangerous ones. When wounded herself often Mildred had seen the surgeon operate and she had some idea of the methods employed. The old man himself was bleeding freely, and by changing his position on the bed, and by pressing a cloth around the wound she with the help of the man's daughter checked the flow of blood.

So it was the Christian lines that it was only half an hour before the surgeon arrived. He was a personal friend of the old couple so it turned out to be, and came with all haste as soon as the boy found him. The doctor came but the messenger did not return, and both children believed that the horse and rider had been seen and taken by the girl scouts under Virginia who might have mistook him for a runner away from the lines. The two were greatly perplexed in regard to their future movements, and though the young lady offered and pressed upon them the hospitality of the house, they decided to depart as soon as the surgeon had assured them that the couple were not dangerously wounded. Leaving the Glandelinians weapons at the house, which they advised the lady to conceal, they mounted their horses, and rode away with the purpose to find Virginia and Irene's bands and hasten the carrying out of the conspiracy to capture the wagon train.

The attack upon the Glandelinian wagon train was to be made at Heidi's Cross Roads, or in that direction, but it was not prudent for them to be seen near that locality after what happened if there were any big parties of Glandelinian cavalry roaming around, and he decided to therefore go forward to find Virginia and Irene Irene. After riding a couple of miles, as he turned a bend in the road on the verge of the wood, they suddenly came upon Virginia's force, which had halted there. The girls' Girl Scouts and their horses stood so still in the road that Mildred and George had not suspected their presence. If they had known Glandelinians his fast their fast impulse would have been to wheel their horses and flee with all speed, but then if they were, and to

turn away to make a run of it could have been sure to bring a volley from their long carbines upon them, and to advance would be to have faced the same peril. But they were their own friends, and the fact that the dead soldiers' horses which had been ridden by the men sent to get the doctor had not returned was pretty good evidence that he had been captured by the girls and boys, and their presence in this place proved it. The man who had been captured had probably told his story, but no doubt he was not believed.

The two continued on their way until they reached the squadron. With these girls was an immense body of Winkie Abyssinians, cavelly. "Why are you here Mildred?" demanded Virginia, shaking hands with her friend. "I thought you was with Gertrude."

"I was." Then she related her errand and told about the coming of the train.

"From where's it coming?"

"I don't know where it is now, but its coming from the south I believe. But I will tell you one thing Virginia. This prisoner you have is all right. He is on the horse of a Glandelinian whom we killed." And she told the story of that adventure.

"This is bad business," said Virginia. "A rebel shooting an old couple. But this expedition proposed by Gertrude is also bad business."

"No it isn't, it's all the better for us," said Irene, stepping forward for the rescue. "You know the Princesses want that train if they can secure it."

"Perhaps it is, but I don't see it," added this girl scout captain, and surely it must have been very difficult to see.

"You mustn't be dull captain Virginia," continued she for Irene with her usual easy assurance. "You and Peggy and others believe in strategy, and look troubled at a little difficulty like this."

"Did you give the horse to the messenger who went for that doctor?" demanded Virginia of George and Mildred.

"Beh," exclaimed Irene with her hearty disgust. "What matter whether they did or not? Are you going to settle a case of that kind right now when we haven't time to waste? I tell you it is all right."

"What shall we do?"

"Do!" sneered Irene. "We will help Violet, and her sisters capture the wagon train at Heidi's Crossroads, as they planned. We are not going to be thrown off the track by a little incident of this kind."

"Of course not," replied the girl scout Ranger, catching the inspiration of her bolder and prettier companion.

"Leave those Glandelinians alone to me," continued Irene. "I will have them ten miles from here within two hours."

"Good murmured a number of the girl scout Rangers.

"It appears the Glandelinian wagon train had been delayed, and therefore we shall have time to bring up Gertrude's force yet. I want two of your girls to go with me. I will take Joan and Martha."

"What do you want of them?" demanded Virginia.

"Martha shall go to Gertrude for our girl and boyscouts there, and Joan shall return to inform you when to come forward. If you should be seen it would spoil the whole thing. By the way, how many men have you as your escort for the enterprise?"

"Fifty, O.K."

"Good." That will do you so far. But we'll need at least fifty thousand."

Virginia consented to this plan, and Irene followed by Joan and Martha rode off at full gallop. Mildred did not seem to be at all conscious that she had very cleverly performed the part she had assumed in the drama. Yet she sure looked as determined as though she had intended to carry out the very program a program assigned to her by general Continentian Aronburg.

"What are you going to do Mildred?" asked George, when they had ridden about a mile.

"The infernal Glandelinian outthroats, child murderers," exclaimed she savagely. "Not only do I intend to capture just the wagon train but the whole crowd of Glandelinians with it. The first batch however that shows fight receives no quarter."

"But you have no force Mildred."

"I'll have one," said she with energy. "Viol t violet, and her sisters have suffered much and what it is could poor Jennie went through when in the hands of that brute Augustinia St Claire makes me as wild as a leopard."

"Miss Maxwell" said Joan with the utmost deference and respect.

"Understand my purpose I'm going back to the christian lines where Gertrude and her force are and where she promised to remain until she heard from me."

"Are you sure she will follow immediately or wait for violet and her sisters?" asked George.

"I'm positive, she has sent to general Aronburg asking for a force of cavelly men. Now George if we are as smart as they think we are, we will report to Violet, and her sisters before to night, with the wagon train and the whole Glandelinian cavelly escort as prisoners to boot. We have got things now where we can have it our own way, and it will be our own fault if we don't bag the whole squad. Then if we are successful Gertrude will petition Violet or any of her sisters for your commission in our army of scouts."

"If Virginia has a fifteen thousand squadron, we can take them at once even if the force number is thirty thousand."

"I propose to haul in the whole company---those that are with the wagon train and those that are coming. We have no time to lose." Continued Mildred with increased energy. Joan you must go to Gertrude, and deliver this message which I'll write to her."

"I'm willing," replied Joan. "I have the captians written order in my own hand. Virginia made it out for me."

"Good that is right. Kill your horse if necessary but don't lose an instant of time. Away with you."

"But I don't know the road."

Mildred instructed her very carefully in regard to her route.

"When you have delivered the order or directions to her look out for yourself too," she added as Martha put spurs to her willing horse and dashed away to execute her important mission.

"Now Irene, in one hour go and tell Violet, and her sisters that the road is open for them," added Mildred, as she took the hand of this pretty girl scout which she pressed with warmth. "Girl you are always true to your country and your flag and I know you will be faithful in all perils though you are new."

"I will, I will," exclaimed the girl, with deep feeling, as she wiped away the tears, which for some unexplained reason filled her eyes.

Mildred apparently as deeply moved as this young girl scout galloped away at a furious pace. Beyond the wood she turned to the right, crossing the creek, and the railroad, avoiding the flood, till she reached another road near nearest the christian lines. This point was Heidi's Crossroads, and here she turned to the right again, and was now moving directly toward the christian lines, and she soon had an immense squadron of cavelly moving down toward the cross roads. When the force arrived at its destination one half of it was posted in a secure place beyond the railroad, near the dirt road where it could not be seen by the approaching cavelly guarding the wagon train as they advanced to the enemy lines and the other half in the vicinity of the cross roads. Quite as soon as they were expected, the large troop of the Glandelinian cavelly first moved into sight crossing the railroad and moving swiftly but cautiously toward the point at which they expected to pull on the wagon train to the lines. But as no sooner had they passed the dirt road than the force of christian troopers in their rear took the road and out off their retreat, while that in front advanced upon them. For a few moments there was a severe clash of arms, but after a short fight, the Glandelinians overwhelmed were born home under and captured by the cavelly without the loss of a single man, and almost without a scratch on either side. The large number of prisoners were conducted to a safe place, and the cavelly now joined by those of the others coming from Virginia and her scouts again disposed for the reception of the train and the larger force expected to be in its rear. The Glandelinians were intensely astonished at the unexpected attack and capture and their leaders looked exceedingly foolish and disconsolate. When the prisoners were halted in a secure position, one of the leaders happened to see Virginia.

"How's this girl scout?" said he appealing to the energetic girl scout.

"Who are you addressing Cat?" asked she with admirable simplicity.

"You are a girl scout in a gray uniform. Haven't you made a blunder somewhere?"

"Not at all. Everything has come out just as I intended it should."

"Then you are a traitor or a christian dog spy girl in disguise."

"On the contrary I am a true Abissinian girl scout, and this is not a Glandelinian gray I'm wearing. This is a Calvinian uniform. I go for our cause only."

"Traitor all of you," growled the glandelinian chéftian. "You are stealing our wagon train."

"See here my man, you believe in the strategy of war---don't you!!!!!!!"

"I surely do."

"So do I," replied Virginia. "I think you too have got strategy enough to last you till the end of the war. You glandelinians take our wagon trains too. All is fair in war you know."

"You deceived me then," said the officer bitterly. "I'm a scoundler."

"So I see. Do no you know what that word means!!!"

"Yes."

Then I don't need to explain it. Deceived you," sneered the girl. "If I you think I or my other girls and boys would throw ourselves into your bearlike arms and let you Glandelinian dogs butcher us kids at your own pleasure like you always do. I know what you are "Scoundlers, not De Baryens as we heard---" Two faces "I had better say. Deceived you. I never saw you before. I also shouldn't want a more stupid and crazier fellow than you are to work upon. You and your troopers have been playing into our hands all the way through, and we got you....."

"What is to be done with us?" asked the discomfited, officer this time more tamely.

"As the troopers will see fit. We shall see, to t you are marched to headquarter s, but as a man of yer importance ought to have and may have a bigger escort guarding the approaching train, we shall try to add the rest of your gang to your number of prisoners or destroy them one or the other. If they show fight we'll give no quarter. So there."

Virginia walked away, mounted her horse,, and rode down to the cross roads again, where a great cavally battle was soon to be fought. Irene who had disengaged herself from her companions at the beginning of the affray was directed to keep some considerable distance from the strife.

Martha delivered her message to Gertrude, and her whole band and those select d selected by Violet and her sisters, all soldiers immediately leaped into their saddles. The note from Virginia and also that from Mildred relieved the bearer of all suspicion of danger in the enterprise and Gertrude only questioned her in regard to the nature of the operations in which her forces were to engage. Martha answered as suited herself, and then finding that she could go, the officers and men being busily occupied in preparing for their excused excursion she contrived to detach herself from their company to detail a force of her own. Gaining the high way, she rode at a leisurely gait, till she was out of their sight, and reached her own force in advance of that of Gertrude's, and then she quickly brought them and made a junction.

The wagon train with the bigger body of glandelinian cavally were now crossing the railroad itself without a suspicion that they were plunging into a fatal trap, till they heard the clatter of horses hoofs behind. The big bodies of christian cavally in the rear, which was to open the cavally battle dashed upon the glandelinian cavally with a fierce tumultuous shout. The Glandelinians however were the most desperate kind of men. These Glandelinian cavally had been plundering, murdering, massacring children and victims of defenseless towns and destroying most ruthlessly and without mercy, and the fear of a righteous retribution upon their heads nerved them to the most determined action, and a cavally battle as fierce as if all the cavally in the American rival war would have fought together in this one spot raged at Held's Crossroads. They were hardly engaged before the christian cavally in front rushed with headlong speed upon the entrapped foe. It was a good opportunity indeed better than they had ever hoped to enjoy, but the glandelinians fought like raging demons, and even four times worsted severely their most superior numbers of the christians, but again the christian troopers with a hearty relish for the work rushed into the fight with a ferocity and an enthusiasm which could only result sooner or later in good and crushing victories. The conflict was long and terrific, every one fighting fierce and savage duels of all sorts but finally threatened with annihilation the survivors of the Glandelinians began to retreat and finally were thoroughly and completely routed. There was an awful cutting, and slashing for a few minutes during even the récliment. The Glandelinians were utterly demolished, they finally broke, and some attempted to get fire to the wagons, even the drivers tried it and were killed in the act, and the remainder of the glandelinians made fierce attempts to flee from the scene of carnage, but not many of them escaped.

"The train is captured," said Mildred, as she joined George a little after the conflict.

"The work was sure well done," said Violet herself, as she returned her sabre to the scabbard. "I think we won't be delayed very long now."

"The wounded which amounted to about six thousand of the christian side were sent toward the lines, the prisoners about three thousand secured, and the wagon train took its march for the christian army. On the way Mildred, George, Irene and also Martha, and even Virginia kept together.

It was the first time these girls' scout officers, had found an opportunity to communicate in regard to the past. George too knew little of who Irene was and what she was doing as this was the first time he had seen her but he opened a way for an explanation by relating her own or h by Mildred relating her own adventures with the Glandelinian, and how after he had killed George's horse, she shot the scoundrel herself.

"I thought you would shoot him the moment you saw what that cut throat was doing," said Virginia.

"I couldn't shoot the fool down in cold blood. I intended to use a little strategy when the proper time came," declared Mildred.

"I'm afraid Mildred you are too sentimental by half. If he had been a soldier, and a decent man, any of us might have hesitated. All these Glandelinian skunks are nothing but cold blooded wretches, cut throats, and child murderers, you ought to have shot him without winking twice when you saw what he was doing. I would have done it no matter what the young lady would have thought."

"I couldn't do it," But Violet Virginia what have you been doing for all these days we have been away from you on the raft."

"Nothing in particular. General Aronburg's army had been inactive for a spell."

"Could I ask you one question, not out of curiosity Gertrude?" Asked George.

"What is it please?"

"Who is Irene. She looks almost your double, and if Penrod sees her he may think she is a spy putting on your features. You know he would take no more chances after his early morning experience."

"Never fear. She is Irene Maxwell my oldest sister. She always stays with general Aronburg."

"Never been in any army."

"No."

Indeed George had been greatly mystified ever since he had seen her by the singular conduct of Iri Irene, and quite smothered so by the almost likeness of Mildred to the girl. He remembered to have heard Mildred say, when they were on the raft during that eventful trip down the flood, that she had an elder sister, prettier than herself, and now it appeared that she had been in the service of Gertrude's army of scouts, but had remained behind in Aronburg's army, while her sister Mildred had been actively engaged on the raft. Before the war Irene Maxwell had been the most confidential friend and companion of her younger sister to an extent seldom seen even in two girls who live good pious lives. She was her only sister however, and between them there was a bond of sympathy, which nothing had been able to affect. Mildred had entered the scout army at first sorely against her will just to escape the fury of the glandelinian soldiery, but getting used to it like it better than anything, and now enjoyed all the thrilling adventures. In entering the army she had been separated from her parents and sister hoping however to meet her again in a few months at the farthest. She had been grievously disappointed in this respect for the sweep of the fierce Glandelinian army had been so speedy and decided; that her parents had been obliged to flee to California for safety. Then later the elder sister seeing it seemed to be the only safety had first taken service in general Aronburg's army where her ability as a girls' scout was soon discovered. It took however a lot of red tape and two months for her to get the commission, as all girls and boys cannot get in. They have to

be well learned, healthy, and strong, braver than any one known and to have the good qualities of handling weapons, knowing signals and so forth. Like thousands of others who became girl and boys' scouts and joined general Aronburg's army they at first had or who at first had no principal in the matter and only went to save herself from the foe for it was extremely dangerous outside the army. She was now happily restored to her devoted younger sister, George and Irene were immediately the best of friends, and

during the remainder of the afternoon, as they rode along toward the army with the wagon train in advance, Irene asked George a thousand questions about his knowledge of scouting and the home and away associations of his other girlfriends, and boy companions, and also of the boys' own home Company (nothing he was afraid) and she evidently profited by the information given in the answers to the questions.

An hour later they had the pleasure of being back in General A. C. Aronburg's army once more, and at the news of the capture of the wagon train every body received cheers and a most hearty welcome.

They were also warmly commended or praised by Violet, and her sisters for the work the girl and boyscouts themselves had done in helping capturing the wagon train, which it was hoped would terrify the glendolinian cavalry who were the pest of the region, the continual enemies also of general Aronburg's army communications and an nuisance to all the defenseless towns and villages, and among the christian families of the region outside the flood, and fire zone. The violet, and her sisters conversed freely with Gertrude, Frankie, and others, and immediately assigned them to duty in their respective positions.

"Gertrude my dear girl friend I greet you," exclaimed a boyscout riding up just for or at that moment. "I have come from the christian army under general Charles Brown. I suppose you don't remember me?"

"Gertrude looked at the boy very clearly, and though she did recognize him she could not place him, or make out again who he was.

"I see you don't remember me," he said laughing.

"Thank you captain," replied Gertrude. "But though I do recognize your face I cannot remember your name."

"Don't you remember one of those child slaves in that factory in Anderson so long ago, who helped you in your plotted insurrection against the Glendolinians?"

"Frankie Somers," gasped Gertrude. "Is it really you?"

"It sure is."

"Frankie Somers I am sure glad to greet you," exclaimed Gertrude in surprise and joy. "Ho!"

"Thank you Gertrude," replied the boy, warmly grasping the proffered hand of the girl scout general.

"You are the one in many boyscouts whom I have met who are worthy to be a regular," said Gertrude. "How did you become a boyscout?"

"Your disguised sis---" Gertrude suddenly put her finger to her mouth and the boy understanding went on. "Your boy friend Frankie Redcliffe got me the position. I had to go through all the tests you know but I got through."

"You are fortunate to have got here," said Gertrude, explaining her position.

"I congratulate you Gertrude. I hear that you have been fighting Glendolinians like a soldier. Is that true Gertrude?"

"I have been fighting a little."

"I am sorry you have a taste for those squabbles."

"But I do not go into the fights. The soldiers do that. I only direct it. I would only go into them from complete necessity. But our fight to capture the wagon train for the princesses was a splendid piece of strategy. I will tell you about it," Gertrude told him, and the boyscout was satisfied, though he declared he didn't like it that she or other girls should have any relish for battles.

"Well captain Somers, how is general Vivian?" asked Gertrude when the relative merits of brain and muscle had been duly discussed.

"I've not been in his army but I hear he is a diamond among all our precious stones," replied the boy, with enthusiasm. "I heard he knocked the backbone out of the two glendolinian armies under Federal and Huxley at Right-on Creek or Evangeline at Claire. He drove the enemy through Train Creek. By the way Gertrude I remember the general when he was at Cedarline Creek."

"Were you there in that frightful battle storm?"

"I was."

"You don't seem to me to show it."

"I was too though. He could prove it to you. I remember him at Hendrick Junction."

"I was there," added one of Gertrude's boyscouts.

"He fought like a legion of fiends against the enemy, as he has done everywhere since since, and went up like a rocket from second lieutenant general to lieutenant colonel general. He is what I call a positive good

fighting man, he has his own thinking, and planning, and directing, which fortunately for him in many instances agrees with the thinking of all others. He is often with Emperor Vivian, Hanson, and others, who are all making the enemy wish the war had never started now."

"But I heard the general was transferred from general Vivian's army."

"Yes he had been transferred, for he is such an active man that other armies needed him badly. The whole nation never has forgotten about his conduct at Cedarline, all his positive opinions are remembered, and he was asked for by many superior officers. He is one of the luckiest men for our nation."

"That is so," exclaimed George, with emphasis. "Though I was a prisoner in the few lines I've seen his troops in many big fights, and I say he sure knows how to push forward an assault or hold his ground. He has no superior in the army."

"I do not say a word of comparisons between generals, but I can and will say I like him better than any other," added Gertrude. "All the generals are sensitive to the situation our country is in, and they will do anything to save our nation from dissolution."

"That may be, but I think too some of our military operations in the war have failed because the commanding general in charge could not be fairly supported because of these disasters or owing to these floods, explosions, devastation by the enemy and forest fires, or the enemy trying to frustrate the advance or advances of reinforcing armies."

"That's true, but there's a great difference, between that and being outwitted by the enemy in spirit as well as in other ways. General Robertson in Vivian's never had allowed any movement upon of the enemy to endanger for the moment the success of our cause."

"said Frankie Somers. "He would fight under a sergeant or a corporal rather than lose the day any time."

"I know that answered Gertrude. "But I don't help feeling that if it were not for these disasters, we would have the enemy out of our nation to day."

"A positive man speaks what he thinks, and I doubt not General Vivian had often gained the credit of his superior generals by his candid candid criticisms of the enemy. Nothing can rob him of the glory of the past. Whatever he is doing, whatever I he intends to do, and whatever he does, I'm with him to the end," said the boy.

"So am I," said the German boy.

"There will be something done in our army pretty soon," continued Gertrude. "The heavy floods we are witnessing, have rendered much of our country, and all roads impassable except by boat or by foot, and the provisions of this army has to be conveyed in wagons about fifty miles. The first move is being done to cross this flood at the narrowest point and crush Hyltzen's advance against Vivian's."

"That evening, during supper time, Violet, and her sisters gathered all the girl and boyscout leaders, including even the wounded ones into a high tent, and told them the story of their capture by the enemy and how they got captured."

"During the advance of the army toward Evangeline at Claire on July the 20th we had got separated from our squadron of cavalry because of a division that struck near by, and we had gone only a short distance before one of our companions dashed up to us and pointed out to us a large stretch of woods on our route, where he said a big force of the enemy cavalry had been seen, and extra entreated us to be exceedingly cautious as they were the De Ruyans. I told him we were always cautious, and he answered that he knew we were, but perhaps we might not have known there was any danger from that quarter. I told him I and my sisters would avoid the woods if we can, and he told us we could by going over the low place at the right of the Evangeline at Claire stream. He then told me he had a message to deliver in that direction. We rode on. We thought we were going in the direction of the christian line, for we had seen plumed our purpose and had started on the path when we got lost from the army. When we reached a spot near the creek which then was badly swollen by the flood, our attention was attracted by a riderless horse feeding on the grass that covered the ground. A nearer approach to the animal assured us it was our side-de-camp horse, and it felt as if our blood rose with fear as we considered the meaning of the awful circumstances. Our side-de-camp had evidently been shot, and had fallen from his horse, but we hoped that perhaps he was not dead, and we proceeded to search for him."

We were almost overcome by the suddenness of the attack which had fallen upon us. The discovery, but as we could forward, the sharp crack of rifles roused us and bullets whistled very close to us, too close for our comfort. We drew our revolvers and returned the fire but discovered half a hundred Glandelinians rushing toward us. We wheeled our horses on the instant, and although in the opposite direction, but this not drawn upon us the fire of the whole squadron, and though we were not hit, our seven horses dropped almost simultaneously to the ground shot to the through the heads. As our animals fell, Juana's leg became entangled under his body, and she was held fast. We could then not get ourselves away by leaping a high stone fence, but we would not desert her and tried to rescue her when the gray coated devils came up. The rebels then rushed up and seized us disarming us and then released Juana from her uncomfortable position.

They then demanded who we were and we tried to sell our own philosophy to our aid at this trying moment and we had to answer that we were "Nationalists." Then they demanded of us what we had in our pockets, and we told them we had nothing much as the "pay master" had not been paid lately. Being too well known by the main peninsula of the far we did not want to give our identification, and they told us that they believed we were better for them to keep as prisoners than we were to kill, and though we said nothing we thought it was a sensible idea on their part.

They again demanded what we had in our pockets and we told him. He said "That's one Christian girl's coat." I asked him if he did take Abolitionist money as I was forced to pull out my pocket book. He said "You bet we do take anything from you Christians we can get." We told him he wouldn't get much out of us, and I said "There my pocket book, its rather flimsy - an implement stepped on it the other day. There are about twenty dollars in Abolitionist ten dollar bills, which the Glandelinians thankfully accepted. What else you got." The spokesman of the squad then demanded, "What else do you want." I asked him. Then I told him when we get meet friends

in distress we like to do all we could for them. The rebel said he believed he and his companions were in distress and would take anything we'd give him. He asked if we had any wrist watches, and we had to give them up. I told him that we had everything we had of value hoping that these sacrifices would satisfy the rapacity of our captors. But they were not satisfied and demanded of us to turn out what pockets we had. I alone had in the breast pocket of my coat jacket the Bible which my mother had given me and which had been the constant companion in all my wanderings. It contained several pictures of my loved ones at one home including of course a picture of you too Gertrude, and also one of Angelina. When

"You surely don't want to take this from me do you?" I had asked one of the Glandelinian soldiers as I pulled the Bible, wrapped up in oil silk, from my pocket, and unrolled it before them. "You Glandelinians never use a Bible." But he answered to me that he was positively sure I did not need any use of the "treachy book" and he took my most cherished gift. I was almost crying when I asked him if he would not leave that, for I told him my mother gave it to me, and that it contained the photographs of my parents, sisters, and other friends. He only answered that he would not leave "Our Christian dog" anything, and demanded of it if it wasn't quite a warm dog. I answered that it was rather warm, and he then said to me that he believed the coat + were was rather warm for me, and though I told him I could endure it very well, he demanded of me to take it off, and told my sisters to do so too. He said that the Glandelinian boys could make use of the coats. I was forced to comply and so were my sisters because resistance was in vain, and no one could take a chance on fighting with these Glandelinians. They then asked us what number of boots did we wear, and Juana replied that she generally wore two of them. The Glandelinian soldier then asked that he believed we would not need to wear them any longer and demanded of us to remove the boots, saying it could be used for Glandelinian boy or girl's coats. We were disgusted with the conduct of the Glandelinians, and that one request we did refuse no matter what they would do to us. We withdrew our boots to this day. At some desperate moment with us and even pointing pistols at us to no avail one of the Glandelinians said to his companions, "Come boys quit now. If we remain too long we'll get captured ourselves if you keep on playing house with these Christian dog Glandelinians. Fetch them along, and we'll make them part with the boots bye and bye." This seemed a fairly prudent advice under the circumstances and as we were close to the Christian line, the Glandelinian decided to follow the advice. One of the party took the saddle and bridle from the dead horse, while another caught our Aido-deemps

horses and think girls this unfortunate event to us took place within fifty or sixty rods of the line of the Thirty first Corps of Willie Abolitionist troops, and near the spot where the battle had recently been fought. As we saw the ground was directly in front of the main Christian army and it was an unpardonable piece of impudence for the Glandelinians to come so near on such an expedition and yet make us prisoners too. With the exception of the stretch of woods, the ground was open, though we were were captured behind a small forested ridge, which hid these Glandelinian marauders from the view of the Christian sentinels. The Glandelinian officer then told us to march, and demand if we were ready. We answered that we were not ready but we told the leader that if he and his fellows have such an unpleasant way about them we believed we would have to go, and we planned in the direction of the Christian line. He told us we had guessed right that time, but added that it was of no use for us to look in that direction, and that if we didn't walk along right as they told us to, they would hang us to the nearest trees. I told the Glandelinians they did not need to trouble themselves, and we protested that we couldn't walk as fast as they could over the rough ground and one of them answered, that if we thought we couldn't walk over the rough ground with them, they'd save us the trouble of walking any further. We had a momentary fear of being shot by the Glandelinians who had us. One of the leaders demanded what our names were, and as we moved toward the wood beyond which flowed the creek, he gave pardon for killing Glandelinians but we told them different names than what we had. They then demanded what army we belonged to and we didn't give a civil answer, and the Glandelinian chief got mad and told us if we didn't speak civil to him he'd give us something which we wouldn't like. We understood them to mean a minute ball, and though the rebel seemed suddenly to have changed his humor and we found it not safe to give indirect answers, we therefore refused to give any answers at all. They then demanded of us what had become of the owner of the horse, pointing to the animal of our Aido-deemps which was led by one of the enemy but they wouldn't let us give us any satisfaction, and we therefore feared the worst. Notwithstanding our own misfortune, we even then could not help in thinking of our friend and Aido-deemps, who though he was only a soldier, and now with us, was to us like a brother. He had endured much suffering with us, and had passed through many perils with us, and the bond between us had been very strong. The Glandelinians seemed to indicate to us that he may be killed. The Glandelinians had fired upon us before they had captured us, and probably aimed shots at our Aido-deemps which had been more unfortunate. It had been very sad for us to think that our noble companion and brave friend had been shot down by an enemy. But he couldn't like we had been, but just then and even now we could not and do not cherish any hope that he was still alive. It would have been better for him to have fallen in the front line of battle, where he had so often distinguished himself. Too glad to see you and you glad to see him. It was hard for us to give him up, yet even now as he has never been hard from all the probabilities are that he had been killed or captured, and if killed, then his body lay still where it had fallen unnoticed and unhonored on the very spot where he had been shot. When we realized we were prisoners ourselves, and we had been plundered or robbed even of the most necessary articles of wearing apparel, and subjected to needless and unnecessary insult, and brutally we doubted that if these soldiers ever became our prisoners when we got free, again they'd receive no quarter from us, not especially for what some of us went through when we were sold into slavery. We knew full well that the Glandelinians usually don't make prisoners of children but murder them, only make prisoners of Angolan soldiers, but nevertheless, the condition of all the Christian soldier prisoners, at all points, and in Glandelinia are well known to not only us, but to the whole world in general, and even if we were to be made only prisoners through apostasy before us could not be tolerable. But we fought back the despairing spirit which would only have made us more miserable and we were determined to submit to our fate with patient resignation and prayed earnestly for aid from above. We always felt in the keeping of the Good Father, His Blessed Son, and His Blessed Mother, who do all things well, and knew that in His own appointed time He would rescue us from the peril and restore us to our friends, or if it was the Will of Him that we should lay down our lives in grief and misery for the Holy Cause we are fighting for we must try to be faithful martyrs and be patient to the bitter end."

"How did this go out?" asked one of the Boys.

"Wait and you will hear" continued Violet. "It's a long story, but we have plenty of time. The Glandelinians conducted us through a portion of the woods to the Evangeline St. Claire river, which they forded at the less deep place, and then continued on their way until they reached a large grove, where it now appeared they had picketed their horses. It was also evident to us, unfortunately that the Glandelinians were the cavarly we always dreaded the most, the treacherous Omarians called the Nick Name of Bloodliars, who always hung on the flanks of the army to rob and murder the wounded, who during great disasters enter ruined towns and villages, murder the injured children found amidst the wreckage, plunder the ruins and the dead, capture stragglers worth the trouble, and gather up the spoils of battle, and increase the horrors of disaster by setting ruined towns and homes in flames to let the injured caught in the wreckage perish miserably in the conflagration.

"This had always been apparent to us, and we knew who they were from the words and actions of the wretches, and we felt we had reason to be thankful that they had not murdered us, as they probably would have if they knew our real identification, for no matter how pretty we are it does not touch their cruel hearts. So far then our lives had been spared, and but this new revelation of the character of our captors suggested a doubt whether death was not preferable to being prisoners in the hands of such Glandelinian soldiery. I remember reading stories of the famous American Civil War of eighteen sixty-one, but not even the fiercest guerillas were as mean as these Glandelinians. They again in savage tones demanded of us to take of these or take off our boots, and though we felt that we had not a moment's lease of life secured to us, and though it might seem suicidal, we feared to comply with such a demand when it might later cause the Glandelinians to go to extremes of even bloodshed. We promptly refused to comply with such an unreasonable demand of these dangerous Glandelinians.

The Glandelinians debated this question of our stubbornness for some time, and with so much acrimony that we ventured and prayed to hope they would resort to knives and bullets in the adjustment of the quarrel and thus afford us an opportunity to escape using the discussion. But we were disappointed, it was finally agreed to allow us to retain the boots, but because Glandelinian and boy scouts would not dare wear boots belonging to "Christians", but nevertheless they were greatly enraged and looked at us as though they intended to choke us to death right there. A young fellow then tried to parley with us but he was dooming himself to a great deal of misery because we would not yield and they called us the most tenacious little "devils" they had ever made prisoners. Each of these Glandelinian raiders were supplied with a horse, and in order apparently to save the trouble of leading us, rather than for our comfort, we were ordered to ride horses which were spares, but there were only enough horses for three of us to get on spurs, and we were then tied together so that if we did fall off we couldn't escape, and we felt being so tightly embracing ourselves together, as if we were a pack of sardines in a can. The Glandelinian horde too were loaded with plunder, no doubt as I heard them speak together, which they had secured by robbing some disaster stricken town and as we judged from the appearance of the articles, some had their pockets filled with rings taken from fingers, and even fingers and whole hands were in their pockets. They moved in the direction of Manley's Glandelinian camps, and in a short time they had passed beyond the reach of danger from our own armies.

Finally I heard the man nearest us say to the others, or ask what they intended to do to us, and he pointed to us. He finally ended up with, "They are only a bother to us. We don't want them! For know we do not give quarter to keds."

Then some one else suggested, "knock them on the head, run them through, choke them to death, or hang them to trees and leave them."

Still another said "I don't care, and we saw him rub his matted hair beneath his "College Student hat" as if to stimulate a half developed idea which must have been struggling for existence between or in his brain. Knowing the situation we did care, and it sure did make a considerable difference to us. We had even patiently submitted to the tyranny of our captors in order to save our lives, but upon their debate of planning to murder us in cold blood we felt that we had something to say. Therefore if resorting to desperate measures would afford us the slightest hope of escape, we were ready to accept the issue. There were only twelve of the Glandelinian cavarly men, and resistance without

our weapons was almost hopeless, and suicidal, yet not entirely so, for we hoped there would come some favorable circumstance to aid us. As we rode along between the Glandelinians, we happened to discover that the holsters of the two horses the three of us rode on spurs still contained pistols. They were two army revolvers, which the Glandelinians had neglected to secure. With these formidable weapons we felt we could make a tolerably good fight, though of course such a course would be sheer madness on our part unless we were reduced to the most desperate extremes, when a frightful death was certain if we did not resort to it. We heard one of them say again that they did not want to be bothered with carrying us around, that Manley's lines was too far away. One only answered "I was thinking", and another said "was you?" as the thinker did not develop the result of his meditations. He added "come what was you thinking?" and then the other asked him if he knew what had happened yesterday, and by their other suggestions they did know, for after all they did know who we were though they did not say so, and one of them suggested that they could get a good reward from Manley by giving us up to him. It would have been very bad for us too for Manley would hang the whole seven of us without further delay if he had got us then. But I heard one of them say that the Glandelinian general would not give the reward to more soldiers, and that if they turned us over to him, he would spoil their prospects.

One said "don't care," and another said "It won't cost us nothing to try, that they didn't want us young brats, and that he would at least give them something for turning us over to him. Another laughed and said; "Well say anyhow he'll make them young brats give up the boats and their coats if we can't," and another said "you bet he won't. The girls are the vivianites belonging to the Great Christian King, and the general would be glad to get us. It was finally decided that they would say we were not the Vivian Girls, but Christian girls trying to duplicate us, which is often the case with foe child scouts, and they also put articles into our pockets with the purpose to lie on us and tell the general we had robbed them, and that is why they took us prisoners, and that they would deliver us to the general, as a offering if nothing else. We were even not relieved when this decision was reached for Manley and any of his generals knew us as well as his own and to be handed over to him, was to us like being lost souls being handed over in chains in to Satan. The Glandelinian do not have no more regard for the prisoners than do the fiends have for lost souls.

When the Glandelinians however arrived at the spot where general Manley's army had been on the previous day, their plans were entirely changed by learning that the vast army had been moving away to concentrate and advance to the support of Federal at Evangeline St. Claire, not that this information affected their purposes because it suggested a field for the better purpose of their irregular work. We then heard them discuss the matter, and we overheard that they believed the Christian cavarly would burn and destroy to prevent Federal's advance toward Trinogue Town to do this too without discrimination, wherever they went. Their presence would create a panic, houses would be abandoned, citizens of the enemy killed, and the spoils would be plentiful. When the leader of my captors suggested that the party should follow the army, and gather up the plunder, his companions readily consented.

Then at this time we did not and could not learn what they were really going to do with us, but we knew that we had to go with them. Though it was now dark, the Glandelinians immediately started for the new fields of operations, and we were placed between a number of well armed guards as before. These gray coated worthies were less communicative during the evening than they had been immediately after our capture, and we listened in vain for any hint in regard to the awful disposition which they intended to make of us. They rode till about ten o'clock, when the leader suggested that they were "human beings" and ought to have something to eat if they had to steal it. They were approaching a small apparently abandoned village on the verge of the flood and no doubt we knew it mattered little to them whether in possession of the town.

"Do you remember the town?" Asked Gertrude. "No it was too dark. We were ordered to get off the horses, as the party halted in the yard of one of the houses, in a street flooded a foot deep with water. We obeyed though they first had to untie us. In the darkness of the evening he had contrived to remove the revolvers from their holsters, and place them under our vests, for we were not sure whether we would again be permitted to again get upon the horses. We had also transferred from a leather bag on the pommel of the saddle of the horse I rode, two or three at a time a sufficient number of cartridges.

We therefore were not without a hope that the present halt would afford us an opportunity to attempt an escape. We were ordered to lead our horses to the stable, and we obeyed, yet we were more closely watched than we had anticipated for. While we were thus engaged, we saw the captain and the lieutenant in close conversation, and we were satisfied that they were talking about us. As we came out they called us and asked us if we desired to be hanged before or after supper. We answered that whether we wished it or not was our own matter, and they repeated the question so often that we were tormented. I told them that we would be grateful for their consideration, that we did not want to be shot, hanged, or anything on that sort, even though we did not fear to nevertheless, I told them that we did not do them any harm when they captured us, and they answered it was so but just the same we did them no good, and repeated the question again whether we wished to be hanged before or after supper. When we again answered yes we do not wish to be, the captain asked if we could read. We answered yes, and they asked if we had ever read of the story about some monkey that took the cat's paw out of the or took I believe let me see-- yes took the cat's paw to haul the chestnuts out of the fire with. I answered no, but we did not know from guess work what the moral was to that story, they guessed it, for glandelinians knew we girls were great on morals, and one told me he was going to tell us the moral of that story. The question was repeated to our disgust. We answered that we didn't want to be hanged, and we were greatly perplexed to know what the fellow was going to do, and wondered exceedingly if he wasn't crazy or a half wit. He said never mind then, we'll talk about the Moral. He called that word Moral. He said it was not exactly the thing for them to go into the house, and make them get supper for them when they didn't know whether there were christian soldiers in the town or not. Yet they wanted their supper, and they wanted something more after that. They said they were the monkey, and we were the cat's paw--mind you--we the cat's paw. I didn't understand their meaning, and they told us we were to go in, deceive the owner by our appearance order the supper, and do the talking for them. When they got supper ready, they would go in and eat it without any of the folks seeing them. They were to pretend they were christians and we were their girls-out officers. I saw the scheme, they didn't want the folks in the house to see them, and again the question was put to us whether we desired to be hanged. We would have refused at any cost to comply with any such scheme but we consented to this plan hoping thereby not only to secure our release from them but to entrap them too. Whatever the merits of the plan in which we were compelled to take part in we did not relish the idea of being made the paw of a cat in the hands of such dirty scoundrels as these scoundrels. It also involved so no sacrifice of principal, and did not require us to give aid and comfort to our beleaguered friends, otherwise we would have taken the chance in an encounter with the whole squad. We had to tell them we were ready, especially when the rascal had fully explained his plan. They claimed they were half starved, and were ready, too, and yet we demanded if we looked much like our former selves, when we went in without our coats and hats. By his order our coats were reluctantly restored to us with the remark that we wouldn't want them after supper, which led us to believe that we were going to be shot when the wretches had no further use for us. We told them too we'd look the part better if we wore our swords, and they refused, and we then demanded do they think we could be brought through the scheme without our swords, and that we could deceive the man when all christian soldiers are dressed properly. They gave me the swords reluctantly and they asked us to find out some scheme to send the folks out of the house for a while while they were at supper. We believed we could, and they wanted me and my sisters to play some christian trick. I said perhaps we'll try, and they then promised to give us our own supper before they would hang us. We promised to do the best we could being confirmed in our opinion that the savages meant to kill us, and then one of them asked if we could write. I said yes, and they told us to write down a note that someone wanted to see them down in the next house. We pretended to think it was capital. All the servants outside the house had been captured, and kept in the darkness where they could not recognize any of the glandelinians. They too had already been questioned and enough was found out of the family to enable one of us to write a note, but none of the soldiers had any paper. I told them I could manage it and as a splendid suggestion seemed to me to me I said that if I took from my bible one of those holy pictures, and tell them the person represented wished to see them they would go. If they don't recognize the picture they would be curious to know who it was.

Ty They doubted my word for it appeared from the story of the servants that the children of the gentleman in the next house had been gone away, that that all were in Calverine, and it was finally agreed that we should say the children had suddenly arrived, were quite ill and wished all the family would come down and see them. But I demanded the picture to write the message on, and one was given to me, and the bible too, and by the light of a lantern, which one of the servants was commanded to bring I wrote in pencil in our own way of writing "Laten so they couldn't make it out" These Villains are Glandelinians they have us prisoners and mean to kill us and rob your house---get a force and capture them and release us."

"The little she devil is great at writing ain't she" I heard one say. I asked him if he would look at it, but he said he did not have the time. But another glandelinian took it, looked it over and then handed it back to be saying that will do. We are great on tricks ain't we. I answered there was nothing like a well managed trick, and I placed the card in the testament which had been given me for the purpose. Told them they were sharp fellows, and that this thing would work to a charm. They said they thought it would, but advised us to get going, for they wanted their supper very badly, and that they would show us a trick or two after that which would beat ours. We walked to the side of the house, which was some distance from the stable so that the arrival of the glandelinians had not been noticed by the people within. These Glandelinians seemed to have a wholesome dread of the approach of any christian column that might appear unexpectedly for they often alluded to them in connection with the great number of children they had murdered, and of the dangers they would meet in having us prisoners among them, for glandelinians capturing us or chasing us you know, receives no quarter, and they had already discovered that the main christian force was not far in advance of them while detachment of the dreaded Winkie Abyssinkilians were guarding all approaches to Evangeline St. Claire and Trin Oque, and that town was not half a mile from the village. The glandelinian leader, mind you said he did not believe he could trust us, for he had accompanied us to the door, but answered that I nor my sisters did not care whether he did or not, and that it was not my job, but his. He said he'd go in with us, with his face covered up, and told me if I myself didn't talk right up, he would murder me right in the very house. I knew that to refuse to do his bidding was rank suicide, and so I knocked at the door, which seemed to displease my wicked companion, who wished me and my sisters to walk in without any ceremony, but I and my sisters explained that a certain degree of courtesy would not only help the enterprise but defiantly told him that we would not allow ourselves to get shot by our own friends for no glandelinian whatever, and the glandelinian gave in, but with an ill grace. The door was opened by a servant. I asked if the master of the house was in for we did not know the name of the owner. The servant told us we were, and we told him who we were, and that we wished to see him, and the servant bid us to walk in. We were conducted to a elegant library, where the owner of the house were seated. We were closely followed by the Glandelinian officer, who had tied a silk handkerchief over his face to hide his ugly features from the inmates of the room. The man who was the owner of the house rose from the chair, and bowed with stately courtesy to us, but not to the Glandelinians. We told the man we were sorry to disturb him at that time of night, and when he asked whose we were he was astounded when we informed him. At first seeing a rebel officer with me he could not hardly believe it, and he said to the man that he seemed to wear the uniform of the glandelinians, but the rascal told him he was so fortunate to obtain the uniform from a Glandelinian officer whom he had captured. The owner of the house then said that he understood, though he believed christian officers usually would rather go in rags than wear the colors of the glandelinians especially when obtained in that manner. He told the man that the christian officer from whom he got the uniform had no further use for his clothing for he had found that the chivalry did not justify the system which prevailed of even robbing Glandelinian officers of their clothing. He then asked of us what we desired, and I told him we had a small squad of men with us, that we had had no supper and that we wished to trespass so far on his hospitality as to obtain some in his house. He asked how many, we told him, and he said we should be supplied at once. I told him we were in the greatest haste.

The man answered that the meal would be forthcoming with all possible haste and he ordered his servant to give the proper direction to the cook and the others. He asked us if we did belong to the squad. The Glandelinian officer demanded of us to tell him we did, and as we really did at present being their prisoners we said yes, and we told him that we had stopped at our headquarters recently, that we too were almost starved, and that we had just received news from Evangeline St. Claire, and that no one outside the lines could provide for us. The man was evidently surprised, and immediately the little girl and boy present suspended their play and playing, and looked at us, but clung to their mothers skirts at the present presence of the man in that gray uniform for they feared any one who wore a gray. The Glandelinian officer told us we were smart, for he appeared to enjoy the situation amazingly. We told the man of the house that we were recommended to one here, assuring us you that he never turned a hungry soldier from his door. I told him they had given me a card requesting me to give it to him. I handed the man the photograph of myself, on the back of which was written the appalling statement of my situation, and the character of the men with me.

It was a fearful moment to him, and also more fearful for us, for the alarm of this man might betray us to the bloody Glandelinians who stood at our side. If he understood the writing he'd have called in his soldiers, and they would have made short work of us, and those of the house too. Though the silk handkerchief over the face of the officer impaired his vision, it did not entirely obstruct it. The man read the words on the card, he was startled by them, and glanced at me in particular. I saw a strange expression, which the owner of the house seemed to understand. I then said to him the persons in the next house down the street wished to see him as soon as possible. He replied that he and his family would go at once, and asked us to excuse his absence. I answered "Certainly sir, now fully assured he understood. His little girl asked him what was it for she was puzzled by the remarks which had been made in her presence. He told her his two sons had arrived from Calverine, that they will all go and they were to go down and see them immediately. The wife and both of the children expressed their surprise, but the man directed them to get ready as speedily as possible, and they left the room for that purpose. The man then said he was sorry to leave us, but would endeavor to return as soon as we had finished our supper, and that we should make ourselves at home. He then asked why my men didn't come into the house for his doors were always open to the defenders of the country. I said thank you, and would take them into the dining room at once. He said "do so" and he left the room. The Glandelinian leader told me I sure was smart, but I answered that I did exactly as he told me to do, and that if there was any credit about the affair it only belonged to him. He said that was so but that I carried it through right smart, and that I shall have some supper before I and my sister sisters were hanged or he would have said that if not prevented by prudential motives. The man and his family left the house by the front door, and it was probable that they used all possible haste to escape from the presence of the Glandelinians, who whose character they now understood. In the meantime the Glandelinian leader amused himself by opening the various drawers in the owners' secretary, and prying into every hole and corner which might be supposed to contain any valuables. It took half an hour before supper was announced, and the leader went into the dining room. The servants were sent off, and ordered not to show themselves again. The Glandelinians then sat down to supper, making one of us stand before the door leading into the hall to notify them of the approach of any person, while the rest of us were made to wait on them. They ate and drank like heathens, and the noise they made with the soup was worse than the moaning of a saxophone and so loud was the soup concert that they did not hear the sound of horses' hoofs in the yard, just as they were about finishing the soup.

The side side door of the house opened into the hall, where I stood as sentinel for the hungry Glandelinians, and from which a flight of steps led to the third floor. I carefully noted all the surroundings, for I had learned from Walter Starring that the battle was gained only by good strategical strategy which must depend upon good knowledge of the ground. When the precious plan of my captors was first developed, I regarded it as the means of the deliverance of myself and my sisters, though just then I could not tell precisely in what manner we could accomplish it. We knew that an important bridge crossing the creek near Trinque on the lone railroad not far from this village, was guarded by an American squadron

of Winkle Abyssinkilian cavalry, and we readily hoped that this force would be brought up by the owner of the house for our deliverance and for the protection of his family, and the capture of the Glandelinians. These wretches were an anomalous class on the flanks of our own army, and the man understood readily who our captors were. We had no special sympathy for any Glandelinian for what they had done, for we knew what their capture meant if we were found in their possession, but we were foolish we had to go and be somewhat merciful even against the wretches who would have hanged us to a tree for nothing. What we had done was for our own benefit. We had recovered possession of our coats and uniform when we became the "cats paw" of these dirty Glandelinians, and we were now in a condition to make a movement as soon as the circumstances would justify it. The Glandelinians--which we called "Valdals or Landpirates" finished their supper, and turned their attention to the second part of the programme they had laid out. Evidently they did not intend to sack the mansion but only to secure such small articles of value as they could more easily secure. For this purpose three of them entered the library, some others crossed the hall into the sitting room, and the others went up stairs. They had not heard the tramp of horses in the yard, but I being near the side door, which was partly open listened to the sound as the notes of our own deliverance. I believed then the time for action had come, and while the Glandelinians were intent upon their plunder I left the door where I had been stationed, and moved round to the rear of the staircase, and giving a signal to my sisters we looked around expecting to find a passage to the cellar, but we found none. The house was surrounded by Christian cavalry, and if we went out we would show ourselves, to them, and then even our own superiority would not save the wretches for the soldiers who were of our side would know we had been taken prisoner by the foe. At the only alternative, because of our foolish mercy we went up the stairs to find some place to hide, and avoiding three Glandelinians who were searching the chambers there we found the garret steps and went up where we were not likely to be followed by any of our wicked Glandelinian companions. We had scarcely reached this secure position before the question below if indicated to our horror that a big body of Glandelinians from outside had surprised those who had surrounded the house. The noise soon had subsided, and it was evident that our would be rescuers had been captured. Someone then said below "You say Colonel Turner there were seven of the prisoners who were girls clothing." The answer came there were, and that they bet one of them gave the information and I recognized the voice of my late comrade companion. I heard him say, "The little she rat thought I couldn't read what was on the card but I did, and I was on my guard and sent for you hastily."

I heard the other remark "Did you say they looked like the Vivian Girls." Someone else said "Yes," and the officer said, "well we want them, who ever they are, for we have plenty of evidence against these little Christian villains. We will send them off into slavery. The one who made out the writing on the card is the head of them." One of those below said he didn't understand it, and then came someone else saying he should be very glad for an explanation, and that though they may not have much against us, they wished to know who we really were. We had hoped they would not trouble themselves to look for us in the attic, but we heard the tramp of heavy feet on the lower stairs. I heard a Glandelinian say he must do his duty, for if those girls you mention are the Vivian Girls, as you think, they must not be permitted to roam round the country. If they are, they may belong to the force which is now concentrating at Evangeline St. Claire, and I heard him say that it was not for him to say what should be done with us. They must catch me again if they can. I heard him say he saw me standing at the door of the dining room, when he looked in at the window, and that he was positive he had not left the house.

Another man said, he regarded us as dangerous, and the officer then ordered his men to search the house at all points. We hoped that the case still looked very hopeful for us if we could hide in the garret. It was very dark in the garret, and while the soldiers were searching the chambers we carefully felt about us for some place of concealment. The room was an eight sided one in which there were windows, but while we were walking about, I myself struck my head against a long iron handle hard enough to make me see stars, and it proved to be attached to a shutter or scuttle. This I unfastened and managed to raise with the help of Joice

and my eyes were greeted with a view of the starry sky. The discovery was a welcome one to us, and we lost not a moment in availing ourselves of the advantage of which it seemed to afford. The lower end of the aperture was within reach of my hands, and with great care and no do difficulty, we raised ourselves, and succeeded in gaining the roof---an operation which our own gymnastic practice enabled us to accomplish for it was a feat any untrained person could hardly have ever performed. But we had scarcely reached the roof before we heard our pursuers in the attic, and the light from a candle shone up through the scuttle. I heard one of them say he had seen where we went, and I closed the scuttle, and all of us who could sat down upon it, even upon one another as much as possible to make the weight but the game seemed to up be up with us. We drew our swords, and trust the points into the roof as far as we could causing it them to act as bolts over the shutter hoping by this means to gain a moments time to examine the situation. There appeared to be no means of descending the roof to the ground except by the lightning rods, which we saw above the chimneys. Then if we did reach the ground, the house was surrounded by the enemy, and we would be captured down there. While we were considering these facts the men in the attic were endeavoring to raise the scuttle. They did not at once succeed, but our prospects were entirely destroyed, when it was evident a number of the enemy took hold of the shutter, and raised it tumbling us over the roof. I nearly fell off to the ground below. A short ladder was placed on the floor, and a lieutenant mounted to the top of the house, and demand of me to surrender. There was no use of resisting, there was no help for it and we had to descend down the ladder into the garret where we found half a dozen of Zimmermannian cavalry men. The lieutenant led the way down stairs to the library which was the largest room in the house.

We had hoped for the satisfaction of escaping from their hands, and the leader of the men who had first captured us said to us "Well you tried to get away didn't you. I calculated to shoot you after supper, but you will be sold to slavery instead. You have done enough to convince me already that you have been enemies alright and tried to cause us to be captured, knowing what would happen if we were since you were in our possession."

The head officer who came with the Zimmermannians demanded of us our names, and we were forced to tell him and were also forced to give our official position, and connections. He asked us if we were first captured by these men, and I had to detail the particulars of the event. I told of my aide-de-camp being shot at the same time. One of the other rebels admitted he shot him, he was asked if he had killed him, and the soldier said he couldn't tell, he got him over the creek and then had captured him. He told how they fired on us and shot our horses instead. The General asked if the aide-de-camp was dead when they left him, and the soldier, said that he did not think so. So we had feared the worst in regard to our friend. To the question of the general we had to give true answers.

What hurt us most we had been made the cats paw of these men, who had wished to procure a supper and to rob the house without exposing themselves to detection. Their purpose was to get the family out of the house. The Glandelinian officer who had captured us first showed he had outwitted us. He exclaimed that it was his scheme, that it was some of his thinking. He said we were not so good on tricks as he was. He said he told me to write on the card, and saw what I had written, and decided to let it go at that with the purpose to capture those who would come to our rescue. Everything was explained against us, the leader who had first captured us, read the card loudly to all the men. I heard the general say "Is that what the little guttersnipe wrote," and he appeared to be in a fearful rage. "The other said yes, and the general said he would sell us into slavery for that or hang us one or the other. However there came a question in regard to our true disposition in their hands. The general declared he had no authority to kill us as we had not been caught spying, but he would report the case to his superiors.

I was with my sisters left at the house under guard, and was left there one week, and then we were separate and taken away into the various points of the extended Glandelinian armies, and each separated far from each other. I knew not, and do not now know the experiences of the others of my dear sisters, except Jennie's I didn't want them to tell."

"What happened to you asked Pen od Penrod.

"Well it so happened with me," she continued that the general officer with whom rested the final decision in the case of my being a slave prisoner was a personal and political opponent of a planter, and therefore I was taken away from him early and put to work out within the lines. The planter wanted me for his slave and made an appeal to higher authority, but it was unavailing, and thank heaven I was hurried away from that miserable place where slaves died by thousands of sheer overwork and the basest inhumanity you could conceive. I did not get it good in the line either but farred better nevertheless, and was kept away from the real slaves. I could have easily escaped by giving up my parole but I wouldn't do that. My experience within the lines was that of about a score of scores of thousands of other little white slaves. It would require a volume for me to tell it all, and the sad story could be so often told that it needs a repetition here what I saw of the child slaves. In deed we know that the whole civilized world condemns the barbarous treatment of slaves by the Glandelinians and sides without country in its effort to bring Glandelinia to subjection, and free all the children and restore them to their rightful guardians and parents if they still live.

Day after day, week after week dragged away and we suffered. How far away I was from my sisters I do not know. I had been a prisoner for nearly two weeks, and my health had been then much impaired by my sufferings, by the scanty and mean food given to slaves, but quite as much by being compelled to witness the misery and death which prevailed in the horrid child slave slaughter pen in which I was confined. Once I had made an attempt to escape with a number of the slaves, but we had been hunted down and recaptured. The slaves were put to death for running away with me, and my death penalty was to have come a week later. I had made up my mind however that I was going to stay here. It was sure death to one of my temperament to live such a dog's life as that to which I and my sisters were doomed. It was far better to be shot down by the sentinels or even to be torn to pieces by the fangs of the merciless blood hounds, used by the Glandelinians in their pursuit than to live by inches within the camp of the child slaves. Why the Christian prisoners we found fared off far better than we did. Every day a number of the child slaves were driven after wood, and made to work hard for three hours. Those who were forced to go outside the camp to work were compelled to sign down a written statement that they wouldn't run away, and their names were handed to the officer of the day, who was authorized to permit them to pass. When I found an opportunity to join one of these parties, I was compelled to sign my name as others did, and even my sufferings had not so far demoralized him that I could not violate the solemn pledge even to so vile a troop as these murdering Glandelinians. I went out with the others but immediately returned with the load of wood we were made to carry. I requested then to be released from this "Child slave" parole as it is called, and I was. I then was free from my obligation, and destroyed the paper for if I should happen to be recaptured in my attempt to escape and was caught with that paper in my possession I would suffer the horrid penalty of its violation. Others too always were forced to bring in wood and timber, aid soldiers digging trenches or making fortifications. I then taking the chance walked out with the rest. When we came to the guard they were carefully examined again, to see that none but "paroled child slaves" passed out. They gave their names, and the sentinel therefore referred to the list of those paroled for the outside work for the day, and if it was all right they were allowed to pass. He demanded of me my name. I gave it, and he finding my name on the list, even though I had lost my parole let me pass. I was now outside the camp, and also discharged from my parole, but I saw at first my difficulties had just began, for it apparently was impossible to escape for a strongly armed guard of one hundred and eighty men were stretched around the tract of woods in which us child slaves were at work, not only to watch us but to prevent Christian soldiers from escaping. I walked away from the stockade animated by a hope, though I thought of could it was but a dim dim one, of breathing once more the air of freedom. Intent upon the object before me I passed a group of a strangely familiar man on horseback, accompanied by eight shrewd dangerously suspicious looking girlscoots. "There," she exclaimed one of them, and the strange column rode toward me. I turned, and in the tall mounted man on horseback who addressed me himself I recognized my friend and guardian Jack Evans. He was dressed in a Glandelinian uniform of high rank, and who ever the girls were at first I did not know, but they seemed strangely familiar. They looked too much like a wren, or like child slaves or child scouts who had seen lots of hardships hardships

and there was little to remind me of the girlish and noble forms of any of my own sisters as I had known them before. Yet their number to me were strangely suspicious. There were five. I wondered had he been looking for me and my sisters, and that being caught in the act he had been taken prisoner by these five. But he said something to them, they halted, and he dismounted and came toward me. I cried "Jack Evans, and would have rushed into his arms, and with the joy I could not conceal, but he refused to accept me whispering "Not here Violet" It's dangerous, they'll take us all. Then he asked me how came I to be brought so far away here, and I told him the proceedings, and told him how long I was here. He told me that he had been from one camp to another using money he secured from an enemy wagon train to buy child slaves with, and then he said that those with him were my sisters in disguise. He told me he came to take me too, and then he's go where he had concealed lots of slaves and make for the nearest christian lines, and then dropping his voice to a whisper he said "I got a disguise that will fit you perfectly. He told me Jennie was quite sick from her experience. I asked if she was much better, and he told me no, but she'll pull through. He then told me to wait half an hour in the woods, and he and they moved on. He soon came back with them and a gray coated escort of soldiers. They were not Glandelinians but his powerful body of retainers in disguise. To avoid all suspicion he had actually served in the ranks of the enemy, had gone from one point to another on various duties till he found us, and had secured Jennie by beating down her master and setting fire to all his property. He now had ridden with his escort boldly through the guards, who believing him to be a glandelinian officer permitted him to pass with his escorts. During his stay as he told me he had been employed in many various duties connected with the army, and how he really found my sisters and me was that he was sent time and again on inspection tours of all child slaves in various parts of the army, and had frequent occasions to pass any point where my sisters were, so that no suspicion was attached to him after he had even fooled the enemy so wisely. When he came to me he was still in service and had obtained valuable information besides. He told me of some plan, and the plan was, I must pretend to hit him with a rock. I threw one at him, but it missed by bounding against a tree in my way, and took a glandelinian sentry right in the eye blinding him for life too. The Glandelinian soldiers would have rushed me but Evans said sternly "You keep out of this boys. That rock was aimed at me and I'll be the one to punish her. Then to me more sternly (with a secret wink of one eye) You come with me slavery. We officers will show you what we do when you throw rocks at men in uniforms. We then or I rather then was taken by him and he rode to the woods. At a point near the centre of the space surrounded by the sentinels, we stopped at a big pine tree, whose dense foliage promised to afford any one shelter who climbed into it. I was advised to change my clothes up in the tree, and at a favorable moment I sprang up into the tree. Of course I was seen climbing the tree by other soldiers but they thought I was sent up to do something for the general. I came down unnoticed. Of course too I was seen and closely observed by many of the working child slaves, and I was obliged to run the risk of being exposed by any one of them who might not have sense enough to know what it was to do so such a vile act. But so far no child slave has ever done so anywhere, never had even betrayed an escaping comrade under any circumstances for they were too manly and noble to be guilty of such a base act. We had however escaped the observation of the soldiers who were too indolent or too far off, to notice what took place within the line. And the only duty too they were called upon to perform, as they seemed to regard it was to prevent any prisoners or child slaves from passing the or b passing beyond the ground or bounds given to them. The three hours in which the slaves were allowed to work outside the lines soon expired and the slaves were laden with their sticks of timber and bundles of wood were driven back to the camp to endure other weeks of and probably many months of vile suffering or to die there as many had done before. Evans and my sisters and the escort with him kept perfectly still until the guard had passed the trees, and disappeared from their view.

Evans told us we would be missed before very long, and I replied then that it was not best for us to stop here long, for I was then lying on the ground at the foot of the tree. He secured a sort of pass for me by some trick then I got on a horse, and having satisfied ourselves that we were not observed we slowly rode away until the slope of some hill concealed us from the view of the camp, when we ventured to ride forward more faster, and pressed forward for life and liberty. We had to fast

ride in a southerly direction to avoid the dangers of a northeasterly blown forest fire until we came to a creek, over which we managed to urge our half water timid horses in the hope that the water would interrupt the scent of the blood hounds, which we knew would be put on out our tracks as soon as their absence as our absence was discovered for we were now going off touch with all the slaves he had liberated. It was for that time a vain hope. We were in a kind of something that looked to be a swampy jungle or what had once been one, but was all dried up, and it was not more than half a mile from the creek, and then we heard the fearful cry of dogs. We felt we were lost, for the number of children with us seemed to be a hindrance, and we were appalled at the awful sounds, but Evans demanded of us not to give up. I answered we won't if he don't for we were always inspired with always fresher courage by the firmness and self possession of the general. Unfortunately we were unarmed but we were advised to secure clubs, and we were fortunate enough to find a number of good stout sticks with which we hoped to make a good fight.

Jennie asked if we should climb a tree, but Evans said we were lost if we did as we could not hide the wagon loads of children we had conveyed with us, by means of loyal drivers. But however took from his pocket a strong cord, a roll of it which he had secured from some place for a good purpose.

He unrolled it, and cut it into two pieces, and in one of the ropes he made a slip noose, and directed me and my sisters to do the same with the other and longer piece of rope. The howling dogs girls, were some distance from the spot, and the Glandelinians in pursuit seemed to be unable to follow them on their horses which explained Evans' policy in choosing this dried up swamp for our flight. Selecting a narrow pass between two clumps of bushes, which had been beaten into a path he stretched the slip noose over it just as boys in the country set snares for foxes and rabbits. I did the same thing in another locality. Evans with his old time great strength again bent down a huge sapling so that the top of it came over the snare, and attached the end of the cord to it. The little sapling was held down by weaving the branches into the bushes just strong enough to hold it down but so that any force beyond its own elasticity would disengage it. The contrivance formed what is sometimes called a twist up snare. I know all about them, and set my own in the same manner but Evans had to help me with the tree. By this time the fierce dogs upon them, and each of us stepped behind the trap we had set. The hounds made directly toward us, two by one path, and one by the other.

Evans said "Come on doggie, and he coolly waited the issue of the other enterprise. He ordered me to stand by with my club, and my sisters too. I said I was all ready and I nerved my arm to the conflict if one was to be necessary. The bloodhounds were rushing on toward us with their fiendish yelp the one approaching Evans being a dozen feet in advance of the others. He was dashing into the narrow path and thrusting his head through the noose, drawing it tight around his neck, and detaching the trees and the elasticity of the sapling gave him tremendous swing and I lifted him high it into the air. The spring was strong enough to hold his whole weight, and therefore the hound hung by the neck and was strangling. My snare was not quite so successful, but the spring choked the dog, and held him fast. The third hound dodging the obstruction in his path rushed toward me from another direction, but Evans was at my side by this time, and killed the dog with a few heavy blows. Of the other two one was choked to death, and the other was quickly despatched with the clubs we hated to do it, but it meant our escape.

Evans then told me that the next move he would have to make was to rescue Jennie. Yet it was not easily traveling in the dreadful swamp but it had this advantage, that we could not be pursued by Glandelinian Glandelinian caverly. We had silenced the howl of the dogs, and our pursuers then could not have any idea of the direction we had taken. Indeed girls, and you boys too, it seemed strange the killing of these bloodhounds bloodhounds, but it gave us all the advantage, and we doubled on the enemy pursuers by returning to the creek which we had crossed before. After following the stream for about five miles as there were no signs of a pursuit in that direction we halted to wait for the protecting shades of the night, when we hoped to find some of the other slaves whom recaptured prisoners had uniformly presented as kind and devoted to the last degree. However we knew it would be some time before the journey could be safely resumed, and our reunited friends had much to say of the past and future. But you see though you thought so we really have not Jennie our sister with us yet. We do not know where she is. We know the name of the one who has her, but we do not know his location. But to go on with the story. Each of us wishes to know

the history of each others experience since we had been so long parted. I accounted for myself first, and then Evans then showed the results of an ugly wound in the head which he said someone given him by Glandelinians. It had knocked him from his horse but he had soon recovered his senses, and the Glandelinians who had captured him had conducted him over the river where he pretended to faint away. Believing him dead, his captors had left him, and he was then picked up by a squad of Regular Abbieunian cavalry, sent first to the Base Hospital, then came out again to look for us. He has not yet fully recovered from his wound, but he is alright nevertheless. Still our own health has been much impaired by hard work, cruel treatments and poor food. We believed we had gone into the Glandelinian camp to die but some how or other our vigorous constitution enabled us to survive that awful hell. Before his arrival to my rescue I had been too feeble and sick to attempt to make a successful escape, as hundreds of other prisoners had done but since we have arrived here we are now in better condition than we had been before our capture. Now since we came back we had obtained better food which is improving our health. As soon as we find Jennie, for we will not rest till we do, we are going to take a long burlough if we can. The sight of Evans coming to me gave me new life and hope and though he says we are a shadow of our former selves we still seem to be able to undergo all perils and privations on the road to liberty.

After we had killed the dogs, we believed we had avoided our pursuers, and I asked Evans what he would do next. He only answered that we must keep clear of the Glandelinians if we can, and if we can't we'll have to bluff them off. I asked but where shall we go, and he said find our way fast to Concoctinarian Aronburgs army. He said the best route was to the flood, perhaps the nearest was not the best. We knew a great many Christian soldiers have escaped from a Glandelinian camp, but one half of them had been caught again. I said our chances then were not first rate with so many child slaves on our hands, and he answered they were very good, if we managed well. He said he'd set a forest fire if necessary to enable us to escape. He also said that so far as he knew all who have had the escape fever attempted to reach the flood by the Trinoque River, but he fancied that river was pretty closely watched now, and that it was not best to go that way, that about thirty miles from us to the straight northwestward to the Augta Road across the Santa Sebastian Creek. We were in favor of taking that route because we didn't believe any of the escaping prisoners had gone that way, and also it was a good spot to fire a forest if the wind was against us against the enemy and from us. The question was settled, and as soon as it was dark, we feeling like fugitives from the Infernal Regions started on our journey to the flood.

Before night we had decided upon the direction of the Big Girl Knool or Yellow Brick Road, and succeeded in reaching it. We were all in rags by this time our uniforms having been torn by our travels through the thick woods and down bad roads, and we had much trouble with the wagons loaded with slaves, and the drivers and our escorts had to push to make the wheels go through the deep ground. We were wet with sweat and it was terribly hot, and the air choked us with smoke. We had eaten nothing either since we escaped, and the greatest obstacle with which we then had to contend with was our own feebleness. The child slaves too were hungry and crying out for something to eat, others wanted to sleep and many were ill with the heat. We reached the road but though the night was not half gone, we were becoming completely exhausted, our horses were jaded and I felt faint, and dizzy. We felt too warm to sit down and rest, and the exercise of half walking and half the time riding, and keep watch on the wagons too seemed to impart too much warmth to our weak frame, frames and we felt ill. We were not in condition to encounter the hardships in our path, and not eat anything, with all the heat and smoky atmosphere

To our own horror and sorrow our friend Evans with his soul of iron and his great strength gave out first, and actually sank down by the side of the road. We could not keep from weeping when we and they realized the condition of our brave and noble guardian..

We were not much stronger ourselves, and the enterprise prosided for us to be an utter failure. It was still however then the month of July, the air was hot and dry, we suffered from frightfully from thirst, and the ground itself was hot and yet something must be done for Evans or he would perish before morning. We too were weak in body, but I was still strong in spirit, and so were my four sisters. Too the condition of our friend and guardian appealed to us with an eloquence which we could not resist, and his illness also putting us into greater peril, as we could not go on alone without him in this dangerous wilderness moved us to greater energy.

I and my four sisters took from the forest a number of straight bough lying on the ground and made a kind of platform of them in an open clearing, and placing the rails of a fence across covered it with leaves twigs and high grass until we had made a tolerably dry and comfortable bed. We then conducted Evans to it, and laid him on it. Violet then said to me feebly I asked him what he wanted me to do for him now, and he answered nothing more, and explained that he was used up. I told him he would be better soon, and he answered "never my dear girl, and I wanted him never to give up, and he said he wouldn't give up while there was a fibre left of him to lean on", but that now he was almost gone. He asked me and my sisters to take care of ourselves now, stating that he had added us as far as it was possible. He said that we could do him no good, and advised us to follow this road till we came to the river, and then to find a boat, and float down till we were hailed by the sentinels of general Aronburgs army. I told him we would never leave him, for we were horrified by the suggestion. How could we leave him there, run off with the slaves to their own and our own personal safety, after all he had done for us. He said we couldn't do a thing for him, and that he was positive sure he would die in a very few hours. He said he didn't think he was so near gone when we had left the Glandelinian camp or he wouldn't have burdened us now with the care of him. I told him that we should have perished in the enemy's lines if it had not been for him. We were determined not to desert him, told him so, and said that probably God would not let us live if we should do such a mean thing. He then said as we love him, save ourselves, and that it would be the greatest favor we ever done for him to insure our own safety, and he spoke in quivering tones. I would not leave him, not only that but I and my sisters were desperately determined to save him. We knew we could, and would. He was like a good and loving brother to us. We told him he should not die, we couldn't bear to think of it after all he done for us. We told him to keep a good heart for a little while, and that he would be saved. He said he would keep up as well as he could, but he continued that when such a powerfully strong man like he sinks, he generally goes at once. He begged of us to leave him, and to save ourselves saying it was the last favor he had to ask of us. I told him we would not if he begged it on his bended knee. As my sisters remained to guard him, and try to nurse him back to immediate health for he only was overcome by the terrific heat I left him and telling my sisters where I was going and not to be worried, I hastened back to the road carefully noticing the path, so that I could easily find the spot again. When I reached it I was almost overcome by my own emotions, and by my own exhaustion and illness. I wanted strength, at that trying moment I felt as if I was going to fall into a faint, and therefore I needed strength to save ourselves and Evans. I knelt down upon the hot ground and prayed for strength with an earnestness which had never before burned in my soul. I have always trusted in God and in all my trying and difficult experiences I always ask for guidance. I rose from my knees after making the sign of the Cross. I knew that God had heard me--was with me, I could feel it so. Strength came if not to my muscles in the increased earnestness of my purpose. I rode along a road till I came to a large house which one field I had seen had assured me could not be far distant. It was a farm house, and beyond it was a village of slave huts. The slaves were apprehensive at my uniform and were not friendly but I could hardly expect to find them different when they mistook me for a Glandelinian girl. I was then desperate. It seemed to me that the Glandelinians had no rights which we were supposed to respect. Throwing off my boots I approached the house, and seeing the slaves didn't take to me pretend ed I was a Glandelinian and ordered them to the huts, and they had to obey as they feared enemy boy scouts. I then went to one of the windows and to my surprise found it was partly open with out making noise, and with all the greatest care I raised the sash, and climbed in. I found there was

just light enough in this room in which I entered to enable me to find my way to the mantle on which were a lamp and some matches. I lighted a lamp and looked all about me. There was a bed in the room on which lay an object which would surely have frozen my blood had I been a timid person. It was a hideous corpse, the eyes closed. I only glanced at it, I was somewhat startled, but not frightened, for death in its most horrid form was so familiar to her that she did not shrink from the sight. I had a mission to perform at all costs, and I proceeded to search the room for what I wanted. I found a large closet, opened it, and found two full suits of men's

clothing, one of them a brand new Glandelinian uniform of some high general, and I believed then that the dead man had been an officer in the Glandelinian army. On a table with a number of vials I found a bottle of brandy of which I drank a few swallows myself. Dropping the clothing out of the window, where I could secure it at my leisure, I could I continued the search, and found a couple of revolvers in a drawer, with cartridge bullets which I secured. I then left the room, and in the hall found bacon and all other food which was plentiful. Filling a big basket with the food I hastened to make my mistake escape.

With the utmost care I departed from the house laden with the precious articles I had obtained. It was one o'clock at night as I had seen by a clock in the house, and all was still. When I was a safe distance from the farm house, I took off the rags I wore, and put on the uniform of a Glandelinian boy scout, leaving the brand new uniform of the general I had secured for Evans. Thus relieved of a portion of my burden I hastened to the coach of my perishing rescuer. I asked him how he felt and he asked "Is that you Violet?" I hoped you and your sisters had gone. "I told him no, that I had come with life and hope, and I placed the bottle of brandy to the sick man's lips. He drank all that I dared to give him. I knew it would bring him to and it did. He said God bless you Violet, I was thinking that brandy would save my life. I asked him if he could get up for a moment or two, and he said he could, that he felt like a new man, but he was also somewhat exhilarated by the strong liquor he had taken. I asked him to let me put the uniform on him telling him I had a new one, and I assisted him to put them on. They were cooler and dry, and he manifested a childish delight as I helped him put them on. They were rather small but they were comfortable. Then I asked him if he could eat, bacon and bread. "Could I eat them?" He said "I sure could if I had them!" And I answered that he has them, and brought the basket to his couch. He and my sisters ate heartily, and when we had finished he said that he could walk ten miles that night. We however knew that he could not—that he was also under the influence of the brandy, and over estimated his strength.

I and my sisters were determined to keep him quiet for a few days if possible assured that otherwise the enterprise must fail and no means found to bring to safety poor Jennie. When I had told the story of my visit to the house I asked him if he felt better and he said yes. I asked him to go to sleep, and when he did I and my sisters went on an exploring expedition. In a forest of evergreens half a mile distant, I found an old shanty which had been used for men once engaged in drawing stich from these pine trees. To this we managed to have our patient transferred, and kept him there a week. The child slaves on this plantation discovered us but they were faithful friends, and supplied us, and all our rescued slaves with food and bed clothes which they secretly brought from a distant camp so that we were all quite comfortable. From these devoted little friends, we heard that the dead man I had seen in the house had been the son of some Glandelinian general who had been brought home wounded mortally. Evans gained strength each day since he was well clothed and well fed. So after a week's rest, we started again, taking the other good slaves with us guided by one who showed us the way to the river, and directed us toward the Christian army under Aronburg. Night after night for two days we continued on our way, guided and entertained by the slaves till we came near to the lines.

Now once more we are beneath the lines, beneath our old flag once more we are in the hands of friends. When we leave here, we are going to now help Evans try to locate Jennie. He knows now where the scoundrel has her. We are to accompany him.

"But do you think you can find and get Jennie?" asked Penrod.
"I'm positive we'll have her in general Aronburg's lines to-morrow afternoon if we leave here."

They were silent for a few minutes, and then Penrod said: "I don't wish to act bold, or criticize any one here, nor your Nation either Violet, but this goes almost not natural to me here. I have asked many questions on that subject and do not know what to say to the answers. I've been even before this war in many towns in Galverin in, Abhisennia, and even lived in Abhisennia. Never did I see any boy or girl do anything wrong whatever, they never were scolded, always obeyed, were crazy to go to K Mass on Sundays and Holy days, and in fact all the people are the same. The way children look in their features too they act. The prettier they are the gooder they are. Yet I never saw a homely child. Even you, and your sisters, and all I know here on the raft, in the camps, among even rescued child slaves are unnaturally good."

"Why? Why?" asked Violet with a smile. "Is there anything wrong with that?"
"Yes in one way. If a every one is so good, why do we have to suffer. Where do we deserve it? Look at what you go through."

"That is our own doing," said Violet. "For our country we do our duties and seek the dangers. No body to blame but ourselves. We can escape all this if we want to."

"But the disasters," continued Penrod. "The horrible suffering among the refugees, the dreadful plagues raging, the floods, the devastating fires, the massacres, the apparent successes of the enemy. Why does it happen when I'm sure Abhisennia from the goodness of her people do not deserve it?"

"You don't understand," said Joice herself. "Don't you know that Our Blessed Lord, was absolutely guiltless, and what His enemies done to him?"

"Yes I remember that."
"Well we are his people, his followers. We go through it for His sake. But don't worry about that Penrod dear. I have had visions from Heaven and so have my sisters that our country will come out with colors flying and Glandelinia will humbly beg on her knees for mercy."

"I know that," said Penrod. "But I can't bear it. To see all these good people, these poor little good innocent little child saints may tread so rightfully just for the pleasure of the enemy. It makes me have a Satanic hatred for the enemy. I shot down that man who duplicated Gertrude from sheer hatred. Did I do wrong? He deceived me and made me have a quarrel with Gertrude and threaten to shoot her as a traitor."

"You did absolutely right. I'd like to catch any one duplicate me" said Violet decidedly. "I'd duplicate him with my pistol."

Penrod spoke a lot that evening about his experiences in all portions of Abhisennia as far as he had traveled, and he sure did believe Evans very unusual to him. He had wherever he went played with many children, boys and girls, in all kinds of games, never had anyone quarreled with him or among themselves, they were unnaturally fair in all the games, gave in to one another to avoid a quarrel, never did the children disobey their parents, or when called to do something had to be called twice.

Everyone was faithful in their duties, and so on, and he had never heard of any crimes, nor had any one ever been known to do any offenses, except it be some fool foolish forlorn. In the main cities policemen were never seen, never needed, jails were not known except in far off islands, and so he could not make it out whether he had went into some sort of a heaven without dying, or a righteous little land.

Many times he had broached this subject to his girl scouts and other friends, and they always thought that it could not be unnatural. That was one of the causes why he never wished to leave such a country. When he had been brought over he had been a little boy of three years, and first with his adopted father general Gr Greatheart, or rather his step-father in Abhisennia or Abhisenn, which in the English language that name would mean "Abhisennia's Holy city, or Jerusalem for it had had the best Catholic Cathedral and so forth in the world. It had taken him a long time to get used to such surroundings, for even despite his age then he remembered how people were in other parts of the world. If children didn't disobey, or fight, there it seemed unnatural.

He remembered too that he had been treated by children in Abhisenn because he had been known in a friendly way as "Little Franchy. If

Penrod wasn't a King, if he wasn't a King but they took him for one for their treatment of the him.

Now all his friends whom he had known, except that little black haired girl who escaped with him, were gone, only Heaven knows where. He had been so dumb-fuddled that he could not understand, for what had happened and has happened and still continued to happen, and therefore he finally could not resist the temptation to ask Violet and her sisters something on the subject. Violet finally continued:

"Of course we are all good, more good than you have seen Penrod, we are all saints I suppose, but then you know, the good suffers because of the wicked. But boy did you ever since you joined an army observed one of our armies after a battle and run from the enemy as if they wanted to get away awfully bad."

Penrod laugh laughed at this question.

"Sure I did." He ejaculated still laughing. "but they ran the wrong direction, and the enemy they had was too."

There was a general laughter at his practical joke which in more facts than one were true. If any Christian army had retreated very fast after a battle before the enemy Penrod could not remember seeing one do so. Penrod then said:

"I'm sure I can aid you in finding your sister Jennie. I know where Augustinia St. Claire's plantation is near the enemy lines. If I had known your sister was there I'd have taken the chance to get her myself."

"At what place is she located?" asked Joice.

"It is to the north of Evangeline St. Claire, near the Crossroads leading from Trinoque. It is easy to find."

"How could you find that out, Penrod?" asked Catherine.

"How I was there one day and knew the location well. Say that man has the face of a bulldog and worse."

"Is he dangerous?" Penrod?

"Just rate," answered Penrod. "I'm always afraid to think of what the slaves go through under him. Your notion that your sister is in there chills me. Are you sure she is?"

"Evans says so, and he's gone to investigate. I believe Penrod you are a better scout than even I took you to be. It was a sensible idea on your part to scout round that neighborhood."

"It sure was. I got a picture of that plantation in one of my pockets."

"Let's see it."

"I suppose you little saints would remember this place would you?" asked Penrod as he pulled the card out of his pocket and handed it to them.

"You bet we would and will. We'll take any chances we can get to go there and find her. Where did you get the picture?"

"I took it with a camera. I thought those glandelinians won't be able to get much out of me. There's my pocket book, it's rather flat a wagon wheel rolled over it the other day. It is not mine rather, but one belonging to that St. Claire person. But so far fortunately for him it is empty and was. There was about ten dollars in legal tender currency in one of the others I thought I picked up and also slave traders bills in the other pocket book."

"What else did you discover?" demanded Hettie.

"What else did you expect? He has over three thirteen hundred slaves."

"Have you got the time?" asked Daisy.

Penrod pulled out his watch.

"Oh gosh it has stopped I forgot to wind it up in my excitement to day. That's the only thing I have of value," he added. "And I must for a forget I have it with me."

"Never mind that then," said Violet. "But I wish Evans would come. He said he'd be back before six."

Penrod took from the breast pocket of his coat a Dairy which General Groatheart had given him and which had been his constant companion in all his campaigns. It contained several other photographs of St. Claire's plantation including of course a map of the Evangeline St. Claire region.

"You don't need this!" said he as he pulled the Dairy from his pocket and untrolled it before them. "It may give some clues as to how to easily find the place. I found it there too."

"We sure could make good use of this book," replied Catherine as she took the cherished gift. "I'll return the Dairy later that if you won't mind leaving me it. Who gave it to you?"

"General Groatheart gave it to me and it contains the photographs of different parts of the plantation."

"Do you think you might fall in the entrance?" asked Jack Saunders.

"Not if I know it, Jack," replied Daisy.

"This is an awfully warm day isn't it Penrod?"

"Rather warm. It's from those forest fires no doubt. Ain't those waists you Princessees wear too hot for you?"

"They might be but I think we can endure them very well."

"I am afraid it might make you sick if you wear them any longer. Why don't you girls take them off. You look as if dressed for a cold day. And you are still in pray."

Violet, and her sisters complied for they did sure feel upon uncomfortable in them.

"What number of boots do you wear, Daisy?" continued Penrod glancing at her feet.

"To be a little joking she said. "Well I generally wear two of them."

"You do. Well I believe you wouldn't want to wear them old things any longer. I have a brand new pair I took from "Gertrude Angelina" whom I shot in the enemy camp. I tried them on Gertrude the second here, and she could not wear them. They were too tight. Don't you think those boots would fit you, or any of your sisters?"

"I'm afraid they would be too small for her," said Angelina Aronburg. "but Catherine why not you try them on. I believe they'll just fit you."

"Though I'd like to I think they'd be too big for me. But all of us can try them she suggested."

"But did you have much trouble in discovering your mistake?" asked Violet.

"No trouble at all. Gertrude easily convinced me the second time."

"What was the one name you shot?" demanded Catherine abruptly.

"I cannot recall. But he was a man the same size as you and Gertrude."

"A man clever enough to make himself look like Gertrude?"

"Certainly, and he told the whole experience in full."

Then turning to one of the boys who stood on guard he said:

"Have those boots brought here?"

"Boots. What boots? The ones you captured in the foe lines?"

"Yes."

The boots were brought in less than a minute.

"Now Catherine off with those old boots and try these on."

She promptly complied with his demand.

"Who's going to have the boots if they don't fit any of us?" asked Violet.

"Any girl scout they fit," replied Penrod as Catherine proceeded at once to try them on. "If they don't fit no one I'll have to seal them. Catherine could not get the boots on. However Daisy succeeded in getting the them on. They were a little tighter of course but fitted very well, and she looked good in the shining boots."

Then a sudden thought came to Violet:

"Violet what are we going to do with this boyscout scardy cat Jack Saunders who deserted Jean. We won't have much time with him over in general Viviana's mess, and we don't want him with us. He'll probably join the whole business if we take the culprit and cause us all to be captured again."

"Knock him on the head and leave him here," suggested a disgusted one of the boyscouts.

"I don't care what the penalty would be," added another. "A boy deserting such a girl as little Jean."

"How did it happen?" she asked of Penrod.

"I do not know," he answered. "I do not remember being on the raft o

at the time. But every one is down on him and would have hanged him if they dared."

"I don't care if they did!" said Jack Saunders. "Poor Jean was badly hurt in the bargain, and nearly died afterwards. It was easy to save her. We had those glandelinians on their knees. He spoiled our prospect prospects and out expedition. It would have cost nothing to rescue her when she fell. I saved her and captured him too. We don't want the young cug here and he'll do something dangerous yet for our cause."

"Well how old is he?" asked Catherine.

"About fifteen or sixteen. Some say he's eighteen."

"You bet he's eighteen," said Jack. "We have his records. The boy is a foreigner, and again an English kid."

For a few minutes Violet and her sisters were silent on the subject.

They felt greatly disturbed over the fact for it was a most unheard of all. They had felt bad since they first heard of it, they cared much about it, they felt as if they had been slapped. They had patiently submitted to all they went through without a murmur, all since they went into the army, but upon the question of a boy deserting a girlscout in danger, she felt and so did her sisters that it was too much for them to bear. Even they if they resorted to desperate measures could not save the deserter from the penalty that might come upon him for his deserting, and they were ready to accept the issue. They too felt it was sometimes because of boys like these, cowardly foreigners that they had suffered, that their sister Jennie was still a prisoner, that Angeline still writhed in the pain of her almost mortal wound, and evidently where there had been seven of them, there might now only be five. They knew too because of his desertion there was now not a single favorable circumstance to aid him and hoped there would not be. They debated this question for some time.

They then discussed the matter with Jack, and then sent for Jean, Jack's friend. While waiting for her, Jack told the whole story, of the incident, of her fall, and his desertion, and how he rescued her, and captured the out-culprit with the aid of two others and forcibly brought him before little fiery-headed Mildred. He told how the first news of his deserting Jean had created a panic among the others, and what a time had he had had from preventing him from being mobbed.

OTHER INCIDENTS WORTH MENTIONING.
General Aronburg's army in action at Eleanor Grant.

In the meantime the boy was called for, and he was placed between two armed boys as before. It took ten minutes to bring the prisoner to the general headquarters, where all these girlscout officers were with the five prisoners.

"Into the house with you prisoner," said one boy Turkin to the party halted in the yard of the house. "The Princesses will like to interview you."

The boy reluctantly obeyed.

"Lead my horse to the stable," said Turkin.

He put the horse in the stable with the others, but he was closely watched all the time. While he was thus engaged he saw the boys Gragg and Turkin in close conversation, and though he could not hear what was said, he was satisfied he was talking about his coming interview with the Princesses.

Then the two approached him as he came out of the stall.

"Come over here boy, and hurry up," said Turkin.

"I am here," replied Jack.

"I see you here. He sneered. "I want to tell you something. There is never in the whole world, believe more prettier and gooder girls than the Princesses, but I wouldn't want to be in your boots facing them for anything. See what'll you'll get for running away and leaving a girl in peril from the enemy you coward."

He was led in to the house, and told the guard their mission.

In a few minutes he was ushered into the room of the Princesses where this time all the girl and boy scout officers were assembled.

The two boys were ordered to stand by the door.

Violet and her four sisters looked the prisoner over carefully and though he did see even which almost shocked him that they were evidently too pretty to look upon, but that just now they looked quite serious and Mildred who sat near by had turned up her nose.

"Are you German, Irish or Swedish?" asked Violet, who was to be the spokesgirl of her sisters.

"Neither."

"That is just what I expected you might say, dear disrespectful. Next time say No Miss Vivian. Of course it stands to reason no one wishes to be shot eh Penrod."

"Just my sentiments, no one wishes to be shot."

"Just so, and Master Jack Saunders you ought to be much obliged to Miss Angelina Aronburg for not shooting you instead of keeping you so long."

"I am very grateful to Miss Aronburg for her consideration."

"Exactly, consideration which you did not deserve. Since we know you deserted little Miss Jean Saunders there, when she was imperiled you ain't no more use to us, nor the army, nor the country than a knife and fork to a cow."

"I couldn't help being afraid."

"Neither can we sometimes and we go through it just the same. Penrod what is your idea of the situation?"

"I have already expressed my views on that subject."

"What's your Name?" "No Jack."

"Jack Saunders."

"Is she your sister?" "Pointing to Jean."

"No."

"Can you read and write English?"

"I can."

"Did you ever read the story about a monkey that took a cat's paw to haul the chestnuts out of the fire with?"

"I have."

"Well you are that cowardly monkey, and through cowards like you, I, my sisters, here, and all those before me, and all their followers have been often made the cat's paw. Do you know what the moral is to that story?"

"I think I do."

"You think! I suppose all you do is think. I'm myself going to tell you the moral of that story. Did you say your name was Jack Saunders?"

"I did."

"Don't get saasy or you'll find us out," she said very sharply her

eyes flashing, and he was greatly perplexed to know what these beautiful girls were going to do. She then turned to Joice. It's your turn. To question him dear."

"What's your age?" asked Joice.

"Seventeen."

"Did you live in England, or Ireland or America?"

"Neither if it will accommodate you just as well Miss Joice" replied the boy.

"Where?"

"I came from Canada."

"What's your Nationality. Your name sounds German."

"I'm part Irish, and part German."

"Must have made you desert a girlscout in danger?"

"I not scared. The Glandelinian soldiers were Zheimannians and they looked so fierce and savage!"

"Oh pooh, pooh. You cannot get out of it that way. I want to say this to you right now. According to your age, we do not just now know what to do to you for that desertion. Do you know what the penalty really is?"

"I think I do."

"Well then think again, my Thinker. Your name ought to be 'I think I do.' Well Master Jack, would you like to be shot as a deserter?"

"Surely you, good girlscouts would not think of doing that to a boy."

"Say listen here, you are not fools." retorted Joice. "You deserted a girlscout, who was shot down, and wounded, and the country demands always the life of a deserter. We could shoot you right here and it wouldn't be a sin, and not cruelty either. I hate cowards, I cannot hear them, you are like a serpent at my feet. Yet we are willing to con promise on one condition only. If you are man enough for your age, we are going to give you one single chance to make good. This was the plan before all of us in this room before you came in. It ain't just the thing for us to go on to the Christian times under our Father, when one of our best and prettiest sisters is in the hands of that vile snake Aug. Augustina St. Claire. We want her back, and we want nothing more but all his slaves with her, and him too if we can capture him. Our guardian however is to act Confederate for us but we don't want to be seen in the business. You were a Monkey, and we were the cats paw. Now we are the MONKEY, and you are the CATS PAW---don't you see?" she ended with a pout.

"I don't understand you Princesses."

"You shall accompany us, under guard, and when Evans finds the place where our sister is confined, you shall go in to Augustina St. Claire disguised as a Glandelinian boyscout of the pa. Benven type and do the talking until Jennie is secured by us or Evans. You'll be the schemer---don't you see."

"I see but it's dangerous, it's too much for me to try that, and---and--"

"Yes it's dangerous I know it." said Joice. Now Master Jack do you want to be shot now or after supper, or do as we told you?"

"I'll consider later."

"You still consider now. What's the proposition. Will you try to make good by aiding us and Evans in rescuing our sister or be shot?"

"I'll consent to the plan." He stammered.

"And listen" said Catherine herself. "When we have you at it, and you try to get away, we'll prove to you how good we are at crack shooting understand?"

"I see."

"You don't see, stupid. I asked if you understand?"

"Yes Princesses."

"Don't call me Princesses. I don't tolerate Coward towards calling us by rank. We are plain Miss Vivien to you."

"I see."

"He sees what he shouldn't see." She thought to himself.

"Whatever the merits of the plan in which Jack Saunders was compelled to take a part he did not relish the idea of being made a cats paw in the hands of such stern Princesses as they. But it was his only hope for saving himself from facing a firing squad. It involved a sacrifice too to make good, and it required him, with what he should have been desperately willing to do for them to aid them regain their sister which other boys would be willing to take their chances against a whole

or least of the energy to accomplish.

"I am ready to hear the whole plan." he said though his voice was quite shaky.

"We'll be ready too when Evans comes" said Daisy.

"But do you think you could trust him, when he comes too close to the spot?" asked Joice herself.

"I don't know if we could trust him or not." replied Joice struck with the force of the question. "But we'll have him guarded. If he tries anything his guards will show him off good and plenty."

"Maybe Penrod you could lend him a yellow fanther." said Jack Sanders.

"I would put one on his back if I had it." answered Penrod.

By Penrod's order the prisoners don't not a uniform was restored to him.

"A deserter usually wears a white uniform." declared one of the other boys. "and a pair of yellow boots."

"He should wear something else besides that."

"I wonder" said Daisy, couldn't you Penrod, send one of our boys or men to see what is detaining Evans, while we are at supper."

"I could" said Penrod, but---

"He's in camp now Princess" said the boy who had brought Jack. He's at general Aronburg's tent. He'll be here in another half hour."

She turned to Jack, the coward.

"Could you play some trick on that Augustina St. Claire?"

"Perhaps I could, I'll try."

"If you do well, you'll square yourself, and will only receive a discharge. You understand. But if you desert us you---"

"I'll do the best I can." replied Jack Saunders confirmed in his opinion that they really meant to make him pay the penalty either one way or the other by the expressive tones of the Princess.

"Can you write English?" asked Daisy.

"I can."

"I thought you could, you foreigners are good at writing. I can speak it, so can my sisters, but not read or write it. You could write that scoundrel a note saying some one wants to see him in the lines."

"Capital." exclaimed Gertrude. "That St. Claire can read English. I should think Daisy you were English yourself."

"Please Gertrude don't call me English" she said scornfully.

"I only meant that you can beat the English at tricks."

"Maybe so. I don't think them well enough. But the way they persecuted the Catholic Church in times gone by, England is also a Glandelinia to us."

"I can manage it if he will feel for it." said Jack suddenly as though a splendid suggestion had occurred to him. "I could write on some paper that a new child slave is going to be sold to him cheap and he must come and take advantage of the bargain."

"Maybe he will." replied Violet doubtfully. "Let me see how you can write."

"Can I have a piece of paper to write on, write on."

"Not from us you can't. Gertrude get him a slip of old wrapping paper."

She tore a piece off and contemptuously handed it to him, avoiding contact with him as though he were dust under her feet.

"And I would rather write it with ink. It will look more natural."

The African girl thought so too, and by the light of a candle which one of the girlscouts had brought he wrote in Pencil:

"Mr. St. Claire. Manley wishes to send you a child slave free."

"He's great at writing---ain't he?" said the admiring guard Turk.

"Will you look at it Miss Violet?" asked Jack.

Violet ungraciously took the card and looked at it steadily by the light of the candle for a moment, and then threw it down at his feet.

"That will do I suppose" she said ungraciously. "But I cannot read English. We are great on tricks but we are not English. I thought you'd write it in our own language. You'll have to rewrite it sir."

"He did, this time the same in Abhisennian."

"Now that's better. You are a sharp scout, and whatever you do if you do it right will work like a charm. We don't feel tardy and you like we should, and if you faithfully do the work, and aid us rescue Jennie we'll consider. If we can make you brave everything will be all right if not, you will have to pack and go."

"After supper we'll show you a trick or two which we wish to see you,"
Indeed Violet, and her sisters had a wholesome dread of what might be
happening to Jennie for they often heard of the horrors of that slave pen
of St. Clair and they were anxious to go.

"See here though Jack," said Daisy, "we don't know as we can trust you
and you shall be guarded well in whatever you perform."

"I'll do just what you tell me to do."

Just then a soldier entered the room after knocking. The guard had
admitted him.

"Is the Princess within?" asked the man.

"Yes sir," said Penrod. "They are there before you." (pointing.)

"I wish to see them please."

"Well see them then," said he kind of sarcastically. "Where do you
think they are in Europe?"

He walked over to where they were sitting.

"I had your pardon for disturbing you Princesses," said the man bowing.

"Whom have we the honor of addressing," demanded Violet rather coldly
for she didn't like the stupid action of the fellow who though in a purple
uniform was quite another foreigner.

"Captain Somers of the army of the nation, at your service Princess."

"You seem to be a Englishman."

"I am. I was fortunate as to enter the army," replied Somers with
promptness.

"That explains it, though we prefer to know what mettle you are of
before we enter our primers in our armies."

"I have only to say Princess that I am not afraid of anything."

"May I and my sisters here ask your business with us sir."

"I have a small squad of seven boy scouts with me. They have come
by boat over the flood from general Vivian's lines."

"Right boy scouts?" asked Violet.

"Yes, and not only that but Radcliffe your friend is with them."

At this Gertrude jumped to her feet with an exclamation.

"Send him in only," said Violet. "Do you belong to any regiment of
general Vivian's lines?"

"I do Miss Princess. We had a long travel but we stopped first for some
food, we were half starved. We came all the way from there and
were followed a hundred miles by various enemy bodies of cavalry."

"From Evangeline St. Claire," said all in the place.

"Yes from there," replied Captain Somers. "We reached here safely
however assuring us that Miss Angelina Aronburg would be here. I
didn't expect you were back here after being captured by the enemy.
But it is like heaven to see you safe and sound. One of the girl scouts
Jean Turpen gave me a card requesting me to deliver it to you."

He handed Violet the card, she read the words on the card.

Let the boy Radcliffe in at once," replied Violet, glancing at
Gertrude's surprised face.

"Certainly Princess."

How did he get here?" asked Jean puzzled by the remarks which
had been made in her presence.

"I cannot tell, but he is here but that boy scout can come through
anything," looking again at Gertrude.

The boy Saunders was taken away again, as it was not desirable for
them to allow him in the presence of Radcliffe. Everyone expressed
their surprise, and Violet directed all in the place to get the room ready
for the new comer as speedy as possible.

"I am sorry to leave you Princess," said Captain Somers. "But I will endeavor
to return as soon as you have finished your supper if you desire my
services."

"Thank you Captain Somers, I will see him at once."

The famous boy scout was ushered in, and was greeted as an old
dear friend by Violet and her sisters first, and by Gertrude too and
Penrod fairly hugged him tight. They had been long separated. Just as
this scene was ensuing supper call came and every one thereafter went to
the dining room. After all greetings was exchanged and supper was on
Radcliffe looked searchingly on or at Jean, and said:

"I know all about your misfortunes Jean."

"Yes she was wounded several times in quick succession."

"Yes, that's true but that's nothing compared what I mean," said
he sharply. "The whole army down there knows it by now. Where's that
deserter Jack. Did he escape?"

"No said Gertrude. "He's under close guard."

"He is a make believe Irish boy," said Mildred coldly.

"I want him whatever he is if it is only for evidence against him," said
Radcliffe. "That is what brought me down here. He's wanted by general
Vivian for that desertion. The idea of deserting a girl in danger.
The whole army is talking always about it."

"I don't just now though propose to give him up," said Violet.

"I don't understand it," said Radcliffe perplexed.

"I should be glad of an explanation, and she told him her plan.

"I have nothing against that proposition, but I wish to know whether
you can take chances with him. If he holds bolts away from you from coward
ice he'll bring you disaster in that enterprise."

"Radcliffe Radcliffe I hope you will consider my position in this matter
matter," said Joice.

"It's up to you Princesses. But if the boy is a coward he must not
be permitted to be without a strong guard on that expedition. He may
desert even you, or betray you to save himself. It is not for me to
say what should be done with him. If you carry out your plan Violet you
must be careful. I am positive he is more dangerous to you than the
enemy or the forest fire."

"I regard the person sure as a coward," added Daisy. "My sisters and
myself are very well aware of him for I know the full details about his
desertion and so do my sisters."

"Your feelings and those of your sisters shall be respected, Violet, but
we all must do our duty," answered P. Radcliffe firmly. "He should be
taken to general Vivian. But what you say goes."

"I suppose there's no help for it," replied Daisy.

"Not the least. To trust him without being watchful would be like
throwing yourself into a pit of molten iron."

"I am sorry he was ever taken into the scout Regiment," said Mildred. "but
not knowing him he was counted in with us. If his accounts will be
settled if he fails us."

"How did you happen to reach us?" asked Violet.

"We got across a part of the flood in a strong gasoline launch.

What's the name of the deserter?"

"Jack Saunders."

"And he ran away from Jean when she was shot by the enemy."

"He did, and Jack in himself the good boy then detailed the par-
ticulars of the sad event. Major De Banyan one of our scouts was shot
killed at the same time," he added.

"Was any others killed?" asked Radcliffe.

"I don't believe so. But poor Jean sure had a hard time pulling through. And
yet she saved me from being killed and got wounded too."

Violet then gave Radcliffe an account of how she and her sisters
were rescued.

"I and they were made a cats paw of these Glandolinians who wished
to bring us to the camp," continued Violet. "You did not meet Evans on
the way did you Radcliffe?"

"I did not expect to find him here. Was he the one who got you and
your sisters out of the enemy's clutches?"

"Yes with the help of our blessed Lord," he exclaimed. "He's
good on tricks."

"Well," said Radcliffe. "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll have
some priest to-morrow offer a Mass that you'll be successful in finding
poor Jennie. I wish I could go with you but duty prevents me. Otherwise
I'd shoot that St. Claire."

"If we catch him we'll hang him if he did anything bad to Jennie,"
said Violet.

Everything else now was explained, and now came up the question in
regard to the disposition of Violet's desertion. Radcliffe declared he
had no authority to discharge the plan, but he would report the case
by telegraph to General Vivian. Violet, and her sisters had planned to
proceed from Port Ro a Royal to the north district of Evangeline St. Claire
by the way of the north branch of the Big Girl Knoll Road. Because of his
on deafe to regain the Vivian Girls Jack Evans had resigned his command
as Captain general, and was no longer in the field of active operation, and
many of his staff officers had been assigned to other commands. The doughty
general for his loyalty and brother like friendliness to Violet and
her sisters had won the admiration of the nation; the present generation
would always remember his great services and the services to come and

posterity will enroll his name among the eldest and bravest defenders of the Abolition cause. Violet and her sisters were as determined as a tigeress that her sister should not remain such long at St. Claire. They'd lead an army against that position and give no quarter if that was the only way to secure her. Radcliffe always considered himself under strong obligations to the young little Princess, and they had under a damper their difficult disposition paid their respects to the distinguished lieutenant. Whenever he came or where wherever he went he was always most warmly greeted, even by Evans, and little Jannie left at general vivas was particularly fond of him, but knew many secrets of Radcliffe which which she was not won't to tell. In fact though no one knows it in the members of the story Radcliffe is Angelina Aramburges eldest sister in disguise. Her other sister was killed at Delights junction.

During that time of supper after the debatement on the deserter was over, Radcliffe was bold enough to ask a great favor from Violet and her sisters.

"I will do what I can captain Radcliffe you may be sure" she said.

When the favor was asked. "I remember poor little Jannie well and I have always heard excellent accounts of her from general Aramburg. I know it was through her own influence that Evans found us."

"There is not a better girl fit for child scout service, Princess, and if she can be so she is worthy of any place which your Government can give her, even if she may be too young to be a girl scout," replied Radcliffe warmly. You alone I know besides your sisters, know who I am in disguise."

"Certainly I know who you are, and so does Gertrude. But no one else. By the way captain, a certain general called upon my father in relation to your affairs of aiding in saving Penrod from his foes more than a year ago I believe."

"Indeed Princess. And Radcliffe understood that "he" was indebted to the Emperor and his fair daughters for his position as Captain general of all boy and girl scouts in the army of scouts Under the Princesses known as the Rangers."

"I am very grateful to you Princesses."

"Don't mention it, Penrod whose life you saved on different occasions thinks we have not yet half paid the debt yet."

"You have more than paid it, Violet, and if I had known I was indebted to you for my position I should hardly have dared to speak to you in behalf of little Jannie."

"Don't be modest captain Radcliffe. I have no scruples whatever in asking favors for such officers as yourself and your friends, nor in granting one rather. Unless they can show merit and education I invariably refuse to do anything for any one trying to become a girl or boy scout, and to be one they must be entirely meritorious, educated, and as brave as possible. But Penrod you do not ask for my mother?"

"I heard she was in Angelina Apathia," replied Radcliffe, with some confusion.

"That is the case she often speaks of you in her letters to me, and when you ever go to Angelina Agathia you must see her."

"I certainly will do so Violet," replied the child scout captain. "I have received while at Emperor Vivians army a note from one of the government officials at Clorinanna a commission for one of my own boy scouts in the Rangers. But I wished to give the commission to Jack who he heard had the little girl hero no heroine."

"Not me" said Jack. "You better give it to her. She suffered the most. She deserves it."

Though she blushed she tried to argue out of it, but Radcliffe drew her to 2 "Hm" placed an arm round her and said:

"No Jean You have proven too" of us the motto you have. You too know all my secrets, who I really am and so you must accept for my sake. This commission papers must be received by some body and since Jack insists you must be the one. The gratitude of the nation to you and all our scouts knows no bounds for all of us are more to the world than all the rest of the world. So you must accept. A full a furlough too of thirty days has been granted to me, and therefore I come here, instead of going home."

Jean blushed still more but she gladly accepted said the cheers of Penrod and all those present. Radcliffe had found Jean as pleasing as pretty and as grateful as ever. Some of those who knew Radcliffe wept with joy when they saw him. Violet then said:

"Penrod I have heard I lost my important papers after our being carried away by the enemy."

"I don't believe you had," said Penrod with a smile.

"I thought so. But I only heard it. It was the talk of many women even among the Glandelinians."

"They were lost."

"Yes!"

"Certainly" said Penrod. "But they were recovered."

"Who recovered them?"

"My lovely friend Jannie Turner."

"I'm glad she did. There is nothing she cannot do. Through her and Jannie Evans managed to find me, and even for the same cause her a known whose hands Jannie is."

"I suffered myself rather than give them away" said Penrod. I could not resist the appeal of Jannie Turner when she was shot by the enemy in the log."

"I am glad you did not. Those Professional spies are dangerous fellows. I don't see how you managed to elude them."

"Poor little Jannie is a noble child," added Penrod.

"And never has she been away from Angelina since she was brought to entertain her."

"How is her condition?" asked Violet.

"Very grave. She won't let herself recover because she is afraid she'll never see you and your sisters again."

"She will and Jannie too."

Radcliffe was well known by all in general Aramburges army, and he was welcomed as he went through the streets with the Princesses as one who had come forth from the grave. Gertrude had secretly wept over him, the general had rejoiced over him, and all the boy and girl scouts a crowd over him. He told all who interviewed him that he had spent thirty days between Evangelina St. Claire and Trinoque before having reported to general Vivian for duty. He told how he had been then ordered to join the regiment by the Emperor who only had anything to say over him to take command of the regiment in which he had been commissioned. He told in the first bloody action for the prevention of the enemy from entering Trinoque and of stopping the enemy from crossing the bridges which was a disastrous one for the enemy he saw general Frederick Menos be the first one to mount the enemy ramparts in a counter attack and turn and turn the tide against the enemy. He told how the Christians and the enemy had fought with desperation and how general Standard a new officer urged his men to deeds of valor which did much to retrieve the fortunes of the day. Radcliffe told how for their her heroic conduct for that first terrible action near Evangelina St. Claire on that eventful morning they were made major generals. Radcliffe was there too as he said and saw that what one did for his country they also did for their regiments, spurring them on in the frightful battle of the Ava Maria heights on that fatal August the fifteenth. He told how after the foe had been crushed in those six frightful assaults upon the heights, the Christian forces swept forward in pursuit like an avalanche before them irresistibly the flying hordes of the Federalites. Then he told how after wards came the thrilling intelligence that Trinoque was recaptured, still that dreadful evening the indomitable Hanson vivian drew his grip tighter and tighter upon the scattering hordes of the enemy at Trinoque. Still Robert vivian pressed on through the horrid inferno driving the for across Evangelina St. Claire creek in utter rout, and still general Stanek a thun a thundered over and through the shattered host of Federalists, until Hanley who came to the aid of De Federal finally temporarily checked him, but the Glandelinians enclosed at Trinoque were forced to surrender, and 10,000,000 prisoners were taken there. Radcliffe said he was there to witness the humiliation of these Glandelinians. All over the battle field cannon ones had been roaring, and all the victorious army shout shouted and sang Glory, Hallelujah as the military power of those two De Bahyan, Glandelinian armies crumbled and fell before the fierce counter attack, first it had attacked, then firmly it had stood, defying as it seemed even Heaven and Earth, defying freedom for little slaves justice, and humanity, it dropped and expired almost in the twinkling of an eye before general vivians fierce hordes of Concentinians."

"The nation will be filled with joy Violet when this news spread. Too bad you didn't see it. It was a terrible battle, but a good one for results. Soldiers and civilians in our army there, rejoiced together, child scouts shrieked their cheers and from the hearts of all rose the psalm of thanksgiving to God and His Blessed Mother for the great victory which had crowned our arms. But in the midst of the peoples glad

mean of the rejoicing of the victory over the terrible shock of the 23rd 82nd of the hero of Trinque, general Standard, and the Christian army in crowded in mourning for him, who fell just as he rose to the glory of the state which he had hoped to accomplish. I saw the little to the end. The surrender of Trinque was followed by that of Standard and others in part on account of the part of the army that couldn't escape. The division to which general Standard belonged had been ordered to carry on a point now near the spot till the army began to follow the defeated foe, and general Standard who had been attached to the army Corps but for brave and a brilliant conduct in one of our victories in the counter charge had been promoted to the rank of lieutenant general. "Glory Hallelujah!" shouted Gertrude. The city of Ryanville St. Glens is saved. Federal crushed. Radcliffe my dearest friend I would like you if it were, died for me to do such a thing in public in the camp. "Never mind your dearest sister," he whispered. Then louder, "I almost feel like being myself now that the enemy for once met such a good licking. I am delighted indeed as if I was in heaven to see you safe home again. Do you remember your experience in the field? Do you remember the bloodhounds?"

"Shall I ever forget them?" replied Joice, feelingly. "Do you remember it? Would you tell me about it if you could while we are on our way back to headquarters?" "I could not forget that any more than I could forget you," answered Joice, as she wrung the hand of her devoted friend. "So you told me Ryanville St. Glens is saved. The armies under general Vivian have fought through the conflict to the end."

"We have had a hard time of it while in the for camp," said Hattie. "But we do not worry about what we went through. We only wish to find and secure Joice."

"Do you suppose, Princess if it were done over again, you would be willing to go through it with it once more?" asked Radcliffe.

"Upon my soul as should," replied Hattie, warmly. "If I knew I even had to die on the cold wet ground even, by the side of my dying sisters after many years of hard service, I would go in cheerfully as I would eat my dinner when I am hungry. Radcliffe if there are any little girls that loves their country I do I am willing to fight for her as we do, and willing to die for her and God too. This is a most infernal war, I have seen enough in the past, and of the massacres of children, and when we went through in our captivity recently to know the Glendolins give no quarter to Christian children and murder them in dreadful ways. I know you realize that from what you have seen. Our soldiers of course are taken prisoner but what they go through in the Glendolin prison pens, it is better they would have received no quarter either. They were worse than the poor little slaves, and I think God though if I did my sisters despite all we may do in the future, I'm to see the end of it."

"So do it," responded, all the others within hearing, fervently.

"With the end of this horror everything would be more like heaven," said Gertrude who had patiently followed her own heroes through their dangers of duty and suffering. "As we have seen so much carnage and battle, seen many in the tolls of the foe, in the loathsome prison camps of the Glendolins, so should we see the slaves poor little things in the hour of their greatest earthly joy. We have entered many willing rescued children as scouts in our camp. What do you think of Radcliffe's proposal about little Jennie?"

"How old is she Gertrude?"

"Ginny has captured the safe records of her past from the enemy too. I have carried them with me. Here they are."

Violet took it, and as her sisters looked on over her shoulder or gathered around her they read:

"December 25th, By the Rev. Hensley D. F. D. Jennie, a little thing assuming --- the middle name of Francis --- for saint Francis, was baptized --- on this day of 1910 at the age of seven years. St. Vincent's Church, True Abolitionist."

"I'll have to examine her," said Violet. "If she passes the examination I'll put her the pull. You know it takes a pull to get in as a scout but we will try to pull her in. If she is willing of course."

"She is. She begged me to ask you. She asked your father but he said it was up to you and your sisters only."

"I'll pull her."

"They reached the building again. There was a select assembly

of officers and men, and of scout leaders. Half an hour after they had entered the headquarters, an officer of high rank stopped at the entrance. He was dressed in an official gray uniform of which I noticed the silver leaves that indicated his rank. No one would have mistaken him for a scout in a way. He came to see Violet. With nervous anxiety he dashed up the steps, and was permitted to enter by the guards who saluted him.

"I wish to see the Princesses," said the gray-clad man tentatively. "The Princesses are engaged just now sir, and cannot be seen," replied the man who answered.

"They can see me now," exclaimed the scout. Tell them General Jack Evans has returned, they are expecting me."

"Oh that's different sir." The man went up the stairs to the front room, where the Princesses and their friends were assembled.

"General Evans is here!" said the man suddenly opening the door. "He wishes to see the Princesses."

"Next time knock on the door, and don't rush in like a cyclone!" said Violet excitedly. "What are you trying to do scare us, sent him up, and learn manners. Next time you must be without knocking you'll eat bread and water for a week."

The man apologized and went out. A few minutes later Evans was announced.

"Well my dear Princesses, I am with you once again," said the man as he rushed into the room on being announced, and seized Violet by the hand. "From the deepest depths of an honest heart, I congratulate you upon your approaching happiness. We'll find Jennie very soon."

"Thank you Evans. We are delighted to know you have succeeded in your mission. We have secured a wagon train for our purpose. It needs only her rescue to complete our happiness."

"Miss Angelina Aronburg I greet you," continued Evans dashing toward the famous little girl scout, and taking her into his arms as if she were his own daughter.

"Blessed alive!" exclaimed the happy girl. "If it isn't Jack Evans!"

"Jack Evans it is if you please," he said hugging her tight. "I trust you are quite well Gertrude."

"Everybody is pretty well except Jean and Jack. Well, I'm --- I declare I'm as flustered I can't speak a word to night."

"Just the same Gertrude, my dearest long lost friend you are the proud and happy girl scout leader of the noblest young children adventurers in this noble country the Girl and Boy Scout Rangers," said Evans magnificently.

"Excuse me sir," said Penrod but I have long desired to have you make little Jean's acquaintance. And he led the general to another part of the room where little Jean Saunders sat, blushing and beautiful.

"Jean my little heroine of Abolitionism this is my friend general Jack Evans. General little Miss Saunders, the angel of our camp."

"Jack also took her into his arms but was careful of her injured shoulder and said, "I ought to bend in homage before one little girl like you who is mighty enough in her beauty and virtues, and bravery to wind the heart of not only your friend Jack, but me and all who are in the army. I have heard lots of you. All the newspapers in the country are full with statements of your heroism though how it was done I know not."

Jean blushed deeper than ever as she tried to embrace him in return and as she expressed her pleasure at meeting so famous a man who had shared the toils, hardships and sufferings of the Princesses.

"Jean I have long known you, though we have not met for the first time; but permit me to add that your boy friend Jack is one of the many boys who is worthy of the deepest friendship of all the girls in our army and boys as well. For what he has done for many other little girls in times past is enough to fill volumes to tell it."

"I am afraid I shall be jealous of you," general laughed Gertrude. "You have been almost hugging little Jean to death."

"My heart is big enough to hold you all Gertrude," he continued Evans, still holding the little girl with one arm and on a of the Vivian girls with with another. "I pray God and His Blessed Mother that these poor little angels, Violet and her sisters, and little Jean may never be called upon to go through that they have ever suffered. And what they have done for me in return is splendid. When you sink down to die upon the hot ground, overcome by smoke and heat,

exhausted by exertions, perils, and sudden sickness, borne under by 822 starvation, with the savage blood hounds baying in the distance, and were always Glandelinians by hundreds lying in wait for you and then, when you lie down to die under these awful conditions, and they--pointing to violent, raptures between you and these quaking messengers of death, who already has a grip upon you, when they at the banquet part of their young little lives procure food and clothing to restore you, when they have stood over you like the little angels they are, and won back the breath of life to your feeble body, when they have done this for you, you will know them as I know them."

As he finished a great tear slid down each side of his great bronzed face, but he hugged Jean and Violet tighter again, and called again. Gertrude pressed the great hand she held and a tear rolled down the rosy of her bright cheeks.

"Put all this, and more she had done for me."

"And yet you have done far more for us," exclaimed Hattie pointing to Evans. "When we were so often wounded and helpless, when we would have perished in forest fires, when the enemy was almost had us--"

"Upon my word, we are getting sentimental Hattie and we had better subside." In response the general. "In introduce me to the rest of the scouts."

Hattie complied, and when they were all assembled he made to him one of his most characteristic speeches which when any crowd hears is held spell bound. Among those present was General Aronburg.

"General" said Aronburg "Permit me to express my warmest hopes for your future happiness in having little Jennie safe and sound in your own arms as you had little Jean and little Jennie. And may you with the help of God capture the rascals who may have her. I will pray devoutly that there will be nothing to mar the harmony of the occasion. And when you go, with them on this expedition I hope you a hearty God Speed to all your hopes. But this little Jean here when you hugged so tightly and long is a little girl like the rest of good natives and of high Christian principles, won by us all in her days of trial and suffering, and as she is true to her God, a child of Mary, a faithful comrade and child of her country, we hope by her fidelity her bravery and her patriotism, and by her saintliness that she will she shall carve out a her fortune on the battlefields of this great war."

"Amen" said every one present.

That night the Princess retired early to make preparations to start the journey.

In next volume will be given a better account of how they had been captured before, and how Evans had even rescued Jennie.

On the next morning the army had advanced the first portion across the narrowest part of the flood and concentrated on the grounds nearest Glenor Creek at Alahania. The Christian troops of the advanced part of the army was posted on wooded heights of an elevation of three hundred feet and all along the creek, on both sides of a stretch of the Big Girl Knoll road which was the direct route toward Angelina Anthia. Round this and across the flood on the opposite side were the long wagon and ammunition trains of general Aronburg's army, as well as the more considerable portion of the Christian forces. The possession of this Big Girl Knoll road was necessary to cover the retreat of Vivian's army, as well as to the success of general Aronburg's grandest scheme of preventing Mylatze's campaign being successful toward Evangeline Arathia.

Mylatze knowing that a portion of the army was divided, decided to attack the portion that had crossed the flood and capture it impossible before the main body could get across. It was already coming on to the last week of August.

The attack was started by the Glandelinian Zimmermann ion corps of general Gannon, next to which in the line of march was the first main Glandelinian army corps. The action began first with a rolling thunder of many hundreds of cannons on the side of the army, and an attempt was made most desperately to force on the advance, and get in between the Christian force and Vivian. The slope of one of the rises was very steep and a slither of irregular ledges, and the whole covered with mud which grew out of the interstices of the rocks and on the shelves where there was earth enough to give life to a tree. In these woods, and among a thicket of general Tribunes Christian troops were posted, covering Vivian's retreat--infantry, sharpshooters, and batteries of machine guns--while their heavy cannon were placed in such positions that they commanded all approaches to the gap, through which the road passed.

General Gannon ordered a heavy attack made upon this position, which if successful would drive back the troops in such a direction as to close up all means for the safe retreat of general Vivian, and the childlike haired Glandelinian soldiers, looking more like girls in their handwear went forward with the utmost alacrity to carry the strong position. They rushed in fearful numbers, and most doggedly up the steps to a stone wall behind which the main line of the Christian troops rested, slowly driving the long line of skirmishers before them. No person could count even by the hundred at his fastest, the rate the Glandelinian soldiers fell dead or wounded before the terrific fire they met, indeed it seemed as if torrents of blood was flowing and moistening the soil where the countless numbers of reckless, and dare-devil devil Glandelinian soldiers so manfully and manfully gave up their lives but they won a portion of the ground and held it. The Angelinians fought with the utmost desperation and their generals rallied them in vain to try and hold back the screaming floods in gray. Partial successes and partial reverses occurred in different parts of the line until nine of a clock that morning morning, and all the artillery was actively engaged. However for the enemy, the day was not yet won, they only had gained a bloody advantage, and hundreds of thousands of more were to fall on the field, before the obstinate Christians would yield the position. At ten o'clock the head of the First Army Corps appeared under Banata which had been ordered forward by general Mylatze to the support of Gannon's hard pressed Zimmermannian forces. As general Katrebrook appeared before the lines the utmost enthusiasm was manifested by the Glandelinian troops. They shouted their cheers, as if he had already added them in carrying the position. The Glandelinian general was examining the ground, for his quick eyes had already grasped the situation. But he did not know the ground like the Christian general did. However Mylatze had ordered him to make a faint in favor of general Stancke Mic-Hollastinian forces, but satisfied that an attack on the west side of the road would not be a success he turned his attention to that portion of the Christian line at the east of the road, which had been reported upon by some Glandelinian scouts. The Glandelinian general proceeded as they always did, directly to the front, for he seemed to know precisely what he or his officers should be about, and to have all his Glandelinian forces entirely at hand. Then he began to send off his quick orders, and the members of his staff, were seen dashing about in every direction, till a most extensive line of assault was formed. Batteries were posted behind the troops, and the shot and shells screamed through the air over the heads of the lines of soldiers. Then the order to advance was given, the long line moved up the precipitous steps and for half an hour the battle raged with tremendous fury. The losses of the foe was dreadful, the Christian soldiers never missing their aim and men in gray went down like leaves from a forest. General Katrebrook found every instant of his time occupied as he dashed from one division to another, while shot and high explosives as he dashed from one division to another. The air like hailstones. It was a scene like the world war on this extensive attack line. General Katrebrook for his recklessness was killed, but on marched the victorious Glandelinian wave, conquering every obstacle, and driving the Christians before them, but it was nearly noon before the red field was won entirely, and the Glandelinians were in possession of the crests of the mountains and slopes and fields.

Had general Constantin Aronburg been unable to send forces across the flood to the help of the others a disaster would have occurred. He received word of the conflict over there, and the most important part was the fact that Gannon's main line of troops were being concentrated on a most fortified line, and that general Banno Evans was moving his army to the behind the creek in readiness to support Gannon, and Michael Mic-Whither was advancing after the retreating army under Vivian. His order was to general Blain Light Linger, "Take Mic-Whither, strike him, and take reinforcements. Vivian. Vivian. I'll send Watson to take Glenor Creek. Off with you both quick."

This was a great and most momentous battle of the series of bloody engagements of Mylatze's bloody Angelina Arathia Campaign, which at this time temporarily checked the invasion, and drove the Glandelinian nearly fifty miles back the distance they had won. The battle between Vivian was a most fearful strife, a most determined and savage battle, fought with a utmost bravery and fury on both sides bordering on utmost desperation and frenzy. The result was to involve a mighty issue--no loss than the fate of Vivian's great but shattered army, and the nation

and the nation, for the moral effect of a victory by Huebner Mic-Whirther would be now even disastrous to the cause, and to General Aronburg too if not entirely fatal, while it would seem to Myletze mightily aid the vast storehouses of wealth of the christian countries. The Andelinian forces under Blain Night Linger who fought on that day, from the many skillful generals under him who directed such desperate operations to the lowest private who cheerfully and zealously obeyed the orders of his superiors in the midst of the dreadful confusion of the battlefield understood and appreciated the issue of that dreadful day. The Abbeismian government gratefully remembered them all and none with more lively sense of obligation than Blain Night Linger, whose great skill and judgement, no less than his heroic bravery brought victory out of the most stubborn conflict liberator to him to save Viviania, upon which more than upon the desperate operations of any other action of the dreadful battle line the fate of the day entirely rested. He was face to face with general Izner Myletze head as Huebner Mic-Whirther, Myletze, the most vigorous and determined leader of all the Glandelinian war, the pat of the enemy, and the hope of the Glandelinian government. He was pitted against those two highest and famous Glandelinian commanders who was the executive of the brain of the Glandelinian Government without whom the Glandelinian nation would lose the war. The Glandelinian forces under Myletze made some fearful charges, three of them from twelve o'clock, till three, and it was rottingly terrible to see how those famous moves twenty miles long were dislodged, shot to pieces and three times routed to their own works with frightful loss of men and general officers. The battle against Myletze and Mic-Whirther was fought and won, but not till mighty sacrifices had been made of precious life on both sides.

For at least Myletze it was one of the most obstinate conflicts of the war so far, and for hours between Blain Night Linger and Myletze the issue swung back and forth, and it was doubtful upon which side the victory would turn out. The first Corps of Abbeismians was forward in a long thirty mile front, and during the hellish contest were driven back in places, scores of divisions were driven to their positions in retreat reduced to brigades or even regiments, and hundreds were entirely wiped out, all this happening before the terrible fire of the three Glandelinians, and nothing but the unusual and indomitable will and the admirable skill of the general and his staff saved the day. Every weak point in the line was hastily and wisely strengthened by reinforcements, every advantage was used, and every kind of disadvantage counter balanced till the splendid victory was finally secured. General Huebner Mic-Whirther was ably and most prudently supported by general Myletze, and immense columns of troops from other portions of the vast Glandelinian army were sent to this or that imperiled position in a vain effort to save the falling fortunes of the day. Fresh troops were from time to time hurled against the christian troops at all points in the wildest and grandest charges on all record which were forced back but only again to be strengthened and urged on by the masterly genius of general Blain Night Linger himself until all that the christian lines had lost was restored later in the afternoon when the attack was made by the right and center, the Glandelinian army there had been weakened badly by the large efforts of pulling out too many troops required to meet an attack elsewhere on the left, and of course therefore the resistance was accordingly diminished. Therefore with less stubborn and skillful fighting than that done elsewhere the assaults of general Brown and Jack Turner, and of Francis Hendon, and Richardson Halsted in the center could hardly have been successful. The noble and gallant general Horner won immortal honors on this terrific day. He fought like a demon against every disadvantage, which he skillfully and bravely overcame but at dreadful cost to life and an immeasurable number of wounded.

The result of the frightful battle was less decisive than had been hoped and expected, the losses were more dreaded and more dreadful than even believed to come from even the splendid fighting and the brilliant partial results obtained. Nevertheless general Huebner Mic-Whirther's army was most severely handled, its resources and its prestige tremendously reduced, and the object of the movement against Viviania and others was actually frustrated, Viviania was saved, but yet whether the results of the several successful operations on the field were prudently capitalized whether the greatest practicable use was made of the victory along this line of the battle we must leave for the reader to decide.

While general Concanth Jan Armburg was watching the scenes and preparing other portions of his vast army for action, general Mic-Hollister Turner arrived and was congratulated upon his safety and success in his part of the battle. He gave his opinion that general Viviania was saved, and was able to supply information. The order for the other sections was therefore given to advance at all points. The eye of the general was everywhere, even while his mind was occupied with all the details furnished by all girl and boy scouts who were busy now as customary watching from safe high spots the movements of the enemy, and so forth. He also sent members of his staff in every direction. Indeed he held the vast and complicated mechanism of his armies at his fingers ends. He knew where every brigade Corps and divisions of night lingers was at that moment and where it was to be an hour from then. He moved his officers all about as a most skillful weaver tosses the many shuttles each with a different colored silk thread, through the fabric before him. He was weaving a historic battle on a gigantic scale.

The Winkin Abyssinkilian Reserve commanded by general Stern occupied the center of the newly forming line of battle. They indeed were one of the noblest body of troops ever on record, and had done some of the most splendid fighting of the war in other conflicts. General Francis Nance had as if in compliment to him for his great zeal and his energy was sent to bear the order for the Third Division to advance. The immense bodies of Reserves were moved forward with a hearty most cheerful zeal and presently the rolling thunder of their 1,000 cannon, and the rattling volleys of musket fire as constant in sound as a congregation of people all shouting at once proclaimed the adding and extending of the conflict along Glenor Creek. A portion of Reppo Evans' command was before them—men who always fought with the energy of desperation and a body of troops too who had boasted of never having been yet licked in battle. Though he was not the main commander Evans was the worst one to contend with. Beppo Evans' army were a worthy and most ferocious and tenacious foe, and most worthily and desperately they were met until the whole region of the creek looked as if a new forest fire was breaking out, but the Glandelinians had the advantage. Their renowned leader had chosen their position, and the brave christians suffered terribly.

General Evans on his white charger rode up to his position in the front of the battle. He though a Glandelinian was very calm and most unmoved in the shower of bullets, the eruptions of high explosives, and all his Zimmermannian troops were gladdened and encouraged by his very presence. They were always strong and dangerous troops without him, they were more irresistible and dangerous with him. These Zimmermannians were known as the Hobhonites.

He was giving his orders to each officer with the utmost coolness, and spoke words of fire, which indeed burned in the souls of the Glandelinian soldiery. He was there the idol of the main Glandelinian army—and there was not a single Glandelinian soldier or an under officer who would not have been ashamed to skulk with all this noble example before him. The mighty will of the great Glandelinian general was always communicative to the nerves and muscles of all his soldiers and men and he always multiplied himself thousands of times in the persons of his devoted followers.

They were ordered forward to storm the christian lines in the woods by the creek. On they moved, also the left of Cannon's division supported by that of Herdrudes and Franders, nearer and nearer to the long stretch of woods where the powerful christian lines were concentrated, and still they poured in the most deadly fire until the resistance before them was sensibly diminished.

Reppo Evans then sent the word all along the line to go "Forward" and the whole Glandelinian wave supported by two of Huebner Mic-Whirther's Reserve divisions rushed on with their well known "Devil" Yell and entered the pine groves. The Christians though continuing their withering fire were falling back before them, and the Glandelinians rushed on through the woods carrying all before them, sweeping across the open fields on the other side, and still onward to other woods beyond the fields.

But here suddenly they found themselves thrown upon bodies of fierce fresh troops of Winkins hurried up to meet them at all points. From the very shadows of the wood, groves, and from the fields, and from stone walls and farm houses came showers of bullets grape and canister and shells as if from a sheet of flaming fire. The entire forefront line of the Glandelinians fell dead and wounded to a man along the whole front, the remaining portions was threatened with annihilation, and the left wing was destroyed. The woods was suddenly

packed with warlike Christian soldiers, and coming with hastily brought up artillery, a country Orphan Asylum not far off of large extent, and from the smoke of rifle fire from all windows, and other openings, and the half annihilated Glandelinian force still seemed to melt away like the snow on a hot stone, though in the face of that killing fire. They however closed up their shattered lines, and some tried to charge on, but as fast as they fell in awful numbers, and the survivors fell doggedly back pouring in volley upon volley upon the dense masses of Christians. The fortunes of the day for the moment suddenly to have been reversed, and had been a real swiftness of victory a moment before now became a swift defeat. Had the Christians just defended their position all would have been well, that is for the enemy, but General Jack Horners main line was advancing with fiendish yells of their own. It was a most critical moment in the fortunes of the day, but for a little it seemed indeed that the great genius of the man who held the reins in his hands was equal to the occasion. He was not even half a mile or a quarter of a mile in the rear, he was in the front, where he could see the indications of threatening danger, of disaster, where he could promptly meet and counter act the elements of defeat, which had begun to manifest themselves.

"General Saunders" said he in his calm but earnest tones. "The Glandelinian general mentioned an upward forward his horse, and saluting the general, stood in readiness for his commands. "General general Henry Anderson" to send me his best divisions immediately.

It rained shot shell and canister on the hillside as the general dashed away to execute his order, and presently the best divisions consisting of the Twentieth, and the Thirty First Omerian under the command of general Herdrude Sheck double quicked down the hill, amid the falling shot and bursting shell, which crashed fearfully through the trees and tore up the countryside in their mad flight and terrific explosions. They were veteran Glandelinian troops commanded by a veteran soldier of skill and utmost bravery. They passed the general on their march, and it seemed as if his eye lighted up with great satisfaction as he saw the spirit which they manifested.

The Glandelinians reinforced repelled the assault, successfully, and then still more reinforced started on to charge again.

"I think our troops will hold the ground," said general Glide passing the shattered lines of the Christian Reserves, and as he drew up his own brigade along the slope near the stream between them and the exultant Glandelinians. The Christians fired in volleys first, and then at will.

but they did their work most desperately and with great heroic heroism. None flinched, though the foe's attack was made with insane fury, none fled. The Glandelinians and their generals however pushed forward their flushed and over confident troops, but the Christian lines met them with an annihilation storm of bullets, grape, canister, and hand grenades, and assisted by the Corps under Turpo and those of generals Remington and Patrickers, repelled the assault. Reppo Evans's lines suffered most severely and a large number of Glandelinian officers of all rank were killed and wounded in vain attempts to rally them. The Glandelinians again fell back to the positions beyond the woods from which they had come, and again this part of the Christian line was safe. However there had been a terrible loss among the Christian troops also, especially in the Corps that held the brow of the lower hills, and sixteen Christian generals were wounded early in the action. The main general of this portion of the Christian line however had saved himself of battle in this place had won a success twice, and still everything seemed for the good, for general Concentinian Aronburg's brain was active. Christian batteries rushed like a train of meteors over the field obedient to his ready thought. Messages of varied import came to him from many division commanders. Already it was reported that it was believed that as many of the enemy had fallen as from a thousand Waterloos. General Saunders was hard pressed could barely hold his position against the foe advancing along his front, and a portion of Cunningham's divisions were sent to his aid. This later venerable soldier went with two of his divisions, but he was mortally wounded, and was borne to the rear.

"Go to that Brigade on the left general Jack Horner, and tell the general in charge not to let his men break away under any conditions," said general Aronburg.

General Horner dashed away, and stood before the broken fragments

of a division, with hardly a commissioned officer left in the line. This Division had gone into action with three hundred thousand men. It only had about thirty thousand men left. They were noble and brave fellows, and they were even then only yielding when there seemed to be no one to lead them. They were giving way, and making a gap in the line through which the desperate Glandelinians could burst, and overwhelm the columns. General Horners saw at a glance the state of the case. He blamed not the men, it was the fault of the pressure of the enemy, it was impossible to stand before them in such small numbers, thirty thousand against two million and the officer upon whom the command had devolved was not in fit condition to command it. He was rendered weak and inefficient from receiving four wounds and could not do a thing in such a trying emergency.

"The general desires us to hold this line at all hazards" said Jack Horner saluting the officer. "You are wounded badly. There is the general of this division."

"He has gone where all the rest have gone," replied the colonel in command of the division.

"Where's general Callahan Jeromes?"

"He's got his hands full yonder."

"You must hold this position without fail. I'm bringing up some of my troops."

"Can hold it if you take command," said the wounded officer. "I am too injured to even move."

"I'll lead," exclaimed Horners fiercely.

"Hurry sir before it'll be impossible to hold any longer."

"Forward my brave boys. My troops are coming to your help. The day will soon be ours if we stand up to it a little longer," shouted he to the hard pressed Angelinian troops whose thin ranks were rapidly becoming thinner in the face of the fierce fire to which they were subjected. "Follow me," he added, in clarion tones, as he swung his sword into the air. A faint cheer burst from the ranks of the Division proving that the men still had the same spirit, and they clutched their muskets tighter and looked sternly toward the enemy's line.

"Don't let the enemy spoil your good record for this day my gallant fellows," continued general Jack Horner. "no you have done gloriously for our cause, stick to it to the end. Remember what your friends the civilian Girls, the Darlings of the Nation have gone through. General Aronburg for their sake expects you to hold this line and for God's sake do it. He sent me down to you with reinforcements. Follow me therefore. And he urged his foaming steed through the columns, and waved his sword over his head.

"Down with the enemy lets go into them hard boys," cried one of the lieutenants as the ranks closed up and they followed the in "trapped" Christian officer back to the position from which they had retreated.

However the Glandelinians had seen the break and were taking swift advantage of it. They rushed forward whooping like Indians but being reinforced by general Horner the fragmentary division now stood like a wall of iron, and poured a storm of fire into the advancing hordes, before which they quailed, and then retreated.

"Bravo, my noble fellows. General Aronburg is looking at you, and he shall know all about it."

"Hurrah!" shouted the brave men, who had gathered new life and hope from the inspiring words of the young general.

"You will stand firm now won't you?" demanded general Horner.

"Hurrah," yelled the rear ranks revived little force so he tily hastily that Horner fell back from the front to return to his position to bring down more troops to the aid.

"General Horner," said a familiar voice, almost in a yell. "Horners by all that is grand and beautiful."

Horners turned and saw a man approaching him from the ranks of an adjoining regiment. He was dressed in the uniform of a brigadier general and was begrimed with smoke and his cheek was blackened by close contact with the piece in his hand.

General Fred Nance "Replied" Horner Horner as his old friend rushed up to his side, and seized his hand. "What are you doing here?"

"I happened up here on important military business, and I went in as a volunteer on my own hook," replied general Nance, still shaking the hand of the staff officer, though the bullets were whistling and the shot and shell were roaring round him.

"That's like you. Have you no position?"

"I have a Corps under my command but its almost annihilated now."

"By orders of general Aronburg I place you in command of this broken division," said general Horners.

At this moment the main general rode up, and Horners referred the matter of the command to him. When he learned what had happened he installed Fred Vance in the temporary charge of the division. Horners said a few words to the boys to get them to know their new commander. He told them who and what Fred Vance was, the new general stepped in front of them, and went to work with his usual skill and bravery. Horners left his friend with a promise to see himself as soon as possible, and rode back to the general.

There was a certain stretch of woods on the left which the general regarded as the key to the position, and which he had determined to take and hold. He was in the act of riding forward for the purpose of examining this point in person, as he did on all important occasions. General Horners reported to him just as he was leaving the front of the most advanced line of troops. He continued his bold reconnaissance till he reached the top of the hill, where he dismounted and went forward some distance on foot. He coolly and carefully surveyed the ground, returned to his horse and dismounted. The storm of musket balls from the point of woods was kept up all this time with the most determined vigor. The most manly form of general Aronburg had been conspicuous on the field all the morning, and afternoon, and indeed the Glandelinians had fired at him individually a hundred thousand times, but he seemed to have a charmed life. He had been spared to complete the work he had done and begun and which too he had so ably and successfully carried forward. As he mounted his horse he sent Horners off on a mission to the batteries of artillery planted on a long high rise of ground behind him. It was in the midst of one of the hottest fires of the battle at this spot. Sixty men had dropped near the general, and ten of his staff. He turned and started for another part of the field but had hardly advanced a pace before he was struck in the foot by the fragment of a shell.

"You are wounded general," said Horners returning to the spot.

"Garry the order I gave you if possible general Horners, to general Vivian, advising him not to continue his retreat as it is not safe now," replied he with an expression of pain in his noble features.

Horners galloped off to execute his mission. The general still sat on his horse and gave directions for the capture and holding of the point he had examined at the peril of his noble and precious life. The army surgeon advised him to leave the field, and place general Evans in main command until the battle was over. He complied with one request, Evans was in charge, but general Aronburg would not leave the field. He swung backwards and forwards feeling from faint to faintness in his saddle. Still he looked about him to carry out the purpose, which filled his mind.

"There's a division on the right of us. Order it forward. General Hubbard and I early are coming up. Tell them to take those positions, and hold them and it will be our position," said he feebly but with emphasis.

He then fainted but partially recovered and rode slowly and reluctantly to the rear after he sent word to Angelina Aronburg that he was wounded.

General Jack Evans was close at hand with the Corps he had been assigned to. He saw the wounded general, spoke to him, praised him and taking main charge of the army at his advice pressed on to complete the work which had been so far accomplished, apparently as it seemed that it only remained to hold what had already been gained. General Aronburg had virtually contended with the whole Glandelinian army for the attack on the left was delayed for hours after the victory on the right and center had been won. He too had done his part in the days work nobly and successfully, and his responsibility for the results of the battle was expected to be terminated. First Evans had went to the rear with his wounded friend, but when assured that the injury, though very severe was not dangerous, and that he must be to the front in his place returned to the field, resolved to take command. Violet, and her four sisters watched proceedings at a distance and marked the progress of the battle and constantly gave Evans advice. There was extremely heavy fighting in the woods, where general Hunsley were executing the last order of general Aronburg. The Glandelinians by the delay of the Christian attack on the left were enabled to send forward numerous bodies of fresh troops, and the combat deepened in fury until the woods seemed to blaze with fire. Evans rushed in showed him the commission papers proving he was temporarily in Aronburg's place for the day and ordered the line to hold the position. There were plenty of exhausted and shattered brigades vainly

struggling to roll back the tide of defeat which was setting firmly against them. Hundreds, nay thousands of gallant officers lay dead and wounded upon the ground and there was abundance of work for any brave leader who had the bravery to accomplish it. Evans attempted to rally the broken divisions and close up the wide gaps which had been made by the fearful carnage, but general Hunsley was forced back, and what had been pushed on the front was lost. At this crisis general Evans sent general Hendon forward with fresh troops and artillery, and after fearful fighting the ground which had been lost was regained, not to be again abandoned.

In the meantime general Sessom's divisions of Angelinians were still crossing the narrowest portion of the flood over the pontoon boats, which as Gertrude had recently planned intended for the erection of a larger bridge over the flood which had swamped Hardrude's Ferry, having run a portion of the Glandelinian batteries during the night before and crossing and fortifying their position in safety. One section of the Glendelinian force under general Braggard was posted on the southeast side near the flood holding the heights known as tree hill and other points. Batteries had also been planted on these low heights, which swept the narrow part of the floods and the fields, and the operation of dislodging the enemy from this position was a most difficult and dangerous one. But nothing was impossible for the Christians. By Gertrude's plan as recently stated, even at seeming seeming impossibilities a ten hundred foot or yard pontoon bridge had been built, within two days and nights, and this had enabled much of the force to cross over the flood. Now as the battle was threatening to reach its highest fury the eleventh and twelfth Corps of the Angelinians were moving out from Port Royal, and were effecting a junction with other portions of the battle line, and even reinforcing Vivian who was advised for his personal safety to go to join in the contest, for as Aronburg was wounded, it was in a likely the enemy might turn off victorious.

It was apparent however the Glandelinians because of the operations of Evans, directed wisely by Gertrude, and violent sisters, was being whipped in every direction, foiled and defeated in all their plans and the Christian armies still on the opposite side were being able to accomplish their work in spite of the desperate and active movement of the enemy to prevent it. It was an extensive and terrible battle. General Vance too before an important part in these operations, each operation as fierce as the whole American Civil war, entirely and he was very conspicuous at planter Creek, skilful and brave energy energetic and devoted in all his efforts, until on the death of general Stride he was compelled to take the commission of the command in his stead and rally the troops who had lost heart over the general's death. General Evans himself decided to take the lower heights held by general Braggard. The rugged steep of these hills bristled with hundreds of Glandelinian cannon and Evans troops were exposed to a murderous fire as it moved forward and charged up the slopes. General Evans was in the midst of it, and assured the troops that the enemy's fire could not destroy them and his conduct had the most inspiring effect upon the men. When the head of the column approached the vicinity of Hardrude's Ferry, the Glandelinian infantry opened a wave of fire upon it being posted in a dense thicket where their numbers could not be known. A Corps was thrown out to flank the enemy, and so vigorous was this flanking movement that the enemy half destroyed fled precipitately over the creek some Glandelinians about twenty stopping to burn the bridge behind them, but were shot down.

At three o'clock the left wing of Evans line was savagely attacked by the Hic-Hollatinians and all along the line the cannon and musketry blazed from the heights, but the soldiers fought with the most determined zeal. Evans was in his saddle, and those who that any time temporarily became his staff were hurled away like arrows from a point, or how to strengthen the weak parts of the line. A division was dispatched to the assistance of Evans who was hard pressed, and the attack was literally repelled. Then Evans army moved forward to storm the heights and carry them. The hills were very steep and rugged and heavily placed the rocks presented the appearance of palisades and was covered with dense woods and underbrush but Evans led the intrepid fellows to scale its jagged steep. Many Abyssinikian Brigades formed the advance of this dangerous movement, the others were the Angelinian Corps. On dashed the intrepid soldiers, fiercely climbing up the dangerous steep as though all of them were mountaineers, and though they fell by hundreds for every three yards they pressed on facing the sheet of flame from two million enemy muskets. The crest of these hills however were carried at

the point of the bayonet, the enemy fled from the heights, and yet Evans' troops left more than one third of its number of killed and wounded on the ground, but the victory at this point was complete, and Evans sent a report to General Aronburg.

During this time the Glandelinians under Richman Miso-Winterer evacuated the region before Night Lightfinger, and retreated toward the main army, posted at the side of the heights. The attacking of the heights was apparently the liveliest part of the great battle of Elder Creek, directed by general Night Lightfinger with the most consummate skill, and carried out by his staff with a zeal and energy which was insuring a great and most decisive victory. The ground around the vicinity of Elder Creek was now in his possession, the region was purged of the Glandelinians. Night Lightfinger had been the central figure in the scene. He had made himself the idol of the army, all his men and officers loved and trusted him, and also he never disappointed them. He was always, in the thick of the terrible dangers, to support and to cheer them.

On account of him in this battle, everything went wrong with the enemy. General Reppo Evans too was wounded, and his army benton, and flanked time and again, fell back in disgraceful defeat. Being wounded and out of commission he was superseded by general Miso-Hollister Hanson, who too was a fighting man of Glandelinia, and was expected to retrieve the falling fortunes of the day. He made a most desperate attempt to redeem his day. He launched a most desperate and wild attack against a weak place in the Christian line, where he was informed there was a large gap between the army of general Night Lightfinger and Viviania. Into this gap general Hanson hurled his most massive compact column, who inspired with hope that their new general would turn the terrible tide of battle setting so strongly against them fought with the most unwonted desperate attack. They poured in waves of troops, through the open space, and fell upon the Christian soldiers of the Ripitanth corps with the most rain of faithful valor and irresistible fury. For two hours they were driven back mile by mile, but plain Night Lightfinger flashed before them like a meteor and he succeeded in rallying them to face the impetuous foe. Therefore within another hour from both sides of the tremendous gap into which the Glandelinians had wedged themselves deadly volleys of musketry and cannon were poured in upon them which destroyed platoons of soldiers for every discharge. They hit the dust in a countless thousands, but for a time the reckless desperate survivors maintained the conflict.

Still general Night Lightfinger dashed along the line, and everywhere restored the breaking column. His voice was a charm on that bloody afternoon and more than any other of the war in which he had been desperately engaged, this was his battle royal, for with his voice, his eye, and his commanding presence, he banished confusion and panic, and wrested victory from the army of defeat. Assault after assault made with the most savage fury beyond measure was repelled, and the Glandelinians finally believed that it was useless to continue the battle along this point was won and many a midnight earnest were the own congratulations exchanged among officers and men after the bloody affair. General Lightfinger and Viviania had been particularly after active that late afternoon, not only in the later reforming his army and sending some aid to Aronburg, but in rallying his army, and repelling an assault against him, and general Viviania personally thanked General Aronburg for his devotion and timely aid.

Chapter Thirty Nine.

A PLAN, A STRANGE AND SPECIAL MEETING CALLED BETWEEN THE GIRL AND TWO SOLDIERS.

THE AFRICAN MYSTERY. THE GIRL AND TWO SOLDIERS WITH "AYE", HONORS AND TWO SPIES.

A TELEPHONE IN HONOR. A STRANGE DREAM OF MYSTERY IN GENERAL ARONBURG'S HEADQUARTERS. PLANNING IN THE NIGHT. THE AFRICAN MYSTERY.

"Girls, and you boys too, I have some very important and great news for you, all of you child scout officers. I'm sure you'll be interested and I hope you'll be as delighted as I am. Come on all of you. What's the matter with you Jack Walters. Gather around in a circle just as if we were going to hold a council and I'll tell you something, that will---that will surprise you all."

"A chorus of laughter, greeted Gertrude Angelina's strange figure of speech. Evans and the African girls were gone on their mission to rescue Jennie, and had taken timid Jack along with him to make him atone for his cowardice or pay the penalty. The merriment came from thirty seven boys and girls, out leaders who proceeded to form an arch of a circle in front of the speaker on a hillside grass plot near the purple canvas tents of the girl scout camp in Glandelinian Aronburg's army.

"What do you mean, a mystery that will surprise us all?" inquired a grinning officer Julie Hyde with some impatience. "Come Gertrude, you just now seem as much a problem with your ideas as little Joan Saunders is with her ways of her ideas. Do you know the nickname some of us are thinking of giving to her?"

"No what is it?" Gertrude asked.

"The darling of the camp."

"The darling of the camp?" by Darling" was the next question of Gertrude who seemed by this time to have forgotten the subject that she started to introduce when she opened the conversation two days after the battle it being August the 28th.

"Darling of the camp of course," Julie answered. "There is no one like her. All this time I know she had suffered untold misery from her wounded shoulder, and still she never makes a sound or complains. She is the hero heroine of our camp. Joan always does everything correctly, so we are not in the least surprised at any on a comparison of her being like one of the African girls. There's news that. Don't you think you'd better call her the Angel of the camp too?"

"Not until you explain to us what the mystery is." Dolores stipulated almost sternly. "What I am afraid of is that you have something up your sleeve for us to do which seems impossible, and we won't stand for that a single minute. We'll lay down an hour instead."

"Oh, yes Dolores you may have your wish if what others say is true." Hattie Turner announced so eagerly that everybody present knew that she had an idea and without expectantly for it to come out.

"Well Name Gertrude our Plan Girl, everything she plans works so beautifully on the enemy that the Glandelinians simply LOVE her."

Of course everybody laughed at this and in deed the burst of laughter that followed would have been enough to silence the most skeptical joker, but this girl was not the least ambitious, so she laughed appreciatively with the others.

"What is the mystery anyway," demanded Helen Pollyanna when the merriment had subsided.

"Oh you girls are making too much of that remark." Gertrude finally protested modestly. "I am really astonished at every one of you, ashamed of you, in fact for failing to get me. I meant that some of you would be delighted, others would protest and others would not agree, get me?"

"Oh I get you." Angelina Jennings announced, lifting her hand over her head with an "I know teacher" attitude.

"Well Angelina Jennin go get up and speak your piece." Gertie Gertrude directed.

"You referred to some mystery, but we might have got you wrong. When you said you would tell us something very mysterious you meant something which none of us understand. As you looked toward both Penrod and Radcliffe, the later of whom we secretly know, but tell no one you meant to suppose some mysterious plan produced by the Vivian Girl Princesses, over the Abbiennan dimster. Isn't that it?"

"This isn't the first time that Angelina Jennings proved herself a regular Sherlock Holmes of our camp. What a power she has! I'm sure. We are pretty well equipped with brains in this camp, I want to tell you. We have Jean the walking dictionary, Gertrude the girl enigma, and all the others the military detectives."

"To frustrate the enemy, every girl is supposed to be a puzzle." Joy St. Claire reminded. "I don't like to snatch any honors away from any one but you know, we should always have the truth."

"Yes indeed let us have the very truth about this interesting delightful announcement that Gertrude has to make to us." Estelle a Violette implored.

"The delay isn't my fault," Gertrude Angelina said with an attitude of perfect willingness. "If all this non sense will stop. But here comes Mildred Maxwell on her white charger. Don't she look like the Valley queen though. That's right for Joy to join us for I know you will all want her opinion of the proposition I am going to put to you."

Mildred Maxwell, guardian of the girls' scouts bearing a large bouquet of wild flowers that she had just gathered in timber along the bank of the flood rode up to the group of girls' scouts seated on the grass a minute later, and as she dismounted and seated herself all waited expectantly for Gertrude to begin.

Gertrude Angelina's girls' scout had pitched camp after the battle near a spot called Ferns Hollow which was a deep and richly vegetated ravine or wide gully indeed forming one of a series of semicircular convolutions of the surface of the earth and which could have been a reputation as a place of beauty. The girl and boys' scouts had pitched their camp on the lower hillside within plain sight of Aronburg's victorious army, a few hundred feet from a holstonous gravel and boulder bedded stream known as the Glenor Creek. Hazel Johanna was one of Gertrude's old time Confederates. During the battle they had had some startling adventures, and though several days had elapsed since the action and since then the windup in these events, and it seemed that a season of quiet, peaceful camp life was in store for them for a few days, still there were sufficiently keyed up to the unusual in life to accept surprises and astonishing climaxes as almost matters of course. But all of these experiences no matter how thrilling, and exciting, or almost fatal had not rendered them restless, and discontented or afraid when as sometimes was the case the events slowed down to the ordinary course of every day life for the child scouts, including three meals a day, eight to thirteen hours of sleep and a program of tramps, long distanced scoutin' on horseback, flag drills exercises, and honor endeavors. The girls' scouts and boys too were really glad to return to their schedules after the awful battle, and their handbook for instructions as to how they should occupy their time. After all adventures and excitement, but reading beyond measures, especially their adventures but very few if any children in reality normally constituted would choose such a melodramatic career like they have unless they were as nervous enough to do so.

All during the very battle these girls' scouts had witnessed the execution of an astonishing plot by a band of Glandelinian skilled spies and therefore had followed the threatened generals through a series of experiences that day relative to the loss of a number of important letters, plans and so forth which one of the generals held in trust for general Aronburg, and its recovery through the brilliant and energetic endeavors of some of the members of the girls' scouts, particularly by Joy St. Claire, and Gladys Wainwright. The chief Glandelinian spy, known as George

Slondo, a nephew of some Glandelinian officer in Mylet's army, had been captured by Radcliffe himself, had escaped, had been captured again by Gertrude, and faced a firing squad and clues as to the identity of a number of the rest had been worked out by the military police so that later the rest were captured and shared the same fate. The general was very grateful for the part the girls' scouts took in the recovery of the lost military securities of which that general was trustee. Joy and Gladys did the big things, assisted and encouraged by the companionship

of Jean and Mildred, but the general thanked them all. Joy St. Claire was not present during this conversation, for by prearranged purpose she was absent from the camp when Gertrude put to the other girls the proposition made by the Vivian Girl Princesses. The reason it was decided that for her to remain away while the other girls were considering the plan was that it was feared her presence might tend to suppress friendly arguments against its acceptance, and that was a possibility which Gertrude wished to avoid. So Gertrude was selected to lay the matter before the others because it was necessary.

"Let's make this a special meeting," suggested Mildred, who had already discussed the proposition with Gertrude and Penrod. "What Gertrude has to say interests you as an organization. You'd have to bring the matter up at a general meeting anyway to take action on it and our regular one is two weeks ahead. We can't wait that long if we are going to do anything on the subject."

It was a little after ten o'clock and the girls' scouts had been working for the last four hours at various occupations which appeared on their several routine schedules for this part of the day. In fact all their regular academic and handwork study hours for military works were in the mornings and sometimes in the evenings. Just before Gertrude called her staff together they were seated here and there in shaded spots on military benches or on the grass in the vicinity of the camp, occupied thus; Angelina Jennings and her sister were studying the lives of well known persons of other scouts. Julie and Jane Welford were reading a book on plans and making a study of girls' scout symbols. Mildred Angus and others were studying the girls' scout hand sign language. Others were doing different kinds of work and Gertrude was looking over the minutes of the last meeting, and preparing a new book in which to enter the records of the next meeting or council. Everybody signifying assent to the guardians suggestion, a meeting was declared, and called to order, the girls' scout song was sung, the roll was called, the minutes of the last meeting was read, the reports of the work and committees were deferred as were also the recording of honors in the Record book and the decorating of the scout, and then the guardian called for "new business." This was the occasion for Gertrude to address the meeting formally on the matter she had in mind.

"We could Gertrude after all the main problems of the military meeting had been gone through. I'll be going all over again, so that this whole proceeding may be orderly regulated as best as possible. I admit that I did at first go at it rather spasmodically, but you know we girls and boys are constituted along sentimental lines, and that is sometimes one of the handicaps we are up against in our efforts to develop strong willed characters like those of men. But none of us are built along sentimental lines at all and we should be if we like to be scouts and do our work well. I've known lots of boys' scouts and have heard of many more who were just as sentimental as the most sentimental girl. We have among us, a great number of unusual pretty girls, I suppose being compelled to count myself. Therefore in this meeting we must be careful to listen carefully as I'll allow Miss Mildred Maxwell, the prettiest of us all to make the statement of her own dad direct. If she will do that we shall be able to get through much more rapidly and more satisfactorily. Some of our councils, and meetings, have been rather sentimental as well as military. I must admit which has often quite enough aroused the humor of laughing eyes when we would often as usual comment on the sentimentality of the opposite sex. But this meeting is considered to be quite serious, nothing for fun at all, but which even before I started to add others in the trip on the raft, the Princesses have suggested to me. Mildred you can be the Chairgirl of this meeting and so you'll do the speechifying first. So it's up to you to impress the girls and boys perfectly."

Mildred accepted this as good advice, and began along the lines suggested. "Well the main facts are these," she said. "We all know what has occurred in the past month of June. We have learned so far from the investigations of many Scientists that the 'Supposed eruptions' are not eruptions, that they never were. Emperor Vivian too has learned since Violet and her sisters were away that a certain child scout in general Hindernes army, far away to the west, whose works he held in trust is or has been accomplishing much beyond measure, and therefore Emperor Vivian at the advice of Violet, and her sisters had promised something like a fortune and a good commission to be given to any one who can learn the mystery of these disasters. You know or most of you do, that our best friends like Penrod for instance,

you too Angelina Richoo, and others have been at Abbieann at the time and had some miraculous escapes. The scientists who have tried to find out things, have used for their purpose immense sums of money in monthly installments, but could make no report to anybody as to what the disastrous explosions really were, though they do stoutly and vigorously deny that the explosions were "Volcanic disturbances." The name of a child scientist is Glen Johns. He is a son of one of our soldiers in the army and a nephew of an Abbieannian general. When his father died in battle the father left most of his property to the young man who was a child of it in his efforts to solve the astounding mystery. That you know girls is the effort of all scientists to no avail for no one could solve the mystery though they know for sure now no volcanic eruptions occurred. Although general Hindernines vivianite girl scout Hazel, assisted no doubt very much by Harriet Joan is really one of those who discovered something amiss about those explosions, and also discovered some papers laying under dirt a mile from the flood east of Abbieann and though they were strangely written codes, and written in foreign language, English no doubt turned them over to the general who sent them by secret telegraph to Emperor Vivian. For several weeks after reports have reached Emperor Vivian that other scientists have not been receiving the best of efforts from or for their work, for Glandelinians in the neighborhoods do their level best to frustrate them. Girl Scouts have tried desperately in various ways to find out how much truth there was in these reports, but was unsuccessful. Little Jane Marie a girl scout who is only ten years of age had tried to make some efforts on it, by being disguised as a dirty little ragamuffin but she too has failed. She had named the leader of some Glandelinian army as responsible for the hindrance of scientists in their info investigations, who have privated and secretly executed other strange ways which they are frustrating them. It is understood that unless special conditions made it necessary none of them will be able to step in and solve the mystery. Violet, and her sisters want to find out whether these craters for sure north of Abbieann are really of volcanic eruptive origin, or not and whether such conditions exist. If they are not, then they desire also to find out what caused the blasts. At the time of the death of general Granier at the battle of Abbieann early in the war he was in charge of troops near the town. It seems that he did have quite a size of an army, but at his death, someone else had to be in charge. Of course at that time three million men was more than was needed, but that was the provision that was made by general vivianites in his efforts to keep the armies off from Abbieann, and as long as they had possession of the battlefield they were able to accomplish anything. Moreover Violet and her sisters understood that this general desired to hold the position so well that there could be not the slightest doubts that they could get the best of anything, particularly the enemy's plans. Recently as fast as a new general had been placed in command they had been assassinated apparently by their own soldiers. This is strange and secret enemies within the lines are at work. This proves we are sure that there is something wrong about those craters at Abbieann which the enemy does not want any one to know about, but Violet, and her sisters believed their father had made a big mistake in selecting these scientist scientists who were to take the places of other investigators. If reports are true the glandelinians have been using every effort and every means to prevent any discovery about the craters whatever. Now I am coming to the main point of my statement to you. First I'll put it to a question. "Why does those flood not slack up? Where's all the water coming from?" I was with Violet, and her sisters at the end of June last year and they had talked the matter over with their Mother and Father in a council with them and all his Royal Dukes and Counts and Barons, and all generals called to the assembly, and I was there. Now since that time, before they had been captured and sent off to the foe camps as slaves they had asked me in person to put it up to all of you who wish to try it in this way. Violet, and her sisters were wondering if any one of us girl or boy scout officers wouldn't like to take a chance for this thrilling adventure and make a trip with them to the place where the dreadful explosions had occurred, and find out if possible what caused them. Of course it's no use to disguise as enemy scouts, because even they wouldn't be allowed by the Glandelinians in that neighborhood for anything. Yet Violet, and her sisters have an idea that we are a pretty lot of clever girl scouts and the boys too and there is no use to try to argue them out of it. So that much must be agreed to so far as they are concerned. Of course they want to pay all our expenses and have worked out quite an elaborate plan, or rather they and their father and whether the Emperor and Emperor have worked it out together. Really it's very dangerous

, extremely dangerous, because the Glandelinians are overcautious about the matter and won't allow any one into the region no matter even if he be strange as soldiers of their own side."

"Why I suppose they want us to stick our heads into the dragons' mouths," exclaimed Violet Jennie's excitedly.

"No don't put it that way," Julietta Hanson objected. "Whatever they want us to do we must if it is their will. You know they will go too. They won't sent any one where they won't go themselves. But we'll have to act like little girl Sherlock Holmeses in this juvenile drama of real life. If we discover the clues it'll be a terrible blow to Glandelinia. You know the world looks on us girl scouts and boys too as the "Beginning of Wicked Glandelinia's undoing....."

"Very cleverly expressed" Gertrude Angelina. "But we must not call our selves detectives as you know its against the girl scout rules and its entirely too our age a term to apply to any of my girl scout troop it would be an assault, and I wouldn't stand for it. So leave out anything of remarks of Sherlock Holmes. He's not such a cracker Jack anyhow and we don't want to hear of that Englishman."

"We can call ourselves just what we are," Jane Melfort suggested.

"Yes that's better, we could expect something like that from our walking and riding dictionary," said Johanna J. Johnson. "But whatever we call ourselves I'm ready to vote are only one condition. All of us cannot go as we'll be needed in the army for other works. Come on with your plan. Gertrude. I'm impatient to hear the rest of it."

Gertrude produced once an envelope from her middy blouse pocket and drew from it a folded paper, which she unfolded and spread out before her.

"Before I take up the plan outlined by Violet, and her sisters, and their kindly parents" Gertrude said, as she unfolded the slip of paper "I want to explain one or two circumstances that might be a confusing, and fatal to our expedition if left unexplained. As I said, the many scientists who have tried the work live in various parts of the country. Violet and her sisters will if possible want to see them first before the expedition will set out. They do not intend to do anything yet either until Jennie is found, and Angelina is well. None of the scientists own up anything particular they have discovered for fear of the reports getting into the enemy's possession. The best of the scientists name is James Graham. In these war time, when the cost of living is so high throughout the world, the scientists had refused to do their work too when it was dangerous without a salary of 11,000 dollars a year. But nevertheless these scientists according to reports that have reached Emperor Vivian have discovered many things of importance which they fear to reveal out until they know to whom to make the reports too. Mr James Graham is a very hard working man at Scientific researches, is an head man of it but in this instance it is a case of keeping still or getting a bullet into your body. He is said to be a very reliable man however, and if they that is Violet and her sisters can get a chance to see and speak to this man in person something may be done to help their planned expedition to the Grater region north of Abbieann, and too make it less dangerous."

"Now the wife of this scientist seems to be a woman of good patriotic ambition. Among the necessities of the best military equipment you know is for someone of us to secure by bribe, trick or by force a special pass which would enable us to pass the lines of the soldiers at the Abbieann Territory with sufficient means to support it respectfully and enable us to carry our purpose through successfully. It is said that that man Graham has one of these passes. He had secured it through some means and if we could loan it from him we need not try to send one of our number on an extra dangerous mission into some foe lines to secure such a pass. From here I am afraid the Bengal County, not state is only about a hundred or so miles away from Evangeline St. Claire. I think that every one of us have been there at one time or another before the war. But Abbieann city I think is about three hundred miles from here. What Violet, and her sisters want us to do is to make with them a trip first to Four Twin Lakes, pitch our tents and first to hide all our moves start what is known by American girl scouts, as a "Camp Fire Program just as if we were there to punt in a whole season of recreation and honor work, then our real purpose. If we need to get a pass from the enemy they'll send some of the Gemini to secure one. But

men meanwhile they want us first who do not know the places to become acquainted with the Abbieannian region north of Abbieann, cultivate a intimacy with all landscapes and so forth, if you please, and be able to report back to them just what conditions we first find in the disaster zone, just how the craters are, and forward their appearance size, depth and so forth, and whether or not the wreckage of earth is of any volcanic material or not. Then we are to go to work to strive for clues as to the identifications of the horror, for surely if it is an enemy made disaster, some clues surely have been left behind. We'll even have Masses said for our success, and pay any price for all the Masses and special Novenas possibly possible. The discovery is the safety of the cause. If we cannot find means to prove Glandelin's guilt, we cannot do what our yivian desires. I have therefore given you in detail I think what is outlined in ed on this paper I hold in my hand. I don't think I have left out anything, except the location of the Twenty nine explosion craters, and these we do not know of yet. But there are no locations at all on the paper, no indications where to find them, only it says northwest of Abbieann, about fourty seven miles the farthest one. The reason for this is I suppose that it was thought best by the maker of this paper not to disclose as yet the identity of that region for the info information of any other persons into whose hands it might fall accidentally, if it should be lost by us. The places however ought to be indicated though its in code form and written in English so that no one but I, Evans and Violet and her sisters can read it. Walter Starring too can read English. A 'A' stands for the largest explosion crater, which is farthest from the city of Abbieann, B, stands for the next largest, C stands for the double craters, D stands for a score of smaller ones almost close together and almost joining, E for the one closest to Abbieann, and F for a crater inside of extreme Northern Abbieann itself. There you have the whole proposition. What do you want to do with it? Violet, and her sisters I neglected to mention, wants to lead the expedition, pay all our and their expenses, and hired powerful members of the Gemini and send soldiers to help take off our hands all the labor of moving our camp. Walter Starring, is to go off first."

Replies were not slow coming however. Nearly every one of the girl and boyscouts had something to say as indicated by the eager and excited attitudes of all, and requests from several to be recognized by the main Guardian Angeliniane Riche who was in the "Chair". Jane Melfort was the first called upon.

"I don't agree with the proposition, even though its simply great," the latter declared with veh. "Though its delightfully romantic, and sounds like a story with a plot, and would make a great number of heroines out of us if we are successful in our mission, yet it seems a most extremely dangerous undertaking. But as it is our duty, and for the sake of our country, and though it may cause us all to be a bit afterwards, probably walking the golden streets of heaven we must accompany with it. So I cannot say no, though I would desire so very much."

"I want to warn all of you against one grave danger," Gertrude interposed at this point. "The natural thing for you to do at the start after hearing this lengthy indictment against Glandelinian concerning Abbieann is to conclude that we are not asked by Violet and her sisters to do anything they wouldn't do themselves. They are to lead us, we cannot start until they do. The Glandelinian armies in that locality if even far away are a bad lot and we can set out to prove it by our fatal expedition if we are not careful. Glandelinian armies in that neighborhood, are under some generals, some known as the Tamarine Brothers, one fierce one under P. Hellin Tamarine and so forth, and these are as fierce as any big armies of the most blood thirsty criminals ever set on the face of the earth. Not I admit that that is my feeling in this matter but I also know that there is a possibility of disaster in the undertaking if we do not do a proper thing. General Aronburg is to move with us, toward Abbieann for our protection, and we'll change our raft into a sort of big barge of houses boat while we and the general will use as our water headquarters, and it'll be a floating battery bed besides. All the wooden parts will be laid over with steel and iron to prevent damage as far as possible by enemy shellfire. But before the expedition starts, Violet and her sisters will interview James Graham for we know how many enemies there are who are always trying to injure them. So if we

take up the proposition of Violet and her sisters you and I and all others must keep this possibility in mind for unless you do, you might not only blunder the whole expedition to our total destruction but do the Vivian Girl Princesses a great injustice and perhaps ruin as well, and ruin the nations cause in the eyes of the world. No matter how dangerous the expedition is, all of us must come back to tell the tale. It would be a pity to meet with disaster after we strive to find out whether the explosion explosions were enemy made or accidental. Glandelinian is not looked upon as a real unscrupulous nation you know, but a country which is possessed and therefore a wicked as she is extremely dangerous, and we must be careful. We must wait until Violet, and her sisters sets the plans. They'll notify us soon as they receive Jennie, and we'll have to come down to the army then to receive the plans. But I must remind you girls and boys, only those who have been long in the service will be accepted into the proposition, and all of you here are. Poor Jack won't be able I'm afraid, because it'll be months before his leg heals, but he'll be left in the company of little Jean and Jennie. Jean's wound though not severe, it is taking its rottenest time to heal up, and she told me she sure does suffer, and has to sit up in a chair at night as if she does lay down she cannot get up, and she doesn't want to remain in bed."

The discussion was continued for nearly three hours, the written instructions in Gertrude's possession were read aloud and then a vote was taken. It was unanimous, in favor of performing the task proposed by Violet, and her sisters.

"Why couldn't this expedition be arranged so that we girls and boys too could win some good honors out of it?" Ruth McWhirther inquired after the details of the plans of the Princesses had been discussed thoroughly and the vote had been taken. "We deserve honors as it'll be the most hazardous expedition yet on record."

"That's a good success suggestion," said Gertrude Angelina. "What kind of honor would you propose Ruth?"

The latter was silent for some minutes. She was going over in her mind the lists of girls and boys home craft, health, craft, camp craft, battleship craft, hand craft, mercy craft, nature lore military and patriotism honors provided by for by the military organizations but none of them seemed to fit very well with the program of this proposed secret, and dangerous investigation.

"I can't think of any!" she said at last. "There aren't any are there?" "No there are not," Angelina picked up. "But anyhow now is the real time for the exercise of a little ingenuity. Who speaks first with a real good idea.?"

"I have one," announced Francis Ethels eagerly.

"Well what is it Francis?" Angelina picked up inquired.

"How about local honors?" replied the girls and boys who had the first idea. "Each girls and boys column is authorized to create local honors and as award special bonds and other emblems to those who make the requirements."

"Under what clear circumstance is such a proceeding required?" Was Angelina Riche's next question.

"Why when it is thereby found that local conditions call for the awarding of honors not provided for in the list elective list."

"Yes, but do such honors count for anything in the qualification for higher rank?"

"They do not," Francis answered like a pupil who had learned her lesson very well and felt no hesitancy in making her recitation.

"What kind of honor or then when you confer on me if I exhibited great skill in spying on Glandelinian authorities?" asked Helen Anderson in her usual cool and deliberate manner.

A problematical smile lit up the faces of a number of the girl and boy scout officers who caught the significance of this suggestion. Both Gertrude and Riche smiled too, but no so problematically.

"You mean to point out the incongruity of honor's and spies I presume," Angelina picked up interposed, addressing Helen.

"Not at all seriously," the latter replied with an expression of dry humor. "I couldn't resist the temptation to ask the question, and moreover it occurred to me that a little discussion on the subject of honors and girls about spies might help to complete our study of the or problem before us. We are of course usually spies, but I do not think this Abbieann problem will need spying."

"It sure will, and plenty of it," put in Mildred. "We could not learn anything other as otherwise."

"Do you mean that we are going to be shrewd spies." Violet turned Turner questioned. "That we will spy around the Abhisenn region?"

"Why of course we are Helen Anderson replied with a half twinkle in her eyes. "All girl and boy scouts are spies you know."

"I don't like the idea of spying round such an in formal locality, and would rather call it something else," said Marie Stanek. "First some one calls us the children of the Gemini, and then some one calls us professional Christian spies. What next. Huh.."

"Why don't you like to spy on the glandelinian araid?" asked Rickson Lucile.

"Well Marie answered with some heat hesitation "You know there are scores of thousands of our christian spies in this country trying to help out countrys cause, and for what kind of work they have to do I don don't like to be classed with them. For one I don't want to be classed with us, and didn't need to go off with Violet and her sisters."

"That's patriotic," said Helen, the twinkle in her eyes becoming more brighter. "But you must remember that there are spies, and spies, professional, and so forth, military detectives, sluths, and so on, and among the enemy there are school spies. All of our military Gemini are spies in their attempts to crush all purposes of the enemy armies. You know to spy on the enemy is as simple as a mother when she watches her little tot in some foreign country, stealing into the pantry to poke his fists into the jam. That is what Violet, and her sisters suspects is taking place now. In the investigations of scientists around Abhisenn the glandelinian officials have got their fists into the jam. We must go and peek peek through the pantry doors."

"Oh well if you put it that way, it'll be lots of fun even if it is dangerous," Marie exclaimed most eagerly. "I'd just like to catch them, with their fists-----all-----all smeared." The brought the last word out so ex ecasionally that everybody laughed.

"I'm afraid you have fallen into the pit that I warned you against," Gertrude said addressing Marie Stanek. "You mustn't start out eagerly to prove the disaters were made of the enemy purposes under suspicion guilty, untill we are sure. Otherwise we would not do as we show our character of, so good."

"Then we must drive out of our minds the pictures of the fists smeared with jam," deplored Marie with a playful pout.

"I fear that you'll have to," was the smiling conclusion of the Glandelin Angeline Riches.

"Very well I'm a good girl scout, and a good girl soldier," said Marie straightening up as if ready to "shoulder arms." "I won't imagine any jam untill I see it, but oh how I'd like to to see glandelinia's fist into it just the same."

"Here comes Angeline Jennings," cried Jane, and everybody looked in the direction indicated. Angeline Jennings had taken advantage of the occasion to go first to general Aronhurgs headquarters to see how he was getting on since he had been wounded, and thence to the army Red

Cross headquarters for a new supply of bandages. As she emerged down the company street through a patch of timber and continued along the edge of the woods toward the site of the camp the assembled girl and boy scout officers could see that she carried a good sized bundle under one arm.

"She's got some more bandages," said Jane, who had proved herself often to be as capable as any Red Cross Nurse. Although the business of the meeting was finished, by tacit agreement those present decided not to adjourn untill Angeline arrived and received official notice of what had been done.

"I'm delighted with yo your decision," Angeline said eagerly. "And do you know we are going to have some thrilling adventure, when we start. So after starting will go first, and alone. I've been talking the matter over with general Aronhurg and he had told me a lot of very interesting things. It's time do you want to go?"

"We can not decide that yet untill Violet, and her sisters, are back in camp with their sister Jennie." Gertrude Angeline replied. "When they are back we can do almost at any time."

"Let's go at once when we receive word from them," Proposed Marie Stanek. "We haven't anything to keep us here, and we can come back as soon as we find the jam in glandelinia's fist."

"Nothing doing," said Angeline Riches. "I'm the head of the whole force here and we must wait untill they tell us."

This figure of speech called for an explanation for Angeline's benefit. Then Mildred Maxwell moved that all those who were going place themselves at Angeline's Riches service to leave for Six Twin Lakes first as soon as the Vivian girls made the preparations, and that general Aronhurgs army must follow the expedition to cover it, and this motion was carried unanimously.

"I move that our main superior Angeline Riches be appointed a Committee of one to notify Violet and her sisters through Jennie is Turner of our action and get in structions from them for our next move, and vote too that Miss John Jennie is Turner and Redcliffe must accompany us, and Penrod too," said Violet Jennie.

"Second the motion," said Mildred Maxwell.

"Question," shouted Mary Stanek.

"Those in favor say aye," said Angeline Aronhurg.

"A hearty chorus of 'Ayes' was the resounding response from all.

"Contrary, min and, no. W"

Silent on.

"The ayes have it.

The meeting adjourned.

At nine o'clock that evening a train of thirty three wagons pulled into the camp of general Aronhurgs army, and along with it came on human new army of Abhisennians. It was a dark evening, the skies refused to shine because of the thick smoke in the sky, and it was oppressively warm. The Girl Scouts all went out to meet the incoming wagon train as is always their custom.

No one had been prepared for this wagon train and the newly arrived force because it was unexpected. Gertrude Angeline at hearing of its arrival had engaged two soldiers to go out fast and direct the train in. Then Gertrude, accompanied the girl and boy scouts, all to meet the train with the hope to see to whom the new army belonged, and as it was three days since the departure of Violet, and her sisters to learn if this army commander knew anything about it. However the leaders of the army were all strangers though good. There were few other officers in charge of the wagons when the girl scouts came up to greet its arrival. One old officer obligingly moved forward from a wagon seat in front he having done the driving of one of the horse teams. Before starting for the train, Angeline Riches had called her big flock of girl and boy spies together and gave them a short lecture.

"Now all you girls and boys," she said "I have heard vague news of the situation at general Vivians, and though no instructions have yet come from Violet, and her sisters, Jennie is back with them, though in a sad sick condition, and Angeline Vivian has recovered sufficiently to relieve them when they come. Therefore any moment many of us are about to embark on an adventure that has in it elements which will put all of us who go into more severe tests than even some of us of old have gone through. Abhisenn is in a very dangerous locality, fourteen glandelinian armies of the most savage kind are near that spot, and they won't let even glandelinian girl scouts to go near the places just to the strict purpose to keep out christian spies who might disguise as they. As soon as the news comes from the Princesses, these tests will begin right away. And Gertrude as you are equal equal to me in rank perhaps the first will be a test of your ability. Everyone of us too therefore must hold our tongues, say nothing to anyone. That's pretty hard for a large body of girls who like to talk better than anything else, isn't it?"

"Do you really mean to accuse us of liking to talk better than anything else," inquired Gertrude Angeline, flushing prettily.

"I didn't say so did I," was the Glandelin answering query.

"Not exactly. But you mentioned it didn't you?"

"I refused to be pinned down to an answer," replied Angeline Riches smiling enigmatically. "I suspect that if I leave you something to guess about Gertrude especially on that subject it may sink in deeper. Now can any of you surmise what specifically I am driving at?"

Nobody seemed able to give an answer, and Angeline Riches continued, "Don't talk to any body no matter who it is about our mission first to Six Twin Lakes, except to those who know of it, and the Vivian girls. I'll pass a penalty severe on those who do. Don't even drop remarks now and then, or here and there that may be overheard and make strangers listen former. You know we cannot tell in such a war whether we are listened to by friends or enemies, for many enemies are even in secret within the christian lines and we cannot drive them out, or even find them. For

Instance on our trip which will be following general Aronburg's army, in his purpose to join with general Vivians, forgo forget that you are on anything except a mere sight seeing and pleasure trip or a strange Camp wire Excursion, and you'll have to all done civilian girl and boys clothing so we won't even look like girlscouts, or wear out hair braided to look the part. Also be absolutely certain that none of you don't drop any even the slightest remarks that might arouse any body's curiosity or suspicion. It might you know get to the very Glandelinian and his far hat of Abbeism and we must in all cases keep them ignorant concerning our moves and motives. Even if it is necessary to do so, we must pretend to be sinful children so foul the enemy more. Sinful children the enemy do never disturb, you understand."

"I see you sure are bound to make us more sinful than ever," said Mary Stanok partly. "What do you think of it Mary Stanok?"

"Well I'm going to agree with her. I'm going to start out with the determination of pulling an old hat down over my eyes, hiding in every shadow I see and peek around every corner. I can get to. Oh I'm going to be some military sluth believe me. And I'm going to make myself look dity, and dress like a dirty urchin."

"What will you say when you catch some body with jam on his fin gers?" Jane Melfort inquired.

"I'll suddenly appear before the Glandelinian and shout 'Halt you are my prisoner. Throw up your jammed hands or I'll jam you with lead from my pistol.'"

"Yes," said Mildred. "But I thought we don't give quarter to the enemy whom we see. You know they don't give quarter to christian children."

After the laugh that greeted this response subsided, Angeline Riches closed her lecture thus: "I think you all will appreciate the importance now of doing your best now of keeping your thoughts to yourselves except when we are in conference. I am glad to see you have a lot of fun over this subject but don't let your gay spirits, or happy notions caused you to permit any unguarded remarks to escape. Because this expedition will be a most 'ticklish' business," and we don't like that kind of trickling."

When meeting the wagon train, they conducted it into the army lines and then went back to their own tents got out their very knitting and soon their very needles were plying merrily away on sleeveless army shirts, sweaters, socks, girls' cut hats and wristlets for the other soldiers at the front timing their work by their wrist watches for patriotism honors. True to their resolve following Angeline Riches' warning lecture they determined to keep the subject of their mission out of their conversation, and no reference to it would be made during the entire three hundred and fifty mile journey. The wagon train which had entered the lines was just belonging to a portion of the other section of general Aronburg's army. Just later a boyscout came riding up and called out "Telegram for Angeline Aronburg."

The latter arose, and received the message, signed the receipt blank and tore open the envelope. Imagine her astonishment as she read the following:

"Be careful Gertrude and warn your scouts. The Two Glandelinian Professional Mutt and Jeff Spies are within general Aronburg's army camp. Do not need to describe them as you know them well. But they are in disguise this time as Abbeismian generals. Watch out for them. Better fellows telegram. Jennie Vivian is safe why within our lines but she is ill from her experience with Augustus St. Claire but will recover shortly."

From Emperor Vivian.

Gertrude Angeline passed the telegram around among all the girl and boyscout leaders writing the following explanation at the foot of the message:

"THE TWO PROFESSIONAL SPIES ARE WELL KNOWN BY ME, PENROD, AND JENNIE TURNER. THEY REPRESENT THE SCHEMING INTERNATIONAL MEN, WHO ONCE ATTEMPTED TO FORCE INFORMATION OUT OF PENROD, BY LOCKING HIM IN A DEN OF SNAKES LEAVE THIS MATTER TO ME AND DON'T TALK ABOUT IT UNTILL WE REACH SIX TWIN LAKES...."

Nothing further was said about the incident during the rest of the evening and night before retirement as requested by Gertrude, though she gave secret advice to general Aronburg about the matter. In the hopes of having the two apprehended or driven out of the camp. The girls rosted or knitted or chatted, the boys played at their customary games, and others read books, and news papers, or wrote post cards, or many letters to friends in other parts of the army. But although there was not a word of conversation, among any of the girl or boyscouts relative to their intended admission, or about the two Professionals named in Emperor Vivian's telegram yet the subject was not absent from their minds, and they each secretly kept a good lookout for them. They knew they were being shadowed by these two Professionals, who either looked naturally like Mutt and Jeff or used that makeup as a disguise. No other construction could be put upon the telegram. And how could Emperor Vivian guess it. And for what purpose were these Mutt and Jeff spies following or shadowing them? What did the unscrupulous spies have in kind to do. Of course most of the girls and boys did not know them, but the descriptions of Mutt and Jeff put them uneasy, for though those characters in funny papers were all right, and greatly comical, there was something extremely dangerous in these two apparent or real ones. They wondered would they make trouble for them in a way that would either place them in an embarrassing position, or do things to cause loss of life and hindrance of their plans? They decided if they met any one of that appearance they were going to let go with pistols on fast sight, for many of these girls and boys had had experiences before which were likely to make them apprehensive of almost anything under such circumstances as these. Therefore warned of the presence of these two Professional Sluths that violet, and her sisters and the Emperor hand under suspicion, the girlscouts were constantly on the alert for some evidence of his or their interest in them and their movements. One thing Jean Saunders did, and that was to secure a Daily News Paper sent over recently from Chicago, take out the Mutt and Jeff families, and study the characters of the two funny men, and trace them out on separate pieces of paper in artistic form (all the girlscouts were good at a artistic work, and passed them around to each boy and girl scout who said they had never seen them before. And they were rewarded to this extent, in the course of the evening two persons a tall and short man passed by with a cavalcade of officers on horseback, and not one of the girlscouts failed to observe the fact that in personal and absolutely natural appearance and not in disguise they answered strikingly, in size and features the description of Mutt and Jeff in the funny lies, but with the comical expression of face left out. But they had the likeness nevertheless.

There was however lacking quite funny nose, his nose was natural, and the little man was beardless but looked like Jeff nevertheless. The little man however was squint eyed and in the coolest and most nonchalant manner he dismounted, told the other officers he was remaining here for the present to take something out of his boot and took a seat on a long a short distance in front of the group of knitting girlscouts, took off his boot shook it while holding it upside down and pretended to be oblivious to all else about him. Ten minutes later he arose remounted his horse and went off with the rest of the officers. Another ten minutes elapsed, and he and his companion did not reappear. Then Angeline Riches, Mary Stanok, Jane Melfort, and also Mildred Maxwell, and Jean's bigger sister put away their knitting and announced that they were going out horseback riding before taps sounded. They did not communicate to each other their real purpose of making this move but neither had any doubt as to what was going on in the minds of the others. Mary Stanok looked at her companions with a little squint of intelligence, and Jean said as she arose from her chair, as she looked at her revolver:

"I think I'll go too for a change."

"But this is what she interpolated to her self:

"They're going back there to spy, or try to shoot the two Professionals, and I think I'll go and do some of it too."

"They found the two Professionals in general Aronburg's headquarters apparently asleep in a chair. Angeline Riches who entered first, declared afterwards she was positively sure she saw them close their eyes like a flash and lapse into an appearance of drowsiness, but if she was not in error their subsequent manner were a very clever simulation of midday slumber.

Three or five times even in the course of the next two hours they saw either one or the other shift his position, and half open his eyes, but but drop drop back quickly into the most comfortable appearance of

sound sleep. The girls were positively certain, that the two were only making off but they did not communicate their own conviction to each other by look or suggestion of any kind, and one of them pretended to have her face buried in a magazine. They played their part well, and it was quite possible that the two Professionals peering through their eye windows were considerably puzzled by their manner. He had no reason to believe that they might be known by the girls' names or reputation, much less by personal appearance, and though he thought they came out of curiosity by the expected fact they might have seen the Mutt and Jeff funniness. Yet it was a game of spy on both sides during most of the evening with but little mystifying results. Taps soon sounded and even then the girls had discovered no positive evidence as to the purpose of these two fellows, and the men as they left the building could not confidently say to themselves, that they had detected any suggestion of interest on their part because of their presence in the camp. Literally they were there to trace Penrod but Penrod was at general quarters. At the sound of taps the girls' officers all of them assigned themselves to their own proper rooms some on the first and second floors. They didn't go to the Mess hall to eat this time but had their supper in the building, and then proceeded at once to have a night's rest. And still no words were exchanged among them relative to any purpose of their visit or the mysterious Mutt and Jeff strangers concerning whom all of them felt an irresistible curiosity and not a little apprehension. Gertrude Angeline always is occupied a room with Angeline Richee. After making a careful survey of the floors and all the rooms they entered their own apartments and closed and locked the doors and placed extra guards on duty with strict orders not to let no one in no matter even what officer they be. Marie Stanek, and Jane Melfortt occupied the room immediately south of Gertrude's but to none of them had the room immediately not north been occupied. These rooms had always been vacant.

"I wonder if the next room north ever is to be occupied," Gertrude remarked as she took off her hat and hung it up on a shelf in the closet.

"Someone is entering now," said Angeline Richee in a whisper lifting her hand with a warning for lowered conversation.

The exchange of a few indistinct words between two persons could be heard, then one of them left, slowly and without making any noise, and the other was heard moving about in the room.

"That's one of the guards who has just brought an officer up," Gertrude remarked.

"And I'm going to find out who it is," Angeline Richee declared in a low tone, turning toward the door.

"I'll go with you," said Gertrude, and together they went down to the lower room where all officers have to register themselves. They sought the register at once and began looking over the list of all officers who had arrived. Presently Angeline Richee pointed with her finger the following registration: Francis Hanson, Pedro, Christie Nero, Fania. Officers room # 39.

Gertrude and Angeline occupied room 38.

"Anything you wish, girls?" asked the officer in charge who saluted them with a knowing wink.

"Yes," answered Angeline Richee. "We want another room."

"I'll give you single rooms if that one is not satisfactory," was the reply. "All the double rooms and others are filled with officers."

"Isn't 39 a three double room?" Gertrude inquired.

"Yes, but it's occupied. I just sent two new Abbeysian officers up there."

"Excuse the question," Angeline Richee said curiously. "But why did you put one person in a double room there, and another person in the double room close to mine when they were the only double rooms in the building and there were still many vacant single rooms in this big house?"

The officer smiled pleasantly as if the question was the most simple one in the world to answer.

"Because each man insisted on having it," was the man's startling reply. "But they registered their names right. I don't see no mistake in it."

Without a word of comment, relative to this remarkable and strange information, Angeline Richee, and Gertrude turned and started back upstairs while the man in charge of the registration looked at them as he wondered what was the matter.

In the hall at the upper landing, Angeline whispered thus in Gertrude's ear:

"Sh-h-h-h. Don't say a word or a cough a single act that could arouse suspicion. He is probably listening or looking, or both, and the other might be shadowing us secretly. They probably separated and went each to occupy double rooms to throw us off the guard. But pretend to forget this subject and talk about the new girls' coat blouse you are making, or something like that. Don't push either, or he may suspect your motive. We either want to throw them both off the track, or capture them if possible."

But Gertrude preferred to say nothing, for she was tired, and made haste to get into bed for it was after "taps". It was not long before the subject of their plans and problems and even troubles and visions of glandelinian spies, and "jam stained lists," battles and all unspeakable thrills and horrors were lost in the lands of dreamland.

As the morning reveille was sounded the girls were awake and already dressed, and Gertrude Angeline was on her way to the dining room in the general's headquarters when they found most of the girls' officers ahead of them. The others presently put in their appearance, then Grace was said by all in chorus and all sat down to eat. A moment later the two Professional spies entered the room and took a seat near the table occupied by Angeline Richee and Gertrude Angeline. The smaller man seemed to have the say, for whatever he told the taller man to do he did. The smaller man looked about him in a half vacant incoherent sequential way and then became to read a newspaper he had taken up. He then told the waiter what he wished to have for himself and his companion. The girls' officers paid no attention to them apparently during the breakfast, and the latter did not seem to pay the slightest attention to them. Gertrude out of the corner of her eye looked at them, and once she noticed they slyly glanced in her direction, and more than anyone else. After the meal Angeline Richee called all the girls' officers together and suggested that they take a short walk or hike. Then she dismissed them to prepare. Twenty minutes later they reassembled assembled in their field uniforms, brown rounded sailor hats, and khaki shoes, and the walk was begun along a path that led down a large wooded hill behind the headquarters but within the heart of the vast army camp, and toward the nearest approach of the flood waters. However it was not intended for walking exercise and fresh air that this "hike" was taken but for the full opportunity to hold a conference where there was no chance of its being overheard. They picked a rocky knoll near the flood, shaded by a border of oak and butternut trees, and sat down close together on a long fallen log in order that they might carry on a conversation in subdued tones.

"Now," said Angeline Richee. "We'll begin to form our plans. You all realize that in our work to perform I think that we have an obstacle to work against that we did not reckon on, or even dream of when we first received our plans from Violet, and her sisters. But however that need not surprise us. In fact as I think matters over it would have been more than surprising if something of the kind had not occurred. I don't know those men well, because it's the first time I've ever seen them, but Gertrude does know them well. She says these two Professional spies, are not glandelinians, but are working for the glandelinian Government on a high pay of thirteen thousand dollars for every successful spying work they succeed in making. Therefore I believe these two Professionals, one who is a Spaniard, and the other a Dago are here to block our plans. I wouldn't call him a dago if he was not an enemy but since he is I'll call him that. If it is true that they are here to frustrate our plans it will be in a sense an advantage to us as Gertrude says."

"Why?" Jean Saunders inquired.

"I do not like the idea of answering questions of that kind Jean without giving you girls' officers an opportunity to answer them." The Guardian girls' officer returned. "Now who can tell me positively why it is or will be an advantage to us to be followed by two secret spies in the employ of the glandelinian Government to shadow us to see whether we intend to investigate the disaster at Abbeysian or not?"

"I think I can answer it correctly," Jean said quickly observing that two or three of the other girls seemed to have something to say. "Let me

speech first. I asked the foolish question, and want a chance to redeem myself."

"I wouldn't call it foolish by any means," Angelina reassured him. "It was to me a very natural question and one that comparatively few grown-ups even would be able to answer without considerable study. And yet it is simple after you once get it. But push ahead and redeem yourself."

"The fact that these two Professionals have been put on our trail to watch us is pretty good evidence that something wrong is going on," said Jean. "You warned us not to be too sure how v however that glandolinia might be guilty of the explosions until we see the 'Jan' on her fist. But we can work more confidentially if we are reasonably certain that there is something to work for. If these Mutt and Jeff spies are really watching us, and not looking for Panrod and even is shadowing us secretly then we may be reasonably certain that Emperor Vivian was right in his suspicions about the way the supposed 'Eruptions' may have occurred, are we not?"

"That is very good, Jean," Angelina Riches said enthusiastically. "Many older people and grownups could not have stated the situation as clearly as clearly as you have stated it. Yes I think I may say I am almost glad that we are being watched by two spies. But of course if they try to do something, they'll forfeit their lives for we'll give no show. But I didn't call you girls out here to have a long talk as we would not have the time, and besides there isn't really much to be said right now. First I wanted all of you to understand most clearly that we were being shadowed and for what purpose. These two spies have convinced themselves of our being on some secret mission, but they both convicted themselves when one of them asked for the double room next to the one occupied by me and Gertrude. They think they are able to maintain an appearance of utter disinterest in us, and throw us off our guard. But I didn't like the way the smaller one always kept his eye on Gertrude. But nevertheless he overdone the thing. And the larger one, who is 'Mutt' makes too big an effort to appear unconscious of our presence. It doesn't jibe at all with the expression of decided interest I have caught on his face on two or three occasions. And I flatter myself greatly that I successfully concealed my interest in his interest in us. Now there are two things I want to say to all of you, and we will return. First do your best every one of you to throw the two Professional spies off the track if possible if possible by affecting the most innocent disinterest in him and his bigger companion as of no more importance to us than the most obscure tourist on earth. We can act as if they don't exist. But keep your eyes open nevertheless and if he makes any kind of move, toward any one of you don't hesitate to shoot. They are dangerous men and will attack us if they see the opportunity. And just make make yourself think that they are of no consequence and act accordingly without putting any effort to do so. This is the best way to effect this is to forget all about our intended mission when they are around."

"Second we must find out where the right part of the country is and then determine where we want to locate our camp--somewhere in the vicinity of Abhisann of course. The best thing we can do is have some one of us, who may be able to write and speak a little English converse to the Princesses in English as they know and read it very well."

"Why not let me go out on a scouting expedition to find out how far general Vivians army is from here," Jane Melfort requested.

"And let me go with her," begged Jean Saunders. "We can dress as dirty civilians you know. Only before we go I must go to the dressing station to have my shoulder cleaned and redressed."

"All right," Angelina Riches assented.

"When do you think it is proper?"

"I do not know, but I'll commission you two to act as professional spies but nevertheless don't you two as yet approach the borders of the enemy's army and try to make any map of the works now. That is our keeping with only other purposes and not with commission. But whatever you do, don't get caught. Keep your heads, don't do anything foolish or sporadic, and keep this thing well in mind that it is far better for you to come back empty handed than to make any loss on our side, or to make even the enemy spies suspicious of any and any ulterior motive on your party party."

"No girls, and boys too," said Angelina Riches addressing Gertrude and others especially the ones who wanted to go out on the scouting tour. "But as for your plan is, if you have any. If you tell me you haven't any we must get busy and work one out for none of you must start such an in terror without having some idea as to how you should go about it. There are many enemy patrols anywhere outside our own Christian lines, and therefore I will assume that a suggestion must have come to you as to how best to get the first and best information we want, or you would not have volunteered."

"Can't we try and work out some sort of an honor plan as we decided upon our duties and how we are to perform them?" Gertrude inquired. "Certainly," replied Angelina Riches. "I was going to suggest that very thing. What would you propose, Gertrude?"

"Well something like this," the latter replied. "That each of us be assigned to some specific duty to perform in the dangerous work before it and that we would be awarded some sort of honors for performing those duties intelligently, and of course successfully." "....."

"Very well.... I suppose this work, you and Jean have selected may count toward the winning of a commission for each of you. But what will you do or after you have finished this task which may consume quite a number of hours?"

"Why not make them a permanent squad of Commissioned scouts to go out and gather advanced information at any time before we can determine what to do," Marie Stanek suggested.

"That's a good idea at that I believe," Angelina Riches replied. But "But it will have to come up at a general meeting not only of us

girl scout officers, but the generals as well in order that honors may be awarded regularly. Meanwhile I will appoint you two girl scouts as leading scouts of the whole Commission and this can be confirmed at the next meeting. We will also make up the condition on which honors will be awarded. But how will you go about to get the information we now need. You plan to find out the nearness of general Vivians army. You may want with enemy scout patrols, and we do not need fear those under Mylster half so much as those under any of the Marles?"

"First I would look in the general County map to find out at what proper location Evangelina St. Claire is, and the distance," Gertrude replied.

"Yes, that is perhaps the best move to make first. But the chances are you may get nothing there. Can you tell us all why?"

"Because both forest fires, and floods, and enemy patrols also cut us off from getting there without running a very volume full of unspeakable dangers," Jean volunteered.

"Exactly," the girl scout Guardian replied in agreement. "Will if the map fails to give you information what would you do next?"

"Get into communication, either with Vivocet, and her sisters, or with Jennie Turner."

"Fine," Angelina exclaimed. "What then?"

"If we can't use a telegraph, we'll use a telephone for they have them, and we could get you Gertrude who can speak English to talk over the phone in English to any of the Princesses. Jean continued. "And there would be no doubt be some sort of address for them in the phone book."

"Yes..."

"And that would give us some sort of guide for beginning our search, for what I plan is that to carry our work successfully through general Vivians army must join Aronhurgs. We wouldn't have to use the names of the Princesses we are looking for. We know the signals between each other, and we could use them over the phone."

"That is excellent," Angelina Riches exclaimed enthusiastically. "If you two chief scouts use your heads as cleverly as that all the time you ought to get along fine in your work. But go on. What next would you do.?"

"Go and find out how far off general Vivians army is situated. That sure is not hard to do. Then we could look over the lay of the land to see if there were a good place near by for us to push ahead and signal to the army. We can attract some ones attention."

"Yes," put in Gertrude. "and if we found a good place near by to do the signaling without being observed by any enemy scout patrols--we would begin the real work that we came here to do by going forth to try and discover

what caused the "Eruptions" near Abbeismann."

"Fine again!" Angelina Riches said. "I couldn't do better myself, maybe not as well. I did think of going with you on that expedition but I guess I'll leave it all to you. Let's go back to the generals headquarters now, and while you two scouts are gone scouting, the rest of us will find something to give us entertainment as we girl and boyscouts all of us have leisure hours all day. Maybe we'll take a horseback ride through the camp."

"They started back at once and were soon at the generals headquarters. Gertrude and Jean decided they would not even look for the telephone number of the Vivian girls at general Vivians but would go to a army military telephone station for this information."

The other girlscouts waited on the headquarters portico while the two were away on this mission of looking up the telephone number. Gertrude and Jean were gone about twenty minutes and returned with a supply of picture post cards to mail to their friends in the army. On a piece of paper Gertrude had written both in Abbeismann, and English the address of the general Vivians headquarters at Evangeline St. Claire, and of the location and telephone number of the Vivian Girls and she also showed it to Angelina Riches. Here is what the letter read:

"General Vivians Headquarters, 1045, Algrove Avenue, Evangeline St. Claire, Telephone Number 1000 Gracie. Vivian girls. Same address and telephone number."

"That is about one hundred and thirteen miles from here," Jean said. "We thought we hire or secure a motorboat and go there as far as we dare at least."

"Do," said Angelina Riches approvingly. "And we'll also take a few motorboats and ride up that way too on the flood if we can secure them. We'll make it a double inspection, part by land, and part by water. We'll meet you at some spot where you may mark out if there is one, and we'll all go back together. Now you Gertrude and Jean wait here while I go and find some motorboat soldier man and make arrangements with him."

"I'll go with you," said Mildred Maxwell.

"The girlscout Guardian, and Mildred, hastened down toward the main military boat landing while the girl and boyscouts, may the whole army soon knowing of the proposed trip waited eagerly for a successful report of this part of the proposed program."

Angelina Riches, and Mildred Maxwell returned in about twenty five minutes and reported that satisfactory arrangements had been made for a swift trip down the flood. They were to start in an hour and a half. Then Gertrude and Jean, engaged the use of the fastest horses and before the motorboat started with a load of passengers they were speeding their horses down a hard macadam road toward the point which centered the interest of their scouting tour. They did not intend to go to general Vivians away that was too far but just to go some distance to try and get some telephone communication with the Christian army. The city of Evangeline St. Claire has a more or less fixed population of about 234,567 most of whom are retired folks of means or earn their living directly or indirectly through the supply of amusements, comfort and sustenance for the thousands of pleasure and recreation seekers that usually did visit the place every year before the war. They had heard that the flood near Evangeline St. Claire was about five miles wide and hundred miles long. The narrowest river had been converted into a lake and at one point the waters rushed in a sort of rapids which was impassable by boats as large as sailing craft and even those craft were likely to be overturned unless handled by strong and skilful sailors. The road followed by Gertrude and Mildred Jean in their horseback ride to a point they chosen which is not named here was a well kept thoroughfare running from the Christian camps in gracefully curved windings along the west borders of the Eleanor Stream sometimes over a small stretch of rough or hilly shore land but usually through heavy growth of hemlock, pine oak and various of other trees more or less known to grow in that part of the country. Here and there along the way was an abandoned half burned cottage or country house of more pretentious proportions unusually constructed near the edge of the stream or some distance up on the side of the hill shore with a kind of terrace walk leading down to a boat landing.

The trip on the backs of these swift horses was very quickly made. They arrived at a very picturesque spot not at all devoid of the verdant beauties of nature ruined elsewhere by the war, in spite also of the fact geographically it was well named for "Floods Plank scenery."

This name was due principally to a rock formed promontory, jutting out into the flood at this point and seeming to be embedded deep into the lofty shore elevation. Right here itself submerged by water was a large cluster of houses of all sizes, not at all huddled together, but none the less a great number like an immense cluster when viewed from a distance down this stretch of the flood stream and in this group of once beautiful homes appeared to be on the edge of a beautiful village. But very few of the owners of these houses were living in them now. The main and central located group in the water consisted of a hotel, a dozen bigger houses, several churches, a school and other structures. On arriving at the spot Gertrude and Jean began to look about them. They were quite disappointed and decidedly puzzled at what they saw. Evidently they realized they had a considerable search before them to discover any giving spot to set up a military telegraph without exposing their move to any patrols that might be in the region or without making open inquiry as to where they could form one. First they rode out upon the promontory which had a flat top and table like surface and was well suited for the securing of the curiosity of tourists after the passing of the great war. There they had a good view up and down the bluff jagged, hilly and tree laden coast of the flood.

"It's nine o'clock now," said Jean, looking at her wrist watch. "Those in the motorboat will be here at about eleven o'clock and we have only two hours in which to get the information we are after, unless we want to share honors for success with the other girls when they arrive."

"Let's take a horseback ride through this place, and see what we can see," Gertrude suggested. "The road we came along runs right through it and without the slight test doubts there are no numerous other paths."

This seemed to be the best thing for them to do, and the two girlscouts started from the spot toward the "macadam highway." The latter was soon reached and they continued along this road southward and traveled half a mile in this direction, their courses keeping well along the flood shore where at this spot they saw immense masses of floating wreckage a wreckage of every description, and where fouls small also came from. They passed a whole legion of houses half inundated by the water within their sight and half jammed as they were amid a wealth of tree foliage and wreckage thrown among them by the rushing waters and wild entanglement of shrubbery, wires and every thing of description. Suddenly Gertrude caught hold of Jean's good arm and held her back.

"Keep out of sight. Whoo! I see them. A big squadron at that."

They did so, but soon the cavalcade cavalierly had disappeared.

"While we were hiding did you hear that?" she inquired.

"Yes I sure heard something like a child crying," Jean replied.

"And the sound was not very far away either. Listen there it is again."

"I shouldn't wonder if some child slave didn't run away, and that squadron was out looking for him," said Gertrude.

At this moment they heard a half smothered sob and the sound actually came from a clump of bushes to the right of the road not more than half a hundred feet away. Both girlscouts started for the spot, circling round the bushes, and peering carefully, cautiously ahead of them as they advanced. They had to quickly dismount, and duck low behind the bushes as the Glandelinians were again in sight. They were the DE Banyans. However the squadron changed their courses, and listening the two girls heard the subdued sobs continuing and they followed to the spot whence they came leading their horses with them. Presently they found themselves standing over the form of a little boy of foreign appearance his frightened tear stained face turned up toward them while he shrank back into the bushes as if fearing they were Glandelinian girlscouts, though Jean and Gertrude had retained their original uniforms. The poor little fellow who ever he was retreated hastily into the bushes as far as he could get and crouched there in manifest terror. Gertrude and Jean spoke very gently, most sympathetically to him, but with no evident result at first, except to frightened him still more, if possible. He was a runaway child slave, and of course being told lies when the enemy lines believed no matter what uniform a person wore was a Glandelinian.

"Don't be afraid, little boy," Jean said, reaching out her hand toward him. "We are good people, Abbeismannians and won't hurt you."

But he only shrank back farther, putting up his hands before his face and crying, "Don't let me be. I won't runaway any more."

"What can the matter be with him," said Jean. "He doesn't seem to be demented. He's really afraid of something."

"Gertrude looked around carefully through the trees and into the neighboring bushes for the sight of approaching Glandelinians but none was near."

"I can't imagine what it can be at all," she replied. "The glandelinians are not in sight now, and they couldn't do him any harm as long as they don't see him. But do you know Jean, I have an idea that may be worth our considering. Supposing that Glandelinian squadron we observed twice are not out looking for him, and he may prove to be a runaway slave."

"That could hardly be," Jean answered, dubiously. "Look at his threadbare clothes and how unkempt and neglected he appears to be. He surely doesn't look like a child slave. But he may be afraid anyhow because he's out here alone. Maybe he's a refugee strayed from some protecting camp."

"But don't forget the cause that sent us here," Gertrude remarked to remind her. "But the little lad is delaying us. Yet it isn't possible that this little boy is proof of the very condition of child slavery running away into such dangerous territory."

"Yes it can be possible," Jean replied thoughtfully. "At least we ought not to neglect to find out what this means." Then turning to the crouching figure in the bushes she said:

"What is your name little boy? Are you a child slave?"

"At the question 'Are you a little child slave?' the boy shook his head and spoke."

"Look out Jean he'll have a spasm," Gertrude cautioned. "He thinks we are not friends but Glandelinians I suppose and are going to do something he doesn't want us to do. You know the penalty of child slaves running away. He thinks we are girls and come to grab him and take him back. Let us talk to him. Listen little boy." She continued addressing the pitiful-crouching figure. "We're not going to hurt you and we are not enemies. We will do just what you want us to do take you to the Christian lines if you like. We'll take you where you'll be free. Will that be all right?"

A relaxing of tense attitude of the boy indicated that he was somewhat reassured by these words. His little fists went suddenly to his eyes and he began to sob hysterically. Jean moved toward him with more sympathetic reassurance, when there was an interruption of the proceedings from a new source. A Glandelinian official stepped up in front of the two girls and reached forward as if to seize the juvenile prisoner with both hands. He was rather ultra stylishly clad for a Glandelinian officer, wearing a plumed collar, a student-like hat of expensive color. His face looked as cold as an ice berg. The boy ceased sobbing as he beheld this new arrival and his face became white with fear while he shrank back again into the bushes as far as he could get. The Glandelinian seemed to be unmoved by the new panic that seized the lad, but Gertrude interposed between him, took hold of the lad and pulled him from his hiding place, while Jean covered the soldier with her pistol.

"Where do you think you are going with the little brat," demanded the soldier trying to draw his pistol.

"Is that any of your business?" Gertrude snapped looking defiantly at the Glandelinian soldier who addressed her. "He's in my keeping now and I'll take him back home without any interference from a perfect Glandelinian dog. In a few other words you are a prisoner."

"A what? See here Girl Scout I---I"

"I beg your pardon," Jean said anxiously. "You are a prisoner. You heard what she said. You ought to be shot through as we don't give quarter. But we'll make you cover us in case we are pursued."

"Come. Make a wrong move and I'll fire too," said Gertrude as they started along a path through the timber taking the little fellow after her.

"Isn't that a shame?" Jean whispered digging her fingernails into the palms of her hands. "My but I just would like to shoot---"

She stopped for want of words to express her feelings but too loudly and Gertrude still covering the prisoner, came to her relief by swinging the subject along a different track.

"Do you really believe the boy is a slave?" she inquired as she made the prisoner throw away his weapons.

"No I suppose not," Jean answered dejectedly. "But you know I am really disappointed that we now have the prisoner on our hands as we won't be able to get the information we are looking for, but my heart went right out to the lad when I first saw him crouching form and with a white face. Moreover I can hardly bear the thought of leaving him behind to be captured by those heartless Glandelinian soldiers."

Gertrude laughed at the figure.

"You have painted their pictures right," she said warmly. "Come on let's go along a little ways. We have to go some far we'll try for the information anyhow."

"I have sure painted their pictures all right," answered Jean. "Come on, it's risky but let's follow the Glandelinian cavalry we have seen. We have as much right to go that way as they have, and we must go some way anyway."

"All right lead the way," Gertrude said, with smiling emphasis on the "way" to a direct attention to little Jean's phonetic repetition.

The latter started along the path that had been taken by the squadron of Glandelinians having forced the Glandelinian to walk while they rode, his hands being tied tightly behind his back, and a str rope to lead around him and fastened to the horse so he couldn't make a break to run away. The two girls came in advance, with the boy riding in front of Gertrude now, but still sobbing were by this time out of sight of any enemies beyond a thicket of bushes and small trees. However the girl scouts did not hasten their steps or their horses rather as they preferred to trust to the path to guide their horses rather than a full view of the Glandelinian squadron they sought to follow. In fact too that preferred to the elements of chance rather than run a risk of arousing the suspicion of Glandelinian squadrons. Only once did they catch sight of the Glandelinians in the course of their hesitating pursuit, and this view was so satisfactory that they stopped short in order to avoid possible detection if any of the Glandelinian cavalry men should happen to look back. A turn in the path brought them to the hip of the elevation where the ground began to slope down to the waters edge and near the downward bend of this shore hill was a large rustic cottage with an equally rustic garage for wagons to the rear and on one side a cleared space which would have been taken for a town is court.

At the door of the cottage was seated on a horse a Glandelinian general, and a little beyond was a group of Glandelinian generals. The leading one was general Johnstonia Jackson. The others were Ricknell, Josephine Jensen, Meldonia Ricknell, and others. Far beyond could be seen a vast Glandelinian camp, and the smoke clouds of many day time camp fires.

"Fine," exclaimed Gertrude under her breath. "So Manley's army is closer than we thought. Things have turned out just right. If that should prove to be a portion of Manley's army which must have retreated then we have some good information. If not then it's another Manley going to the aid of his son. If that is so we must have it prevented. I'm going to notify Uncle. We couldn't wish for better information. Come on Angelina let's go back through the timber and approach this camp from another direction. They won't suspect that we have come upon them. As to you too," she added to the prisoner. "Remember if you say one word or utter the slightest sound, we won't need your presence any more. We'll get free of you. Understand?"

"What do you mean?" demanded the prisoner.

"You know what I mean. We girls usually don't give any quarter, and you ought to be thankful we spared you."

Cautiously Gertrude, and Jean withdrew, the prisoner being forced to follow, and they drew from the path into a thicket and thence retreated along the path by which they had approached the house. They continued their retreat to the point where the path joined the main road and where grew the thicket within which they had discovered the frightened runaway child slave, and whom they now had in their possession. He wasn't crying much now, and felt more reassured, for he began to realize if they were enemies of the Christians, they wouldn't do this to the man who had attempted to harm him.

"Now I tell you what we ought to do," Gertrude said. "We ought to follow this road about a mile, maybe, to get a view of the lay of the land and then return to this spot, or at least near it. We can get the information we want after we learn more of the camping possibilities of this neighborhood for the enemy and can talk intelligently when we begin to make inquiries. By the way Angelina," she continued as she glanced at the prisoner "how much English do you know?"

"Quite a good deal."

"Then let's talk English so this prisoner won't know what we are saying. I know positively he doesn't understand."

"All right here goes," said Jean. "And when we get back," she added (in English now) "we will go to some neighborly house and ask all about whose Glandelinian army it might be, and all about who lives here, who lives there and of course we will be particular to ask the name of the enemy general in main charge that is if there are any people bold enough to stay in this neighborhood where the enemy is so close."

"That's the very idea," Gertrude agreed enthusiastically. "But we haven't

any time to waste, for it's nearly eleven o'clock now and we have a little more than half an hour to work in if the motorboat arrives on time. We had better not try to ride a mile--half a mile will be enough, maybe only a quarter just enough to enable us to talk intelligently about the lay of the land right around here and how the enemy might be positioned."

They rode south along the road nearly half a mile, found a path which led directly toward the lake, followed it until within view of the waters edge of the flood, satisfied themselves that the enemy was camped most exotically in all the region within sight and a long the shore in this region, and then avoiding for patrols started back. They passed three or four cottages on their way, but they were vacant.

Finally they met with suddenly and unexpectedly a group of child slaves being conducted down the road by an overseer. They were all little girls, and the overseer was a hog faced woman in comfortable domestic attire.

St. "Stop woman" said Gertrude.

"What do you want girl scout in lavender," she demanded in a surly tone.

"If you wish to retain those slaves I demand of you some information. Where Glandelinian army is that yonder, and to whom is it going?"

"I'm not allowed to tell," she snapped. "You girl scouts of the dirty Christian dogs are always spying on us Glandelinians. It's none of your business." She started to go on, giving a hoarse order to the slaves.

"Not a step farther" said Gertrude drawing her pistol. "Those slaves belong to me and you're a prisoner unless you give me the information."

The woman was startled, but the look too in Gertrude's eyes showed she meant business, and to save her own life, she readily answered Gertrude's questions, and with a readiness that bespoke familiarity with the neighborhood and acquaintance with her neighbors and the army itself in general. Gertrude and Jean experienced no slight difficulty in concealing their eager satisfaction, when the woman they were questioning said: "The right wing of the Glandelinian is over yonder under general Pruitts and Wilmington, those just south of us are the Ricknellians, and those just south of the Ricknellians, are the Sumnerians. I am not very well acquainted with that army but it is not John Hanley's. That army is southward bound."

The girls then thanked the woman very warmly for this information and then hurried away with their slave and prisoner.

"We don't need to send a telegram to general Vivians now" Jean said as they hastened back to the road. "We have all the information that we want. The next thing for us to do is to get back to the place we first left and meet the boat when it comes in and have a talk with the other girl. I suppose our first move then ought to dispose of our prisoner, and then send a telegram to general Vivians."

The girls kept up their rapid talk, and urged their horses on until within a few hundred feet of the drive that led from the main road to the distant enemy position. Then they slowed down a little as they saw a squadron of Glandelinian cavalry approaching ahead of them, and then hide themselves out of sight. The column also slowed up as it neared the drive. Suddenly Jean exclaimed under her breath:

"They are going to stop. I wonder what for!"

"Yes and there's something familiar in the appearance of the officer in command," Gertrude said slowly. "Why?"

She did not finish the sentence for the column of troopers was so near she was afraid she would be heard. But there was no need for her to say what she had intended to say. Jean recognized the man as soon as she did.

"Be careful" Gertrude warned. "Don't let them see us. Just wait till they pass. They are Hobbsites and the general in charge is the Glandelinian general Bialin Blain Night Lin per."

But the column did not pass as expected. Also although although slowing up the column did not stop and for the first time the girls realized the probable nature of the column.

"Oh Jean" Gertrude whispered "He's turning in toward the enemy lines."

"I bet he has come here to warn them against us," Jean returned. "That's Jeff."

"It must be something of the kind," Gertrude agreed, and then the near approach of the Glandelinians rendered unwise any further conversation on the subject. They were within one hundred feet of the foe column as it turned on the drive and found they had all they could do to preserve a calm and unperturbed demeanor as they saw the keen searching gaze of the aquint eye of Mr. "Jeff."